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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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MAY 1920

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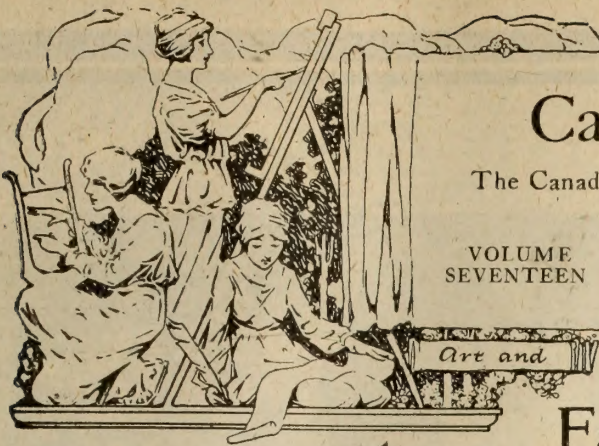
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# Canadian Home Journal

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Industry



## Fairyland and Return

By Jean Graham

*#2502*  
**A** TRIP to Fairyland is not to be considered a luxury—it is an absolute necessity in these days of much distraction. "But, do you believe in fairies?" asks an incredulous person, who prides herself on being practical. Perhaps there are no fairies; but there is certainly a Fairyland, and it is the finest health resort in the world—or, should we say, out of the world?

There are tiresome and realistic citizens who think it is dangerous to tell the Small Persons fairy tales, and who would banish Cinderella and Snow White, to say nothing of the Prince and the Dwarfs, leaving nothing in the world but the cold realities of taxes and by-laws. In the novel "Hard Times," by Charles Dickens, there is that terrible person Thomas Gradgrind, who was provided "with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature and tell you exactly what it comes to." Thomas Gradgrind's policy crushed many a beautiful young fancy and withered many a bright aspiration, and Thomas was left, in a bleak old age, uncheered by anything more enlivening than facts and figures. So sad was the fate of the successful business man who refused to buy a ticket for Fairyland.

Who was your earliest friend in that magic country? Cinderella was my first love, and the fairy and the pumpkin were a delight for many a long year. Never does the early September afternoon come with the autumn sunlight on the pumpkin patch, but this Cinderella story comes back and there seems to be a small form darting about, to select the proper pumpkin to be transformed into a chariot fit for the fairy ball. What a dull world the young person of the future would have if these modern Gradgrinds had their way and sent Cinderella and all her sisters to the Never-Never Land! However, there is little danger of such an enforced exile—for have we not Sir James Barrie and Miss Maude Adams to bring back Cinderella and introduce Peter Pan to a weary world?

There are no playfellows more delightful than the immortal fairies who dance and sing and weave their spells through the enchanted hours of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There they are, in a joyous band—Oberon, Titania, Puck, Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed—ready to amuse us with their frolics and soothe us with their music at our will. If you are tired of the noises of everyday, listen to Oberon when he sings:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

The most gallant of them all is Puck or Robin Goodfellow, who gaily promises to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," and who ejaculates "what fools these mortals be!" over easily duped humanity. Puck returns to us again and again, one of his Twentieth Century performances being in "Puck of Pook's Hill," where Mr. Kipling persuades him to tell brave tales of England in the making. But we hardly recognize Puck when he frowns at the word "fairy." Was not Shakespeare acting in supreme wisdom when he gave us for all time these sprites to chase dull care away and make us glad for the beauty of the earth?

Daintiest and fairest of all the great dramatist's ethereal creations is Ariel, who does the bidding of the master magician Prospero, and who is a comrade for Puck when he gaily replies: "I drink the air before me," in response to the final command ere he should attain his freedom. Even more exquisite than the fairy lyrics of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are Ariel's songs. Such an outburst of summer gladness is hardly equalled to-day as the lines:

"Where the bee sucks, there  
suck I;  
In the cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do  
cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily . . ."

Are we not both happier and better for reading this dream drama of "The Tempest"—and is Prospero himself held in more vivid remembrance than his "tricky sprite"? The greatest name in English literature is associated with the Fairyland of forest and the charmed seas that beat upon Prospero's Island.

Then comes along a descendant of Thomas Gradgrind, who asks in all heaviness: "But these are serious and even dreadful days in which we are living. Isn't it a sinful waste of time to visit Fairyland and talk or write such nonsense about Ariel and Puck?" Go and quarrel with Shakespeare, my solemn friend, or with Milton, who wrote the great epic "Paradise Lost," yet who did not disdain to tell us of the fair Sabrina, "in twisted braids of lilies knitting the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair."

It is because these are perilous and fateful days that we need, more than ever before, the world of fancy, the surpassing solace of the imagination, that we may not be crushed beneath the burden of social and political

—Ernest Crosby.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)



### BROADCAST

I played my lute to the world, but the world danced not and went on its way unheeding.  
Only here and there I saw a solitary dancer, unnoticed of the rest, in an obscure corner.  
And I grieved at the world, for I loved my music.  
But when I looked again and discovered who they were that danced to my lute, forsooth I sorrowed no longer;  
For they were the children of the new day.

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# Snowflake

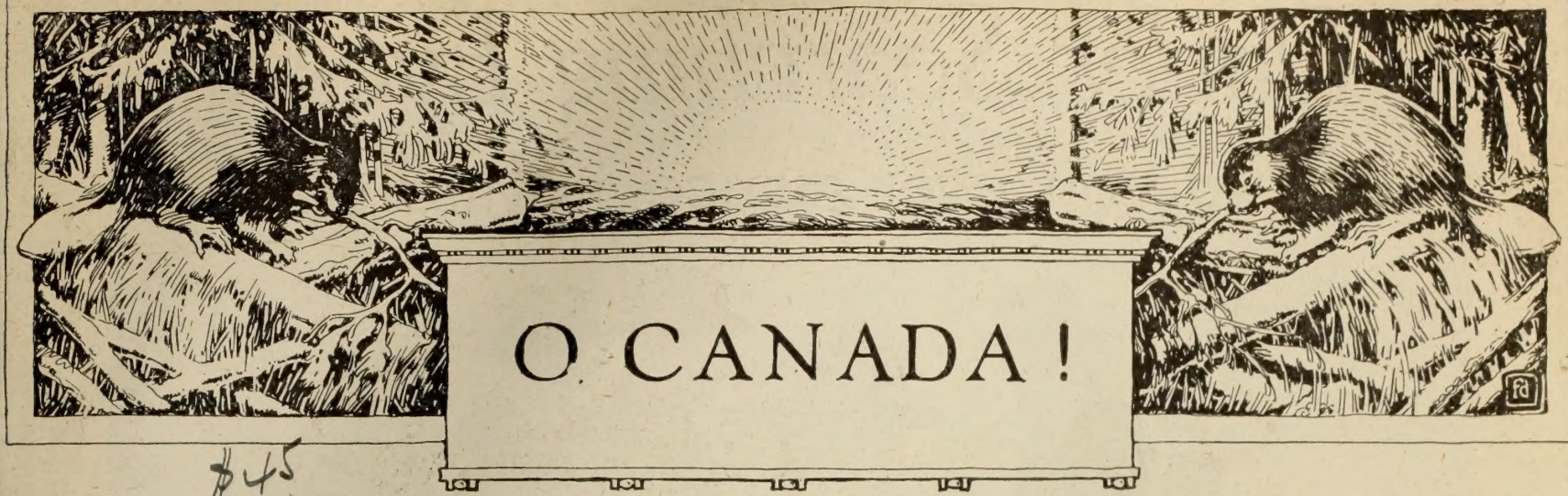
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There's a difference





NOTHING is more interesting in the development of the national situation in Canada to-day than her relation with the United States, and nothing under several aspects is more anomalous. Here are two peoples inhabiting the same continent under practically the same social and economic conditions, speaking the same language, and speaking it, alas, in much the same way, sharing doctrine in all that makes for good citizenship and freedom and happiness. On the surface we pay no great attention to each other. We mind our own business and go our own way, preserving the laws of good neighborhood and the profit of intimate trade. Labor ignores the boundary and flows naturally to where pockets are deepest. Capital crosses with equal ease, mainly from the South, arriving where opportunity is most inviting. We flock to each other's playgrounds, North and South, to escape the extremes of our respective climates. Our disputes, of late at all events, are insignificant. We present to the world really a remarkable example of how to live and let live, even among relatives. The great hope is that this state of things may continue indefinitely, each nation revolving about its own ideals and presenting agreeable and profitable differences in a world whose best flavor is individuality. The great anxiety, though we say little about it, is that this may not happen.

The Americans have never been a predatory people, and Canada does not lie awake o' nights anticipating mobilization in the lower States. Nor are they a people of deep-laid and subtle foreign policies, aiming a trade penetration at a political achievement. They have no desire to march on Ottawa, abolish the butler at Rideau Hall and deport the Duke of Devonshire as an undesirable alien.

It is fair to acknowledge that the Americanizing processes now going on in Canada are not marked by deliberate intention—propinquity accounts for them, the initiation of trade, simple human interest, explanations most natural and proper. If our populations and resources were fifty-fifty, we in Canada could accept the situation as perfectly normal, and view it with indifference. But they are not. The Americans have arrived at a hundred millions, we at eight. They were a nation with definite national consciousness and intentions for a hundred years before we began to think of being anything more than a colony, and we have been subject all that time to the polarity of their beliefs—not marked by a shyness in the expression—and of their neighborhood. We have had the opportunity of being particularly struck by their lack of desire for conquest and acquisition, and no doubt we have taken it, we could not very well help taking it, by a sort of automatic inoculation, and it is an influence much to be counted with.

THE odd thing is that in the face of so much that is sympathetic, and so much that is admirable in American institutions, the general feeling in Canada at present can by no means be described as pro-American. Parliament is no doubt careful in utterance, and very rightly. Official words have a sting which is apt to remain, and the debates at Ottawa happily afford little evidence of the tone of irritated criticism which is so characteristic of Canadian comment upon the people and policies of the United States elsewhere.

Individual relations are of the pleasantest, individual appreciations of the highest, yet in the mass our opinion of our neighbors appears to be most tolerantly summed up in a shrug. In the first years of the war this feeling was naturally much exacerbated. The spectacle of profits rolling in, while no troops rolled out, was too much for our patience and often for our sense of justice and good taste. That was applicable enough, but the prevailing under-current of antagonism to the American people existed long before 1914, and has survived 1920. It suddenly jumped to the eye in the failure to carry Reciprocity as an election issue, and it can be detected, without any great exertion, in the popular comments on the accepted theory that the Americans, as a nation, declare and maintain that they "won the war."

This Canadian attitude, though it rests no doubt upon some experience, is a little humiliating, when considered from the outside, for two reasons. The first, and nearest, is that it appears to be unreciprocated. Insofar as American opinion

of Canada and the Canadians can be ascertained it is one of generous appreciation. Nobody over there crabbed our motives when we went into the war, or stinted admiration of our manner of doing it—at all events so that it was recognizable—so that you would notice it, as they say. Nor have they held back on the practical side, as the long list of Canadians holding positions of commercial and professional distinction in American cities testify. No doubt there is something in this complacency, since there is no doubt that in international disputes they have usually got the best of the bargain, from the days when we lost the State of Maine to those of the Alaska Boundary award, occasions which suggest the old proverb, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

But you cannot do some things yourself, unless you have the men and the ships behind you, and our indignation with the performance of the urbane but not particularly business-like British noblemen who have hitherto had so large a part in the attempt to maintain Canadian rights may perhaps be tempered by the reflection that on Great Britain, after all, lay the onus of upholding them. We are gradually righting that matter. However, the fact that our big neighbor has usually got the better of us in international business no doubt explains a considerable amount of American good nature and of Canadian irritation.

The second reason why one is inclined to deprecate the perpetual pin-pricks and sneering references of our newspapers at American expense is the comparison it evokes with the British method. No one who has lived in England during the last quarter of a century could fail to be struck by the constant good feeling, correctness, dignity and tact of the British press in dealing with American action as touching British interests, even during the first trying years of the war. I can think of one only of the great dailies—the hot-headed "Morning Post" with its notorious invitation to "come in on one side or the other"—that sinned in this regard against international propriety and the greater interests of the Anglo-Saxon race as compared with those of any of the Anglo-Saxon nations. It is the lesson of the larger tradition and the restraint that accompanies it. We have not shown it in Canada, and our antipathy, insofar as it is advertised, makes us look petty and a little ridiculous.

ONE would think that insofar as popular sentiment can be a guide, Canada's trend is definitely not toward the bosom of Uncle Sam. Rather, it would appear, that we are profiting by our neighbor's social, political and economic experience, to order our own house differently, and, in spite of the economy of co-operative house-keeping, to order it independently. Politically we are exceedingly disposed to work out our own salvation. For a hundred years and more Canada's chief interests were politics and religion, a circumstance that must exert a compelling influence upon character. Our independence is so pronounced as to be almost exaggerated. And yet it is quite obvious that the country is soaking up American impressions from Halifax to Vancouver. It is most noticeable, as it is most natural, in social habits, in business methods, in economic ideals. We share the physical conditions of life and we have drawn our population from much the same sources and classes. In fighting nature and establishing civilization we have come through much the same experiences. It would be strange if our material satisfactions greatly differed, or if the lead in suggesting and supplying them was not taken by our highly capitalized and extremely energetic neighbor.

But these things are of the surface; there are considerations more subtle than an electric washing machine or a Ford car. Canada is inundated by American current literature. The American point of view in domestic matters is forever before us. It is usually very sane, it appeals to us. Often it edifies, always it entertains us. And so long as it is confined to qualifications for success in business, or efficiency in municipal administration, or scientific elimination of waste, we can profit with an easy mind. Unfortunately there is another aspect—that of Canadian and American relations to the world outside this continent. Canada is part and partner in an Imperial System of which the United States disapproves, less by observation than by inherited bias. The great majority of Americans have learned no

British Imperial policy since 1776. Their dislike of it then made them a separate people, and in the lack of deeper-rooted national tradition, they have nourished this one out of all proportion.

Their attitude toward England's modern administration of India, of Egypt, notoriously of Ireland, is of criticism, distrust and hostility. That would not matter to us if they kept their views to themselves. It would not matter very much if their opinions reached us in the character of opinions. But they do not. They reach us every day in our own papers in the form of intelligence, supplied by the American correspondents in London and elsewhere of the Associated Press of America; and the bias of them is plain, not in the expression of opinion, but in the presentation of news, a much more insidious and efficient form of propaganda. In writing their cablegrams, these American correspondents have no thought of undermining Canadian sentiment toward Great Britain. They are catering to their own countrymen through their own journals and they give their news the dressing which will make it most palatable.

MOREOVER they hand on their own point of view. Read American Associated Press messages dealing with Great Britain's troubles in her incalculably onerous task of administering the great trusts that are hers in the world, and you will seldom fail to find a line or two suggesting that her difficulties are of her own making. This has been going on here for a long time and the result is that Canadian opinion upon these aspects of Imperial policy is often as half-informed, as prejudiced and almost as violent as American. Not only in political affairs but in all matters—of trade, of economics, of social progress and policy—in which the views and the interests of the British Empire and the United States of America may not be identical are we daily offered the presentation of the case from the American side—the presentation primarily made for the people of the United States.

The Associated Press of America, whose messages form so large a part of our daily fare, has a well deserved reputation for fairness in dealing with the domestic concerns of the United States. Neither the Democratic nor the Republican machine has ever been able to capture its activities, and its integrity is a point of national pride. But human nature is but human nature and the American variety of it abroad is everywhere the ambassador of American ideals, and the servant of American interests. Consciously or unconsciously every American is the apostle of his national creed.

Granted the American temperament, it could not be otherwise. I repeat that the foreign news gatherer for the United States is not a deliberate propagandist for Canada. It is nothing to him that his messages are sold to Canadian newspapers as well as to American ones. The circumstance does not come into his calculations. It bulks with some importance, however, in the accounts of the Associated Press, to whom the Canadian market is increasingly valuable. Once the cable charges to New York are paid, the cost of telegraphing European news over to Canada is comparatively small. The service represents so much extra profit, and is supplied with tempting cheapness to the Canadian press proprietor.

Consequently we have the curious spectacle of Canadian newspapers expressing editorially a constant irritation with American action, and presenting in their news columns the American view with every advantage. Not only is this the case through the agency of the Associated Press of America, but the special correspondence of the great journals of New York and Chicago is shared by our Toronto newspapers and elsewhere. One blushes to read in Canadian newspapers of unimpeached Imperialism, ex parte accounts of such activities as Sinn Fein, drawn from American sources; and the fact that the organization is denounced in the next column by no means neutralizes the damage—only makes the position fatuous as well as dangerous.

It is a difficult situation to tackle. An attempt has been made. Canada makes a small appropriation which is spent on sustaining a correspondent in London, who is supposed to wire news of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



# Under Searching Eyes—

## Do you ever wince inwardly?



**A**N unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—Can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring?

Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness? Some fault in your complexion that you *know* observant eyes must take notice of?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault. Even a little blemish in some conspicuous place makes you miserably embarrassed. You want to shrink into the back-ground. You lose your confidence, your gaiety. Your very personality is dimmed just when you are most anxious to appear at your best.

Yet this suffering is entirely needless. You need never be miserable and tongue-tied from such self-consciousness. Almost anyone, by simple, regular hygienic care of the skin, can free her complexion of the defects that so commonly mar an otherwise lovely face.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—These things *can* be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that

are carried into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

### How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.



Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and

leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse your face very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment regularly and the blemishes will gradually disappear.

### The famous treatment for conspicuous nose pores

Do you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores?

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose, especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, lose their power to contract properly; they clog up and become enlarged.

Try using this special treatment for conspicuous nose pores, and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water,

lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

Use this treatment every night before retiring, and before long you will notice how this gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they become inconspicuous. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today—begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

### Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited 5205 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.







"One is not bound to tell all the sources of one's little joys," she said, roguishly.

# Her <sup>\$2.00</sup> Official Self

By Marshall Saunders

Author of "Beautiful Joe"

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE



WYNNE DRYFIELD wrinkled his brow over his note-book. His bright young assistant editor, Henry Maybury, had just been snatched away in the bloom of youth and the pride of life, by the unsparing, raging "flu."

"Horrible! horrible!" he muttered. "I got him fresh from college, and he was a marvel of a boy to mould. Where shall I

get another like him? I'm like the man who couldn't get married, because all the women he wanted wouldn't have him, and all those who wanted him, he wouldn't have."

He raised his eyes from his desk. First, he faced the light from a big plate glass window fronting a busy street, then his glance drifted aimlessly to a corner.

Such a bright pair of eyes peered at him from the nook where his stenographer, Elizabeth Sterling, chose to ensconce herself.

"Mr. Dryfield," she said quietly, "I know what you're thinking of. I can help you."

THE phlegmatic man actually started. He had never heard her make an original remark before, in the twelve months that she had been with him. To tell the truth, he really did not know what she looked like. She had no more individuality to him, than his desk or his office chair.

Then he stared at her over his reading glasses. She was a slight, quiet, dark thing with heavy

wavy, black hair, and such a firm, little mouth—"such a firm little mouth," he reflected.

"If you know the subject of my thoughts," he said, "mention it."

"You wish someone to write editorials, leaders especially," said the girl primly, "while you attend to the management of the paper."

Dryfield, still amazed, nodded his head, and contented himself with a doubtful, "Well!"

"May I show you these?" asked Elizabeth briskly, and getting up, she untied a thick, flat bundle of paper.

"I don't understand," he said. "What is this typewritten stuff?"

"If you look at the headings, sir, you will see that they are newspaper articles. I have been writing them for months. When you suggested a subject to Mr. Maybury to write on, I did likewise. He treated his matter in one way, I in another."

"Oh! I see," exclaimed Dryfield, "but his articles were published and yours were not. Have they ever seen the light in any other way?"

"Only the light of my own family," she said.

"He never knew?"

"He never knew," she repeated, "and you would never have known, if he had not died."

"And you are applying for the post of assistant editor?" asked Dryfield.

"Yes, sir," she observed calmly.

"Well, well, women are in everything now. I am a bit conservative in my views."

"Yes, I know," she said quietly.

"Of course, I can't give you an answer offhand," he said, gathering up the sheets. "You will let me look them over?"

"Certainly," she said, and like a little, gray mouse, she crept back to her corner.

IN a few minutes, she took up her pencils and note-books, and withdrew to her own particular sanctum, where he soon heard her tapping her typewriter keys.

Putting down a rival daily that he was looking over, he drew some of her pages toward him.

He read on and on, for an hour. "Well—I am astounded," he muttered, then he put his hand under the table and touched his bell.

"Miss Sterling," he said, as the girl entered the room, "did I understand you to say that you composed all these articles?"

"No, sir, I should have explained that the first ones were written by my father."

Dryfield searched the depths of his memory. "Haven't I heard that he was a retired clergyman?"

"Yes sir, he died two months ago."

"I thought there was a slight break in the style, but not much. Do you mean to tell me, that you, unassisted, wrote these late things on 'After-Effects of The War?'"

"Yes, sir," she said, blushing slightly.

"They're heavy, ponderous—not a girl's style."

"I am twenty-five years old sir," she said quietly.

The man started slightly. "I beg your pardon, but you amaze me. Why—" and he looked at her appraisingly, for the first time since she had been in his employ, "I should say you were about eighteen."

"I've had a great deal of trouble," she said slowly. "My mother was killed in a street car accident, then my father lost his health, and I had to help educate my young sister and brother. I've had no time for pursuits that make one frivolous, and I've had much time to reflect."

DRYFIELD again wrinkled his eyebrows, and gave a peculiar twist to his rather thin-lipped mouth. "I've looked over some of these," he said guardedly, "suppose you try helping me keep up the editorial page, until I can get a man, but, by the way, who will take your place with my correspondence?" he added, in a rather selfish alarm of a man who has had a quiet, steady, little machine at his elbow for months and surveys with dismay the prospect of its being snatched away from him.

"My young sister," she said calmly. "She's twenty now, and I've trained her to replace me."

Dryfield now did break into a laugh. "Upon my word, Miss Sterling," he said, "you're a master piece. I congratulate you on having astonished a man who thought he could no longer be astonished, even though the skies should fall."

She smiled faintly, and glancing at the big office clock, said, "May I go now sir? It's an hour after my time, and I have the dinner to get."

"Go, by all means—I apologize. Shall I see you at the usual time in the morning?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "and may I bring my sister with me? I'll have to induct her."

"Yes, yes," he said hastily. "It sounds like a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)





She smiled at them, pale, angry, but quite unshaken in her splendid faith. "You are quite wrong. I will prove to you that you are wrong!"

## AFTERMATH

\$30

A Story of "Answering House": by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall



It was evening when he entered the town by the road from Amiens. He carried a bundle done up in a yellow handkerchief under one arm. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his dusty velveteen trousers, and he walked, as he had walked for hours and days, at one unvarying stride; head bent, eyes raised and fixed on some invisible point in the horizon which he never neared yet never lost. It was twilight when he crossed the little Place, yet two old women coming from the church saw that fixed look, that indomitable stride, and shrugged their shoulders, saying softly, "He has suffered, that one." They were very familiar with the signs of suffering.

It was an evening after rain, and the town was gleaming wet under a cold sky where masses of flying steam-like cloud changed from gray to gold, and then to gray again. The streets and house-fronts changed with the sky,—slate, burning amber, black. Every one of those houses was disfigured in some way, covered with boards or tin, patched with raw plaster. Many were beyond healing and stared with vacant window sockets in gaping walls. And all among them and around them, even in them, were crowds of little wooden shanties where lived and traded, laughed and worked, one of the immortal nations of the world.

This man had not seen the town for five years. He was uncertain of his direction. He drifted to the market, which had been cleared. A few women lingered, gathering their wares into baskets and cloths. Striding slowly, the man Carobert went to one of them and spoke.

"MADAME, is there a house in this town called Answering House,—La Maison Qui Répond?"

Madame looked him over leisurely, saying,

"There's no shelter to be had at Answering House, Monsieur."

"Madame, I am not looking for lodging. I am provided."

"What then?"

"It is that I met a man on the way here who spoke of the house to me. He said he had seen it before the war. He said that it was full of echoes,—very strange."

Madame looked at the velveteen trousers. "Monsieur is an artist?"

"No, Madame."

"Well . . . it is you that are the original, my friend, to arrive in a town at this hour and to look for echoes. There is one here who can tell you about your echoes. . . . Emilie! Emilie Haye!"

At the word, Carobert stepped back and flung up his hands as if to shield himself from an explosion. Madame did not see. She called again across the shadowy market place, and an old voice answered, clear as a bell, "I am here, my good Ursule."

"She was always a little proud, that one," said the market woman, confidentially, "a little above us others. . . . well, go to her," and she took Carobert gently by the elbow and pushed him towards the voice. He seemed to shrink from her hand, to hang back. "Ho, ho!" laughed the big woman, "one would think you owed her money! Never fear if you do, mon vieux. She will not recognize you. She is blind."

Very slowly, at his staring stride, the refugee went to Emilie.

"ONE has told me, Madame, that you know something of a house, a very strange house, not far from here."

"Answering House?"

"The same, Madame."

The tall old woman sitting, wrapped in a black shawl, on the top of a big basket, raised her face slowly to her questioner. Again he backed and flung out his hands; across her face, under her

cap, ran a broad, black band; it gave her, in the twilight, a ghastly effect as though she ended at the mouth. She heard his movement and said patiently, "I was blinded by a fragment of a shell, Monsieur. I am waiting for a young girl who comes to take me home."

"It is war, Madame."

"Yes, it is war. . . . And you want to hear of Answering House?"

"If you can tell me, Madame."

"I can tell you. I lived there for forty years. . . until a little while ago."

"Can you tell me about the echoes, Madame?"

"Yes. . . . When I first went there, they frightened me. It was something in the shape of the house, you understand. If you stood between the bay-trees in green tubs, just where the path divided into two to go around the flower-bed, and shouted, the house would shout back at you. Words? Yes, but not all one said. Just a syllable here and there. But that was all the more strange, for sometimes these broken echoes made sense, and then it was as if the house answered independently of what had been said to it."

"Besides the echoes, and the bay-trees, and the flowers, there were doves in a cote, and old carvings on the wall. It stood high, the house. It was very pleasant in summer. But that was before the days of Ehrens."

SHE gave the name its French value. Again Carobert ducked. She heard him.

"Monsieur stands unsteadily."

"It is my foot, I hurt it on the road."

"Yet you stand to listen to the story of a house?"

"It takes the mind off, Madame. . . if you will be so good. And this Ehrens? I have heard of him."

"You would hear more of him in hell," said the neat old lady, simply. "He was the best spy the Boche had hereabouts. Old? No, nor, yet young, but the young loved him. A slender man,



quiet, with a ready smile. . . . He was left-handed owing to some injury to his right, which was almost helpless."

Carobert drew his right hand slowly from his pocket, looked at it as if he'd never seen it before, and thrust it back again.

The old woman was silent. Then she said briefly "Laure was very young."

"Laure," repeated the man vaguely, "Laure . . ."

The blinded face with the black band across it turned to him patiently. "I speak of her as if she were my own child. . . . my Laure. I was only the servant, Monsieur, and then the house-keeper when Madame died. She died when Laure was very little. They were of very good family; they had lived in that house for generations. There was a fig-tree against the south side of the house which was a hundred years old. The top of the house was older than the lower storeys, which had been altered. It was a roof of golden tiles and green mosses; it went together in the middle—so—and in the fold of the tiles, if you follow me, behind the chimneys, were two little old windows in the roof; one looked north; one looked south, and the fig-tree reached up every year and blinded it.

"THERE were a lot of old things in the house, but the echoes must have been the oldest of all, and were the most strange. It was as if the house had a voice. Standing between the bay trees and calling to it, the house would answer. . . . just a word or two. It was the custom to consult the house when anything arose that was hard to decide. I have seen Monsieur, my Laure's father, stand in the garden and cry, 'Shall we have buttered cakes or plain cakes?' If the house called back a ghost of a word that sounded like butter, we had our cakes with butter. The house was like many old things, it talked best in the evening. I don't know why. No one knows why.

"When Laure was a little child she played with the house as other children play with dolls and kittens. She would hide behind the bay trees, staring at the house through the leaves, and crying all sorts of things. If she could get the house to say 'Laure, Laure!' she was very happy. Sometimes she would run to me and catch my hand and say in her baby talk, 'It's coming out, Emilie, it's coming out!' But the echo never came out. It was just a voice that lived in the house.

"My Laure grew tall; she was fair, very soft, very innocent. Even when she was seventeen, she was a child, and would hide behind the bays and ask the house what dress she should wear when she went to call for Monsieur, at his office. He still went to his office; but the young men did the work. We were very happy, though two of us were growing old. Only the house, Answering House, did not change at all. The voices did not grow old.

"I T was Monsieur who brought Ehrens to the house. He met the man—I forget where, it doesn't matter—and was interested in him. Ehrens had travelled, could talk. . . . The question was, should he be asked for music in the evening, or for the English five o'clock that Laure had commenced in imitation of the fashionables? They asked the house, and the echo said 'Music, music,' or they thought it did. With laughter, he was asked for the evening. He came, and saw Laure, and heard the music. . . .

"What music was then rolling in the distance, if they had had ears for it! That was music which Ehrens only heard.

"After that, he came and went. . . . went and came. We liked him. I liked him. It was evident soon enough what he felt for Laure. He was like a lad in her presence,—shy, eager, sensitive; he grew young for her. I thought well of it. She was so tender, so simple, it seemed she would be happier with the protection of an older man; and after all, he was but in his prime.

"I saw them. . . . I heard them. If the house gave back any answer to them in those days, it must have said 'Love' and again 'Love.'

"Then Ehrens asked Monsieur for the hand of Laure. And it was refused him.

"What subtle distrust, what instinct, what feeling of the very flesh worked in that old man, who can say? He was not to be moved. The end was that Ehrens was forbidden to come to the house or Laure to see him.

"She came to me, very white, but with a shining face. 'Papa is so old,' she said gently, 'he has forgotten. . . . As if it would make any difference. There are so many ways in which heart can talk to heart!' Then she laughed a little, and blushed a little, and cried a little, and I petted her, the pretty dear. . . .

"Ehrens came once more to the house. He came in the evening—running. It was the end of July, and there had been rumors, and grim faces of old men who remembered, and a weight in the air. . . . I saw him running up the path towards the bay trees. She too had seen. She flashed to meet him like a dove, holding her hands to him. I heard her quick voice,—'What hast thou?' And he dropped at her feet, on his knees; he held up his clumsy right hand; with his left he caught her dress and crushed it to his face. She was frightened, she trembled; she had never seen him so. . . . At last he cried out in a strange voice, 'Laure, Laure, it is War.'

"She repeated faintly, 'War?' And Answering House caught his voice and flung the word back in a flurry of echoes.

"He bent his head. After a little he said, 'Forgive me. Oh my child, forgive me!'

"SHE thought she knew what he meant, the little one! Gentle as a saint she lifted that queer right hand of his and kissed it. 'If you cannot fight for France with your right hand you can fight with your heart,' she said.

"Soon he went away. I never saw him again. I think he wept.

"Then came the war. . . . It went very ill for us in this town. All that we said, all that we did, seemed to be known. The Boche was near. Sometimes he dropped bombs on us. It was said that we would soon be within range of his big guns. We waited. Laure worked at the hospital, she went nowhere else, she had no letters; but I knew that somehow she was in touch with Ehrens by the light in her face.

"And then. . . .

"Yes, I will tell you, that there may be one more soul in the world to curse Ehrens.

"One evening, there came to me a message from my master that I should go to them in the

"My master said, 'Continue, Xavier,' to the Mayor.

"The Mayor got up and came to Laure. His eyes were dim. He took her hands. He said very softly, 'Little one, do you love France?'

"She looked at him. . . . He went on, 'Then will you suffer our questions for the sake of France: . . . And you, Henri, will you be silent, whatever you hear?—in the same cause?'

"My master said once more, in a low voice, 'Continue, Xavier.'

"LAURE," said the good Mayor, 'will you then tell me if it is true that in the little window at the top of the house you have a lamp, and that you—move it about at night?'

"She was pink all over, but there was mischief in her bright eyes. She said, 'Yes, it's true. I make signals with it!'

"The room was very still. At last the Colonel asked softly, 'To whom do you signal, Ma'mselle Laure?'

"She said proudly, 'To Monsieur Ehrens. But there is no harm in it. We only signal poetry!' Then her courage broke, she hid her face and ran to her father, crouching beside him. She said 'Papa, papa, I am glad you know. I have wanted to tell you! But it is only poetry. I will show it all to you. I am sorry I have been so naughty. When a thing amuses me, I do not think. . . . He laid his hand on her head, but he did not move. No one spoke. At last the Colonel motioned to my master, who said, 'You must show me the poetry, Laure.' She got up at once and went for it, saying as she left the room, 'You will think me very silly as well as disobedient. But I was very lonely, and—I love him.' The last words were a divine breath. My master groaned. The Mayor laid his hand on his shoulder. The Colonel fussed about the room till she came back.

"She handed the paper to her father, very red, then she came and hid her face on my shoulder. . . . After a time my master said in a strange voice, 'Is this all?' She nodded without lifting her head. Silently, he handed the paper to the Mayor, and he to the Colonel, who kept it.

"I have seen it, too. It was a little piece with couplets on it—silly little verses. One line as it were, answered the first. . . .

"Such stuff! The first line was, 'The rose is shut. Goodnight, goodnight!' and the second was

'I'll think of you by candlelight,' and so on. After each line were a few little dots and scratches, at which the Colonel looked very closely. He said, 'Tell me about this, my dear, little Ma'mselle.'

"A very small, shamed voice replied, 'Monsieur Ehrens lives down near the river, in an old house that stands north of this one. He is working very hard, organizing charitable relief.'

"The Mayor glanced at the Colonel, who nodded. 'That much we know.'

"One of the lower windows of his house, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

He dropped at her feet on his knees. "Forgive me, O my child, forgive me!"

library.

"What I saw when I opened the door I see now, though I am blind. My master was sitting at his table, his hand over his eyes. I saw that hand tremble. Beside him sat the Mayor and our Colonel Fauquier. . . . In front of them stood Laure; she was surprised, but not at all frightened; even a little amused. Why then should I have been frightened? The Mayor was Laure's godfather; the Colonel had known us—had known her—all her life. They looked at her very gently. But I was frightened, and I went and stood beside her.







*"The secret of a woman's social success is adaptability," said the instructress. "Men like to ride their own particular hobbies, so let them."*

*Perhaps they do. But read the story of the jolly time of one girl who mixed the hobbies.*



MRS. CLARENDON was pouring her perfect tea from her perfect service with perfect grace. Correctness radiated from her, from each crisp wave in her netted coiffure to the discreet polish on her well-shaped nails and the still more discreet smile on her pink lips. Like a Pythoness, she sat in her shaded drawing room, with the season's debutantes

grouped about her like devotees at a shrine, dispensing words of wisdom with her orange pekoe. However, there was nothing veiled or insinuating in Mrs. Clarendon's oracular utterances—clear and unmistakable they sank into the minds of her wide-eyed young listeners.

There was a startling similarity in the appearance of the "buds." There were, of course, the accidents of coloring and features, but their expression, and even their clothes, seemed designed to destroy any personal individuality each one might possess. Dark haired girls and blonde ones, with eyes of varying blues or browns under their hair line brows, all wore the look of well-bred complacency, and let fall the same stereotyped phrases sufficiently to make them almost indistinguishable.

The exception as usual proved the rule. On the edge of the group, bestowing indifferent attention to the conversation, but healthy interest in her tea and scones, sat Althea Sherwood, as unlike the rest of the party as it was possible for anyone to be. The tea had very evidently been an incident to her, not the business of her afternoon, most of which had been spent in a swift walk that had brought the rich color into her cheeks and an added rush of vitality to her vivid eyes. Her deep brown hair was drawn back almost severely, giving the somewhat unusual sight of a pair of well-shaped ears, which, however, caught but little of what was being said, so occupied was she in realizing how far from Hilton she had drifted in the long years away at school and abroad.

"ADAPTABILITY, that is the secret of a woman's social success," their hostess was saying cannily. "Men like to ride their own particular hobbies—they are rigid creatures, you see—so let them. I say, if it makes us all happier, and I think you'll all agree with me it does, after to-night—that is, after you meet Hilton's three czars."

She looked around the little circle with an appraising eye.

"There's nothing I enjoy as much as the Country Club's Fancy Dress, the first big ball where the debutantes meet to test

their merits. Before I went to Europe, I never missed it. It was like a game, watching this girl come into her own or not as the case might be, and since the three men I spoke of have come to town it's been too interesting for words." She laughed softly. "You children away at school haven't realized what autocrats have risen to power in your absence, but let me warn you, any one of them can just about make a girl popular or the opposite, by being nice to her or indifferent, as the case may be."

She leaned forward confidentially.

"And the secret? Just what I've been saying—adaptability to type. Let Jerry Paxton talk horses and you're made. He's won more polo matches than you could count, and has spent a good sized fortune on horses. Jack Cumpson is an entirely different type. He is the most marvelous dancer in Hilton, and, moreover, knows the history of aesthetics from A to Z. Then there's dear Peter Forman, who is intellectual to the last degree, and only needs a willing listener to charm him into volubility."

She spread out her soft palms with an expressive gesture.

"Could anything be simpler? Win these three popular men to-night, and your path will be easy. Just remember—Jerry, horses; Jack, dancing; and Peter, books. And now goodbye, good luck."

AS Althea Sherwood entered the Country Club's huge ballroom that night, she realized, with a sudden feeling of panic, that there was not one man there on whom she could depend to be attentive to her. Worse still, she knew that in her haphazard listening to Mrs. Clarendon's advice, she had thrown away her only chance. Three men in the room were men

of one idea. There was a Paxton, a Forman, a Cumpson, who were bored unless talking books, horses, and dancing, but which was which?

It is all very well in your sanctum sanctorum to scorn society and all its foibles. It is another thing to be a slim, pulsing girl in the gold tulle of an autumn sprite, standing at the door of a blazing, crowded ballroom, and knowing that perhaps in all that heart of gayety there may be no place for you. Being within the inner circle you may criticize, but when without, you long to pass within its charmed precincts.

All this whirled dizzily through Althea's head as she saw Mrs. Clarendon crossing the room toward her, a tall, young man in tow. No time to ask frantically of anyone the why's and wherefore's of this advancing youth—they were upon her; Mrs. Clarendon was murmuring his name; they were on the floor. Despair seized upon her. Who was he? Was he the lover of horses, the student, the aesthete? She stole a look at him. He was slim and brown, with hair bleached as by the sun. Was he the sportsman? She drew in a little breath, and groped for some suitable opening, when quite suddenly the whole thing went from her mind.

ACROSS the room, talking earnestly to a tall, young man, was one of the prettiest of the debutantes, dressed as a rustic beauty. Her lovely hair clustered in thick ringlets around her neck. On her arm hung a huge hat, but it was her face, as she looked tenderly at the man, that drew one. In it was all the awakening, all the adoration of first love.

"Lucy," murmured Althea, delightedly. "Isn't that a perfect picture?"

"Yes," her partner laughed back, "but don't forget the dewberries, and don't, please, spoil my illusions by making yon stripling Richard Feverel."

There was no lack of spontaneity in Althea's answering mirth. The relief was so sudden, so unexpected, that it bubbled to her lips, and echoed in a long, charming laugh. It was the book man, of course. Who else would have recognized her somewhat far fetched allusion to Meredith? She was saved, at least temporarily, and happily she plunged into talk of books she had read and re-read, finding so much in common with him, that the dance over, they wandered out into the Lounge, where they chatted away through three dances. The music of the fourth was just beginning when a curious young man appeared to find out what was this unusual attraction that was holding his fastidious friend thus enthralled.

But, alas for Althea! Her new triumph turned to ashes in her mouth when she found herself whirled about in the arms of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

#### A STORMY NIGHT

TO-NIGHT, when stars are shut away  
and winds blow high,  
When nothing shows but gray  
Across the sky;  
I want to say a prayer  
For those who have no folks around  
To tuck them in or care  
When they are bad.

—Aileen Cleveland Higgins.



# TYPES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

the second youth. Which was he? His name meant nothing to her, and yet some comfort came to her as she realized that by a process of elimination he could be but one of two things. Was he the dancer or the prancer? There was a kind of breezy strength about him, but his eyes were deep and almost dreamy, and rarely had she danced with anyone so lightly graceful. Desperately she was about to try the "eeny, meeny, mo" method of decision, when most unexpectedly he took the matter from her hands.

"You know," he said boyishly, "I've met you before. Oh, not really introduced," he went on hastily, seeing the look of bewilderment in her eyes, "but I saw you at the Derby horshow last week. I was standing right near you, so I could see how interested you were in horses and all. They are great sport."

"Aren't they?" the girl breathed fervently a prayer of thankfulness in her heart. The prancer! And here, surely, she was on familiar ground. She was all sparkle, all unaffected interest. She forgot it was one of Hilton's social lions with whom she was talking, and remembered only that here was a very wide awake young man who enjoyed the same things as she, and most apparently enjoyed discussing them with her.

THE night was warm, and when the music died away, they strolled out to the wide porch, and they argued with friendly heat over various questions of sport.

Here they were found at last, and Althea was laughingly stolen away from her reluctant partner.

The wine of success had mounted to her head. She was popular. The three social arbiters had marked her out for their special admiration and attention. Around the room as she whirled past, she could hear whispered comment. And now the strain was over. This must be the dancing man. Two from three leaves one. He did dance divinely, though she had had no fault to find with her last partner. She looked at him questioningly. Should she venture her opinion on aesthetic movement? She felt suddenly a little tired. The music was exquisite, alluring, and with a soft little sigh she gave herself up to the joy of it. Words died on her lips. The music swayed. They just danced.

MRS. CLARENDON was again pouring her perfect tea, from her perfect tea service with the same perfect grace, but to-day her audience had changed. Three correctly garbed young men now sat at her shrine, and with one accord demanded:

"Where did you get her?"

Mrs. Clarendon's most rigid principle was never to be surprised at anything.

"Get her?" she murmured, faintly it's true.

"Althea," they cried.

"Althea," echoed Jerry Paxton,

"she saved my life. Never did I meet such a crowd of brainless girls! Polo, horses; horses, polo, everyone, and not one knew a thing about what they were talking. I was about to gallop from the room when I met Althea, and she, who really is a horsewoman, and knows a thing or two about sports, talked of everything but that. Jove, she's a splendid talker! We got on books, or something like that, anyway it seemed about a minute when old Jack came along and spoiled the party."

"Spoiled the party! Gad, man, if I hadn't, I'd be a raving maniac by now. Everyone of those awful girls seemed to have dancing on the brain. I expounded the history of dancing from ancient Egypt down to Gertie Hoffman and then some. I showed them all the new steps I knew, till I found myself fox-trotting home when the darn show was over. Do you blame me for trying to find a real girl? I saw her at the horse show last week. She looked bully then, but not a patch on what she really is. We'd be talking polo yet, if Forman hadn't busted in."

Peter groaned gently.

"Men, what I suffered last night is locked in my own heart. They gave me literary indigestion. I played up to all their bait on current topics; current poetry; we wandered into ancient lore and down the ages, till I felt like a worm—book-worm, you understand—and no man. I was on the point of crawling from that chamber of horrors, when Althea swam into my ken. And she is a star. But I beat you fellows all to a finish. We didn't talk at all. We just danced. It was the most perfect silence I've ever enjoyed."

## Make Your Own Furniture

THINK of the thousands of new summer cottages which will be taking shape all over our beautiful countryside and beside lake, river and mountain in the next few weeks. And each of these little temporary homes will require furniture and fittings suited to its location and the needs of its occupants.

If you are one of these fortunate builders, have you given a thought to how easily you could make your own furniture rather than purchase the ordinary cheap articles which are so prevalent in the summer bungalow? Think, also, of the saving in dollars, for even the poorest of furniture in these days requires a considerable outlay.

Beginning in the June Number, there will be a series of articles on the making of furniture, the first telling the beginner how to go about his work, what woods to buy and what tools he will require. Each succeeding article will give plans and designs and complete instructions for the making of different pieces of furniture.

Mrs. Clarendon was a pale gray by now. Her breath was coming in short gasps, as she watched them drain her priceless nectar with awful indifference, and then rise with one accord.

"Where are you going?" she whispered faintly.

"To Althea's," they cried in chorus. "We're in to the finish."

THE END.





# Babes in the Woods

By George W. Perkins

## How Canadian Parks Can Contribute to the Health and Happiness of the Children of the Dominion

The article which the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL prints herewith was written by George W. Perkins, President New York State Commission of the Palisades Interstate Park. Mr. Perkins is known throughout the North American Continent as the projector of the most important park development ever attempted. In addition to his many contributions to social service and his busy political life, Mr. Perkins has found time to develop the Palisades Park as the most widely used and most socially grounded park development on the continent. It is in the suggestiveness of the matter—in what Canadians can do in the same direction with their own parks—that Mr. Perkins' article becomes an important contribution to the social welfare of Canadian children.—The Editor.



The problem in national arithmetic: Tenement boys minus sunlight, fresh air, wholesome play, plus forest land, trees, rocks, lakes, plus food, leadership, etc., equal good citizenship.



Some forest land—a bit of ingenuity. Presto! a joy forever.



Sturdy bodies—steady hands—keen minds. These are products of the rational use of forest lands for recreation.

**J**UST suppose your father was dead and your mother worked in a factory all day to support you and your brothers and sisters.

Just suppose that when school closed you had to sell newspapers late into the night in order to help mother so that there would be enough food for all the little mouths at home.

Just suppose that you were sometimes hungry and that you knew that mother and the others were hungry too, because there was not enough money to feed everyone.

Just suppose that you watched with wistful eyes how other children played and you could not play as hard because you were not strong.

Just suppose one day during the hot summer, you were suddenly taken away from the hot city streets, and put on board a steamboat or a train.

Just suppose that as soon as you arrived you were placed on a real automobile and whisked away through wonderful mountain scenes until you arrived at a beautiful gem-like lake.

Just suppose that there was real food three times a day and bathing in the clear lake,—not off the dock.

Just suppose that there were real ball games—without any "Bobbies" to chase you.

Just suppose that you could run about on the cool grass in your bare feet without stumbling over the "Keep Off the Grass" sign.

Just suppose you heard real birds singing and went rowing and hiking and you sat around a real wood fire—and you did not have to turn your head to see whether the "Bobby" was after you.

Just suppose that you, who read this, are a stockholder in a corporation which has for its chief purpose, whisking away little boys and girls on a magic carpet from their wretched tenement environments to a paradise, would you not feel as though the dividends in happiness, strength and inspiration were worth more to you than the returns from corporations whose sole object is producing profits? The corporation engaged in the business of making people strong and happy in this way has for its stockholders every citizen of the State of New York and New Jersey and the name of the corporation is the Palisades Interstate Park.

This corporation to promote happiness has shown the way to engage in the business of bringing smiles to sad faces, sparkle to children's eyes, the ruddy glow of health to pallid cheeks.



Children, like trees, grow straight and beautiful if nurtured properly.



HOW would you, as a citizen of the Province, like to be a stockholder in such an enterprise? If you would—you could, by utilizing the public parks of the Province in the way in which the Palisades Park has been used and developed by the people of the States of New York and New Jersey.

The Commissioners of the Palisades Park are trustees of land set aside for park purposes. They are unpaid and non-partisan public spirited citizens appointed by the Governor. It is interesting to note here that while this work is being done under the auspices of the State, only 45 per cent. of the money spent on its development during the past twenty years has come from the States, while 55 per cent. has been donated by private individuals.

Thus the State receives through private donation money from interested citizens to further this work.

THE little lad of whom we speak is only one of nearly 60,000 who spent an average of eight days each in the section of the park during the 1919 season. Throughout the park, the lakes, many of which have been made by the commission, have been developed into little summer communities, for under-privileged children. Here in rustic pavilions which jut out into the lake, the children live. These cabins have been built of the dead chestnut in the forests of the park and have been constructed with a view to all the comforts consistent with real camping. The children sleep in these cabins, sheltered by the glistening pines. The types of children who come are best indicated by a few of the names of organizations which have camping privileges in the park: namely, Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, with its under-nourished children from homes of poverty; Industrial School for Destitute and Homeless Orphans; Big Brother movement with its group of children who were recruited from the juvenile courts and evil environments of city streets; the Hebrew Orphan Asylum where those deprived of the loving care of natural parents found pleasant contrast to the monotony of their institutional life—and forty other institutions of this kind.

Suffice it to say, that, through the careful planning of the commission, the orphan, the crippled, the blind, the aged, the overworked factory girl, the tired tenement mother and the lusty boy scout have all found accommodations in this State playground.



Fifty orphans from a camp out for a hike on the park drive.

#### How They Live in Paradise.

THESE camps are all under the supervision of people expert and capable in the art of making children happy. Definite programmes are followed, which encourage habits of cleanliness and the formation of good character building. The central theme of life in a camp is the happiness of the child, thus ample provision is made for rowing, swimming, games, story-telling, hikes, moving pictures, etc.

The health of this huge army requires the constant application of every principle of hygiene which the commission observes scrupulously, at the same time developing life-saving corps, teaching children to swim and giving them the rudiments of life in the open for the protection of the body as well as its development.

#### Feeding the Babes.

ONE of the interesting developments in the co-ordination of the work has been in the feeding of

campers. It has long been apparent to those interested in the out-of-doors that not infrequently the beneficent effects of out-of-door life is vitiated by the poor selection and poor quality of camp food. To obviate this, the commission has made a careful study of the food needs of children living an out-of-door life. A standard dietary was therefore prepared which provided each child a minimum of 2,500 calories of food per day. The large food manufacturing facilities at Bear Mountain Inn, operated by the commission, were then harnessed to this service and food for most of the camps is prepared at Bear Mountain Inn and sent in heat-retaining vessels to the camps by automobile, most of the camps being seventeen miles from the Inn. Three years of this system has verified its practicability and value and it is not surprising to learn that this co-ordination on a large scale has made it possible to supply 21 meals per week per child for \$4. Thus the temperament of cooks, the lack of uniformity in the manner of the food they prepare and the waste in small kitchens have all been dissipated.

#### The Road to Paradise.

THE accessibility of the Palisades Park to more than half of the population of the city of New York makes it of peculiar importance as a recreational area. Yet even such accessibility with the high cost of traveling, would make this an unattainable paradise if it were not for the fact that the commission has through various methods, made it possible for its campers to come to any camp in the park for a low fare.

#### Some Angels in Paradise.

OF course, all of the angels in this paradise are not the children. There are many persons whose interest in the park is so great that they devote a good part of their time to making these children happy with no hope or expectation of reward. Thus we have had prominent song leaders, who have conducted songs with the children; the band of the Hebrew orphan asylum spent the entire summer in camp playing on the lakes for the children; a prominent Russian violinist, Miss Nathalie Boshko, devoted her entire summer playing in the working girls' camps; a talented harpist and vocalist, Miss Ruth Linrud, spent her entire summer going from camp to camp bringing the pleasure of the best music to those who have had little or

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



The Y.W.C.A. camp at early morning exercise in the Palisades Park.





"I have been educating Harold."

# Evelina: The History of Her Heart

THIRD PHASE

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LONG

In Which Evelina Resolves Never Again to Believe in Womankind



OW foolish it is to think of nothing but young men! How unnecessary to think of young men at all—or old men either for that matter.

A woman who is truly a woman should be self-sufficing. Miss Robson says that until women are self-sufficing they will never get anywhere. And I agree with her.

Father said, "Where do they want to get?" Miss Robson just gave him that delicious little smile of hers.

"Women are all over the place now," said father.

"Not yet, but soon," said Miss Robson, and then she blushed and looked so distressed. She hadn't realized that it was slang. Henrietta (she lets me call her Henrietta when we are alone) never uses slang. She despises it and besides in her position it would never do. She is English and Moderns at the St. Hilliar Girls' School and of course those little wretches would just love to catch her out. "Catch her out" is slang too, I suppose, but it doesn't matter in a diary.

SIX months ago, after Mr. Andison went away, I felt awfully fed up. I mean I felt very tired of diaries, but since I have known Henrietta I have felt more and more the necessity of writing about her. One can talk, of course, but often people do not seem to take a vital interest. They would if they knew Henrietta as well as I do. But she has few intimates.

I count my friendship with her as my greatest privilege. She is a wonderful woman. Really she is the most fascinating thing! And her mind! Her mind is marvelous. It makes ordinary people feel quite ashamed of theirs. Even I feel quite diffident at times. And that is why, although we are so intimate, I have never told her about this diary or about it being a history of my heart. I am sure she would not approve of a heart having any history; not until it was a very mature heart anyway. And no doubt she would despise my weakness with regard to Mr. Andison. It was weakness. I realize that now. But I was so young. It is fully six months ago. And he really was a personality. Even father admits that.

Oh, what a blot! I knew I shouldn't have begun to write about Mr. Andison. Even now I feel like crying sometimes when I think of him. He was so—so different. I never saw him after that

last lesson. But on the day he left town he called and gave mother a little parcel for me. Such a darling chain of silver and blue enamel, with the duckiest little blue enamel heart. Father says it is very old and probably valuable. He didn't altogether like my taking it. But mother said it was quite all right.

"There are ways of giving things!" said mother. And father said "Hum!"

I LOVE that blue enamel chain, even if it is weakness. But I am not wearing it just now. It is part of the Past. Part, I might say, of my girlhood, for I am a woman now. And a woman, thanks to Henrietta Robson, with a growing sense of the glorious mission of womanhood. I doubt if anyone save myself realizes the change in me. Even mother does not seem to see much difference. These psychic changes are most subtle things. I tried to explain it to mother. But she misunderstood entirely. I had been talking about my increased sense of responsibility and my enlarged outlook, hoping to give her some idea of how far I had progressed, but her only response was to offer to let me take over the housekeeping for a month or two.

"I don't think you are quite ready for it yet, Lina," she said, "but if you feel that way I don't mind letting you try—and I shall be here, of course, if you need me."

Fancy!

I had to explain that housekeeping, as such, was a very small thing. And that one of the mistakes of women in the past had been the undue magnifying of its importance. I could do it, of course, if I felt it worth while. Running a house must be child's play to a capable woman. One simply evolves a system and sticks to it. It should be quite easy. Henrietta says it is really pitiful the way old-fashioned housekeepers dissipate their energies.

HENRIETTA did not mean to refer to mother as one who dissipates her energies. She thinks mother is rather a wonder. And she is quite fond of her. But when they are together they never argue or reason—they just talk. And one day mother actually offered to teach Henrietta to knit. Fancy! I explained to mother that teaching the "English and Moderns" of St. Hilliar School to knit would be like using Niagara to turn a child's wind-mill—I mean mill-wheel.

A WEEK later.

I have been reading this over and I find that I have not yet explained Henrietta—her presence in our small town, I mean. Naturally, there are not many like her here. She came to us with the establishing of the St. Hilliar School for girls. It is a very select school. The Miss St. Hilliards are English ladies who bought the Lyttleton place and turned it into a school, boarding and day, run on the best English lines. It is something quite new for this part of the country and many people said it would never do. They said that Canada was far too democratic and that there is no real aristocracy here. But St. Hilliar has a long waiting list already. And the girls swank it frightfully.

All the teachers in the school are English, except one who is French, and, although it seems odd, I don't believe I ever met real English people before. There are plenty of people in town who speak with what we always thought was an English accent. But the St. Hilliar ladies speak quite differently. Their accent makes the other kind sound affected and absurd.

N.B.—I am glad now that mother would never let me try to talk like that. "You are a Canadian, Lina," she said, "be content to talk like one." Mother often has quite sensible ideas.

But to get back to Henrietta. It was her delightful voice which attracted me to her at first—afterwards it was the things she said. I had many opportunities of meeting her because the town made quite a little social flutter over the arrival of the St. Hilliar ladies. They are all nice and unusual, but both mother and I like Miss Robson best; my only trouble is that she is kept so busy at that horrid school and I am rather rushed too helping mother for we have done a lot of entertaining lately on account of Uncle Jack, who has to be livened up.

I HAVEN'T written about Uncle Jack before, so, although he isn't very important, I had better say that he is mother's youngest brother who is an experimental chemist or something and has had his eyes hurt by an explosion. He came down a month ago to visit us and to rest his eyes. He is nice, of course, and would be good-looking if it weren't for his dark glasses. But I can't say that he is much fun. When I say anything particularly striking he has the horrid way of whistling a note or two in an enquiring manner which is nothing less than rude. Otherwise he is rather quiet and old-fogeyish. All the girls are frightfully



disappointed in him. He simply won't play tennis, and declares that his brain is still too sound for golf. The only exercise he seems to care for is walking. He walks and walks. Katherine Ripley, who isn't easily discouraged, offered to walk with him once. But she only succeeded in spoiling her boots and her temper. She says he forgot she was there.

I have walked with him, too, and I know what she means. But being his niece I have to put up with it, I want to be nice to him for mother's sake, but I must admit I find him hard to talk to. He won't talk. One day I asked him why. And he said he was too busy thinking. I asked him gently if that were not rather selfish. I did a lot of thinking myself, I said, but I did not let it interfere with my conversation. He said, "Quite so" and whistled that horrid little tune which always seems to end in a question mark. Then, seeing how rude I thought him, he tried to smooth things over by adding, "Time enough yet, Lina. You'll get to the thinking stage soon enough." Even after that I was patient with him—on account of mother.

"You make the usual mistake, Uncle Jack," I said coldly. "Because I am a woman you look upon me as your mental inferior. You are mistaken. My reasoning powers are fully equal to your own."

I saw that he was going to whistle, so I went on rapidly.

"Women have been kept in bondage so long," I explained, "that for the ordinary man's attitude there is some excuse. But there is no excuse for a man whose privilege it might be to associate with a woman like Henrietta Robson—"

"Do you think she would?" asked Uncle Jack unexpectedly.

"Would what?"

"Associate with me?"

"I'm sure she would do her best," I told him. "Though, since you ask me, I admit that she is used to the company of very brilliant people."

"She might like a change," said Uncle Jack hopefully.

I did not wish to discourage him. So I said that Henrietta found one of her greatest joys in being of use to people. "Look what she has done for me," I said. "Changed me in a few short weeks from a silly giggling girl into a serious, determined woman. But on you, so far, she seems to have had no effect at all. You have talked with her, you have heard her speak in public, and in private you have heard her simply wipe the floor with father on the woman question, yet you remain entirely unchanged. It shows that you have a closed mind, and a closed mind soon becomes a dead mind."

His lips began to pucker up, but I rushed on determinedly. "Take her views on the question of marriage—"

Just here my boot lace came untied and, would you believe it?—he never offered to tie it. But I could see that my words had stirred him. He looked almost eager.

"Yes—go on!" he said. "Let's take them."

"Take what?"

"Miss Robson's views on marriage."

"Oh, yes. Well, they are simply fascinating. They have given me an entirely new conception of the whole matter."

I glanced at him under my eyelashes because I have noticed that whenever a girl begins to speak about views on marriage, all her relatives begin to sit up and take notice. And I was right, for Uncle Jack had quite a human and interested expression—except for his glasses. He even condescended to prompt me—

"New—in what way?"

"Oh—just new. Henrietta sees, of course, that it's all wrong, as at present constituted, I mean. She doesn't exactly object to marriage, as marriage."

"What does she object to it as?"

THIS was a trifle difficult: Uncle Jack has a provoking way of asking questions which are different from what one expects. Naturally, I could not tell him offhand and in one word just all the complicated objections to marriage which have been formulated by the brightest minds of our pioneer women! I explained this.

"Hang your brightest minds!" said Uncle Jack quite violently. "We were talking about Henri—about Miss Robson, not about

pioneer women. Why do girls never by any chance keep to the subject? What I want to know is, what has she got against marriage—anything personal? Anything to prevent her marrying, herself?"

"Henrietta will never marry," I said firmly. "She could never, never submit to the present humiliating conditions. And neither could I. I have quite decided."

I expected that this would bring a torrent of remonstrance. But Uncle Jack was looking abstracted.

"Imagine me marrying any of the men I meet around here?" I went on. Then, as I saw a whistle coming, "Imagine a woman like Miss Robson married to a man like Dr. Morris—"

"What?" said Uncle Jack. He said it so suddenly and so loudly that I jumped, but his very agitation proved my point.

"Even you can see how distressing such an idea would be," I added mildly.

"Morris is an ass!"

"Please don't be violent, Uncle Jack. Dr. Morris may be an ass but he wants to marry Henrietta. Anyone can see that."

"But she—does she—"

"She does not," I assured him with coldness. "She wouldn't think of it."

Uncle Jack came a little nearer to me. He even put his hand on my arm in a kind of coaxing way, for which I could see no reason.

"Lina," he said, "you're an observant kid—sometimes. Can you tell me what it is that she dislikes about Morris?"

"He wears spats!" I said.

The moment I had said it, I saw what I had done! What could I have been thinking of to blunder like that? It was true, of course. I knew by instinct that it was Dr. Morris's spats which Henrietta simply couldn't stand. But I ought to have been shot before I would have admitted it. Somehow it sounded so—so trivial. Uncle Jack would be sure to whistle. But he didn't. He didn't seem to notice what an opening I had given him. Instead he seemed more abstracted than ever and muttered something which sounded like "Sensible girl."

I drew a breath of relief. But it had been a near thing and I could not feel quite easy, so I added hastily, "I'm really not competent to explain things to you quite fully, Uncle Jack, but I'll ask Henrietta to tell you herself just how she looks upon marriage. She won't mind. She never spares herself where the good of the cause is in question. If I can assure her that you are interested—"

"You can," said Uncle Jack.

I felt that my words had not been wasted.

Memo—To ask H. to speak to U. J.

A WEEK later.

Sometimes I think that I do not quite understand Henrietta and yet she seems so simple, so single souled. I could swear that she cares for nothing save the sacred cause of womanhood, yet there are inconsistencies that puzzle me.

I have asked her to explain her views on marriage to Uncle Jack, and she has refused. I can't understand it. I explained to her how interested he was becoming and how eager he was to have her explain personally how she felt about this important question—and she actually tried to change the subject. It is the first time I have ever known Henrietta to shrink from any kind of pioneer work.

I told her I realized that it would not be pleasant or easy to argue with anyone as pig-headed as Uncle Jack, but I gently reminded her that we women must be willing to do unpleasant work occasionally—spade work, as it were.

But she still seemed strangely reluctant to do spade work on Uncle Jack.

"You see, I know him so well!" she objected.

I pointed out that this circumstance was favorable rather than otherwise. "You can talk to him intimately in a way you could not possibly do to a stranger," I said.

But she set her lips in that rather adorable way she has and said, "If you don't mind, Lina, I'd rather not."

I did mind, I minded very much, not for my own sake, nor for the sake of Uncle Jack (who doesn't count, really) but for her own sake entirely. Henrietta has always seemed so finely brave—so unafraid. I understand that once she spoke quite firmly to a bishop who was a terrible reactionary. I am not English Church myself, but Katherine Ripley is, and she says that speaking firmly to a bishop takes some spunk. In fact, spunk is the one thing which Katherine admits that Henrietta has. And now if she finds out that Henrietta is afraid of Uncle Jack I shall feel too humiliated! And she is the kind of girl who finds things out by instinct.

Katherine, I am sorry to say, is the only one in our set who has not come under Miss Robson's influence. She admits that she is pretty and that her voice is delightful and that she has stunning good style. But farther than that she won't go. She says that those three things are the ultimate anyway. I am disappointed in Katherine. She is so frivolous herself that it warps her judgment, and I haven't forgiven her for the cartoon she drew of Henrietta in which she (Henrietta) is depicted as ascending a triumphal staircase every step of which is a man's head. And the faces of the men are all vaguely familiar—Professor Black, Dr. Morris, Mr. Wallace and even Uncle Jack. Under the cartoon is printed Miss Robson's beautiful motto, "Every step upward!"

I didn't laugh.

I pointed out to Katherine that things like that are only clever when they are true.

"Then that is the cleverest thing I've ever done!" said Katherine.

We did not speak for a week after that.

But I am worried, really worried.

NEXT day.

I have spoken to mother about it. About Henrietta acting so strangely I mean. To my surprise, mother did not seem to think it at all odd.

"But, mother," I said, "can you see any reason why she should not wish to explain her views on marriage to Uncle Jack?"

Mother took up her sock and began to knit. "Why yes, I can, Lina," she said. "I think her reason is quite plain. She does not wish to give your Uncle Jack the opportunity of explaining his views on marriage to her."

THIS was a new and rather disturbing viewpoint. I hadn't thought about Uncle Jack's views. Even if he had any they were sure to be wrong. Now it was evident that mother had also felt a doubt as to Henrietta's courage.

"Do you think she's afraid?" I asked point blank.

"I think it very likely."

"But she has never been afraid! Not even of a bishop!"

Mother shrugged her shoulders. Mother is very clannish. I shouldn't be surprised if she thinks Uncle Jack quite as important as the Pope.

"But it's absurd!" I went on. "Uncle Jack

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



"If you don't go, she will," I told him bluntly."

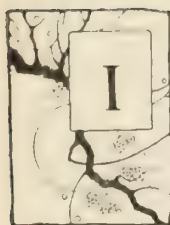




# A House Which Can Be Built For \$8,000 (approximately)

By Clarence Thetford  
Architect

\$4000



IN Canada the increased desire for country life has of late given rise to an enormous demand for modest but well designed country and suburban houses.

For a house—small or of medium size—the prime requisite is simplicity. Obviously a "one material" house is more simple and satisfying to the eye than a house built of stone, brick, stucco and shingles. Besides being more economical, the "one material" house gains in character and dignity, for in working simply in one material there is less temptation to introduce meaningless ornaments, showy paint and superfluous mouldings. When possible, the materials to be obtained in the neighborhood are the most appropriate.

The second requisite for suburban houses is an attractive form. They should never be built on the plan of a square. A comparison of a square house of a given area with one that is oblong and of the same area will show that the oblong house not only gains in general exterior appearance, but permits of more exposure in the rooms.

The third requisite is a study of solids and voids and of grouping. As a rule the small or medium size house should be low or at least give the effect of being low. A house that sits high is never quite friendly to its garden or lawn. The principal feature of the country house is the roof, sheltering as it does the whole building and if properly handled conveying at once a feeling of homeliness.

If you want your house to have some real character, avoid pretence, ignore shams, prune and cut the superfluous. It should be significant of and adapted to the habits and life of its occupants and should obviously express its purpose.

A large living-room is much more acceptable to the average family than the same space cut up into a "parlor," a "reception room" and a useless hall. The accompanying plans show a house which has been planned to fulfil the ideas here expressed.

Entering from a large, airy veranda through a vestibule from which opens a coat room, you at once enter the large, well-lighted living-room. An excellent view of the gardens both front and side can be obtained from any portion of this

A large stone fire-place, built on the end wall of the room, gives a distinctive touch and harmonizes well with the *tout ensemble*.

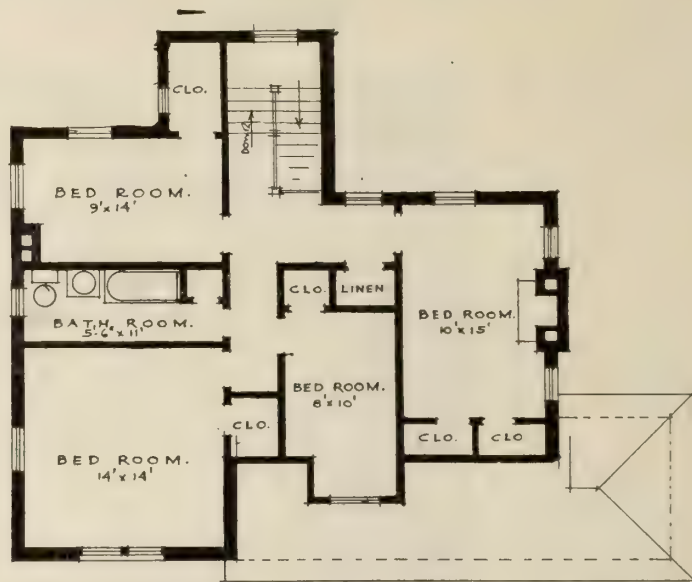
The stairs ascend from the corner of the room opposite the entrance, and beside the door leading to the kitchen and the ample service porch, with its place for ice-box, and an entrance to the cellar.

The kitchen is well-lighted by two large windows, giving a good cross draught. Ample wall surface gives space for sink, ranges, ironing board, cupboards, etc.

The serving pantry is supplied with cupboards and the end toward the window is fitted with a table and benches, making an ideal dining alcove convenient to the kitchen and yet away from the heat and odors of the cooking. The dining alcove is a feature of the modern house which is becoming exceedingly popular. It simplifies the serving of the hurried breakfast and where there are small children, is almost indispensable.

The dining-room is square in plan and gives an opportunity to design a circular ceiling which should be very attractive and unusual as well.

The first floor has four bedrooms, a bathroom and ample closet space. The bedroom at the right has open fire place, and like the other rooms, is well-lighted and planned for the easy placing of furniture.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN





## *Housecleaning Day in the Nursery*

IT seems natural to the children to wash their toys with Ivory Soap, for it is Ivory that keeps the youngsters themselves and their own dainty garments sweet and clean.

The mildness and purity that make Ivory Soap so safe for the skin also make it ideal for cleansing the most delicate textures and articles which ordinarily one would not think of washing.

Use Ivory wherever and whenever soap is needed. For the skin—and you never will feel the slightest irritation. For dishwashing—and your hands will stay soft and white. For all kinds of laundering—and your clothes will look cleaner and last longer. For particular cleaning—and you can keep your finest furnishings looking like new.



IVORY SOAP...  ... 99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE

IT FLOATS





# The Amateur Gardener's Busy Month: May

#2750 By  
George Baldwin  
F.R.H.S.



A good crop of bloom for a three-year-old plant of Delphinium.

**T**HIS is the busiest month of the year. During the first part of the month all kinds of annuals must be sown in the open ground, the soil made fine and kept moist and shaded from intense sun. A cheesecloth roof will accomplish wonders, for plants started in flats, indoors or in frames, must be gradually hardened off, by being exposed to the open air and protection should be given from the mid-day sun.

The number of plants now found suitable for the summer beds is considerable, which makes the selection of the most worthy no light matter. The day of the Geranium is not yet past, for of all summer plants it is one of the brightest, and its reliability is beyond question. However, something must be done to relieve it of its formal aspect. Without suggesting any particular plan, I mention a few plants which if judiciously placed never fail to take away the chief objection in a bed of stiff and low growing plants. For this purpose standard grown plants are favorites, and standards can be had of Fuchsias, Heliotrope, Geraniums, and lemon scented Verbena. Other tall growing plants include the brilliant Cannas, Nicotiana, the silver leaved Centaurea Ragusina, Lobelia Cardinalis, Salvia Patens, and the symmetrical Kochia Tricophylla.

For charm, with easy management, we must turn to the many varieties, that are raised in the spring, or can be purchased for very little at planting time. All these are seen at their best when designs of a simple character are aimed at. Schemes that have for their object the massing together of a lot of plants differing in habit and time of flowering are seldom satisfactory; a better effect is assured by planting each bed with two or three varieties that can be relied upon to bloom at one and the same time. Asters are not always as good as they might be, as they have a knack in some soils of failing completely, but



One of the best blooming shrubs—Hydrangea Paniculata.

where they are known to do well they are useful. The single type is now much improved, and as both sections are to be had in most of the pleasing colors, some interesting combinations may be arranged. An effective way of using two varieties is to edge the bed with Violas the same color as one in the centre.

**D**IMORPHOTHECA AURANTIACA is fine with its orange scarlet flowers. It is seen at its best on a sunny bank, or as an edging to a bed of dwarf white Antirrhinum. Nemesias are excellent bedding plants, and with the colors ranging from cream to scarlet, with also a pleasing blue variety, nothing more is needed for a bed beyond an edging of Alyssum Little Gem, or any other dwarf edging plant. Antirrhinums in the most brilliant colors and ranging in height from six inches to two feet, lend themselves to any scheme. A pleasing effect is gained by planting round a ring of Nicotiana Affinis a good breadth of some tall, dark variety. Phlox Drummondii is a showy bedder that never appears to more advantage than when massed together.



The English Telegraph Cucumber growing in a home-made greenhouse 9' x 12'.

Verbenas are similar in habit of growth, and seldom does a bed of them need any other occupant, for if they are kept neatly pegged down they soon become a mass of color. Salvias make a fine show when well grown. For this purpose the variety Fireball is excellent. French and African Marigolds are not to be despised, in company with the free flowering Cosmos. Annual Chrysanthemums are also worthy of extensive planting, as they are graceful and flower freely.

All the above require a certain amount of heat to bring them on, but there are some showy annuals that will give entire satisfaction sown in the position in which they are to bloom. Some of the best include Clarkias, Calliopsis, Godetias, Nasturtiums, Shirley Poppies, Bartonia Aurea, Candytuft, and Annual Larkspur, and for fragrance the Virginia Stock and Mignonne should not be overlooked. The latter, when planted near the sweet scented Ten-week Stock, provides a perfume during the warm summer evenings of a delightful nature.

Previous to planting out, see that all tender subjects are thoroughly hardened off, and the beds well dug and manured. If the soil is dry, give a good soaking with water a day or so before planting. In the case of all rank growing plants, such as Geraniums, Marigolds, and Antirrhinums, see that the soil is not made too rich, or growth instead of flowers will be the result.

The Dahlia lover is often anxious about his Dahlia cuttings, and he may welcome a few hints on the matter just now. It is of vital importance that good cuttings be secured, nice short sturdy growths some three inches long, and they must not be allowed to dry before they are inserted in the pots; any compost will serve to strike them in as long as it contains a goodly quantity of sand. Keep the cuttings close until top growth

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)



Improve your garden by building a rose bower or archway.



Improve the front of your residence by placing a small flower bed in the lawn.





# The Chef's Secret

## A Natural Sauce That *All Homes* Can Use

IN scores of recipes prized by famous chefs the flavor-secret is lemon juice. Lemon juice is often the added touch, the final refinement, the sauce that delights the connoisseur.

Note a few of the ways in which the chef uses the "Witching Drop of Lemon Juice."

### In His Salad Dressings

He makes delicious dressings, both French and Mayonnaise, by using healthful lemon juice in place of vinegar.

He seldom serves fish, cold meats, or even tea, without a lemon garnish.

Thus he shows his high regard for lemons in these very simple uses.

And he serves lemon with these and other foods for more than flavor alone; for lemons aid him, as they will aid you, in even more valuable ways.

### As An Appetizer

Pleasant digestion of his food-creations, as well as their flavors, is the chef's concern. And so it is every woman's, especially the mother's. Foods must be digestible, otherwise they disappoint.

Lemon juice—Nature's Sauce—is also one of Nature's best digestive aids, due to its organic salts and acids. So the dishes with lemon are not only better, but are better for you. We believe you will be glad to remember these facts when you plan your family's meals.

## CALIFORNIA Sunkist Uniformly Good Lemons

In ordering, always ask for California Sunkist Lemons. They are juicy, tart, waxy, clean and bright, and *practically seedless*.

The crisp wrappers, stamped "Sunkist," mark the best lemons grown, yet they cost no more than others.

### CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers  
Section 87, Los Angeles, California

Offices at

Toronto Regina Montreal Calgary Winnipeg Vancouver

Also distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade



### Sunkist Marmalade

Made with the rich, pure juice, the yellow part of the peel (finely shredded) of fresh ripe fruit from the finest orange groves—with a little grapefruit or lemon juice and pure sugar—nothing else. A delicious, new, sweet marmalade. Ask your grocer for it.



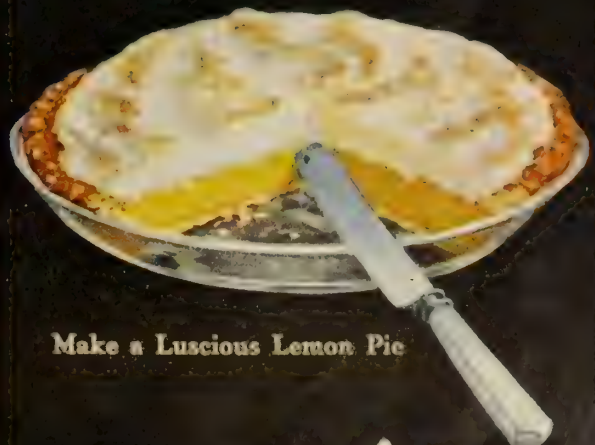
### Make Salad Dressings



With Lemon Juice Instead of Vinegar



Always Garnish Fish With Lemons



Make a Luscious Lemon Pie



Makes the Best Tea Better



# *Pennmans Sweater Coats*

*carefully designed  
by stylish people wear-  
the unusual color-  
combinations give the  
most striking effect  
the quality and finish  
assure long service and  
certain satisfaction*



# *Pennmans*

LIMITED

SWEATER COATS



# What C.N.I.B. Stands For

By Jean Graham

## The Consideration of a Work, National in Scope and Individual in Sympathy

**M**ORE than two years ago, a Dominion charter was secured for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, an organization which has developed through years of thought and striving on the part of those who have seen and felt the need of providing employment for those deprived of sight, and of using every safeguard of science to prevent blindness and to make the lot of those who work in darkness more varied and worth while.

Just at this point, let us admit our shortcomings and state that Canada has been slow to provide adequately for the training of the adult blind and had no truly Dominion-wide organization in operation until that March of 1918, when a charter was granted to the organization already mentioned, with Head Office at 36 King Street, East, Toronto. The work has progressed since then, with a steadiness which makes an ideal instance of a Forward Movement. In days like these, when we may wake up any morning to find that India is an Islam Republic and Ireland has foamed herself into one huge wave of revolt and been lost in the Atlantic, it is well to turn our thoughts from the destructive and the desolating and to dwell for a time on the projects of construction and reconstruction which are being carried out with earnestness and efficiency. Among these encouraging undertakings, in our community, may be counted this Institute, which already has inaugurated eleven departments of work, including Registration, Blinded Soldiers, Field Work, Industrial Department for Men, Home Teaching, Industrial Department for Women, Pearson Hall (a Residence for Blinded Soldiers in Vocational Training), Amalgamation of the Canadian National Library for the Blind (now the Library Department), Prevention of Blindness, Women's Auxiliary (an outgrowth of the Canadian Women's Association for the Welfare of the Blind), Salesroom Department. This, it will be admitted, is more than two years' work, and shows the result of a heartening combination of good feeling and effective action.

All the world knows the story of Helen Keller, the woman whose attitude towards physical handicap has been a reproach to the grumbler and an inspiration for the struggler. Miss Keller in one of her messages to the public, says: "The heaviest burden on the blind is not blindness, but idleness." The removal of this burden is one of the objects of the C.N.I.B.—and the establishment of industrial departments for blind workers throughout Canada is going far towards attaining that object. If we turn back to our own lives, to consider those who have been our best friends, our real inspirers, we find that they have been those who helped us to help ourselves, who gave us confidence in our own efforts and strengthened our determination to "carry on." There is no greater drawback to the development of character than self-pity, and idleness is inevitably an encouragement to indulge in a reflection on our own sorrows. Wherefore, those who know the cheering effect of "something to do" have an abiding belief in the happiness of the Employed.

**T**HERE is much being done in this National Institute and so much developing every month that we might spend hours and pages on Pearson Hall, alone, or on the Library Department. As we are naturally more interested in the women's work, however, we shall devote our time and space particularly to what has been done for the women who have been deprived of sight. It is encouraging to note that in the days before the C.N.I.B. took unto itself a name and a Head Office, the women's organizations had begun to devote some of their public efforts to the work for the Blind. The Canadian Free Library for the Blind, originally existed in a private residence in Markham, Ontario, where Mr. E. B. F. Robinson, the first blind graduate of a Canadian University, who graduated from Trinity College with the highest honors, had his home. Mr. F. W. Johnson, a member of the Executive Council, and Mr. S. C.

Swift, now the Head of the Library and Publishing Department of The Institute, were also associated with early plans and dreams for a nation-wide movement for the education and training of the adult blind. All good Canadians know of the work of Sir Frederick Fraser, the blind superintendent of Schools for the Blind at Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Layton of Montreal have done excellent work in connection with the Montreal Association for the Blind and Mr. Joseph Beaubien, one of the honorary vice-presidents of the C.N.I.B., has been prominent in the administration of the Nazareth School for the Blind, which works among French-Canadians. The School for the Blind, at Brantford, is known throughout Ontario, and Mr. W. B. Race, the head of that institution, is a prominent member of the Council of the C.N.I.B. The Ottawa Association for the Blind, under Mr. J. L. Payne, did a good pioneer work for industrial training for the adult blind.

The projects of the C.N.I.B. have included, as a most important step, the formation of Divisions throughout the Dominion. The Western (including British Columbia and Alberta), with headquarters at Vancouver; the Central Western, (including Saskatchewan and Manitoba), headquarters at Winnipeg; the Ontario, with Toronto as headquarters; and the Maritime, (including New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island), with headquarters at Halifax, have already been formed. These Divisions have In-

dustrial Departments for Men, while Ontario has an Industrial Department for Women, also—and the others will soon be similarly equipped. The Ottawa Association for the Blind has amalgamated and the Ottawa broom shop is now under the C.N.I.B.

Mr. L. M. Wood of Toronto, the president of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, who organized the Institute, is a business man of wide experience and yet wider sympathies, whose time and energy are always at the service of the Institute demands. The honorary vice-presidents, members of the Council and boards of management include the names of men prominent in financial, educational, medical and legal circles, from Cape Breton to Vancouver. The thoroughness and promptness with which these various Divisions have been formed, show the sincerity of the desire of those at the head of affairs to get the National Institute into the most efficient working order. There is the minimum of red tape and the maximum of achievement in the operations of such an organization.

**I**T is the Industrial Department for Women, as it is now seen at 40 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, that we should like you to know, for the work being done there by women without sight is a heartsome achievement. There was some difficulty in finding out the most feasible employment for the blind woman worker, as there was no department of labor recognized for her, to the same extent as broom-making is adopted as a suitable trade for the man deprived of eyesight. Now, we find at the Industrial Department for Women at Toronto, a vast array of aprons which are being made on machines, most of which are attached to a shaft, although two are kept for practice for new workers. Hundreds of aprons are now being ordered weekly by a department store, and restaurant uniforms form another substantial order from these busy workers. After all, this making of aprons is an entirely natural and essentially feminine undertaking. The Mother of us all, in her first industrial efforts, made for herself an apron of fig leaves, and has left to all her daughters a fondness for the fabrication of aprons, which are an indispensable part of the wardrobe, especially in these days of "Help Wanted." There are aprons of varying shapes and sizes, from the dainty affair, which is meant rather for ornament than protection, to the bungalow variety, which is equal to the morning's work.

Then, there is the rug-weaving to be seen; and the looms carry one back to the old farm scenes and spacious firesides, where many a family gathering took place. These are very up-to-date and modern looms and the workers learn with surprising rapidity how to manage them and guide the few operations necessary to transform the rags into rugs of pleasing color and texture. Most of the rags are the cuttings left over from the manufacture of the aprons and are of light coloring with blue or rose predominating. They are just the thing for a summer cottage and, in fact, would be a bit of brightness in any home. The prices are reasonable and these products should find a ready sale.

The supervisor of this department is Mrs. Clayton Ridge, who is assisted by Mrs. Fitzsimmons and Miss Thompson. The Institute has been fortunate in securing this staff, for each member of it shows an alertness and sympathy which cannot fail to call forth the best efforts of the workers. "Atmosphere" is a curious thing which defies definition—and yet even the casual visitor knows whether it is one of healthy encouragement or of depression—and the atmosphere of these work-rooms is both kindly and bracing. The workers are given every needed assistance, but the object of the instruction is to increase their self-confidence and the worker is encouraged to depend on herself, as soon as the running of the machine has been mastered. Suggestion, which is such a valuable psychological force, does much towards successful



**COSY BEDROOM AT "CLARKEWOOD."**

This is a typical apartment in the Women's Residence, 72 College St., where seventeen blind workers have a home.



**AT INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN, C.N.I.B., TORONTO.**

This shows the workroom where aprons and uniforms are being made by the blind workers. Most of the machines are on a shaft.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



# The Prestons

By Mary Heaton Vorse

## The Delicate Task of Disengaging an Engaged Couple Falls to the Lot of the Two Families, Mutually Agreeable



"I'm perfectly sure that before Berenice began making a fuss over that stray pup, Osborn had hardly noticed her as for her noticing Osborn of course she had. They'd been at school together. Osborn, by virtue of being captain of the high school baseball team, was naturally the most prominent boy. So I should like to know exactly why Berenice should have made a friend of a girl so much younger than herself as Edith."

The dog, recognizing a friend, crept close to Berenice and put his head on her knees. She smoothed his ears down and felt him over with a hand that was far more practised than Osborn's. She lifted her round eyes:

"Don't you think," she asked my son, "he'd like a drink of water? You told me one time that lost dogs were not half as hungry as they were thirsty."

"Get some water," said Osborn shortly, and Jimmie obeyed like the arrow from the bow.

Jimmie returned with a dipperful, and the dog began lapping greedily. I was about to go my way when Seraphy hove in view.

"Aha!" she cried. "And that's what you was wantin' my dipper for, Jimmie! Ain't it enough for ye to be stuffin' all the cake on me down your throat without usin' me own tin dipper that I drink out of meself fur dogs that might have the hydrophobia, fur all you know—and slobbering of it he is, Mis' Preston, all over the new front rug! You can jest march along, Jimmie, and use the sapolio on that dipper under me eye. Ain't what Piker drinks out of good enough for stray dogs? Ain't the back woodshed a good enough place for dogs to be drinking anyhow?" Seraphy demanded belligerently.

"Oh, dry up, Seraphy," Osborn gave out. Seraphy beamed at Osborn. "That dog's going to live in college with me."

"Oh," replied Seraphy. "I didn't know it was your dog, Osborn. I've got some cake new baked," she added invitingly.

### CHAPTER LXI.

BERENICE continued to pet the dog.

"You'll come to-night, won't you, Edith?" Marion asked.

"I told Arthur Taylor I'd be home," Edith said doubtfully.

"Oh, Arthur Taylor!" said Marion. "Send him a note you can't see him!"

"I think," said Osborn at supper that evening, "that when a girl makes an engagement with a fellow, she ought to keep it."

"You're consistent, aren't you Osborn?" Edith replied with sarcasm. "I thought you couldn't stand Arthur Taylor, and now, just because I'm sending Jimmie with a note to tell him not to come, you get awfully moral all of a sudden."

"There!" said he. "Isn't that like a girl? They haven't any principle; that's what ails 'em, and that's really what makes fellows hate 'em so."

"Huh!" said Jimmie, who has lately in our family been left out of things more and more. "Much fellows hate girls!" Osborn ignored his younger brother's sneer.

"They put everything up to personality and not to principle. If I like Ratty Taylor, I ought to think that looking an engaged fellow with him is a

crime. If I don't like him, I ought to think it's a virtue."

"Well," said Edith hotly, "don't you think you ought to want to do more for the people you like than for the people you don't like?"

"I think," said Osborn, "you ought to be able to know your own mind. I don't see how your liking him or not liking him has anything to do with keeping your engagements."

"He ought to be grateful I'm kind to him at all," said Edith.

"He ought to be grateful," Osborn assented, "that he's allowed to live on the earth—that nobody's stepped on him by mistake; but I don't see what that has got to do with you, Ede. All I think is, it's due to yourself to keep your own appointments."

"Well," said Edith, "thank Heaven, I'm not a martinet!"

"Oh, you don't need to tell us," said Osborn, "that you thank Heaven daily that you're not as others are!"

Here Maria, anxious to allay hostilities, enquired:

"Why don't you want your little friend to come this evening?"

"She's giving her 'little friend' the kibosh," Osborn explained, "because of Marion—who else? Marion whistles and of course Edith has to go and dance. You may not be a martinet, Edith, but you haven't got any more independence than a rabbit!"

In the brutality of family life, a young girl's emotions are always being dragged out into the light of ribald discussion.

"That's right," said Jimmie. "Everything Marion says goes. Ever since Marion said my hair was red, Edith has gone around calling it auburn."

"So it is," said Edith. "I like auburn hair."

"Well, my hair won't change itself to please either Marion or you," said Jimmie. "It's chestnut; it isn't a bit redder than yours, Edith Preston!"

"I do think, Edith," said Maria, "that you are too much under Marion's influence. You just let her do your thinking for you."

"Just because Marion and I have the same opinions, it isn't any sign, Aunt Maria, that she does my thinking for me. Similar minds come to the same conclusions," replied Edith.

"Huh! You're a copy-cat," said Jimmie. "You've changed the way you do your hair."

"Anyway," Osborn joined in, "it's the high pressure of this friendship between girls that makes me tired. And they're not real friends, anyhow; they go together for a while, and then get mad at each other; and the more they used to like each other, the harder they scrap. It's going to be a fierce volcanic eruption all right when Marion and Ede bust."

"Osborn Preston," Edith said, and there was a hint of tears in her voice, "I won't have you talk like that."

Marion and I are never going to be separated—never!"

"I bet you they'll be pulling hair in two months!" said Jimmie the cynic.

"I bet you they will, too, kid," replied Osborn.

This was more than Edith could stand. It was as though a mother should have been joked about putting her son out-of-doors; it was as though the young bride should have had her divorce predicted for her, or the young girl in the first flush of her first love-affair had to look into the future and see a separation for a trivial cause staring her in the face. For all the poignant emotions that Edith had at this moment were summed up in her devotion to her friend Marion. It stood in her life for all the higher things; it was a symbol, the only door through which she might look as yet at the highest emotions of which the heart is capable; it was a sacred thing. At the boys' teasing, tears started to her eyes and being angry at herself, she vented it by saying:

"All the same, Osborn Preston, I'm going with Marion this evening, and I'm not going to see that Taylor boy," by which appellation Edith calls the young lad who formerly led her intellect into the land of poesy.

"Well," said Osborn, "I wish the girls were coming to-night, because some of the fellows said they'd be over, and Owen Greave is coming." He tried to let this last name drift from his lips in a casual sort of way. Owen Greave is the man of his class every one praises. He is the coming man in athletics; he is the sort of lad who has combined with real ability a certain magnetism that makes him adored by boys. He is the sort of boy who would be besieged by girls except that his lack of vanity kept him from observing anything but the most open attacks. For any boy to have Owen Greave at his house is like introducing the heir presumptive to the family circle.

At this information Edith's anger dropped like a hauled-down flag.

"Oh, I think Marion would love to meet him!" cried Edith. "Oh, Os, you're an old dear! I'll go through that call from that tiresome boy just to please you."

Osborn laughed. Edith, when not annoyed or self-conscious, has a beguiling manner.

"There," he said. "There, you see, mother. Nothing for principle, but everything for the affections."

"Well," said Henry, taking part in the conversation for the first time, for he had been apparently reading, "you can just thank your stars, son, that's the way women are built."

"Say, Ede," Osborn took advantage of his sister's soft mood to say, "I wouldn't go with that Belle Mather if I were you."

"I don't," replied Edith coldly.

"Well, I saw you on the street with her."

"What's the matter with Belle Mather?" I asked.

"You don't know how boys talk in college, mother," said Osborn. "There's nothing the matter with Belle, but she just gets too gay and the boys make remarks."

"She's nothing but a pretty, silly little thing," I suggested.

"That's just what Marion and I are trying to combat," said Edith heartily. "Girls are foolish because boys make them so. Belle's too good-tempered to keep fellows in their proper places, and then they go off and talk about her; and I think it's disgusting!"

"I don't like her bunch," said Osborn. "They act silly on the street, always waiting around for fellows. It was all right when you were a little girl, but now that you're beginning to know my friends—"

"You talk to them all right, Os," observed Jimmie.

"That's different," replied Osborn.

### CHAPTER LVII.

THE evening passed off pleasantly except for poor Arthur Taylor, who was left in a corner to his own devices, and the next afternoon Marion and Edith were sitting reading on the piazza, and Maria and I were at a little distance sewing, when Maria threw out to Edith:

"Well, how did you like Mr. Greave? He wasn't as fascinating as I expected he would be. Just from the glimpse I had of him he seemed a little heavy and quiet."

Here Edith exclaimed: "I think he has more character, Aunt Maria, than any boy I've ever met."

"Yes," Marion corroborated. "You feel that he has depth." There was a different tone in the words of both toward young Greave than that in which they usually discuss boys.

"I did like his looks," said Edith.

"Well, he is not my idea of a handsome man," Maria said.

"I dislike handsome men intensely," said Marion. "There is something really disgusting to me about a man of whom one says at first sight, 'Isn't he good-looking?' I like a man to look manly!"

"And strong," Edith supplemented.

"Yet he ought to have the appearance of gentleness."

"The strongest men are always gentle and kind," Edith added.

I saw they were performing a little antiphonal chant in praise of Mr. Owen Greave. They were indeed singularly alike, as was proven by their both being touched more than they had ever been before, by the same boy.

I have observed that the happiest thing in young girls' friendships is when they both can be good friends with the other's sweetheart, but when each prefers a different type of man. But unfortunately Marion and Edith centred their attention on Owen, as I realized the day Owen made his first call. After the custom of indulgent American elders, Maria and I passed the time of day with young Mr. Greave, and then made excuses to leave the young people together. I ordered lemonade and cakes, and beckoned Jimmie away from his post of observation in the window, while Maria said to me:

"Did you see that? Those two girls are all of a flutter! I didn't think that Edith had it in her, nor Marion either. They've always acted as if they'd swallowed a ramrod. I must say I do think too much sangfroid is unbecoming in young girls. But to-day—"

What Maria had said was true; the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



WIVES OF ONTARIO'S CABINET MINISTERS

From left to right: Mesdames Doherty, Bowman, Mills, Drury (wife of the Premier), Raney, Smith, Biggs.





### It is film that dims the teeth

It is the film-coat that discolours, not the teeth. When that film becomes cloudy, the teeth lose their lustre.

And that film is the cause of most tooth troubles.

See how the teeth glisten after ten days with Pepsodent. It will be a revelation.

## In Striving For Beauty Remember the teeth

*All statements approved by high dental authorities*

### Remove the film

Glistening teeth are essential to beauty. Do not overlook them.

That viscous film which you feel with your tongue, if left on teeth, becomes a dingy coat. It dims the lustre by absorbing stains. In places, often, it forms the basis of black tartar.

But it destroys more than tooth beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Few people escape them who do not fight that film.

### Over 98% affected

Among civilized peoples, statistics show that over 98 per cent. meet tooth troubles. And those troubles are constantly increasing.

Yet the tooth brush is used by millions. But the ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

The film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Careful people twice a year have a dentist remove it by instruments or pumice. But in the meantime, night and day, it may do a ceaseless damage.

### How film destroys

The film is what discolours—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that is alarmingly common.

Dentists long have known that film caused most of the tooth damage. They have known that brushing did not end it. So dental science has for years sought some way to combat it in the home.

### The way is found

Now the way is found. It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of pepsin is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. Now science, however, has discovered a harmless activating method. Countless tests have proved this. Now active pepsin can be every day applied.

### Three new methods

This active pepsin is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And able authorities recognize that this new tooth paste meets modern requirements.

It combines three great essentials, each of which aids tooth protection as no other method does.

\* \* \* \* \*

For five years Pepsodent has been subjected to convincing tests. Every effect has been repeatedly proved with scientific care. Every action has been carefully studied.

Now leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption. Millions of teeth are every day benefited by it. And the use of Pepsodent, among careful people, is fast spreading the world over.

### The test is free

To quickly make this method known, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

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This is highly important. It may bring you priceless protection. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.



### White teeth everywhere now

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But this means more than beauty. The teeth are cleaner and safer. The effects may be life-long and vital.

This ten-day test will show you why careful people everywhere now use this new-day method.

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
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## As Between Friends

By Anne Elizabeth Melvin

### When It's Apple Blossom Time In Canada

I WONDER if "Apple Blossom Time in Normandy" is one-half as beautiful as apple-blossom time in this wonderful Canada of ours. As I look out of my window I see in my garden trees white with bloom, like exquisite bridal bouquets—fragrant masses in which the bees bury themselves in an ecstasy of delight, drunk (even in these days of prohibitive sobriety) with the odors that sweep through the orchard. Here and there are trees of deeper pink where peach and plum sprinkle the ground with their fragrant petals. Close to the willows which bend over the stream, the lilac bushes are resplendent in their fresh green among which will soon wave plumes of purple and white. Across the river I see rows of blossom-laden trees which later will fill the pantry of my neighbor with preserves and jams that hold in their shimmering depths the essence of spring sunshine and vernal winds. By the mill-race, contented cows browse beneath fragrant hawthorn bushes, their tawny backs flecked with patches of sunlight and gently fallen bloom. A song-sparrow trills its roundelay from the cherry tree beside my pump, and Jenny Wren is scolding at the door of her house which looked so bleak and uninhabited during the winter months. The sun shines—the soft winds flutter the curtains beside my writing-table—I hear the voices of my boys at play, the fluting of a meadow lark in the grassy lane, the peep of baby chicks just learning the distinctive flavor of bug and worm. And this is May! Oh, it is good just to be alive and one forgets for the moment that there are such things as pain and sorrow and loss in the world.

No wonder that our poets break forth into rhapsodies and songs of spring. The most prosaic of us all must be thrilled by all the wonder of this budding time, the sweetness and the gladness of it all. I know just how my Jersey calf feels when it throws its hind legs into the air and to the amazement of its browsing ma dashes wildly around the enclosure. Had I hind legs as a means of expression I should do the same. As it is I jump up and down on my front ones (when my small fry aren't looking) and breathe hard through my nostrils just as Nancy Hanks does when my husband turns her out of the stable. And when Nancy rolls on the fresh green grass with queer snorts and grunts of pleasure I feel that I must go and do likewise. But—the neighbors! What might they say to see the dignified mother of a strident family of boys engaged in such gymnastics. No, decorum must be observed and my natural instincts curbed by the mandates of a civilization rigidly unsympathetic in its attitude towards the unconventional.

ONE can scarcely expect to be dignified and proper when all nature seems in a riotous mood—inconsequent, gay, rejuvenated. Even the clothes on the line fling their wobbly limbs in an abandonment at once grotesque and infectious. At present a suit of my husband's B.V.D.'s is disporting itself in a seductive manner and inviting a rakish garment of my own to join in the dance—a sort of May-day rhapsody that is well-nigh irresistible.

Did you ever notice the amount of personality and character displayed on the average family clothes-line? No two arrays are ever alike; the actions of garments, mentionable and otherwise, possess a thrilling uncertainty that never allows one's interest to flag. Even the smallest handkerchief waves hilariously before "skinning the cat" in brazen defiance of convention. Just watch your own line on a breezy day and the contortionist at the circus will pale into mediocrity beside the gymnastics that go on in your own back yard.

Speaking of May dances reminds me of that old poem that we used to learn at school, "For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May." What visions of village gaiety and innocent fun were called up by those oft-repeated lines. I wonder if the crowning of the May-queen has quite died out in Old England or if in this prosaic day there are some sequestered villages where the beautiful cere-

mony is still carried on. So many of the quaint old customs seem to have given way to the more practical phases of life. I notice that this year Queen Mary did away with the customary feathers, veil, and train that marked former drawing-rooms. And how much of the picturesqueness of the scene has gone with them. One may now escape the nightmare of managing yards of shimmering silk while one makes one's bow before their Majesties, but I cannot think that the ceremony will be quite as imposing. Did you ever read Sara Jeanette Duncan's description of her presentation in "An American Girl in London?" Most graphically she portrays the tremors that filled the heart of a nervous debutante about to be presented, and her practice with a string of towels pinned together by way of train is very amusing.

AND in speaking of royalty I am reminded that the twenty-fourth of this month is Victoria Day. Some of the happiest memories of my childhood are centered around this historic date. Early in the morning we were awakened to the sound of fire-crackers and the refrain of that stirring and defiant song of childhood, "Twenty-fourth of May's the Queen's birthday, if you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away!" The threat was never carried into execution for it always was a holiday and the noisiest, jolliest one, barring Christmas, in the whole year. To me there was always a sort of mystic sacredness about the day and my heart used to travel across the seas to where that wonderful little lady lived and moved and had her being. She was such a perfect combination of dignity and simplicity, of true queenliness and evident womanliness. All the doings of those thrilling Queen's Birthdays had a personal element in them that has been lacking since the tired little body was laid to rest after its long life of a mingled pain and happiness such as fell to the lot of the most ordinary of her subjects. She seemed such a dear, grandmotherly sort of person in spite of the heavy crown that on occasions sat so regally upon her head. And now that she has gone we celebrate the day that has been set apart for all time in honor of Victoria the Good, but only those who were fortunate enough to live during even a part of her reign can know what it meant when the *raison d'être* of our picnics, our bonfires, our rockets, our bands and our parades, was herself taking part in the world's activities and bearing her share most nobly beneath the light that beats so mercilessly upon a throne.

Victoria the Good—and she was good—

"Her court was pure; her life serene; God gave her peace; her land reposed; A thousand claims to reverence closed In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

And though we may laugh at certain restrictions, at certain expressions of what in these days is considered the execrable taste of the Victorian era, we cannot but wish that some of the tranquillity and peace and solidity of that Golden Age were with us.

I WONDER who gave May a black eye by inventing that familiar couplet, "Marry in May, you'll rue the day." Certainly no month in the year is a sweeter one in which to start one's married life than this one—unless it is October which to my mind is best of all. I have known several May marriages which have been eminently satisfactory. My own father and mother chose that time and I think their married life had in it few regrets or tribulations—unless I myself may be regarded as a tribulation. It is too beautiful a month to be held in disfavor. It should be associated with gladness, flowers, blossoms and fairy rings.

And fairy rings brings me to a question of interest that is receiving some attention on the other side of the border.

This is no other than the suppression of fairy stories as detrimental to the character of our children. Personally I think this is absolute bosh. It would be little short of criminal to deprive our young people of what brought to us in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



## A Health Talk to Mothers Regarding the Important

## FIRST TROUBLES

By Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton

"FIRST trouble is least trouble," said a professor to a student, when the latter was complaining over the endlessness of certain routine.

"First trouble is least trouble," the man sick with pneumonia might aptly remark as he thinks of the neglected cold that brought it all about.

"First trouble is least trouble." How often have the words recurred to me as I have struggled with a sick baby, tried to strengthen and cheer the worn-out mother and comfort the frightened father, knowing all the time that the whole illness and anxiety and expense might have been avoided by the taking of that "first trouble."

"First trouble is least trouble." Over and over one sees it proved, perhaps never more pitifully than when the nervous, broken wife and mother wanders into the office with the same old story: "I was such a strong, healthy girl; never knew what it was to be in pain. It is queer, isn't it, but I've never been well since my first baby was born. . . ." And usually she remarks that she has "lost" the last one or two.

Ah, "first trouble is least trouble!" And then one travels back over the road marked by pain and failure with her to find out just where that first trouble should have been taken. Sometimes we tell her, sometimes we do not—only add another item to the long, sad list that we keep in our private records of life.

So when the baby has finally arrived, and the doctor has gone away, and there is a cessation of excitement, there are a score of "first trouble" things that it is well to know, but better far to do and keep on doing.

LET us think first of the mother. She must be kept quiet. Visitors should be prohibited. Household and other worries likewise removed, and in relieving her of the former it is not necessary to get the affairs of the house into such shape that she will be reduced to despair when she finally is able to take hold again.

Many are the stories of needless destruction that women have told me, the first being when my own mother pointed out to me spoiled spots in a beautiful carpet, remarking with a half-comical look of reminiscence, "That happened when you were born." Just what connection I had with the matter I could not for the life of me see, but I realized even then that strange things might happen at such times. Another little mother whom I accompanied from the hospital had to literally wade through the rooms of her bungalow, because her husband and brother had been "keeping house" in her absence, and had thrown paper, rags, rubbish of all descriptions just anywhere. Her milk lessened to such an extent, by her endeavors to "clear up," that she had to bottle feed the baby, and nearly lost it. But the last case, and one of the most provok-

ing, to put it mildly, was where an "experienced" nurse had "charge." She cared for the mother and babe to some extent, but so ill-fed and neglected the three-year-old boy, who was one of the Journal's finest prize babies, that on his mother getting her hand in again the child was taken seriously ill of some digestive disorder, and she nearly lost him. Although I was not the doctor in charge, yet we feel personally affronted in thus seeing our good work wantonly spoiled.

THE diet while the mother is in bed should be light. Meat should be avoided, also fried food. Fish and chicken may be used. Fruit is best cooked. Use as little fluid as she can manage with for the first three days, so that the milk may not come in too quickly and cause pain, and possibly fever. After the flow of milk becomes established, extra milk, gruel, cocoa, etc., should be drunk between meals and at bedtime to keep up the supply.

It is well about the second or third day to use a breast binder, in shape much like a straight corset cover, sloped out for the arms and pinned snugly over the shoulders and down the front. It should be made of double cotton goods. A piece of cotton batting should be laid between the breasts to prevent chafing. The idea of this bandage is to act as a support while the patient is in a recumbent position. If the bandage is worn till the patient gets about, much trouble may be avoided.

Both the abdominal binder (unless the doctor is coming next day, or has given definite orders concerning it) and the breast bandage should be loosened each day, and the skin beneath bathed and dried and rubbed,

after which the bandages can be readjusted.

Too much care in regard to cleanliness cannot be taken. An odor about a sickroom is unpardonable, as well as being unhealthy. Any odd symptom should at once be reported to the doctor. This is one of the "first troubles" that is very important.

Only mild cathartics should be used, and these with the doctor's directions. The simpler ones are rhubarb compound, licorice powder, phosphate of soda, olive oil, medicinal petroleum, etc.

Just here let me call attention again to my oft-repeated remarks anent CASTOR OIL. I am spelling it with capitals. Perhaps it should be put in black type!

Castor oil is, after the first dose, constipating. It is a harsh purgative. Its uses are to rapidly clear the digestive tract of some poisonous or foreign substance and to remove undigested food in cases of acute indigestion. It also makes an excellent astringent dressing for certain inflammatory conditions, e.g., "sore nipples" and chilblains.

The abuses of castor oil are too many to enumerate. Among the most serious is its indiscriminate use during pregnancy and after confinement, and for the so-called constipation of infants and little children. Therefore we may deduce that castor oil is not a cathartic for routine treatment for either mother or babe.

THE experience of many careful obstetricians is that nearly every mother is greatly benefited by a good iron tonic, to be begun before she gets out of bed. Your doctor will give you this, or if a doctor is not to be had,

nearly any good iron mixture or Bland's pills will answer, providing it contains a laxative, and *does not contain strychnia*. If a woman takes strychnia while nursing, the babe may be seriously affected.

The mother should remain in bed for nine or ten days. She should not do much work for four weeks, and no hard work for at least six weeks. At the end of six weeks she should make a great effort to have her doctor thoroughly examine her to see if all is normal again.

This is another of the important "first trouble" places. It is just here that thousands of women "get on the rocks," and later spend years of semi-invalidism, when a few moments' examination and a short course of treatment or care might have made everything as secure as it was before confinement.

The nursing woman should get her rest at night, and also have a rest in the middle of the day. She should have regular outdoor exercise of a pleasant nature. This will induce a good flow of milk more than any other one thing. It is much easier to keep the milk than to bring it back if it once begins to go. Another case of "first trouble." Also it is much easier and safer to feed a baby by the breast than by a bottle.

When a woman is nursing, not only should she endeavor to be happy and light-hearted herself, but her husband and every member of the household should uphold and assist her in this endeavor.

The babe should never be given the breast when the mother is under any great emotional excitement, joy, pain, fear, or anger—especially the last two mentioned. The milk may become poisonous in such cases. Babies have been made very ill, or have taken convulsions and died, after being fed after such excitement.

Heavy work should not be done while nursing. And because there are many different standards of "heavy work," I will make myself a little clearer. Work to be avoided or done slowly or in sections is such as would require long standing, as hours of washing or ironing; long sitting, as sewing; heavy lifting, e.g., housecleaning; anything, in short, that induces great fatigue or exhaustion to the point of interfering with sleeping or eating, or resting; anything, also, that interferes with clock-like regularity in nursing and resting of both mother and babe.

On the other hand, laziness, lounging around indoors, too much indoor occupation, though perhaps not as detrimental to the mother, yet will make much trouble for the babe, will cause the milk to have too much fat, and this, in turn, will cause digestive upset and colic in the babe.

It is my intention to give a few suggestions as to "first trouble" matters in regard to babies next month.



Two happy little brothers whose mother avoided first troubles. In the picture they have just wakened from a sound sleep out-of-doors.

## We Want Your Baby in Our Better Canadian Baby Contest

CANADIAN mothers may be divided into two great classes—those who are interested in the tremendous child welfare movement which is sweeping over our Dominion, and those who are still dormant, contented with old conditions, the past high infant death rate and easiest-way-will-do methods.

We do not for a moment think many of our readers belong to this latter group, but our Better Canadian Baby Contest will give those who belong to the group of progressive, thoughtful, wide-awake mothers an opportunity to show their colors and take a decisive step in the important reform for the more intelligent care of Canada's precious babies.

Every baby entered in the contest says as plainly as can be: "My mother believes in child welfare, and wants to know how I compare with other Canadian babies. She wishes to know if I am perfectly developed or if I have some defect which will be discovered when I am examined, and then my doctor can correct it now when I am little. My mother wants me to be one of Canada's very best babies."



This little fairy is Helen Cameron, of Truro, N.S., one of the first babies entered in the contest.

The plan is so very simple. You write to our Better Canadian Babies Bureau for Entry Form. We send you not only this, but a little book, "Wonder-Working Days and the General Care of the Baby," and two Score Cards. Next, you take your baby to your doctor, who examines, weighs and measures the little one according to the directions on the Score Card. He then fills in the card or cards, for if the doctor is busy the mother may fill in the second card herself—it is for her own reference and she keeps it.

After this is done, send us back the Entry Form, one Score Card, and a photo of the baby. This is all, and the child is entered in the contest.

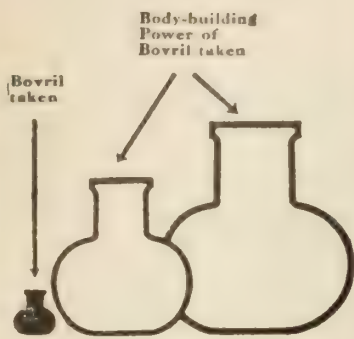
The examination of the Score Cards and photos at the termination of the contest is done by doctors, so the contest is scientific in every way, and the final decisions are founded absolutely on the perfection of the development of the babies.

Send to-day for this literature, which is forwarded quite free of charge. Address the Better Canadian Babies Bureau, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ontario.



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## The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

girls were in a flutter. I think that during the time that followed, the comings and goings of Owen Greave was the most important thing in life to them both.

Meanwhile the big boy, Owen Greave, remained as unruffled as a pan of milk. He called now on one girl and now on the other. It was evidently a matter of honor for whichever girl he called upon to telephone for her friend. Often Osborn went with him and Berenice joined them, so while Osborn and Berenice walked together, Owen walked with Marion and Edith. Maria watched this little comedy with steadily growing disapproval.

"I should think you would do something," she told me. "There's going to be a fine scene one of these days."

"Why, what's the matter?" said I. "What's the matter?" said Maria. "I should think, if you have eyes in your head, you could see that Edith is getting just as sentimental as she can be about Owen Greave; and so is Marion. Edith is far too young to be thinking about boys the way she is. I believe in young people having a good time."

"Why, Maria," I interrupted, "I thought you were pleased at Edith's changed attitude."

"I like to see young girls show a becoming interest in young men," said Maria. "The way young girls patronize them these days is offensive. But when a girl barely turned sixteen looks at a young fellow who has never thought of her twice except as a friend—as if she were a love-sick kitten—I think steps should be taken. But you, Edith, were always as blind as a bat. Now I've been able to see what was happening to Edith, and regretting it, for a long time. Well, one good thing is, she is so young she'll get over it right away."

I should like to know what steps one could take. Alas! a sixteen-year-old girl can fall in love as thoroughly as one of twenty-six; she can go through all the comedy of hopes and fears and of hope deferred, and no one on earth can protect her from it. It is useless for her aunt to object because she looks at her beloved like a sick kitten, and to urge that something be done. And even if you know that the flurry of sentiment is to pass, and leave little trace behind it for lack of fuel on which to feed, you know that your girl is at sea in a new circle of emotions, and you can't help her. You can't tell her anything, and you must pretend, unless she comes to you, that you don't know what is passing in her mind, because, very likely, she doesn't know herself.

Older people do not take seriously enough the trials of their young girls, nor the troubles of their young sons. We treat all their emotions from the point of view that they will soon get over them. Our boys' love-affairs we call calf-love; our girls' first affairs we call sentimentality. Because they can't think of marriage since they are so young, we look upon these boy and girl affairs as of no account at all and yet I don't believe that human beings have changed so much from the time when fourteen-year-old Juliet was a woman. Because of our conditions in this country, we treat them as children, and their emotions as children's emotions, and yet this is not so; their emotions are the emotions of grown-up men and women, and they are as capable of suffering. I do not think we should forget that these emotions of theirs are forming their characters for good or ill more than almost anything that may happen to them later. I don't know whether the tragedy doesn't lie in the very comedy of the whole affair. The very springtime of our emotions, the first flower of the spirit, in our modern life, is generally ridiculed, and almost inevitably destined to be stamped out.

I don't think that Edith realized what was happening to her. The thing she did realize was what was happening to the spirit of her friend. I saw a look of anxiety cross her face when the three of them were together, and I also saw the look of anxiety returned by Marion. Each was mentally asking the other: "Do you really like Owen?" and each was asking herself "What shall I do?"

What was passing in Edith's mind she betrayed one day when we were discussing at dinner the case that had appeared in the paper of a woman

who had eloped with her best friend's husband.

"Oh," cried Edith, "I can't imagine anything worse, anything more awful in the world! Think what it must be to deal such a blow to a woman who loves and trusts you!"

"Pooh!" said Jimmie. "Girls are always trying to swipe other girls' beaux; that's what they live for."

"They don't, Jimmie Preston!" cried Edith hotly. "Not nice girls." And I saw her whole body tremble.

"Well, I notice you were mad as a hornet when Belle Mather came up to you and got herself introduced to Owen. Any one could tell you were both hopping!"

"I didn't mind introducing her to Owen, and you know it!" flashed Edith. "I minded any one of my own sex planting herself in other people's way just to get an introduction. If she had asked me to introduce him, I would have fixed it if I could."

"Oh, yes, you would!" said Jimmie.

"Any nice girl," said Edith, going back to the subject at hand, "would suffer horribly at having the least part of the affection that belonged to another woman, and especially if it were her friend."

"Well," said Osborn brutally, "you don't need to worry, Ede."

### CHAPTER LVIII.

I WAS in the kitchen one morning soon after this ordering the meals for the day when the Doble's cart drew up to the door and delivered groceries. Seraphy watched the boy until he mounted his cart again, then she jerked her thumb backward over her shoulder.

"Tain't no affair of mine," she announced, "but keep your eye peeled, Mis' Preston—just keep your eye peeled."

"What are you talking about, Seraphy?" I asked. "I thought Doble was perfectly satisfactory."

"I ain't talkin' about groceries," said she, "nor ole Doble; there's more Doble's than one, and I guess I wasn't born yesterday, and I know sheep's eyes when I sees 'em. 'Twasn't fur nothin' that I waited on Edith and Osborn and that there Berenice Doble yesterday afternoon and made 'em chocolate, and the second girl in the house all the time! I seen her asking Osborn's opinion about dogs and her raised in a kennel. I know what that means! And what have so many young ladies come runnin' to the house fur anyway, these days, Mis' Preston? Seems to me, Edith's gettin' a lot of young lady friends, all of a sudden! Seems to me there's lots of young ladies bein' more interested in your flower garden, Mis' Preston, than they used to be!"

And, indeed, I have had lately this experience that I suppose happens to all mothers who have good-looking sons; there comes a time when suddenly you find yourself sought after by various young ladies who have hitherto ignored your existence. They come to call; they ask your opinion about books; they interest themselves in your little hobbies with an artlessness that is rather touching.

I am not enough of a fool to imagine that every girl who looks at my boy falls in love with him, but I do know that a boy who can ask girls to dances and ball games is, of course, run after, and it is much to Osborn's credit that he has never noticed it. But I have and I didn't need Seraphy to point it out to me.

That afternoon Maria and I were sitting in the back library when the telephone bell rang, and Maria, who was expecting to hear from a friend of hers, answered it. I heard her say:

"Yes—oh, yes, Berenice, I'll tell him about it. It's too bad you should have bothered. Oh, it's very nice of you to take it that way, but I know exactly. Oh, you needn't tell me. I know how your mother feels to have a muddy dog come tracking through her nice, clean house."

"That was Berenice Doble," said Maria. "Osborn's horrid dog has run away and come right to her house."

"Oh, he ran away, did he?" said I.

"It's odd he should have gone right to Berenice's house," said Maria.

"Very odd," said I dryly.

"Well, she wants Osborn to come and get him."

"And that's odd, too," said I.

"I don't think it's odd at all," replied Maria. "I should think they'd

all want that dog removed as soon as possible. It's always been a great trial to me that we couldn't keep Piker at home. It's just like hens or anything else—if you have them, keep them to yourself. And, you know, Editha, Piker's never held anybody's flower garden sacred. I suppose there isn't a flower garden for miles around that Piker hasn't buried our bones in; and you know, Editha, that it's exactly as if the wrath of God had passed over when Piker has gone through a flower bed. And now this dog is beginning the same business over again. It's very mortifying."

It didn't mortify me. I may be unjust, but I would be willing to wager that the setter pup never ran away at all; or, at least, never ran to Berenice's house.

"Berenice Doble is a very nice, refined girl," Maria went on. "She's so feminine. I think she's a very good companion for Edith; and she's so pleasant and respectful to older people. I think she does Mrs. Doble's upbringing great credit."

"Pooh!" said I, "Maria, she isn't any more feminine than any other girl. She's a great, big, wholesome, strapping, twenty-six-inch waist, five-foot-eight girl."

"She has sweet, pretty, feminine ways; I don't care what the size of her waist is. It isn't the size of people's waists that decides how feminine they are, Editha. Neither your waist nor mine measures the same as when we were girls, and I hope we are no less feminine than we were then."

The next morning Seraphy appeared to me.

"I wish you'd come down and take a peek into my kitchen, Mis' Preston, and see what's settin' under the table. As sure as you're alive, it's the setter pup, large as life and Doble's man that's bringing him. He run away again, and you needn't tell me they don't feed him at Doble's. I know better! I know when a dog's bein' fed and when he ain't bein' fed. Feedin' of him up to her place is what she is, and makin' of him. And Osborn's a starvin' of him and a trainin' of him, and he don't know no more about trainin' a pup than me nor you, Mis' Preston, and he thinks he knows everything, 'cause he can play baseball. I've seen it done all kinds of ways at my time of life," went on Seraphy, "but this beats Ned! I never seen 'em use a setter pup!"

The setter pup's preference for Berenice got to be a standing joke in our family, and during the next month the dog was exchanged between the Doble's and our house and the college almost daily. By the end of this time, if there was any doubt in other people's minds as to whom that dog belonged, there was no doubt in the mind of the dog, for I met him uptown, looking quite sleek and handsome, following Berenice Doble. He had on a fine new collar with a license on it, and it was decorated with a large bow in the colors of Osborn's college. And it was no secret to me that Osborn invited Berenice to go to ball games, and when he went to fetch his dog on its daily excursions to the Doble house, it took him the entire evening to bring it away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### ASPIRATION.

He said, "I will not leave you comfortless"—  
And left us Faith to creep into our eyes,  
Instead of tears. Yet Death sends mysteries  
Which hide the blossom of the wilderness.  
Casting us desolate a-down a road  
That looms eternal to Eternity.  
But God whose pity moves in Charity  
On every pilgrim has a gift bestow'd  
To help our straining eyes; and in mine own  
Gazes my little daughter—trustfully,  
O life of Spring! I lean my heart on thee—  
Now in the wilderness fresh seeds are sown  
Among the rocks of my unhappiness.  
Thy faith in me lies in thy clasping hand,  
My Faith—in teaching thee to understand.  
He said He would not leave us comfortless.

—P. E. in "Country Life."



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

our childhood a pleasure that has never been equalled. It is their birth-right—their privilege to revel in these wondrous stories of imagination, and I have not the least doubt that their mentality is increased and strengthened thereby. I can scarcely imagine a normal childhood apart from Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm's, or the Arabian Nights. What could equal the charm of "The Snow Queen"? What could induce thrills to compete with those called forth by "Ali Baba" or "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp"?

**M**OST children live in a world of their own creation—a Golden Age which the stern realities of life soon reduce to pitiful grayness. Let them have their dreams, their exaggerated fancies, their own particular little world into which they may retreat when the trials and griefs of childhood press too heavy upon them. We never outgrow our dreams. I have a golden realm in which I wander even now—a kingdom of my own in which I forget that I am a very ordinary person and expand into a personage of tremendous power and importance. Wealth, position, power—all are mine and I defy anything except an attack of softening of the brain or aphasia to take my kingdom from me. When my boys come whooping round the house in Indian attire, or when, in the costume of Long John Silver or some other personage of piratical instincts, they sail the mill-race on a raft made of packing-cases and a Jolly Roger flag torn from my best black silk petticoat, I bless the stars that gave them this insight to another world, an imagination that makes their days interesting and their nights wholesomely drowsy. Keep fairy stories from them! I should think not. I will carefully place in their way every thriller that I can find and rejoice in the fact that they prefer them to some of the decadent and more matter-of-fact literature of to-day which is much less inspiring and not nearly so wholesome. Do you remember the solace that poor little Sara Crewe enjoyed from her imagination? Instead of the household drudge, fallen from her high estate, she was a princess who looked with scorn and pity on those who had the power to torment her body but failed to reach her mind.

**O**NE prominent educator in the States is quoted as saying that "the fairy story belongs to the age of ignorance and is immoral because it is based on lies, leads to laziness and inculcates weakness." A Western paper, in commenting on this person's ideas, says that it knows "some of the old fairy tales and will admit that they are the product of the age of ignorance and based on lies, if the word lies be stretched thin enough to cover the most beautiful creations of fancy." It continues to observe that if we commence to thin out stories of this class there will be no end to the holocaust. "If so, then down with the Iliad and the Odyssey, blot out the story of King Arthur and his round table, let the twilight of the gods be Stygian darkness. Forget Achilles and Hector, Lancelot and Guinevere; banish Jupiter and Venus, Thor and Frija. They are lies; let us have nothing but the truth."

"And while we are about it let us suppress 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' which is an ignorant fairy tale, and 'A Winter's Tale,' wherein a creature part fish and part man serves a magician. They are both lies. The 'Divine Comedy' is also a lie and 'Faust' should be expurgated. There is too much in it about devils and magic."

"Even the Bible, upon Dr. Blake's theory, would seem to need attention, and we are prepared to go with her thus far: If the roses around the palace of the Sleeping Princess must be pulled up, then we demand the extirpation of Jonah's gourd."

Yes, indeed, if we commence this work—this iconoclastic demolition of all that makes childhood rosy and happy—there will be no end to the destruction. It would be like the fanaticism of the early Puritans who destroyed the beautiful paintings and carvings in English churches because they did not approve of such frivolity. And it is we who suffer the loss. Are we going to deprive our children of the very pleasures that we enjoyed? Not I, for one—and here is my youngest hopeful with his copy of "Tom Thumb." I must go. Good-bye!



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## Literature and Journalism

By KATHERINE HALE

### A Page of Special Interest to Young Writers

MANY of us looking back to the year 1917, will recall a book named "Changing Winds," by St. John Ervine, which told us more graphically than perhaps any other novel how the war came to a group of young English writers. Among them was one character, Henry Quinn, a high-strung sensitive young Irishman, who endeared himself to every reader and who, if the truth were known, was largely autobiographical of St. John Ervine himself.

"Changing Winds" showed the happy comradeship of this group of boys, and how they served their apprenticeship in London. The story is full of interest for all writers, and that is why I am recalling it to the readers of this department, as well as to give them a glimpse of a writer who is more than a writer—a gallant soldier who will go lame all his life, as the result of a serious wound in one of the worst engagements of the latter part of 1917.

Ervine, who is in the early thirties, has just concluded a successful lecture tour in America. He made two Canadian appearances,—one in Montreal and the other in Toronto. In the latter place he spoke on "Impressions of my Elders"; men like Wells, Yeats, Bernard Shaw and others who are influencing modes and methods of story and playwriting to-day.

The writer of this page spent most of a happy day with Mr. Ervine, and what is related here as to his views and advice came from conversations, as well as from the brilliant lecture that he gave for the Women's Canadian Club.

He spoke much of his childhood in Belfast, where Protestants were supposed to be vastly superior to Catholics, and where a small boy once asking his teacher, "Did God make Catholics?" and receiving the reply that He certainly did, exclaimed, "Oh, well, He'll rue it yet!"

But this is difficult advice since so few of us acknowledge nowadays that we have any superiors. And again, these people might refuse to live with their inferiors. So really the only way to follow Yeats' advice is constantly to read the books of the great. "Read great writers as much as possible," says Mr. Ervine. "Read Shakespeare and Shelley and Milton and the Bible, and after that read the authors to whom you naturally gravitate."

As youth naturally delights in sadness, many young people will care to read the Russian novelists, especially Dostoleffsky who is literally steeped in melancholy. Lady Gregory told Mr. Ervine that it was because she was an old woman that she wrote comedies. "Old people can laugh, while youth mourns," she said.

Then in discussing the annual prize for literature, which will be open annually, through the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, to all unprofessional writers in that city, Mr. Ervine said, that the greatest thing, the greatest encouragement, that a young writer could receive from the community, is not the monetary value of the prize, but it is the fact that he has been given a hearing; a chance, through the selection of the Committee, to rise out of that obscurity which seems so hopeless and so huge. And if not so fortunate as to be the winning competitor, he or she is at least given a chance to present manuscript to those who are really competent to judge work and to give an opinion. "A helping hand, a little kindly recognition, that will be the salvation of your rising genius," said this successful novelist, who has himself waded through the slough of despair, like every other writer who assails the editors and has his manuscripts returned with just about as much promptness as they are sent out.

After all in a literary career, one of the great differences between the Success and the Failure is, that the former never becomes so completely discouraged as to abandon his purpose.

A CORRESPONDENT from Vancouver sends a little story which might be very good, were the angle from which the plot is seen, a little different. Now, the angle from which the plot is seen, is very important. You have "seen" your theme from an angle which seems to be purely physical. There is nothing unlovely about the purely physical, but like the purely spiritual it must be dealt with sincerely and with the full knowledge that the mere attempt is one of the most difficult things in fiction. Without intending to be so you nevertheless present something crude and revolting. There is no touch of beauty or magic about it. Here is a place to put into practice Mr. Ervine's advice and to seriously consider the material at hand. Living in Vancouver, what wonderful material for sea stories, stories of ships and sailors and the stirring adventures of boys! Look away from unhealthy themes to fine and strong ones. Your story shows that you can do better than you think. But improve your diction. Write in every day language, and avoid slang on the one hand and stilted phrases on the other. To use trite expressions is to weary the reader.

I have been asked the rather odd question, "What is the best method of managing conversation in my stories? The characters simply won't talk as if they were real." Well, to make your characters life-like, you must actually live their imagined life in your thought, and then turn the thought into the language of the age and circumstance of the individual portrayed. In an essay or article, a writer may put his or her thoughts into his own language. In a story, a writer is merely the vehicle for his characters' thoughts and actions. Very little of the author himself should intrude. Gradually as you work, something of an individual style in presenting characters will arrive, but in the first stages of story writing the main thing is to understand your characters. Of style in writing it has

THE thing that has remained with me as the very best advice that could be given to those practically interested in literature, occurred in the suggestion, "There is always and under all circumstances material at hand for the man or woman who has it in him to write. Do not seek far fields, develop that which is at hand and may be studied from the life. Surely there is better stuff here in Toronto than there was for Arnold Bennett in the Five Towns. I know—because I have been in the Five Towns."

"At the age of twenty," said Mr. Ervine, "I was in bitter revolt against almost everything; which was quite the right and proper state of mind for a young man who intended to write. If a very young man is not in revolt at everything, he is no good. But by the age of thirty, he should begin to get some sort of perspective, and if at forty he still believes that all established laws which he has to confront are out of order, he is merely pathetic. When I first went to London, I was rather disappointed. I had always expected that something wonderfully exciting would happen to me the moment that I reached there. In other words, I looked for romance. But not even in such a promising place as Hanging Sword Alley did I find it. I began to think that there was a curse on me and that I never would. No lovely lady fled to me for succor, and though other people had things happen that make the most wonderful plots for stories, nothing came to me—nothing except the greatest discovery of all, that if you do not find adventures in life you must just make them up. So you see, a writer is really a disappointed man. If young writers would remember that it would help them a lot."

Mr. Ervine's first advice to these same young writers is something like this—don't be afraid to love and perhaps even to imitate the great authors. Copy them if you like, until you can hardly tell which is which. Then stop short and develop a different quality or you will not be influenced, you will be overpowered.

YEATS once told Mr. Ervine that he had found that an excellent idea is always to live with your superiors.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75.)

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# CAKE ICING





Chicken a la Marengo.



For Chicken Baltimore.

## Chickens As They Might Be Cooked

By MARION HARRIS NEIL  
AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

ALL poultry when young should have smooth and pliable legs, with the scales overlapping very slightly. The spur on the leg of the male bird must be short and not prominent, and the feet should be soft and rather moist. The flesh should be smooth and without long hairs. When choosing a bird that has not been plucked, one should see that the plumage is soft and downy with soft young feathers under the wing and on the breast. If freshly killed, the eyes will be clear and not sunken, and there will be no discoloration of the flesh.

The comb of a fowl should be smooth and of a bright red color. A fowl for roasting, broiling or frying should be young and tender, but for boiling, braising or stewing, an older one may be taken, as the long, slow cooking makes them tender.

Fowls are in season during the greater part of the year, and next to beef and mutton, are the most important of the meat diet, lacking, however, the stimulating qualities of the red meats.

With the exception of ducks and geese, which are rich in fat, poultry will agree with many people who cannot eat other meat. This is particularly true of the breast meat, but the other parts are also good.

Chicken, a fowl under nine months old, is rather more easily digested than other poultry. Broilers are spring chickens about four or five months old. Capons are raised for food only, and are always tender and well flavored. In selecting a chicken, the flesh should be firm, the skin smooth, the feet and legs soft and free from scales, and the cartilage at the end of the breast bone soft.

**Chicken à La Marengo.**—Cut two or three chickens into neat joints, removing as much of the skin as possible. Melt four tablespoonfuls of oil and one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, in which place the pieces of fowl, and season with salt and pepper. Color the pieces slightly, sprinkling them with one tablespoonful of flour and two chopped onions. Then add one-fourth cupful of tomato purée, one bunch of pot herbs and sufficient water to cover. Cover the saucepan and cook gently for two hours. Arrange the joints neatly on a hot dish, remove all grease from the sauce, add to it a squeeze of lemon juice, a pinch of red pepper, more seasoning if necessary, and strain it over. Garnish with croûtons of toasted bread and serve hot.

**Chicken Baltimore.**—Cut one chicken in neat pieces for serving, sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Dip in beaten egg, toss in fine bread crumbs and arrange in a greased baking dish. Cook in a hot oven for forty minutes, basting with melted drippings. Pile on a hot platter, garnish with thin slices of crisp bacon and sprigs of parsley. Serve with hot white sauce.

**Chicken Pie.**—Cover chicken, cut in pieces for serving, with boiling water, add one blade of mace, one bay leaf, two sprigs of parsley, tied in a muslin bag. Simmer gently until tender. Thirty minutes before the chicken is done, add one-half pound of sausages cut in pieces. Arrange on the bottom of a baking or fireproof dish slices of hard-cooked eggs, cover with the chicken and sausages, and continue until the dish is full. Add four cupfuls of sauce made from the liquor in the pan, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of butter and four tablespoonfuls of flour cooked together. Reheat in the oven, garnish with pastry points and serve hot.



Broiled Chicken, Potatoes and Peas.

**Boned Chicken in Aspic Jelly.**—Singe and draw one large chicken, put it into a kettle of boiling water and cook slowly until quite tender. Lift out and set aside to cool. Cut the meat into neat pieces. Put the skin and the bones into a saucepan with four cupfuls of the liquor in which the chicken was cooked, one onion cut into small pieces, one blade of mace, two bay leaves, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of whole white peppers and one-fourth teaspoonful of celery seeds, and simmer until reduced to two cupfuls, then add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine; allow the gelatine to dissolve and strain. Arrange a layer of chicken in a wet mold, then a few slices of hard cooked eggs, then sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, then more chicken, and so on until the mold is nearly full. Fill the mold with the aspic or stock and place in the refrigerator. Turn out when set, garnish with chopped cooked whites of eggs and parsley. Serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

**Pressed Chicken.**—Pressed chicken makes a delicious supper dish and is an admirable device for masking a fowl's age. Singe and draw a chicken, but do not cut it up. Boil until tender, in just enough water to keep it cooking. When

it is almost ready to fall to pieces, take from the pot and slip out all the bones. Chop or cut the meat very fine, season with salt, pepper, paprika and melted butter, add the liquor in which the chicken was boiled, which should be now reduced to one-half the quantity, and one cupful of softened bread crumbs, i.e., bread crumbs which have been soaked in hot water and then squeezed dry. Heat all together, press into a square mold and serve cold with a garnish of aspic jelly and parsley.

**Creole Stewed Chicken.**—Singe and draw a good sized fowl and disjoint it carefully. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add three onions sliced thin, and stir until the onions are thoroughly cooked, but do not allow them to burn or even brown deeply. Add the chicken with the dark meat on the bottom and the white meat on the top, add a dash of celery salt and just enough of the juice from a can of tomatoes to cover the chicken. If the chicken is large, this will take an entire quart can of tomatoes pressed through a sieve. Bring

to the boiling point, and then push back on the stove to simmer for one hour. Season with one teaspoonful of salt and a mere dash of pepper. Add one sweet red pepper, with the seeds removed and the shell chopped finely, one can of corn and heat thoroughly. Edge a hot platter with boiled rice, lay the chicken neatly inside of this border and pour over it the tomato and corn sauce.

**Broiled Chicken.**—Broiled chicken is often so cooked that when ready for the table it is stringy and dry. The following method insures a dish that is full of flavor and quality. The chickens must be young and should weigh from one to two pounds each. Split and flatten them with a cleaver, then place in a greased baking pan, skin down, dust lightly with salt and pepper, dot generously with pieces of butter, and put three tablespoonfuls of water in the pan for each chicken; let steam for thirty minutes, basting every ten minutes; then remove from the oven, place the chickens on a gridiron and broil until nicely browned on both sides. To the liquor in the pan add lemon juice and chopped parsley to taste. Arrange the chickens on a hot platter, pour the sauce over and serve immediately. Garnish with mashed potatoes, cooked peas and parsley.

**Chicken with Rice and Tomatoes.**—Draw a good sized chicken and disjoint it. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add one onion sliced very thin. When the onion is cooked, add the chicken and allow it to cook for a moment without browning, shaking the pan gently to keep it from sticking. Cover with boiling water and after it has come to boiling point, push the pan to the back of the stove to simmer the contents for three-fourths of an hour or more if the chicken is large. Have ready, one cupful of rice which has been washed and soaked in cold water. Drain the rice and sprinkle it over the top of the chicken. Season with salt and pepper, put on the cover and cook for thirty minutes, being careful that the rice does not absorb all the water and cause the chicken to scorch. In another saucepan blend two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour over



Boned Chicken in Aspic Jelly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



# Grape Juice Recipes

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

## Some New Dishes to Tempt the Indifferent Appetite

**G**RAPE juice is very cooling, refreshing, appetizing and palatable and is always acceptable at any season of the year. It aids digestion and assimilation of other foods—makes easier the task for the body to get full nourishment from all the food consumed. You will be surprised at the many ways grape juice may be used in the making of beverages, puddings, sauces, cakes, etc.

**Grape Juice with Lemon Ice.**—Serve grape juice very cold with a spoonful of lemon ice on the top. To make the lemon ice, put two cupfuls of water into a saucepan, add one cupful of sugar and boil for eight minutes, remove the saucepan from the fire and beat until cold. Add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon and the strained juice of three lemons and freeze.

**Grape Juice with Eggs.**—When you are tired or hungry, try this. Break two fresh eggs into a glass, fill up with grape juice and a small piece of ice. Shake thoroughly, and drink slowly. Serve crackers with this drink.

**Grape Juice Salad Dressing.**—Whip up one cupful of whipping cream, when stiff, add one-fourth cupful of grape juice, and a few grains of salt. Chill and use with any fruit salad, such as peach salad.

**Grape Juice Conserve.**—Slice thinly twelve oranges, add the grated rinds and strained juice of four lemons, six pounds of seedless raisins, and three pounds of mixed nut meats, blanched and chopped. Dissolve seven pounds of sugar in two pints of grape juice, add the orange mixture and cook very slowly until reduced to a thick marmalade. Pack in sterilized jars.

**Grape Juice with Baked Apples.**—Pare and core apples and place in greased baking tin. Fill the core space of each with grated maple sugar, one-half cupful of grape juice, dot with butter and sprinkle over each a little powdered ginger. Bake until the apples are tender, but not broken, basting with the syrup which forms. Serve hot or cold, with the following grape juice cream: Beat one cupful of whipping cream until stiff, then whip into it one-third cupful of grape juice and sugar to sweeten.

**Grape Juice Pie.**—Beat one egg and one-half cupful of grated maple sugar together until light. Mix one cupful of grape juice with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and then allow it to cook over hot water for four minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and when cool, add the sugar mixture, one teaspoonful of orange extract and a pinch of salt. Pour into a pie plate lined with pastry and bake in a moderate oven. Cover with meringue and brown lightly in the oven. Serve hot.

**Grape Juice Pudding; Sauce.**—Bring to boiling point one-half tablespoonful of orange juice and one cupful of grape juice. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water, add to the boiling mixture and stir, and cook for five minutes longer. Then add one cupful of sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Serve hot or cold with sweet puddings, rice pudding, cottage pudding, etc.

**Grape Juice Lemonade.**—Make two quarts of sweet lemonade, then add two cupfuls of grape juice. Serve very cold in glasses.

For plain grape juice, keep the grape juice on ice and serve very cold, or cracked ice may be added at serving time. If liked diluted, the ice will melt sufficiently, or add plain cold water.

**Grape Juice Marshmallow Dainty.**—Put the rinds of six oranges and six lemons into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of boiling water and allow to remain covered for thirty minutes.

Strain the juice of the oranges and lemons into a bowl (there should be two cupfuls), add the water drained from the rinds and allow to cool. Then add two quarts of grape juice, one and one-half quarts of ice water and two pounds of grated maple sugar. Serve in glasses with four pieces of marshmallow in each glass.

**Grape Juice Punch.**—Put four cupfuls of grape juice into a punch bowl, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and four cupfuls of water, then add the strained juice from three oranges and three lemons. Make very cold, add sliced bananas and sliced pineapple. Serve with a piece of ice in the punch bowl.

**Grape Juice Glace.**—Pour two cupfuls of boiling water over one pound of lump sugar, allow it to dissolve, then add two inches of cinnamon stick and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Boil for fifteen minutes and then allow to cool. Add four cupfuls of grape juice and at serving time, stir in a meringue made of four whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Serve in glasses with wafers or cake.

**Grape Juice Jelly.**—Put four and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine into a clean saucepan, add three cupfuls of grape juice, rinds and strained juice of three lemons, two cupfuls of water, one cupful of sugar, whites and shells of two eggs. Whisk over the fire until boiling, remove the whisk, allow to boil up, draw the saucepan to the side of the fire and allow the contents to settle. Strain through a hot jelly bag and pour into a wet mold. Turn out when firm and serve with cream or milk.

**Grape Juice Blanc Mange.**—Bring to boiling point one cupful of water, one and one-half cupfuls of grape juice, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, stir in ten tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, mixed with one-half cupful of cold water. Stir over hot water until thick and smooth, then cook, stirring occasionally for forty minutes. Pour into a wet mold or wet individual molds. When cold turn out, and serve with stewed or canned fruit.

**Grape Juice Ice Cream.**—Bring two cupfuls of cream to boiling point in a double boiler and add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. When cool, add two more cupfuls of cream and two cupfuls of grape juice. Freeze and serve in dainty glasses.

**Grape Juice Mint Cup.**—Arrange sprigs of mint in tall serving glasses, fill two-thirds full of cracked ice, then fill with the following mixture: Add to four cupfuls of grape juice, the strained juice of two lemons and sugar to sweeten. Serve with straws.

Another Method—For each portion, allow one-third cupful of grape juice, in which has been soaked, for at least forty minutes, three bruised mint leaves. Strain these out, and add three tablespoonfuls of orange or lemon juice, one tablespoonful of sugar, and ice water to fill up an ordinary-sized glass.

**Grape Juice Purée.**—Mix three tablespoonfuls of fine sago or tapioca with three cupfuls of water in a saucepan, stir over the fire until it cooks slowly for twenty-five minutes. Then add three cupfuls of grape juice, one-half cupful of sugar and a pinch of powdered nutmeg or cinnamon and boil for five minutes. Chill and set aside to cool. At serving time put a little crushed ice in the bottom of bouillon cups, then fill three-fourths full of the grape juice purée. Serve with crackers or rusks.

**Grape Juice Sherbet.**—Put two cupfuls of sugar into a saucepan with four cupfuls of water and boil for twenty minutes. Add the strained juice of one lemon and one orange, three cupfuls of grape juice, one tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in one cupful of boiling water and when cold freeze.

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# Through the Looking Glass

By Vain Jane

Short Sleeves Being Now in Vogue, a Beautiful Arm is Much to be Desired.

IT is surprising the way in which a change of fashion will necessitate our emphasizing the care given to first one part of our body and then another. For instance, in the days when it was considered the correct style to wear collars which reached well up under our chins and were even supported by celluloid braces so that they might attain the highest point possible under the ear (the higher the smarter!), we were not obliged to be so careful about the texture of the skin underneath, nor was there necessity for spending so much time in rubbing in whitening and lubricating creams to keep it soft and beautiful. However, the moment low necks (long may they remain) came into fashion, the entire feminine world began to take stock of its neck. There was a great demand for neck bleaching creams, and cocoa-butter to fill in the hollow places, and crease eradicators. Only the most careless mortals forgot to add a nightly neck massage to the other features of their beauty culture. Many new preparations came into existence to aid in making the neck beautiful, and most of these have been in use ever since.

For a number of years past long sleeves have been in fashion's favor, but as happens with the swing of the pendulum, short sleeves are now *comme il faut*, and the arm, especially from slightly above the elbow to the wrist, is once more very much in the public eye. Now it may so happen, and I trust it does, that you possess a pretty and shapely arm, an arm that is roundly moulded and delightfully tapering to the wrist. If this be the case, so much the less for your anxieties. But if your arm is an angular and thin arm, then, dear lady, it behooves you without loss of time to undertake to make it beautiful.

WHETHER naturally pleasing or not, it is reasonable to expect that the unusual exposure to which arms will be subjected by wearing short sleeves will necessitate their receiving unusual care. Take the elbow for instance, it is very easy to develop a spot of hard skin or callus on this point when it is constantly meeting hard and sometimes rough surfaces with nothing to protect it. And some of us, despite the fact that early training taught us otherwise, still have a persistent habit of "leaning on our elbows." It is such a nice, comfortable position, you will say, that you hate to give it up. Another little sacrifice on the altar of beauty, my friend—and each of these, remember, helps to make or strengthen the character!

Then there is the danger of a chapped skin, and that makes the arm red and unbeautiful. I hesitate to recommend any particular preparation for chapped skin, because it has been my experience that what is "meat for one, is poison for another." The old remedy of glycerine and rose water is a perfect cure in some cases but I have known it to do nothing but increase the irritation and add to the soreness in others. I have in mind a liquid that I always keep on my dressing table, it is rose pink in color and has a nice, fragrant smell and what I like best about it besides its healing qualities, is that I can apply it ten minutes before I am ready to put on my gloves and there is never any suggestion of stickiness about it. It keeps the hands and arms smooth and white and because it is successful with my skin, it might be successful with yours.

I spoke about cocoa butter for filling out the hollows about the neck. This has another use, too, in connection with the arms and you will find that a thin and bony arm and wrist is greatly improved by a persistent rubbing in of cocoa-butter. On the other hand, if the arm is too fat to be attractive, there are exercises that will aid in its reduction.

IN the exuberance of your spirits in welcoming the May, don't forget, dear ladies, that this is the season of the year when the hair most needs extra care and attention. It is not going to be denied, either. If you brush the matter lightly aside it will repay you by looking dull and sulky and unkempt. If you neglect it altogether, it refuses to be ignored and makes a nuisance of itself by coming out. You will always notice that the carpet brush and the vacuum sweeper and the bedroom waste-basket contain more stray combs in the spring and the fall of the year than at any other season. If you haven't time for anything else, at least brush your hair more than usual at this time. And with regard to brushing, it is well to point out that, like everything else, there is a right and a wrong way of doing this. The brush, you know, is not intended to take out the tangles, the comb must perform this function. The comb should never be run from the roots of the hair to the end. That method will pull the hair out or break it. Begin at the end of the hair and slowly disentangle the strands as you go along, until the entire head is smooth. At this stage, the brush enters. Brushing the hair is largely for the purpose of putting the scalp in a gentle glow and assisting the natural oils to flow freely. This is the reason we find that well-brushed hair has a gloss and shine that adds greatly to its beauty. A head of hair, too, after being carefully and thoroughly brushed, is almost as free from dust as a floor had been freshly swept. This is the reason why to keep the hair bright and free of dandruff and cleanliness.

## CORRESPONDENCE

WINDERMERE.—What is most encouraging to hear is the advice which you received has been helpful, dear girl, Vain Jane is only a paper friend and it would be quite impossible to do as you suggest. And what a heap of questions! If you are on a visit to the city in which our magazine is published, you will be able to procure any of the preparations we have recommended. As to the redness of the skin, a girl with a peaches-and-cream complexion told me recently that she used hot milk as a nightly bath for her face. Why not try this simple and easily acquired liquid. There are many reliable makes of talcum powder both pleasant and safe to use and I do not think the cost is more than the sum you mention. But do not use talcum powder on your face—it really is not meant for that. Talcum is a body powder and there are special face powders which are altogether reliable and have a quality which makes them adhere to the skin of the face. But the best are not inexpensive; nothing that is really good ever is, as no doubt your wise mind has discovered for itself. Certainly I can give you the name of a good hairdresser in Toronto, but I trust you are going to stay in the city long enough to make an appointment with him several days ahead. It will be necessary, you know—that is just how good he is.

E. B.—I can quite appreciate your anxiety, my Western friend, for a very real trouble is at hand when such a condition as you describe has been reached. The preparation of which I have written you, is a troublesome one to use, but I wish you luck and hope that in a short time you may find benefit from its application. What nice things you say about us! They make us anxious to hear from you again when the treatment has had time to take effect. Thank you very much.

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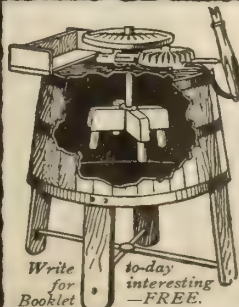
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# The Revival of Folk Dancing

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

## A Movement for the Restoration of Vital Old Musical Measures Which is Making Rare Progress

THE month of May is one peculiarly appropriate in which to speak of the revival of folk dancing, which has become a marked feature of British educational thought during the past fifteen years, and is also gradually making its way in Canada and the United States. It is part of a general movement to bring back the traditional joyousness of "Merry England" to the masses; and though it was interrupted in some degree by the war, one has only to glance at English illustrated journals in which photographs of such exercises frequently appear, to realize that it is making progress. It has also been taken up by many American educationists, and in several of the Canadian cities there are teachers who have introduced folk dancing to the delight of their pupils. The movement has, moreover, this advantage, that the dances are primarily not an affair of the cities at all, but a birth of the English countryside, dating back to the dim and unrecorded past, and handed down by mouth to mouth tradition. They are not scientific,

or associated with courts or "society," but a real expression of natural impulses, and just as capable of transplantation to the rural districts of Canada as to its civic centres. The reason why May is an appropriate month in which to speak of them is that in their origins, many of them are associated with that month, which, in the early days of rural England, was celebrated by festivals signifying the period of ploughing, seeding and growth.

The root of all these simple dances, with their vigorous movements and vital rhythms, is what is known as the "Morris," a generic term covering a great variety of festal dances and of which the original derivation is surmised rather than known. In the remoter parts of rural England, the dances associated with May Day, St. John's Eve and Harvest Home have been called Morris dances for a thousand years or more, and not until within the past quarter of a century, when the movement to revive the national music of England took serious form, was there any serious attempt to inquire into the meaning of the word. At first it was assumed that the word was an ancient corruption signifying "Moorish" or "Morocco,"—many Oriental dances having made their way into Western Europe during the Middle Ages through that country; but etymologists and musical historians now trace the word Morris to a Celtic root, "Mor-uiseil," meaning great and dignified; and the dances themselves to Druidical beginnings. They connect them with the old pagan festival of Beltane (from Bel, the sun-god of the Druids) which was celebrated on May Day. It is supposed that multitudes of devotees preceded by three orders of the priesthood,—priests, bards and prophets,—marched in solemn procession to the top of a high hill to watch the kindling of a fire on May first, by direct agency of the sun. A solemn and mysterious dance around the fire thus kindled appears to have been the origin of the Morris or Mor-uiseil dance. Naturally rejoicing followed, for May Day has always been regarded as symbolical of joy. Though the Druidical religion disappeared, the custom of dancing remained in rural England, taking on quaint peasant forms, but always in some degree associated with ceremonial. The dances around the Maypole, the institution of the Lord of Misrule or Master of Revels, and other customs, have the same ancient origins.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago British composers in their effort to create a national music and get away from the too-dominating influence of Handel and Mendelssohn (who though great composers were alien in inspiration), commenced to delve into the old dance tunes and folk-songs preserved from time immemorial in the rural districts of the motherland. Public interest in these melodious measures was aroused through the theatre. When Sir Arthur Sullivan composed his romantic opera of Tudor times, "The Yeomen of the Guard," he introduced a typical old English melody and dance for his leading number, "The Merryman and His Mayde." In connection with it the characters used the ancient accompaniment of pipe and tabor (a small drum) or to give them the old names by which they were known to the English peasantry, the "whittle" and "dub." These, before fiddling became general, furnished the music for Morris dancing. Another composer of the school of Sullivan, Edward German, carried the movement farther. When Sir



Morris dancers at Bampton-in-the-Bush, Oxon, an old English village where the traditional dances have been preserved for over a thousand years.

Henry Irving produced Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" he commissioned German to compose incidental music and for the scene of Cardinal Wolsey's Feast the latter wrote a suite of three dances; Morris dance, Fire dance and Shepherd's dance. Nearly every reader must have heard them, consciously or unconsciously, for they have been played by bands, orchestras, and on record machines ever since. They remain an ideal expression of the spirit of old English folk dances, and are used by schools in connection with their revival. Within recent years the Australian composer and pianist, Percy Grainger, has gone deeply into similar sources of inspiration, not only in England but in Ireland. His "Shepherd's Hey," a typical old Morris dance, has gone all over the world, and must be familiar to thousands through the record machines. Hearing any of the numbers mentioned it is difficult to keep the feet still. One has an instinctive impulse to dance.

THE movement in connection with musical competition has however been less fruitful than the allied effort to revive the old figures and start the democracy dancing as they did in days of yore. Recent years have witnessed remarkable changes in connection therewith. It is not so very long since the public was disposed to regard folk-dancing as an interesting curiosity, a fad of the moment which would presently disappear. Some were inclined to dismiss folk-dances as the caperings of yokels, unsuitable to an age which had produced great scientific dancers like Anna Pavlova and had evolved the fox trot. It was soon discovered that these dances entered deeply into the natural feelings of people who have had no education in modern dancing, and no opportunity to observe the great ballet performers of the theatre. Social workers among countless shop and factory girls of London, discovered that Cockney women could take deep enjoyment and relaxation from the old dances of the countryside in which all could participate. Dancers from small rural villages, illiterate in most matters, but familiar with the old tunes and traditional movements were brought to London to instruct these girls and found willing pupils, many of whom were saved from the streets by the source of natural expression and enjoyment thus opened to them.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)

## Preserve Your Home Through Many Years

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# THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted By  
Ethel Bain

MY Dear Club Members:

This month our story writers are going to have scope for their imaginative powers. What would you do or think, if a legal letter was delivered to you and the contents stated that you were heir to fifty thousand dollars? Who was the generous, perhaps unknown person who thought of you? What had you done to deserve such a legacy? Put on your thinking caps and get to work. This subject was suggested by one of our members and I'm sure there is going to be keen competition.

You are now enrolled as a member, Mary Donaldson, and I shall look forward to seeing you enter the story contests. You are very observant in noticing the points you mention, in the stories written for children. I don't know why the majority of such writers do as you say, for there is no set rule as to how such stories should be written. Yes, we have some clever members in the Club. Your using ruled paper would help to keep your writing even.

Thank you for suggestions, Doris Wonnacott, I will remember same. Am glad to say I escaped the influenza and these lovely spring days make one feel glad to be alive, don't they?

I have enrolled you both as members, Gladys M. Pitman and Gould Barton. There is no fee to pay and I hope you will both try to win a prize.

Thank you for your nice letter, Evelyn Grant. Am expecting a lot of new members from Princeton. It is exciting to win a prize and I hope you'll try again.

So glad to hear from you again, Roy W. Graham. Your story was very good but I wanted a real fairy tale. What about the contest for this month? You'll enter it, won't you? I noticed your success in the Toronto "Globe" Circle of Young Canada.

Best wishes to all members from  
Your Sincere Friend,

ETHEL BAIN.

## Prize List for March.

1. "My Aim in Life." Awarded to E. Crow, age 13, Fergus, Ont.
2. Camera Contest. No awards made.
3. Poetry Contest. Awarded to Marguerite Murray Cooper, age 16, Box 209, Petrolia, Ont.
4. "My Pets." Awarded to Helen Edwards, age 10, Pakenham, Ont.

## Special Prize for Honorable Mention for 1919.

Awarded to Mary E. Jackson, age 11, R.F. No. 1, Malton, Ont.

## Honorable Mention for March.

Vivien McKay, Doris Wonnacott, Jack Fowler, Iris G. Kempton, Mary E. Jackson, Viola Quinn, J. Arthur Lewis, Isabel Plumridge, Olive Wallace, Mabel Hartley.

## List of New Members.

Barton, Gould, Uxbridge, Ont.  
Belcher, Helen Glen, Toronto, Ont.  
Brown, Stanley, Oxford Mills, Ont.  
Crow, E., Fergus, Ont.  
Donaldson, Mary, North Battleford, Sask.  
Edwards, Helen, Pakenham, Ont.  
Farewell, Margaret C. C., Blackfalds, Alberta.  
Geary, George, Peterboro, Ont.  
Kayes, Marjorie, Pickering, Ont.  
Kempton, Iris G. Kempt, Queens Co., N. S.  
Knetchel, Eric, Hanover, Ont.  
Lewis, J. Arthur, Charlottetown.  
Loblaw, Muri I., Bradford, Ont.  
Lingwood, Clara P., Waterford, Ont.  
Lingwood, Winifred, Waterford, Ont.  
McDonald, Isabel, Hornby, Ont.  
McLellan, Archibald H., Mount Forest, Ont.  
McKay, Vivien, Strathclair, Man.  
Plumridge, Grace, Dunnville, Ont.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Pitman, Gladys M., Hebron, Yorkmouth Co., N. S.  
Quinn, Viola, Winnipeg, Man.

## PRIZE LETTER.

"My Pets" by Helen Edwards, age 10, Pakenham, Ontario.

I HAVE four pets, two cats and two rabbits. We call the cats Mopsy and Gypsy, and the rabbits, Peter and Nell.

The cats are in the house most of the time and are great company.

Gypsy is brown, black and white. One side of her face is black, the other is brown, and so is the top of her head. There are brown and black spots on her tail and the rest of her is white. Mopsy is much like Gypsy, or "Gyp" as we call her, but both sides of her face are black and she is more gray than Gyp. Her head is brown and black. One of her hind feet is black on the bottom and the other brown.

They do many very funny and many naughty things. One very funny thing they do is get into the coal-scuttle and one day Mopsy tipped it and rolled over with it. These two pussies are very lonesome if one of us is sick, and roam around like lost sheep until they find us and then stay nearby and hardly go away long enough to eat.

Peter and Nell are at my father's warehouse all the time and pick up what falls from the bags when the men are loading or unloading their grain. They are both white in the winter but in the summer, Nell turns yellowish-brown. Last summer Nell had eleven little rabbits, five of them died, we gave three away, and three were stolen.

Sometimes we feed the rabbits oats and sometimes turnip or potato-peels, and they thrive. The whole four of my pets are very fat and the pussies never seem to have enough to eat.

## PRIZE LETTER.

"My Aim in Life," by E. Crow, age 13, Fergus, Ontario.

MY aim in life is to be a good sport and play the game. Perhaps you think this is rather small, but nevertheless, it stands for a good deal. This is a high aim and it is few who can live up to it every time. If it is true that "The worst failure is the man who doesn't try," surely it is better to have a high aim and strive to live up to it, than to have no aim to make an attempt to live up to.

To make the definition very brief, in comparison with what it really covers, I say that a good sport is polite, unselfish, honest, brave and always gives the other fellow the square deal, in short, a good sport "plays the game."

Our soldiers and nurses "played the game" to the fullest extent during the war, and surely they will look to us to at least make an attempt at what they made such a grand success.

I read in some book that the three most detestable people in the world are the snob, the coward, and the quitter. Most of the people who have other undesirable characteristics, can be classed in one of these three classes, and anyone who is a "sport" is certainly not a snob, a coward or a quitter.

## PRIZE POETRY.

"Spring," by Marguerite Murray Cooper, age 16, Box 209, Petrolia, Ontario.

ON the earth to-day the sun shone clear,

And seemed to us all a message to bring,

Which said as we lifted our heads to hear,

'Tis Spring—'Tis Spring.

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

ALL YEAR 'ROUND

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## MY BEST IDEA

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it, fifty cents.

If the description is not clear we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.

Address “My Best Idea,” care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

### Grind Tea Leaves

Did you know that by grinding tea leaves before using them they will go twice as far? And some think the resulting flavor more delicate.

### Change Folds in Linen.

When laundering household linen, such as sheets, tablecloths, serviettes, etc., try folding them alternately in three and four, which prevents them cutting through as quickly as when always folded the same way for mangling or ironing. Linen is not as good in quality as it used to be and needs more careful use.

Mrs. W. Jackson, Sooke, B.C.

### To Launder a Lace Collar

An old lady in Belgium told me to baste the lace collar I bought of her years ago, on a firm piece of white cloth when laundering it. Put it in a deep saucer filled with soap-suds and leave it in the sun. Do not use starch and your collar will last for years.

### Pocket in a Handkerchief.

For safe carrying of a powder puff, take a piece of material and sew a small pocket in one corner of a handkerchief. Into this slip the puff and close with a dome fastener. It will not show when handkerchief is being used and is handy at all times especially when going on short calls where hand bag is left at home. It also prevents the powder from soiling other articles next to it.

E. C. S., Welland, Ont.

### Uses For a Wire Basket

A Wire Letter Basket is most useful in the kitchen. Baked potatoes arranged in it can be taken out of the oven, turned and put back with no danger of burning the hands. Turned upside down, it makes a fine rack for cooling bread and cake. It is safer than a waiter in which to carry small pieces of china back and forth between the dining room and the kitchen.

### Picture Puzzle for Children.

Take any nicely colored picture that is attractive to children (some of the covers of this journal) paste onto firm cardboard, then cut into small pieces and it gives the children much entertainment to put the picture together again. When using Journal covers—cut out the small reproduction often given in the previous magazine—put it on a small card, and it serves as a guide.

A Reader, Victoria, B.C.

### Cleaning Spiral Bedsprings.

Cleaning spiral bedsprings has always been a trial for the housekeeper. It may, however, be easily accomplished if she uses a dish-mop, and keeps one just for that purpose. Get the dust out of the springs first with the dry mop, then dampen the mop and go over the metal a second time.

### Peeling off Plasters

Those who have painfully and painstakingly removed plasters will appreciate this tip: Moisten the plaster thoroughly with olive oil and it can then be easily removed.

### For Uneven Legs of Tables and Chairs

Tack a piece of cork to the short leg, using small tacks and driving them well into the wood. They will

sink way in and so will not scratch the floor and the cork itself will act like a rubber pad, eliminating that disagreeable scraping sound.

### A handy way to keep old Newspapers

Take a block of wood—about 4 or 5 inches square and about 1/2 inch thick. Drive a 4 inch nail through the centre. Then fasten the block against the kitchen wall—with the point of the nail projecting. Hang your old newspapers, folded in half, on the nail. You will find this a tidy and convenient way of keeping the papers—ready to wrap garbage—or the one hundred and one uses to which old newspapers can be put.

V. A. R., Toronto.

### Stop those Runs

Keep your stockings from getting “runs” by putting a row of machine stitches around each stocking three or four inches from the top.

### Thread the Needle Easily.

When threading a machine-needle, is difficult, thread the sewing-machine as usual, then detach needle, hold it to the light, thread and replace.

G. M. R., Forest, Ont.

### A Home-made Cart

A Kitchen Cart may be made by fitting wheels to a small kitchen table. All the dishes may be placed in it, after drying, and taken to the china closet in one trip.

### Sandpaper Helps to Remove Tops.

To remove obstinate tops on gem jars, place over same a piece of medium rough sand-paper. This will enable you to get such a firm grip on the top that it can be easily removed.

M. S. H., Toronto.

### Clean Walls With Sandpaper.

A piece of fine sandpaper rubbed lightly on a white plastered wall, will remove pencil-marks, finger-marks, etc., without smearing the surface.

M. S. H., Toronto.

### Round Dish Towels.

A convenient sized and economical dish towel can be made by using one and a half yards of dish towel and sewing the ends together after the fashion of the roller towel. This prevents the towel from wearing in the centre, leaving corners to waste. This towel is easily washed, and not clumsy to use.

### Heat Dry Lemons.

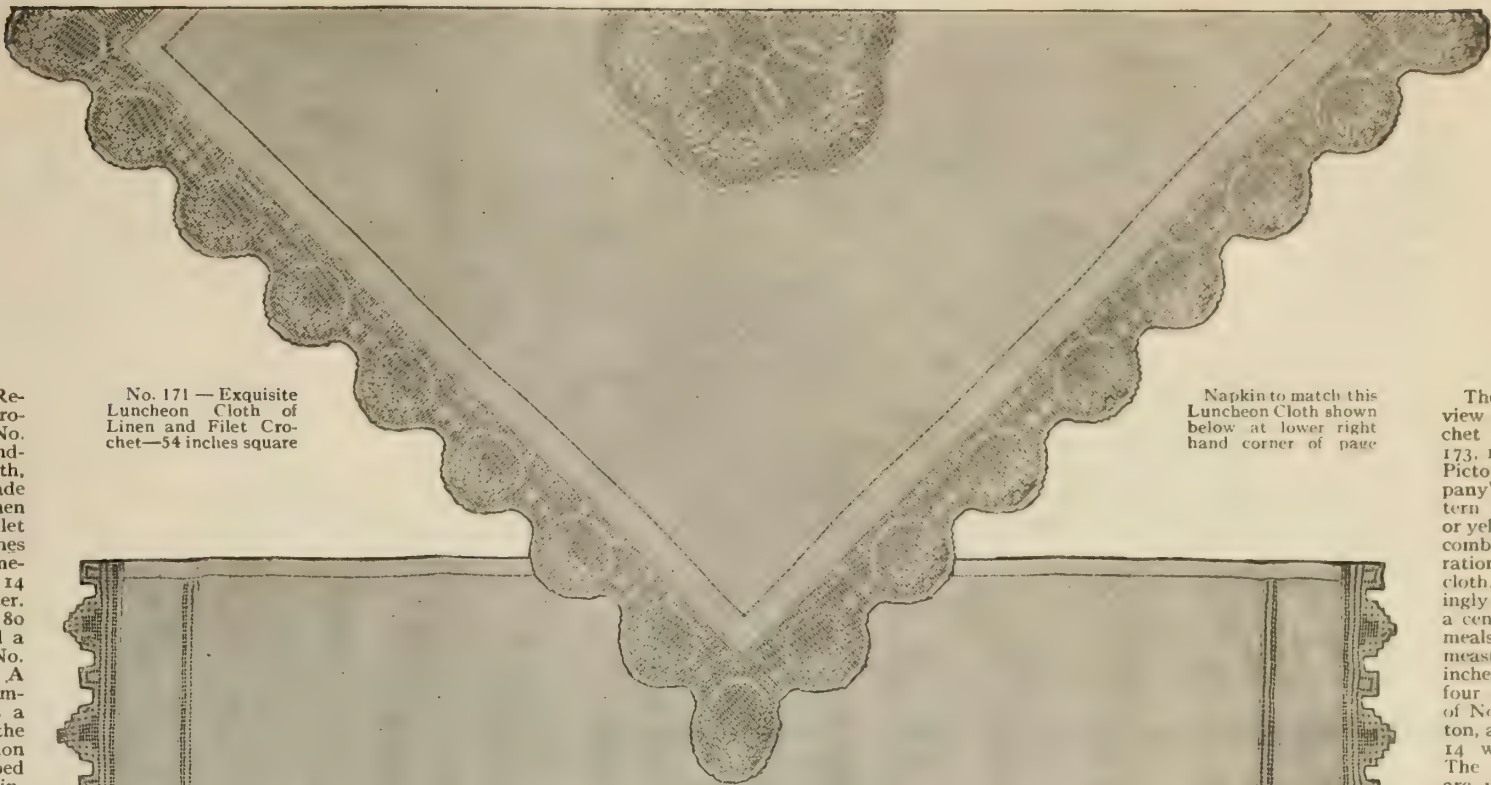
When lemons are so dry, they are of little use, place them in the oven until heated through, you will be surprised at the amount of juice they will then give.

### Silhouette Ice Cream.

A friend of mine who was in charge of the ice cream counter at a sale, tried an original scheme. She advertised “Silhouette Ice Cream,” and her booth was decidedly popular. At a five-and-ten-cent store she found a Gingerbread Man cookie-cutter and, using only the head of it, she cut tiny heads out of ginger cookies, and silhouetted them on slices of white brick ice cream. This idea would undoubtedly prove popular at a children's party, or at a valentine party, where heart-shaped silhouettes could be used on pink or white ice cream.



# New Filet Designs for Household Linens

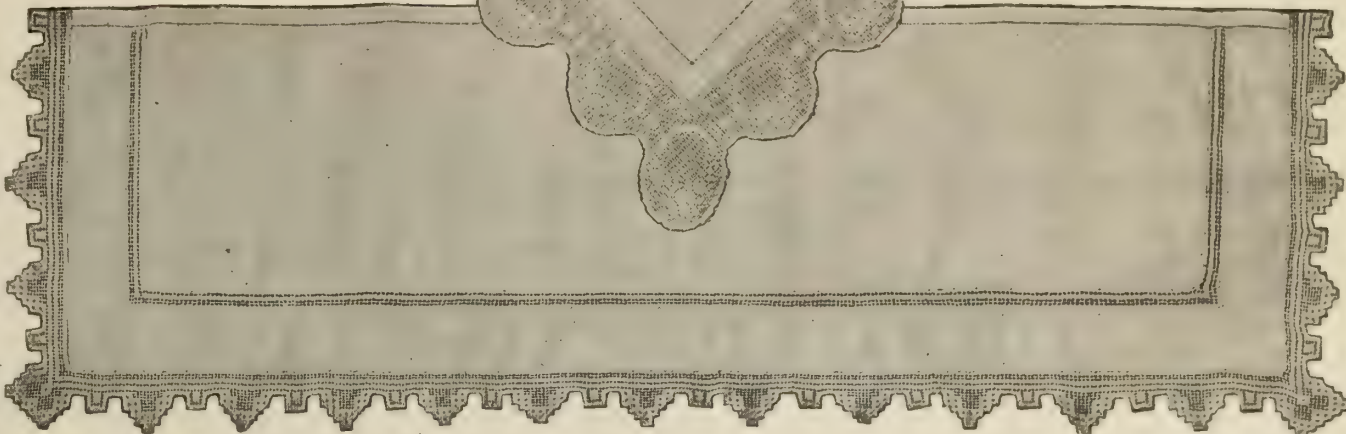


No. 171—Exquisite Luncheon Cloth of Linen and Filet Crochet—54 inches square

Napkin to match this Luncheon Cloth shown below at lower right hand corner of page

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 171, 30 cents. Handsome luncheon cloth, 54 inches square, made of plain white linen and edged with a filet crochet border 4 inches deep. The center medallion measures 14 inches in diameter. Ten balls of No. 80 crochet cotton and a steel crochet hook No. 14 will be required. A one-inch hand hemstitched hem gives a pleasing finish to the cloth. The medallion and edge are whipped onto the linen. To insert a medallion such as illustrated, baste in position, cut away the linen underneath to within 1/2-inch of the medallion, turn this in and sew the medallion securely to the linen.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 173, 15 cents, and The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern No. 11827, blue or yellow, 20 cents, are combined in the decoration of this tea-cloth. It is exceedingly effective used as a centerpiece between meals. Each corner measures 9 by 15 inches. To make the four corners, six balls of No. 70 crochet cotton, and one hook No. 14 will be required. The four rose sprays are worked in raised satin stitch in No. 10 white mercerized cotton. A picot edge finishes the tea-cloth. Enlarged detail of the fancy filet crochet corner is shown below at left of this page.



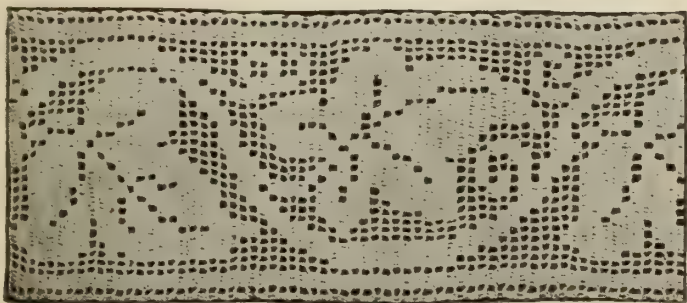
No. 172—Simple Buffet or Dresser Scarf of White Linen and Filet Crochet

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 172, 15 cents. Pretty dresser or buffet scarf with filet crochet insertion and edging. The insertion is one-inch wide; edging three inches wide. Five balls of No. 50 crochet cotton and a No. 10 hook will be required to make it. The back edge of scarf is hemstitched.

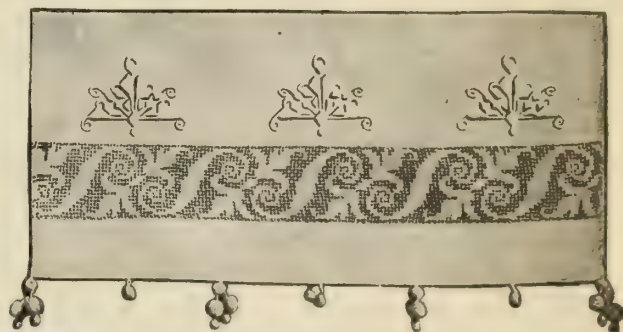
The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 174, 15 cents. Grape leaf and vine design for an insertion, four inches wide made with No. 50 crochet cotton and hook No. 10. If it is desired wider, No. 10, 15, or 20 cotton must be used with hook No. 9; if narrower use No. 80, 90, or 100 cotton and a fine hook.



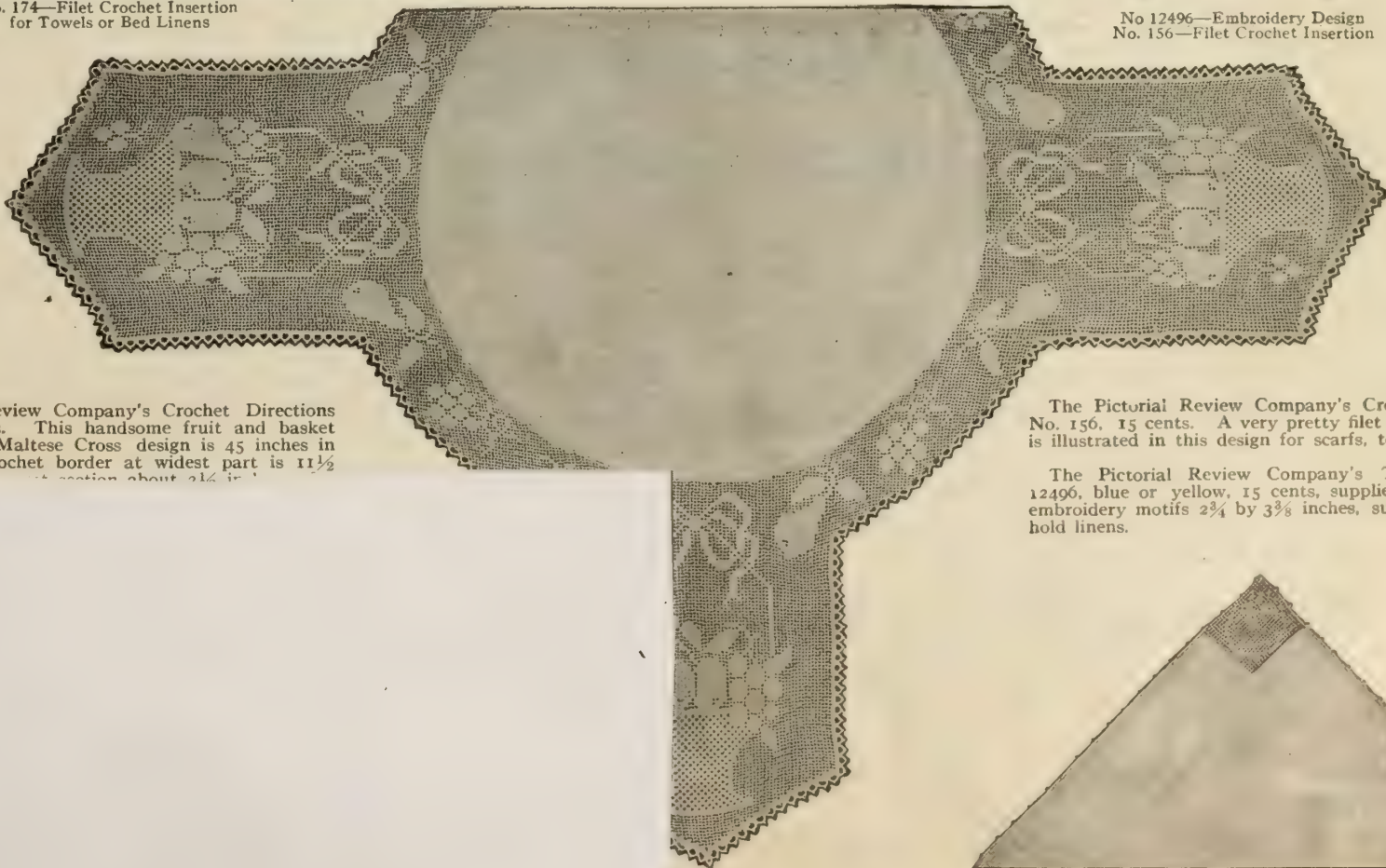
No. 11827—Embroidery Motifs  
No. 173—Fancy Filet Crochet Corners



No. 174—Filet Crochet Insertion for Towels or Bed Linens



No. 12496—Embroidery Design  
No. 156—Filet Crochet Insertion



The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 170, 25 cents. This handsome fruit and basket luncheon cloth in Maltese Cross design is 45 inches in diameter. The crochet border at widest part is 11 1/2 inches deep. The center section about 2 1/2 inches in diameter.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 156, 15 cents. A very pretty filet crochet insertion is illustrated in this design for scarfs, towels, or sheets.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12496, blue or yellow, 15 cents, supplies three yards of embroidery motifs 2 1/4 by 3 3/8 inches, suitable for household linens.

Handsome Luncheon Cloth in Filet Crochet—45 inches in diameter

No. 171—One-half of Luncheon Napkin. This matches cloth shown at top of page



# The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)



She never had a more enjoyable evening. Everyone commented on her appearance. Her women friends envied the velvety softness of her skin with its beautiful, pearly-white appearance. Her shoulders and arms matched perfectly her complexion. Not one of her friends knew that

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

had rendered this beautiful appearance to her skin as its use cannot be detected. It will not rub off like dry powder or leave the skin with a greasy appearance. Absolutely non-greasy. Healing and soothing. In use over 70 years.

Send 15c for Trial Size.

## Gouraud's Medicated Soap

Keeps the skin pure and healthy, removes the dust, dirt and grease that daily collect in the pores. Ideal to use in preparing the skin before applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Unsurpassed for washing the hair and scalp.

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## Lighten the Steps

of every woman who uses them as occasion requires. They drive away headache, backache, lassitude and extreme nervousness. They purify the blood and clear the system of the impurities that cause so many women to suffer. Try a few doses and see how much better and stronger you are—how much more enjoyable your life will be—how certainly you will escape unnatural suffering—how soon you will be able to leave the ranks

## Of Worn and Weary Women

The flowers as they peeped from their wintry beds.

Echoed the chorus with joyous ring. And said, while nodding their sleepy heads,

'Tis Spring—'Tis Spring.

And my happy heart as it beat to-day, Along with the rest of the world, seemed to sing.

This sweet little song, so joyous and gay.

'Tis Spring—'Tis Spring.

### FLICKER, THE ARTISAN.

By ETHEL BAIN

FROM the woods came a persistent hammering. The forester filling his pail at the sparkling spring, paused and straightened himself up to listen for a moment. The hammering continued. "It's the carpenter," he said to himself as he stooped to lift the overflowing pail, then tramping down to the cabin, placed it safely inside and came out into the open air. Taking a deep breath, he listened again to the hammering which sounded nearer. "Must go and see him," he murmured. "Can't help it," he went on, "this spring weather gets into my whole being." So off he went across the clearing, then turned into the woodland path. Noiselessly he walked, for many years spent in the forests had taught him that Nature's children did not like noisy movements, for the latter generally spelled disaster, and the wild folk scuttled out of sight at noises made by mankind. Instinctively they always knew when the noises were not made by their own relatives, and so the forester had learned slowly but wisely the ways of the woods, until the birds and four-footed creatures had learned, in their turn, to love and not to fear the two-legged giant who constantly crossed their paths and provided them with food when their own stores were scanty.

On he walked until the hammering sounded but a few feet away. Then, standing still, his keen eyes glanced rapidly through the feathery-leaved branches. At last he saw what he was searching for. "Good morning, Mr. Flicker," he said gently. The bird continued his hammering. "It's good to see you again," the forester went on, "but haven't you a mate?"

The woodpecker paused at the continued sound of the voice, but on seeing no movement on the part of the man, seemed reassured and looked at him with his black beadlike eyes for a moment, then went back to his hammering.

"You're a real artisan, Flicker," the forester continued in a low tone. "Just a plain, hard-working citizen of Nature's realm. No airs or graces about you, friend, and evidently you hammer a hole in any tree that appears to need a hole, or, that is, you think it needs one. There's that Californian cousin of yours—how he fills the holes up with acorns. Of course, I know that is his peculiar way of storing his supplies, but there it is; well, you are all different, and I believe you eat more ants than acorns."

The flicker, tired of hammering, spread his wings and flew away, with his strong, laughing call ringing through the air. The forester watched him as he disappeared from sight, then wandered slowly along, stopping to admire the dainty catkins or a newly awakened insect making

its way up the trunk of a tree, to the insect a journey full of adventure and danger. He whistled replies to the birds as they called in the trees, and startled another flicker from an ant hill, where it was busy getting a meal by thrusting its head into the mound and drawing it out again with its sticky and extensible tongue covered with ants. Perhaps the insects were grateful to the man who watched them running in all directions from their wrecked home, but the woodpecker would have preferred not to have been disturbed, and eyed the intruder anxiously from a nearby tree.

"Sorry I broke in, friend," the woodsman exclaimed as he looked at the silent bird. A continuous hissing sound like a snake cut the silence. The man looked up into the tree above his head. Five little baby heads were peeping out from a nest hole. Hungry they were, and probably wondering why their parents did not return. Silently the forester retraced his steps and hid behind a tree. Several moments passed before the flicker returned to the ant hill, where he was soon busy getting the remainder of his meal. Again the baby birds crept up to the edge of the hole and hissed. The flicker heard, and flying up, alighted on the tree near to the nest hole. As soon as the babies heard him scratching on the bark out popped the five rather naked heads, each one with its mouth wide open. Flicker, the artisan, hesitated and looked at each of his children. They were all so much alike and all so hungry. Which one did he feed the last time he came home? Evidently he made his choice, for he bent over one of the little birds and put his long bill down its throat.

"Looks as if he would kill the youngster," murmured the forester, as he watched the proceedings. Then, as he waited, he saw the old bird jerk the young one up and down, and suddenly realized that it was pumping the partly digested food from its own stomach into that of the birdling. It was a strange sight as the bird clung securely to the tree with its claws, for the whole body vibrated and wings and tail twitched nervously until the feeding process was over.

"Just like the humming bird and the pigeon," whispered the man. "Wonderful," he went on, "to think of how such small creatures care for their young. Ah, Flicker," he said to himself, as the parent bird released the young one and flew away, "we know too little of your good points. Your devotion to your family is not to be doubted, and the good you do is manifold, for by destroying thousands of ants you do mankind a service. Your habit of feeding on the ground is like that of the meadow lark, and like him, too, you are skilful in devouring that well-known pest, the white grub, which destroys so much grassland and so many field crops. Flicker, there's several nest boxes going to be built for you and yours around here. You'll be welcome as a tenant for life. You'll have no rent to pay, and your children will be welcome, too."

Quietly he slipped away through the woods, and as he retraced his steps he heard many woodpeckers, all artisans, filling the air with harmonious rappings, now here, now there, as their fancy suited them, and making up for lack of song by mixing their hammerings with calls that bubbled over with mirth and good-humored laughter.





"O who would live in Maytime  
Then follow, follow me"

Bertha E. Green



## Her Official Self

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

ordination—may I warn you against the too-ministerial style? We are not running an altogether ecclesiastical sheet, you know!"

SHE stood her ground. "Sir—I believe in spiritual values. The world is in a fearful turmoil. Materialism is rampant."

Dryfield stared at her. "Good Heavens! Miss Sterling, I feel as if the clock or the typewriter or some other inanimate thing had begun to talk. I haven't had such a jolt for years. Please go home, and I will ponder on these things, as you would say."

Miss Sterling gave him a searching glance, then she went to get her hat and coat.

"Clever!" muttered the surprised man, "but no more humor than a Dutch oven. Wonder if we could instill some? If we could, she would be a dandy writer. Now for the rest of these articles, and then home, and mother!"

At eight o'clock he too put on his hat and coat, and whistling as the clock stared reproachfully at him, telephoned for a taxi, and hurried to his home—an old family mansion, stranded amid its gardens in the heart of a rapidly growing city.

When his mother met him in the big hall, with reproaches for being so late, he stared at her absently, then surprised her by asking abruptly, "Mother, how old am I?"

"Thirty-five, dear," she said plaintively, "and not married yet. Have you seen anyone—?"

"No," he said, "but I was just feeling very young compared with my new editor, who is twenty-five."

"Is he so mature?" asked his mother.

"Preternaturally—a dry, dull dog of a creature—don't think a smile would hang on his countenance if nailed there."

"I'm glad you've found someone to take poor Mr. Maybury's place," said Mrs. Dryfield. "Now do get to the table as quickly as you can. Everything is overdone and cook is in despair."

WHEN a short time later, Dryfield was abstractedly pouring half the contents of a vinegar bottle over some slices of chicken on his plate, his mother exclaimed at him, "For once, Wynne, you've left your mind in your office—and I've boasted so much of your agreeable habit of neither thinking, nor talking shop at home."

"It's that assistant," he muttered.

"I'd like to see him," said his mother curiously. "He must be clever to so obsess you. Would you like to have him to dinner?"

Dryfield suddenly threw back his head and laughed like a boy.

"Why, Wynne!" exclaimed Mrs. Dryfield with fork upraised. "What has come over you? Do bring this queer young man here. I am becoming very curious about him."

"All right, all right," he said, subduing his merriment. "Now tell me about the clubs and the hospital work and all the other things my good little mother has been doing—I promise to put that office behind me."

So successfully did he do so, that his mother forgot all about the new assistant, until a day two weeks later, when Dryfield telephoned that he would bring him home to dinner, if it would be agreeable to her.

Mrs. Dryfield, who prided herself on domestic arrangements, that always permitted her only son and heir to invite a guest at any time, gladly agreed to this proposal, and at seven o'clock was in her pretty reception-room, awaiting the arrival of the strange young man.

When her son came into the room accompanied by a dark, serious-faced, young woman, she looked behind the entering guest, and as she shook hands, said, "Where is your husband?"

"I have none," said the young woman, as calmly as if the question were one that she was quite accustomed to.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dryfield, "I thought that you were the assistant editor's wife."

"She is the assistant editor," said Dryfield. "I should have told you, mother, that she is not a man. Women are to the fore in everything now, you know. I couldn't get a man to suit me, to tell the truth."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Dryfield, but she bestowed a penetrating glance on the stranger.

The girl had no hat on. She had evidently come in a taxi with her son. A light wrap that she threw off had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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## Her Official Self

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

just been taken carefully by him, and put in the hall.

"Why! I have seen you before," said Mrs. Dryfield, as they went into the dining-room. "You are my son's stenographer."

"I was," she said. "My sister is now."

"A family compact," reflected the astute woman of the world. "and is she going to marry my son? He is in love with her. I never saw him look at a woman in that way before—yes or no, yes or no," she thought to herself all through soup, fish, meat, pudding and dessert courses. "What a correct, reserved manner she has. Nothing gushing about her, but one can't always tell about girls, or rather women. She's twenty-five, if she's a day."

"I like your articles, Miss Sterling, but I never dreamed they were written by so young a person, and a woman at that."

"I had wonderful parents," said Elizabeth. "They had broad minds, and I was with them constantly, but I can not write as my father did."

"Do you mind telling me a little about your family?" asked Mrs. Dryfield kindly, when she found herself after dinner sitting on a sofa beside Elizabeth, while Dryfield ranged about the long room, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

"Not at all," said Elizabeth, and she gave her attentive hearer a sketch of a somewhat uneventful life, except for deaths and money troubles.

"You have aged before your time," said the older woman. "Do you enjoy amusement when you can get it?"

"Oh! very much," said the girl with some enthusiasm and a quick flashing of her brown eyes, "much more than girls and women who have always had it."

Dryfield who had paused near them, heard this last remark, and when his mother was presently called to the telephone, he slipped into her place on the sofa.

"Then there is a possibility that you are not always stiff and chilling and reserved," he said teasingly.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, with an absent look in her eyes. "You have never seen anything but my official self."

"Would you," he said coaxingly, "would you just for the rest of the evening, mind being unofficial and natural. No harm will come of it. My mother and I are perfectly respectable and enjoy excellent reputations."

"With pleasure," she said soberly. "I get very tired myself sometimes, of being stiff—but my parents warned me about over-familiarity in business life."

"Poor girl!" he said quickly. "I should like to give you some pleasure."

"I have it," she said demurely.

"In what way?" he asked sharply.

"One is not bound to tell all the secret sources of one's little joys," she said roguishly.

"I should like to know," he said in a puzzled voice, "what is the thing that gives you most pleasure in life. Is it the devotion of your little sister?"

"No—not that."

"The worship of your hurly-burly of a brother, who is too big a proposition for you to handle alone?"

"No, no—you haven't guessed yet, and you can't."

"I like your unofficial self," he said mischievously. "Please never be official again."

"I have three selves," said Elizabeth seriously, "first my own natural self, with my family, then my office self with the world at large, then my own secret self, known only to my Creator and myself."

"You're in love with some man," said Dryfield irritably, and getting up, he towered over her, "and I shall lose my priceless assistant—you're going to be married."

"Oh, no," she said, but blushing like a rose.

"You are," he insisted, "tell me who it is. Anyone I know?"

"Mr. Dryfield," she said demurely, "will you kindly take my unofficial self home, or allow my official self to take myself home, for it is half past ten, and the correct time for a first night guest to retire from a dinner, if she ever wishes to be asked again."

"Elizabeth," he said intensely, affectionately, and yet with some irritation, "do you know I'm in love with you?"

"Yes sir," she said seriously.

"Now won't you tell me who the man is you're in love with? I am ten years older than you—I have a right to know."

She paused an instant, her eyes roaming about the room. Then, seeing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



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## O Canada

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

special interest to the Canadian public, not covered by the Associated Press of America, and these messages appear in the Canadian papers in addition to the Associated's cables. This works out as might be expected. Important matters are still covered for Canada by the American agency, since there is little news of consequence and influence which is not of equal interest in New York and Montreal; and the "special" messages amount to hardly more than a gleanings of personalities or an occasional account of Canadian activities in London, with no political aspect. It is a little plum for the Canadian press, but it does not affect the daily public digestion of the diet supplied by the Associated.

The newspapers of Canada are growing in revenue, influence and solidarity, but it stands to reason that they are not in a position to refuse news cabled from London at America's expense on which they are asked to pay little more than the telegraphic charge from New York, nor from a commercial point of view, would the organization of a Canadian agency of equal scope, commend itself on the ground of common sense. The position of the Canadian newspaper proprietor is not enviable in the patriotic aspect. Should he attempt to cover the European situation by special messages, his correspondent is a Don Quixote and his cost is prohibitive. He

must have the news or go out of business. He is practically compelled to accept the American agency, and ever so gradually, and unnoticeably undermine and demoralize his readers' faith in the Imperial system of which Canada forms a part.

It is a case of international importance and action is possible only from the standpoint of international interest. Either we value our sentiments toward England and all the common interests of the Imperial connection, or we do not. If we do, this matter of retailing our family news to us, should be taken out of the hands of an outsider. The Canadian and the British Governments together, should bear the burden of a news-distributing Agency which should be Canadian and British, and which should be in a position not only to supply our own press, but to compete with the American Association in the United States. The qualmish editor here and there who scented undue Imperial influence could always neutralize it with the American article in the next column, and in point of accuracy, speed and enterprise, the field would be a competitive one for the whole continent. Otherwise, we may criticize and cavil as we will, in the long run we shall be—as President Wilson, not remotely postulated—of one opinion, and the opinion will be that of the loudest mouth.

## Her Official Self

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

his mother approaching, she said under her breath, "My editor-in-chief."

Dryfield turned round with a glowing face. "Mother, you will, I know, excuse me while I take Miss Sterling home."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Dryfield graciously, and as the girl shook hands with her, the experienced and deeply moved woman reflected, "He has proposed and she has accepted, and I would rather have this quaint, little prig than a society butterfly. Thank Heaven, my dear boy is anchored at last, but he will never be the same to his mother again. Alas! we poor mothers," and she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

After a time she sighed heavily and got up. Unfolding a visiting card that she had held curled up in her fingers, she said, "What is her address? She

told me she would write it on this card—what! what!" and she brushed a last remaining tear from her eye—"Miss Sterling, 15 Emerald Street. Dear Mrs. Dryfield, I will not take your boy from you—will you be a mother to me too?"

The gray-haired woman's face broke into smiles. "Thank God for giving me a daughter-in-law who knows how to suffer. She sympathizes with me, and I shall love her. Wynne has stumbled on a jewel—and I shall adopt the whole family. Poor child! She looks as if she needed mothering, and what can I do to help her with the brother and sister? I am a happy woman," and sinking back in her chair, she fixed her eyes on the glowing fire, and smiled as her mind ran forward into new and pleasant fields of fancy.

## Aftermath

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

down in the hollow, can be seen, between two walls, from the top one of this house. So from his little window, low down, he winks his lamp so many times. Then I know what he is saying. He is saying the first line of one of those couplets, and from my window I answer with the second line. That is all. It is just a game, a game to keep our hearts up in these sad times, and to make us hope for a day when my Papa, my dear Papa, will be kind to us."

"She was crying openly, poor child, terribly ashamed. My master began to speak to her in a broken voice, but the Colonel held up his hand. He said, 'And you always reply the same thing to any line he has signalled?'"

"Yes. . . . always the same answer. He has not used the last one yet. It is, as you see, mon Colonel, a prayer that Papa will be kind."

"I see. And he is from Alsace, and has a hand that debars him from military service in any country."

"Yes. I—have seen his tears that he could not serve France."

"This house stands very high, Laure, my child. That tiny window where you keep your lamp, your innocent lamp, it could be seen from the north, over many miles of country."

"She lifted her head. She asked, 'What do you mean?'"

"He looked at her, that tall soldier. He saw her spirit, and he replied directly, 'It is said that Monsieur Ehrens is a spy in the pay of Germany; that you do not signal a line of poetry from your high window as

you think, but information to the enemy, who can see your lamp from some unknown observation-post as well as Ehrens down there in the town can see it. If that is so, this last line which you have not yet flashed him tells the enemy to open fire on the town as soon as the heavy guns are in position. I know something of that condensed code. . . . Laure!"

"It is not true."

"My poor child!"

"She smiled at them, pale, angry, but quite unshaken in her splendid faith. She said, 'You are quite wrong. I will prove to you that you are wrong,' and slipped from the room. We thought she had gone to cry. 'Let her go,' said the Mayor.

"Ah! Monsieur!"

THE old blinded woman began to rock to and fro on the basket, her hands made sweeping motions as if she would brush away the darkness. Carobert was staring above her head at the shattered spire of the cathedral; the light which had graced it was fading; it was no more than an ugly ruin. . . . He said vaguely, "Had she not gone to weep?"

"Ah! Monsieur! No, Monsieur: She had gone to prove to them that they were wrong. . . ."

"She had gone to signal, from her little north window to that other window low down in the town, the line of the couplet which had never been used."

"And?" the refugee spoke like a man half asleep.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)



# The Canadian Woman Citizen and The Dominion Government

By ELIZABETH BECKER

TO the average Canadian woman, whether she comes from the historic land of Evangeline or from the sunlit prairies of waving gold or from the conservative old central provinces, the Dominion Government and its activities seem rather outside her immediate interests. If some of her own social circle are members of that body, her attitude is reversed and it becomes a very personal matter, but otherwise she does not feel that its deliberations affect her as closely as do those of the province or of her own municipality.

She finds it confusing to remember which departments are controlled by the Dominion and which by the Province, as it often seems a purely arbitrary division. The good man when quizzed thoroughly and with malice aforethought as to which was which answered up promptly and correctly every time. He was asked to give a reason for the knowledge that was in him, and how he got it and kept it in such a "Johnny-on-the-spot" condition, whether all masculine voters had it on this wise, whether any but the feminine voter with the real political glint in her eye could acquire it, and how, when, where, and how much.

He pleaded not guilty to getting it at school, or deliberately setting himself to grind at it later on, but supposed he got it incidentally and painlessly from reading the daily papers and discussing the political situation, as all good citizens, men and women, ought to do. He observed, too, not boastfully, but with due self-respect, that not all men knew all these things, because they were not sufficiently interested to observe them, and that women won't cram up in a few months all the general information on government that men have been gradually absorbing from twenty years of age to the wrong side of forty. If they try it they'll have a mental indigestion that will render their laboriously acquired knowledge of little practical use. However, they have so much lost time to make up that they are ready to try get-wise-quick methods.

Citizenship classes, schools for voters, civic institutes lasting several days, courses of lectures for the winter or fall season, have been found excellent methods of training the neglected adult citizen to new responsibilities. Women's clubs, whatever their object, in church, State or society would find it of the greatest benefit to arrange such courses, with a local or outside leader and the right kind of books on the subject. A short bibliography of practical books on citizenship is appended.

Whatever special course may or may not be taken, the greatest source of information, and one open to all, is the daily press, an education none can afford to overlook. Then a good magazine of condensed intensive information, reports and bulletins of different departments of the Government and of other public institutions ought also to be read. Nor is this reading drudgery, for the writers present their facts in most interesting style. Whether your chief interest is flowers, vegetables, bees or babies, the Government will give you the last word on their proper care.

The Child Welfare Department, the Care of the Feeble-minded, the Juvenile Court, all are facing tremendous problems, and no intelligent and patriotic Canadian woman has a right to remain in blissful ignorance of how her country is striving to meet these vital issues.

To return to our point of departure, the Dominion Government—during the present session the Constitution of Canada is being discussed. In 1867, by the British North America Act, the British Parliament gave Canada control of her own affairs within the bounds laid down by the Act.

During these fifty years many great changes have taken place. Young Canada has grown to manhood, and is now asking the Government of the United Kingdom to grant the Do-

minion Government the right to amend the B.N.A. Act to meet the needs of the national development of to-day, upon such issues as are agreed upon by all the provinces. At present no changes can be made in this Act but by the Parliament of Great Britain. While it is within the power of the British Parliament to disallow any legislation passed by the Dominion Parliament within two years, or to prevent the enforcement of any law conflicting with British law regarding Canada, these occasions rarely occur. Though Great Britain controls Canadian merchant shipping in Canadian waters, this has various advantages to our country. Canada does not possess any final court of appeal, but in legal actions where appeal is allowed, it must go to the British Privy Council.

As arranged under the B.N.A. Act, there are certain matters that are controlled solely by either the Dominion or the Province, and other matters that are dealt with by both Governments. For instance, the Dominion has complete control of Military and Naval Service, and the Province of hospitals, asylums and charitable institutions, while agriculture is legislated for by both Dominion and Province under certain limitations. Any matters not set apart by the B.N.A. Act as provincial are under the control of the Dominion.

The following list gives the general divisions, those marked (\*) being divided between the Dominion and the Province:

## Dominion—

- Census and Statistics.
- Currency and Coinage.
- General Taxation.
- Regulation of Commerce.
- Panking.
- Dominion Civil Service.
- \*Agriculture.
- Indians and Indian Lands.
- \*Justice, Criminal Law.
- Penitentiaries.
- \*Marriage—Condition for Marriage Contract, Divorce.
- Military and Naval Service, Armouries, Drill Sheds.
- Naturalization.
- Patents and Copyrights.
- \*Public Health.
- \*Railways, Canals, Steamships and Telegraph lines extending outside the province and sometimes used within the province if of special value to the Dominion in general.
- Excise and Customs Duties, Custom Houses.
- Weights and Measures Standards.
- Postal Service and Post Office.

## Province—

- \*Direct Taxation.
- \*Public Works, except those that Dominion Parliament decides are for general advantage of the Dominion.
- Municipal Institutions.
- \*Prisons and Reformatories.
- \*Control of Criminal Court.
- Control of both law and procedure in Civil Courts.
- \*Licenses.
- \*Power over solemnizing Marriage and issuing marriage licenses.
- \*Public Health.
- Education.
- Provincial Civil Service.
- Constitution.
- Franchise of Indians.
- \*Agriculture.
- \*Immigration.

## Bibliography on Citizenship.

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4. Handy Guide to Laws of Ontario.—Mrs. Lang.
5. Our New Citizenship.—B. R. Johnston.
6. Wake Up, Canada.—C. W. Peterson.

# They Changed The Food Habits of Millions

## Grain Bubbles Now the Queen Foods

Do you realize how Puffed Grains have changed children's food habits?

Think of the whole grains — millions of dishes—now served morning, noon and night. And all displace a lesser food.

The food cells are all exploded by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is fitted to digest. So countless children now get in plenty the 16 whole-grain elements.

## Made Tempting

Whole grains are now exploded —puffed to eight times normal size.

They come as airy bubbles, flimsy, flaky, nut-like in their taste.

They seem food confections. Children revel in them. Yet they are whole grains cooked as never before—the ideal form of grain food.

The milk dish is more popular. Breakfasts are more delightful. Bedtime is more welcome. And millions of children are being better fed.

All because Prof. Anderson invented this way to puff grains.



With Cream and Sugar or in Bowls of Milk

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Steam-Exploded

Puffed to Bubbles 8 Times Normal Size

Serve with cream and sugar. Float in bowls of milk. Mix with your fruits. Use like nut-meats in home candy-making and as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. These are all-hour foods, for they easily digest.



Add Melted Butter

Then children at play-time will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. Puffed Rice in Every Dish of Fruit

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



*The 1920 Bride goes to the Altar more alluringly  
sweet than even her sister of war-time memory*



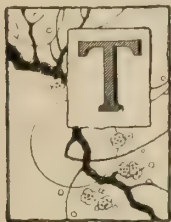
*Dorothy Dalton plays the role of Bride in one of her recent pictures, and thereby gives the prospective bride many suggestions about the arrangement of veil, flowers and drapery.*



# Raiment for the June Bride

## The Shops Abound With Dainty and Luxurious Pieces for Her Trousseau

By Charlotte M. Storey



THE 1920 springtime bride must have a page all to her own sweet self, for is she not this month, the particular guest of the Journal, whom we all delight to honor? June especially is the bride month, and her brides will be legion, each one of them the most beautiful of them all to her own particular bridegroom.

And clothes a-plenty they must have—but not too many. Pieces duplicated by the dozens and packed away in the green chest, may have been quite the thing in Grandmother's day, but not now. The bride of to-day gathers together a few choice pieces of underwear of silk and fine linen or its equivalent. She culls them from here and there and everywhere, likewise her gowns and wraps and hats and sporting toggery. She buys just what she thinks she can use before they become old fashioned, as they are almost sure to do by another season. Brides no longer lay up treasures for the attic and posterity—at least not in the measure that their mothers did. One walks through the shops and wonders if ever before brides have been offered choice of such beautiful materials and colors, whether for outer or inner wear; and surely we are making progress, for never before has a bride been free to exercise such individuality in choice of a wedding gown. The bodice may be as décolleté as the bride-elect may desire, and instead of the wrist length sleeve which used to be worn almost universally, the wedding gown of to-day may have just no sleeves at all, or a sleeve may start on a career and finish it anywhere caprice suggests, between shoulder and wrist. And, unless one desires it otherwise, the couturier will probably harem hem the skirt around the bottom which will be quite far enough removed from the floor to show a pair of trim ankles encased in white or silver stockings with white satin or silver slippers.

LUSTROUS silks and satins and silver brocades, cloth of silver, laces and tulles, offer the bride a most delectable choice, and ways of draping the veil are more numerous than one can mention, which is just another way of telling the bride that she may drape her wedding veil whatever way is most becoming to her features. Just by way of suggestion, one might say that some are draped across the back, leaving a coronet or ruffle to show above the coiffure and held in place with a bandeau of silver ribbon or orange flowers around the brow. Or, one may mistily drape it over the head, letting it float behind like clouds of vapor.

One must also give much time and thought to

the travelling suit, which for the season, should be of some light weight material—silk or perhaps wool jersey. There are endless silken weaves of rare beauty and that will give good service, such as khaki kool, shantung, faille, dew-kist, kumisa, tricolette, plain and drop stitch, which are ideal for travelling and quite the correct thing for summer wear, because they are so light and cool and a top coat can always be worn over them if required. Long, soft lines, with perhaps tuxedo revers and collar and vest lend themselves to these weaves when a smart suit is required.

A TROUSSEAU that does not contain a navy blue taffeta dress surely falls far short of the mark, for of all the practical and eminently useful garments, there is nothing that can take the place of navy blue taffeta, draped on the sides and ruffled if one's slender, or contrived in one of the numberless ways of the straight silhouette. Basques and side draperies are the special proper whim of dress-making Paris at the moment, but while, with her right hand she makes basques and panniers, with her left she produces beauti-

adjudged just as smartly gowned as she of the abbreviated sleeve, and vice versa; but somehow, one likes to speak a word in favor of the new short sleeve which spells chic every time.

A NOTHER silk dress or two may find itself tucked into the bride's wardrobe. Perhaps it will be foulard or a printed pussy willow with pecan ground and navy blue pattern and the cotton dress for midsummer should not by any chance be overlooked, for this year, if ever, cottons are promised their innings. One feels like suggesting a pretty brown organdy at the very start, but if one wishes to introduce the lighter colors in organdy, why, then there's orchid and buttercup and Nile green—all exquisite shades that will reflect their beauty on the trousseau. Perhaps there'll be a place for white swiss with red or blue dots, trimmed with surplice collar of white organdy with sash to match, and for the dark afternoons when one wants to be dressed up and yet, because of the threatening clouds, one can't be sure it won't rain, there's the printed voile with foulard pattern and satin stripes—a navy or brown ground with the design carried out in some harmonizing tone. Such frocks as these, with an assortment of lace or net vests, lace berthas and a few yards of embroidered tabbing with which to freshen them up from time to time, should be sufficient for most of the springtime brides, unless one wants to add a pretty tricotine or wool jersey, something that would almost have to be held over to start the autumn on.

SUCH a glorious array of separate skirts greets the shopper, that the bride-elect as she makes her way around the shops, won't find making a choice the easiest thing in the world. A white baronet satin, fan-ta-si or georgette crepe would be a happy selection, but if one proposes to leave white for the wash skirt and introduce color, then rose, hydro blue or a Bermuda shade might prove a happy choice. In woollens, large checks and for the golf links, a bright red worsted with white pipings and a narrow white kid belt are both approved of fashion. Don't forget that you may have either your plaid woolen or your silk skirt accordeon pleated. And when one talks, first of suits and then of separate skirts, the logical text for the next paragraph is blouses, one of the most alluring of all fashion texts, because there is so much that is new.

THE blouse that tucks itself in under the belt may be smart, but the one that proclaims itself an outsider is infinitely smarter. It feels no obligation to terminate at the waistline, so it wanders over and below the belt, and perhaps resolves its sides into sashes which tie around the waist; it lends its round neck and lower edge

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



A Shantung suit in natural shade embroidered with jade wool in Egyptian pattern, to allure the June bride.



Polo cloth comes out on this occasion and frankly allies itself with brushed wool tartan, and then slashes itself around the edge for the sake of being ornately fringed.

ful models galore with apron draperies and rather low waistline. The collar may be high and ruffled across the top so that the bunch of curls hanging over the ear rests on it; or it may be low and round and ruffled, for the ruffle is no respecter of modes. The sleeves are just as erratic as the collar and she who wears a long sleeve may be



The way of this Spring wrap is to be square, in the first place, then to turn one edge over for the collar and have a shirring cord in it, thus.



# Skirts and Sleeves Are Frankly Shorter This Season



Blouse 8784  
Beading 12549

Blouse 8782  
Cross-stitch 12562

Three patterns free with a subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.



Blouse 8753  
Skirt 8760  
Embroidery 12547

8782—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. An excellent blouse for the stout woman is this model with soft fulness on the shoulders. The rolling collar is embroidered in cross-stitch in design 12562.

8753—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6½ yards 36-inch tricolet—1½ yard lace for collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An odd feature of the long tunic blouse of this frock is the tab-like extensions crossed in surplice style and buttoning onto the tunic. Embroidered motifs in design 12547 form an attractive trimming. They may be worked out in heavy rope silk, in chenille, or yarn.

8758—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vestee—¼ yard embroidered organdy for collar—1¼ yard lace edging. No matter how many elaborate frocks the Spring wardrobe contains there must be at least one of these simple straight-line frocks of serge or tricotine, generally brightened with a vestee or collar of white. This model is cut down in a deep V in front to show an inserted vest of white Georgette crêpe hemstitched at the top. The large patch pockets are embroidered in heavy silk in design 12564.



Dress 8775  
Beading and Embroidery 12556



Dress 8068

8775—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch voile—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The new voiles are lovely, of chiffon-like fineness and softness and come in all the lovely Spring and Summer shades as well as the smart checks and plaids. For this model a plain voile is selected with the decorative motifs supplied by the elaborate border of embroidery which may be worked out in silk floss and soutache in design 12556. The frock is very simple in style with surplice collarless blouse made with the fashionable short sleeves. Under a girdle of self-material the two-piece skirt is attached and over this is arranged a two-piece gathered tunic. Both are closed at left side seam.



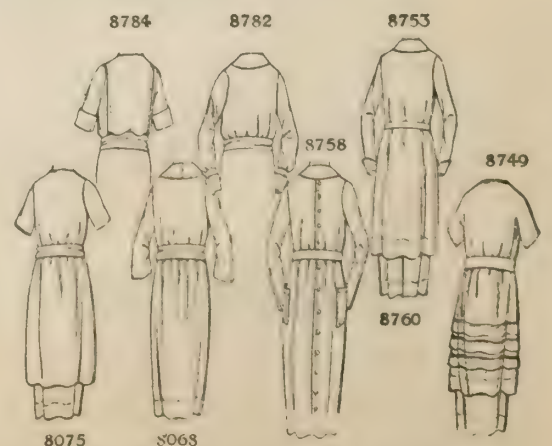
Dress 8758  
Embroidery 12564



Dress 8749

8068—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—1¼ yard 45-inch white organdy for bands and collar. Delightful Summer frocks are being fashioned of dotted swiss in dark as well as light shades, the dark ones brightened up occasionally by touches of white organdy. For this model the organdy takes the form of narrow trimming-bands on the two-piece gathered skirt and on the elbow sleeves. Embroidered organdy fashions the long rolling collar which extends in revers that are caught under the belt and reach about to the hips. Embroidered organdy may be purchased by the yard, or plain organdy may be embroidered at home. Any simple design would be suitable, and the edge may be scalloped and buttonholed. To complete this dainty frock the new strapped slippers of white glazed kid should be worn.

8784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Despite its long vogue Georgette crêpe still retains its hold on fashionable favor. This blouse closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front and is beaded in design 12549. The beading forms squares with motifs at intervals, and chalk and colored beads may be combined. The colors may be vivid, or in pastel tones.





# The Corset You Should Wear

## What Is the Style in Corsets for You?

It is the corset style that best expresses your own personality by accenting every natural beauty of your figure.

Natural beauty! Never has Fashion dictated so generously. Just be natural. Buy the corset that will give you comfort; the corset that will give you poise and perfect body proportions without a moment's feeling of restraint; the corset that will accent your every natural charm.

There is not the woman but will be interested in what the world-famed House of Lucile has to say about corsets.



Out of this season's bewildering dictates of Fashion, one thought stands clear—you must appear natural.

Uncorseted? No! Emphatically, no! Certainly frocks and suits never more definitely demanded the foundation of a clever corset. When Paris says you should look "uncorseted," Paris means you should wear a corset so deftly designed to be a part of yourself that it merely accents the natural beauty of your figure and the most critical observer will not be able to trace your charm to its subtle support.

LUCILE, Ltd.

J. Duggan  
Manager



## If You Are of Slender Figure

do not think because of your slowness your corset "doesn't matter." It does.

Your chief charm is your poise—that lithe gracefulness that the predestined corset will enhance, and the wrong corset—well, you see on the streets every day glorious youth sacrificed to the fallacy "I'm so slight it doesn't matter what corset I wear."

Have you seen the new Gossard models for the slight figure? You will marvel how so few bones in such gloriously soft materials can mould your hips and thighs and back to such a delightful silhouette.

You will find

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wherever a discriminating patronage demands the best. And at this store you will find a superior service that assures you the courtesy and expert attention of highly specialized corsetieres.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited  
284-286 W. King St., Toronto

## If You Are of Average Figure

If you are a matron of average figure with all the possibilities of youthfulness dependent upon the right corset, you will appreciate the Gossard artistry that has given your problem especial care.

Hips and thighs reduce as if by magic; your front and back lines are the straighter lines of youth and you have that graceful poise only to be attained by complete corset comfort.

Remember, your figure tells your age.

## If You Are of Full Proportions

do not think of corsetry as a succession of straps and buckles and excessive weight. Just analyze this natural photograph; the figure is as beautifully outlined, as well proportioned as any of the other ideal figures shown on this page. And it is all done so naturally. Gossard artistry has given the woman of full figure the grace and comfort of perfect corsetry.

In a Gossard you will never give the unfashionable impression of being "overcorseted."



Ideal Figure  
Tall Slender



Ideal Figure  
Short Slender



Ideal Figure  
Tall Heavy



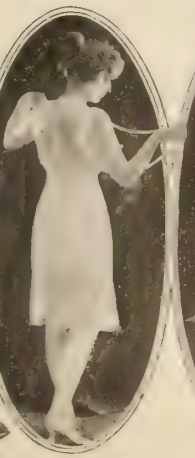
Ideal Figure  
Short Heavy



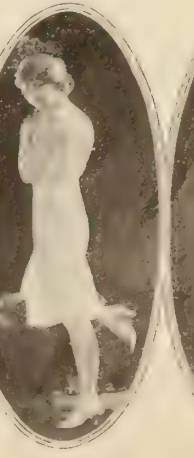
Ideal Average  
Figure



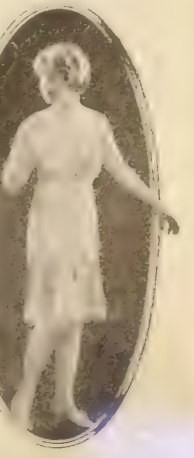
Ideal Figure  
Large Above  
Waist



Ideal Figure  
Large Below  
Waist



Ideal Figure  
Curved Back



Ideal Figure  
Short Waisted



# Youthful Lines and Diversity of Styles Mark These Fashions

Three Patterns Free with a subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.



8641—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 30½ inches. No. 8728—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3½ yards 54-inch white tricotine—3 yards 36-inch taffeta for lining jacket. Jackets are shortening up for the Spring and the prevailing tendency is toward youthfulness. This model is the very embodiment of youthfulness with its perky peplum springing out at the sides and its looped-under panels in front. A fitted effect is attained by means of side-front seams extending from the shoulders to the narrow string belt. Very simple skirts complete the tailored suits for Spring like this model which is a one-piece gathered skirt closing at center-back under a plait. White is to be very fashionable and white low shoes of glazed kidskin will be worn, many with the new short French vamps.

8475—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 36 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch check velours—3¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 8320—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch sports crêpe. Short, snappy separate coats like this model are very much in vogue fashioned of homespun or tweed or the new bold checks and plaids. The coat is made with a deep yoke in front and the collar is equally attractive whether worn high or low.

8781—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 31½ inches. No. 8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3½ yards 54-inch gabardine—2¾ yards 36-inch printed satin for lining jacket. Featured in the Spring fashions are short boxy-looking jackets cut on

straight slim lines and this suit typifies the mode admirably. The jacket buttons in single-breasted style and for the neck finish there is a rolling collar. At each side are button-trimmed patch pockets. The skirt is a simple gathered model as are all tailored skirts. The closing is at left side seam.

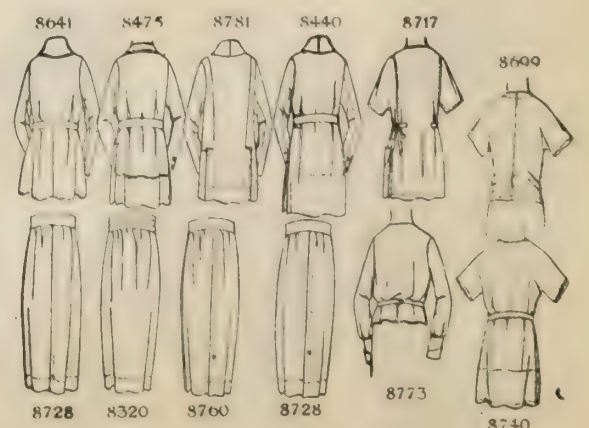
8717—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Over the front-closing short-sleeved kimono blouse is arranged an apron panel front and back, and the front panel, the patch pockets, and the sleeves are embroidered in quaint motifs in design 12564. The embroidery may be carried out in worsted, beads, or coarse rope silk.

8440—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 30½ inches. No. 8728—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 36-inch tricolet for vest—2½ yards 44-inch check worsted for skirt and trimming—3 yards 36-inch satin for jacket lining. Tho strictly tailored suits are as a rule fashioned of the one fabric, sports suits are very often in composé effect, the trimming on the jacket sometimes as in this model repeating the material of the skirt. The jacket is open in front to show a vest of the fashionable tricolet trimmed with bands of check cloth.

8773—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch flowered Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch plain Georgette crêpe. The combination of plain and flowered Georgette crêpe makes a very attractive blouse. It slips on over the head and is slashed at center-front, the slashed edges bound with satin and caught together with ribbon. The long sleeves are of plain Georgette.

8699—Ladies' Long-waisted Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. This long-waisted kimono model is typical of the new blouses which either slip on over the head or, as in this case, fasten at the back. This is wrinkled around the waistline to form a girdle effect and is beaded in design 12470. The blouse is seamed along the outside of the sleeves and under the arms and tiny plaits are formed at the underarm front and back and stitched in with the seam. The sleeves are short and the oval neck collarless.

8740—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe. For simple tunic blouses like this crêpe is a fashionable fabric adorned frequently with odd motifs in yarn embroidery. For the embroidery on this blouse design 12445 may be selected. The embroidery forms a border effect on the short sleeves, and it is also applied to the large square patch pockets. Around the waist is a narrow girdle of self-material with sash ends looped at the side-front.



Jacket 8440  
Skirt 8728



# The Tailored Frock Is Simple and Slim of Line



Blouse 8679  
Skirt 8574  
Braiding 11636



Dress 8719  
Braiding 11665



Dress 8716  
Braiding 12427



Dress 8111  
Embroidery 12510



Dress 8370  
Embroidery 12422



Dress 8137  
Embroidery 12422



Dress 8213



8679—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8574—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch white gabardine.

Three patterns free with a subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.

8719—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard organdy for collar and vest. The pannier effects and tunics are favored in the new fashions for afternoon wear, American women still cling tenaciously to the straight-line frock for general wear as nothing else gives such slim youthful lines. This model is simplicity itself fastening on the left shoulder and under the left arm and untrimmed save for the braiding that finishes the slashed front edges in design 11665 and the small collar and vestee of white organdy. A narrow belt of self-material encircles the waist-line loosely and the ends are looped at the side-front.

chenille, or worsted in design 12422. A panel is arranged over the front-closing waist, the panel closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front. The neck is collarless and the sleeves are lengthened with wide flaring cuffs.

8213—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch check worsted— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch white tricolet for collar— $\frac{2}{3}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Agreeable contrast to the tailored frocks of solid-color serge and tricotine is afforded by the many models that make use of check worsted. This frock tho in one-piece style really combines a blouse and a four-piece gathered skirt attached under a girdle of self-material. At the sides just below the

hips a trimming-band is applied that gives the modish outstanding pocket effect. A panel is arranged on the front of the dress which buttons onto the rolling collar of tricolet, and the dress closes at the left side-front. On the long one-piece sleeves between the elbow and the wrist a trimming-band is applied caught together on the outside with a fancy button. The band may be lined with contrasting satin.

8716—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch serge— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Several new touches are combined to give style to this frock, notably the very short sleeves and the narrow panels looped under at the bottom of the skirt, the front ones forming pockets at the top. Soutache braiding adds a decorative touch in design 12427. An attractive finish for the frock is given by the new short-vamp slippers of soft glazed kid tied at the ankles.

8111—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool Jersey. A simple practical model untrimmed save for motifs of embroidery in design 12510. These may be carried out in bright-colored worsted or in heavy rope silk. It is a matter of individual choice whether this frock closes at the center-front or the side-front, and altho the illustration gives the effect of the dress being in two sections with the skirt attached at low waist-line, in reality the frock is in one from neck to lower edge and the stitching is used to give the two-piece effect. A dart is formed on the shoulders in front to give a closer fit.

8370—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44-inch check cloth— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch white tricolet for vest. From the vest revers roll back that extend around to form the collar and under the belt of self-material the two-piece skirt is attached to the waist. Large patch pockets are applied at the sides. Pumps of white kidskin would complete this Spring frock very attractively. Little arrow-heads of embroidery in design 12422 are worked out in heavy black rope silk on the lower part of the revers. This frock would be equally attractive in dark blue serge or tricotine and it is also an excellent model for the simple Summer frock of gingham, chambray, or linen. If the dress is of blue serge the embroidery may be in bright-colored wool.



# Separate Blouses and Skirts Assume Importance in New Modes

Blouse 8786  
Embroidery 12531

Blouse 8597  
Beading 12506

Blouse 8613  
Embroidery 12485

Blouse 8782  
Embroidery 11616

Blouse 8697  
Embroidery 12473

Blouse 8593  
Embroidery 12276

Blouse 8773  
Embroidery 12453

Blouse 8326  
Embroidery 12564

Blouse 8740  
Embroidery 12445

Blouse 8571  
Embroidery 12456

Blouse 8245  
Beading 12548

Skirt 8760

Skirt 8769

Blouse 7801  
Skirt 8712  
Beading 11554

Blouse 8699  
Skirt 8760  
Embroidery 12322

Skirt 8728

Skirt 8528

Three Patterns Free with a subscription at \$2 per annum sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.

8786—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 46 requires 2½ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. The collar is embroidered in mercerized floss in design 12531. If white Georgette crêpe, embroidery silk may be used.

8597—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs. For the beaded motifs design 12506 is suitable. Separate blouses are again

high in fashionable favor and! Georgette crêpe, voile, handkerchief linen, and crêpe de Chine are modish fabrics.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide, St. W., Toronto.



## It is Dangerous to Use Counterfeit Parts for the

# Ford

**B**Y allowing your garage man to use imitation parts in repairing your car you not only invite repeated repair bills and more serious breakdowns, but you actually endanger your own life and the lives of others. Cheap and inferior parts used in connection with the steering control are liable to cause accidents of a very serious nature.

### You Risk Your Life When You Use Imitation Spindles

In a recent test the tensile strength of the genuine Ford Vanadium Steel spindle arm was found to be over 100% more than that of the counterfeit machine steel part. The arms were submitted to shock, and the counterfeit arm broke at a pulling force equivalent to 11,425 pounds applied to a cross section. The same pulling force applied to a corresponding cross section of a genuine Ford spindle arm did not even change its original size or shape. In order to separate the genuine spindle arm it was necessary to apply a pulling force of 25,000 pounds.

The spindle arm is one of the vital parts entering into the control of a car, and by using spurious parts in such places, Ford owners are risking lives and property.

You are merely protecting yourself and avoiding repeated repair bills when you demand genuine Ford parts.

*Only Genuine Ford Parts Can be Used with Safety*

Look for  
the Sign

**Genuine Ford Parts  
For Sale Here**

**Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited**  
Ford, Ontario



## New Trimming Touches Enliven Simple Frocks

8802—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch linen. Under a panel like overblouse that extends around to the sides to form distended pockets the waist closes at center front.

Three Patterns Free with a subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.



Dress 8802  
Embroidery 12548



Dress 8790



Dress 8812



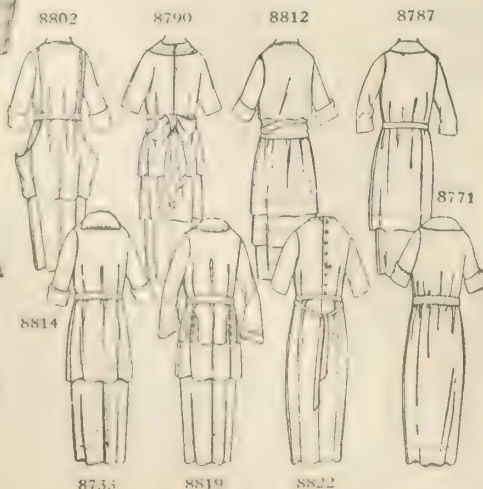
Dress 8787

Blouse 8814  
Skirt 8733



Blouse 8819  
Skirt 8733

8787—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 32-inch challis—¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar and vestee—2½ yards velvet ribbon—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. A two-piece gathered tunic is attached to the blouse giving a redingote effect to this charmingly simple frock. The neck is cut down in deep U shaping filled in with a front-buttoning vestee of Georgette.



Dress 8822  
Embroidery 12561

Dress 8771  
Braiding 12376

8814 Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8733 Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch rose-color crêpe de Chine

blouse like so many of the new sports models slips on over the head and is slashed at center-front, the fronts turned

—2¼ yards 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for skirt and trimming. The

back to form small revers faced with white. Cuffs of white crêpe de Chine turn back from the short sleeves and a narrow string belt of rose-color crêpe de Chine holds in the waist-line fullness very loosely. The blouse is worn over a simple tailored skirt which closes at center-back under a plait.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

## The Revival of Folk Dancing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

In the meantime a small host of musical experts have been scouring the rural districts and recording in permanent form the tunes and the figures that had been handed down from generation to generation on May Day and at Harvest Home. A great number of folk-pieces, most of them with very quaint names have been collected and published and the wide diffusion of them is shown by the following list of English counties in which they have been gathered: Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Cornwall, Monmouthshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Northumberland, Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Surrey. In many parts of Canada there must be old men and women who were familiar with the Morris dances long before musicians were at pains to investigate them and organize a national movement for their revival.

In connection with Morris dancing the custom of "Dressing Up" with ribbons, and sometimes with masks has prevailed for centuries. An old Lancashire ditty runs:

Morris dance is a very pretty tune,  
Lads and lassies plenty,  
Every lad shall have his lass  
And I'll have four and twenty.

My new shoone they are so good,  
I could dance Morris if I would,  
And if hat and coat be dressed,  
I will dance Morris with the best.

THE father of the movement for the revival of folk dancing is an Englishman named Cecil Sharp, a Londoner who in his younger days was an organist and choirmaster in Australia, and once made a concert tour through Canada as a baritone singer. Becoming interested in the revival of folk-dancing, he, some years ago, founded the Vacation School for the teaching of Folk dancing at Stratford-upon-Avon, in connection with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre there. The school outgrew Shakespeare's birthplace and moved to Chelsea, London, where in the last Christmas vacation no fewer than four hundred teacher-students from various parts of England attended. Here they learned the intricacies of the Morris dances, some of which are more simple than they appear in execution. They were instructed when to bend the knee, and when to hop with leg straight, when to flourish stick or handkerchief, and picked up the vocabulary or lingo of the dances, which is quaint. It is generally admitted that in these dances there is something much more healthy and stimulating than the dances of the modern ball room.

Curiously enough it has been found that some modern airs are as readily adaptable to the old dance movements as the traditional tunes. For instance sixty years ago there was an air that was popular throughout America, known as "Buffalo Gals." Readers of "Tom Sawyer" will perhaps recall that it was a favorite of Mark Twain's boyhood. About 1860 it was taken to England by the Christy Minstrels and after temporary vogue in London was forgotten. Five or six years ago the folk-dance investigators found it being used as a Morris dance in a remote country spot to which it had penetrated a few decades previously. And I also note that Mr. Cecil Sharp's dancers at Chelsea, used Stephen Foster's air "Old Black Joe" presumably at a faster tempo than in the song. To those readers who are interested in the matter, I would commend, in addition to the publications of Mr. Sharp, a little book, "English Folk-Song and Dance," by Frank Kidson and Mary Neal, published by the Cambridge University Press in 1915.

## Chickens as They Might Be Cooked

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

the fire, add two cupfuls of strained tomato sauce, stir until boiling, cook for five minutes, and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Dish the chicken on a hot platter, cover with the rice and strain the tomato sauce over the top.



## Adorably Quaint Fashions for the Younger Generation

8686—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54-inch duvetyn—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining. Instead of being worn as illustrated the collar may have the ends crossed and buttoned onto the coat.

8750—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 54-inch wool Jersey. The cunning little scalloped panel front that is arranged on the waist is embroidered in design 12510. The dress closes at the back under the applied panel section and a two-piece round collar finishes the neck.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8767

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8777



Child's Coat 8686

Girls' Dress 8750  
Embroidery 12510



Boys' Suit 8748

Girls' Cape 8586



Child's Rompers 8742



Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8734



Juniors' Dress 8765



Boys' Suit 8754



Girls' Guimpe Dress 8745



Juniors' Dress 8770

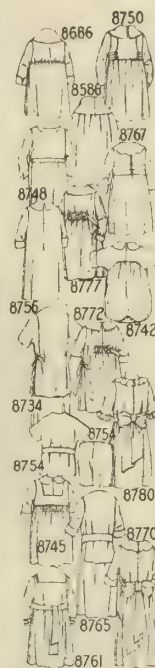


Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8756  
Embroidery 12564



Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8761  
Embroidery 12564

Child's Dress 8772  
Scalloped 12567



in a large round scallop in front and wrinkled around to form a girle effect. The dress fastens at the back.

8777—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years.

Size 10 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch plaid gingham. The dress closes at center-back and is shirred at the waist-line. The neck is finished with a circular collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.

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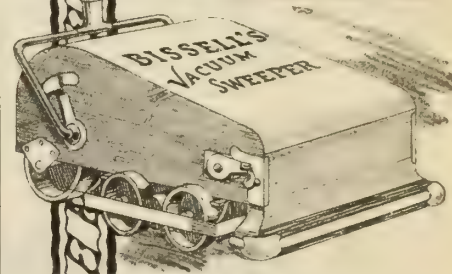
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with a

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of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls,  
Ont. (Factory)  
Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers



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Underwear

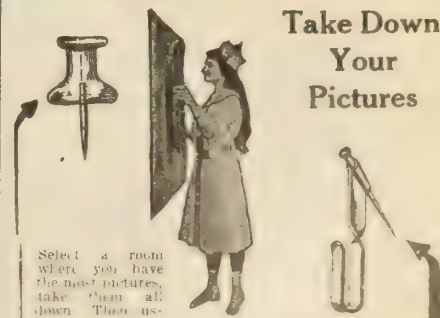
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"The Summer Session Student Sees It Through at the O.A.C.," by Edna McKenzie. Teachers — and all who enjoy a laugh — look for this story in the June number.

## Sewing in Schools

By EVAN ETTA

### Sewing as a Handwork For Girls

HANDWORK has long been regarded as an effective means of education for children. A normal child is always ready to make something, and the trained kindergarten teacher makes use of this natural instinct in her work of guiding the little ones towards full self development.

During recent years the place of handwork in the training of older children has been receiving more attention, and most educationists agree as to its value. Critics outside the schools sometimes object on the score of expense, for the apparatus and materials required may add considerably to the cost of school equipment. Critics in the schools object to handwork for the sake of handwork as a waste of precious school time, and maintain that there should be definite correlation between handwork and other subjects in the curriculum.

INSTRUCTORS of sewing may justly claim that a good needlework course is the most valuable form of handwork for girls. It is not open to criticism on the ground of expense, for it has been shown that the cost of the materials can be refunded by the sale of the garments made at cost price.

Lessons in sewing can be so graded that the girls derive as much benefit as from other forms of handwork, while at the same time they are learning a useful accomplishment. The delicate muscles of the fingers are exercised, and the action of eye and hand co-ordinated. Skill is gained in the use of implements and the importance of accurate measurements, and careful finish is soon discovered. There is scope for the development of an appreciation of good lines and pleasing colours, and for the exercise of individual taste and ingenuity.

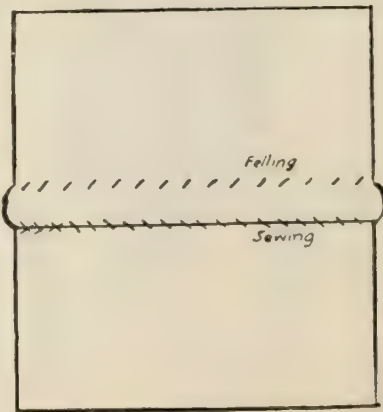
SEWING is by no means isolated from other school subjects. The girl will find her lessons in Arithmetic and Drawing useful in calculating prices, in making measurements, in drafting patterns, and in outlining for embroidery. It could be shown how the study of Literature, History, and Geography may be interesting from the needlewoman's point of view.

Needlecraft should not be regarded as a non-essential part of a girl's education, a fad or a frill, but as a subject which may awaken the same justifiable pride in personal manual achievement, which characterized the master workmen of the Great Trade Guilds of the Middle Ages.

#### SEAMS

Seams in garments are necessary when two pieces of material are to be joined together and the kind of seam to be made depends upon the texture of the material used.

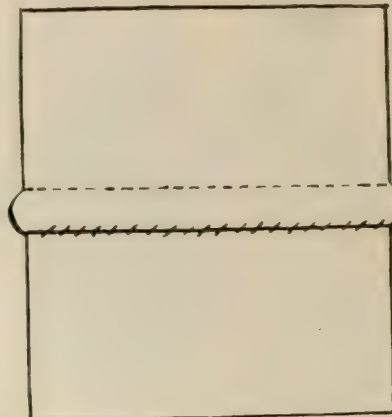
#### Different Methods of Making Seams in Garments.



(a) THE SEW AND FELL SEAM used for pillow cases, whitewear and the like.

The overhanding in this seam is worked on the right side of the goods and the edges must be quite together.

The overhanding must be well flattened with the thumb before the fell is basted.



(b) RUN AND FELL SEAM used for underclothing, etc.

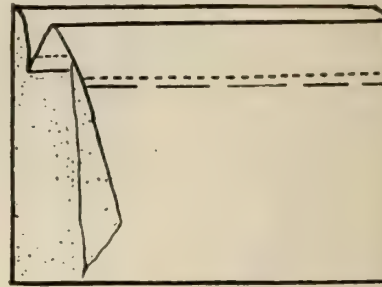
This seam is only used on thin material as it is not strong enough to bear strain.

As only the edge of the back piece is turned, care is necessary to avoid fixing the front too high, thus causing the frayed edge to rise above the folded one. If the raw edge is trimmed with the scissors only the fringe must be cut, not the threads of the goods.

To begin this seam, first run on the wrong side. For children it is a good plan to either crease or pencil mark where the stitches should go.

The fell or hem is then worked on the wrong side. One must exercise great care in making this seam perfectly flat as it is likely to ridge on the right side of the goods if not properly pressed out.

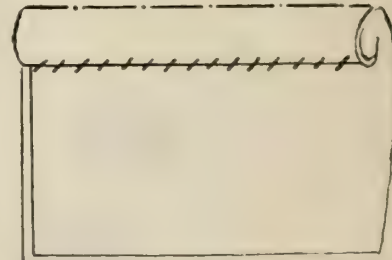
The seam when finished should be the same width all the way down. Often inexperienced needlewomen get the beginning and the ending too wide.



(c) FRENCH SEAM (so called).

This is found suitable for unlined clothing as the right and wrong sides are both neat and no hemming shows on the right side. It also lends itself admirably to machining and is therefore very frequently used.

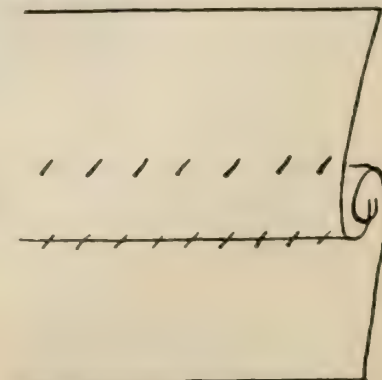
To work this seam, first run the wrong sides facing each other, then run the right sides after the first stitching has been well pressed out.



(d) MANTUA MAKER'S SEAM.

This seam is only suitable for very thin materials such as voiles, muslins, etc., as the fold is rather thick.

The back piece of the goods is kept a little higher than the front and then both sides are turned down to form a fell. The hemming is now worked on the wrong side.



(e) COUNTER HEMMED SEAM used for pinafores, etc.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75.)



# The May Patterns and Their Prices

(From page 44.)

Blouse 8784, price 20 cents.  
Beading 12549, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8782, 20 cents.  
Cross-stitch 12562, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8753, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8760, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12547, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8775, 25 cents.  
Braiding and Embroidery 12556, blue or yellow, 50 cents.  
Dress 8068, 25 cents.  
Dress 8758, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12564, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8749, 25 cents.

(From page 46.)

Jacket 8641, price 25 cents.  
Skirt 8728, price 20 cents.  
Coat 8475, price 25 cents.  
Skirt 8320, price 25 cents.  
Jacket 8781, price 25 cents.  
Skirt 8760, price 20 cents.  
Blouse 8717, price 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12564, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8773, price 25 cents.  
Blouse 8699, price 25 cents.  
Beading 12470, blue or yellow, 15 cents.  
Jacket 8440, price 25 cents.  
Skirt 8728, price 20 cents.  
Blouse 8740, price 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12445, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

(From page 47.)

Blouse 8679, price 25 cents.  
Skirt 8574, price 20 cents.  
Braiding 11636, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8719, price 25 cents.  
Braiding 11665, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8137, price 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12422, price 30 cents, blue or yellow.  
Dress 8213, price 25 cents.  
Dress 8716, 25 cents.  
Braiding 12427, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8111, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8370, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12422, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

(From page 48.)

Blouse 8786, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12531, blue or yellow, 15 cents.  
Blouse 8597, 20 cents.  
Beading 12506, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8613, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12485, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8782, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 11616, blue, 15 cents.  
Blouse 8697, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12453, blue or yellow, 15 cents.  
Blouse 8593, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12276, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8773, 25 cents.

Embroidery 12453, 15 cents, blue or yellow.  
Blouse 8326, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12561, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8740, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12445, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8571, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12456, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Skirt 8760, 20 cents.  
Skirt, 8769, 25 cents.  
Blouse 7801, 20 cents.  
Skirt 8712, 25 cents.  
Beading 11554, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8699, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8760, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12322, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8728, 20 cents.  
Skirt 8528, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8245, 25 cents.  
Beading 12548, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

8613—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch voile.

8782—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch organdy. Dainty motifs are embroidered on the front of the blouse in design 11616.

8697—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine.

8593—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch cotton crepe.

8773—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe.

8740—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch silk crepe. Embroidered motifs in design 12445 carried out in yarn make an attractive border.

8571—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. For the embroidery on this model, design 12456 may be selected.

8326—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 26-inch white linen—1 1/4 yard rose linen. Embroidered in design 12564.

8245—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine—3/4 yard contrasting crepe for collar and trimming. For the beaded border design 12548 is suitable.

8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards 44-inch check worsted.

8769—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 26 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch velvet—1 3/4 yard satin for facing tunic.

7801—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)

## Raiment for the June Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

to ruffles and in this and in almost all its other forms, is truly beautiful and undoubtedly wearable. And while it has all the earmarks of an aristocrat, it is so democratic that one finds it made up in every kind of material from plain white cotton voile to exquisite indestructible silk voile and becoming extremely popular in tricolette and cartridge cloth.

A TRAVELLING top coat is almost as essential as the travelling suit, and here one looks for the practical as well as the smart cut. And coupled with the coat, one finds the new spring wrap that envelops the wearer while it engages all her attention as she holds it around her, wrap-fashion. Beautiful duvetyns, tricotines, tricolettes, satins and soft silks go into its composition and a high, turn-over collar surmounts it. But to get back to the practical coat, one may mention that there is nothing

more modish than a nice quality of camel's hair cloth made up into either a long or short coat, unless it is one of those swagger English storm coats, which never seems to get old-fashioned no matter how long one may have it nor how fashion of other garments may change. There are short or medium length coats that we call sport coats, which are smart looking and are being shown in the most beautiful shades of blue and green—bordering on the French and the peacock blue—silvertones, and exceedingly attractive are the heather mixtures in wool jersey.

PARTICULAR to be in the fashion of the period, the bride will select a chapeau with cire trimmings, if indeed the entire hat be not made of material with waxed finish, and if it so happens that she is lucky enough to be buying three or four hats, then she can abundantly revel in flowers.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)



## Those 3 Chops

### Would Buy a 60-Dish Package of Delicious Quaker Oats

That's a rather big fact to consider.

The 40-cent package of Quaker Oats will make 60 liberal dishes. The chops will serve but three.

So with meats or eggs or fish.

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It would buy you, for instance, eight eggs.

Yet the oat dish, as nutriment, is vastly superior. It is nearly a complete food—almost the ideal food. And the 40-cent package contains as many calories as seven pounds of round steak.

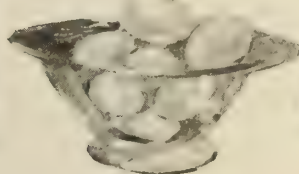
### Some 40-Cent Foods

Based on Prices at this Writing



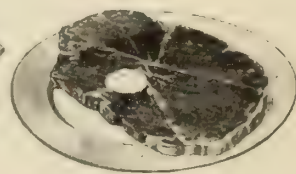
40 Cents

Buys a 60-Dish Package of Quaker Oats



40 Cents

Buys Only Eight Eggs



40 Cents

Buys About Enough Meat to Serve Five

Each dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys as much nutrition as \$9 spent for meat, eggs and fish on the average.

You get nine for one, based on calories per dollar. See the table below.

The 40-cent package of Quaker Oats yields 6,221 calories, the energy measure of food value. Note what that same nutrition costs in other necessary foods at this writing.

This argues for Quaker Oats breakfasts. Serve other foods at dinner, for you need variety. But start the day with this supreme food and this money-saving dish.

Everybody needs it every day.

### Cost of 6221 Calories

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| In Quaker Oats . . .      | \$0.40      |
| In Average Meats . . .    | 2.89        |
| In Average Fish . . .     | 3.12        |
| In Eggs . . . . .         | 3.75        |
| In Vegetables, from . . . | 68c to 4.70 |

## Quaker Oats

From Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats you get flakes made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

They make the oat dish doubly inviting, and without extra cost.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover.



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## PROVINCIAL DIRECTORS

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## Alberta and Manitoba Women's Institutes Hold Successful Annual Conventions



Gertrude Dutton, Acting Supervisor of the Manitoba Women's Institutes.

THE Alberta Women's Institutes have just completed their sixth annual convention held in Edmonton and the report of Miss Mary MacIsaac shows an increase of 32 institutes, making a total of 265, with a membership of 13,150, the largest women's organization in Alberta to-day.

The convention itself was not a news convention. It was an intensive convention in that the work of the institutes, through the constituency conveners, was given in detail and from these details the delegates gleaned invaluable hints and inspirations to take back to their own communities and push onward and enthusiastically institute work in every part of the province.

It was a convention that had a predominant feature and this was music, music that ran through it like a great drama and the music consisted of "the songs that live"—the old, old, songs that everybody knows and everybody loves. One cannot write of just the exquisite pleasure the Alberta Women's Institutes delegates received from Mrs. Rose Morgan of Columbia University, New York, who came to them, without charging even a fee and brought with her the wonderful secret that everyone possesses within her own community the medium of entertainment that is so divinely simple and easy that it has been overlooked in the present age of "Jazz" and "Ragtime" music. Its simplicity is its greatness and modern folk in their mad rush to be up-to-date have lost sight of the fact that songs live because of their chastity, simplicity and artistry. This is why "Annie Laurie" is the world's greatest love song. Mrs. Morgan dwelt on the singing of Canadian patriotic songs, dividing them in three groups: "The Maple Leaf"—which she defined as pretty—"O Canada," she taught the delegates to sing to bring out its inspiration and then she followed on to "Land of Hope and Glory," which she said is majestic and imposing—the grandest of our national songs.

### Not a Convention of Resolutions.

It was not a Resolving convention for the resolutions were few and far between—the greater bulk of them being left to the provincial advisory board. The convention endorsed unanimously a higher minimum wage for girls—



The new pin of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. Any Institute member is entitled to wear this pin.

raising it from \$9 per week, which is set by the Factory Act, to \$15 per week. Another resolution endorsed was that a free correspondence course be given on food values to the mothers, by the Department of Agriculture. Considerable discussion centred around three resolutions, having to do with education, one dealing with the teaching of mothercraft in the schools; another, religious teaching, and a third, the teaching of French in the public school. The mothercraft resolution was defeated because of the difficulty that teachers were not trained to do this and many teachers were young men. Regarding religious teaching, it was decided to confine it to Bible stories and the Lord's prayer and not the Ten Commandments, as it was stated, there were



Children of Brown School, Toronto, giving an exhibition of folk dancing for the Ontario Committee of Women's Institutes and Lecturers.



Women's Institute Lecturers and members of the Ontario Committee with Home and School Clubs Executive, at their joint meeting in Toronto in April.



Isabel Noble, President of the Alberta Women's Institutes.

different versions of these in different creeds. The teaching of French in the public schools was defeated as it was thought the curriculum was overloaded already and English needed perfecting to such a degree that there was no room for French in the public schools. Another educational resolution to the effect that special stress be laid on the subjects of English, composition, writing, spelling and elementary arithmetic in the public schools, was carried unanimously. The Calgary Institute sent in a resolution, which was passed requesting the Dominion Government to increase the pensions accorded the dependents of soldiers and this, too, regardless of rank.

Further resolutions carried were, that the age of consent for girls, be raised from 14 to 21 years, that it be a criminal offence for any man and woman to register falsely as man and wife, that no person be allowed to marry without a clean bill of health, that disapproval be voiced against performing animals, because of the cruelty in their training and that teachers be asked to teach and explain a code of laws requested from the Dominion Government regarding the meaning and abuse of the flag.

Another point brought out in the convention was that the Institutes, according to their constitution are allowed to discuss political questions, but not from a party-politics standpoint. The meaning of the word "politics"—measures to promote the welfare of the state—is entirely within the constitution and there should be no misapprehension regarding this.

### Thanks Canadian Home Journal.

A resolution of thanks for the courtesy and space given by the Canadian Home Journal was passed and also one of endorsement of it as a medium of Institute members receiving Institute news. It was especially commended by Miss Noble, the provincial president, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, the National president.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

## Convention of Unanimity.

It was a convention of unanimity. Not that there weren't differences of opinion backed up with constructive logic, but there were no disgruntled factions—nothing was being "rail-roaded" through—and everyone kept her eye on the great slogan of the Institutes, "For Home and Country." The spirit of unanimity was shown in the election of the Provincial Advisory Board, for each officer was returned unanimously. The good will of the convention was shown to Miss MacIsaac, the superintendent, and Miss Noble, the president, in the presentation of beautiful bouquets of flowers. The convention wished to include the secretary also—but she intervened and nipped the idea in the bud—so emphatically that no one had the courage to include her in the honors of the day.

Like other years, the March snow storms delayed the delegates. Every year some delegates have been storm stayed, en route, and in order to prevent this occurring in future, the Alberta Women's Institutes will hold their conventions in June. This was agreed to unanimously, and an invitation was extended to the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada to hold its convention in June, 1921—in conjunction with Alberta.

## The Work of the Past Year.

From the superintendent, Miss MacIsaac, was learned the aggressive campaign of Institute work of the year. Twenty-one thousand women have attended the short courses given under the auspices of the Alberta Women's Institutes. Home Nursing and First Aid has been given at 54 centres, sewing at 22 centres, cookery and food values at 16 centres. One hundred and twenty-eight Institutes were visited by W. I. speakers. Nineteen constituency conferences were held, these being particularly helpful in developing leadership and community work in each constituency.

An important feature of 1919, was the campaign for the proper feeding of children, this being carried out by food exhibits at the Edmonton and Calgary fairs. This was followed up by the distribution of 30,000 bulletins on menus for children from the ages of one to seven years. Indeed, all the short courses are supplemented with bulletins, there being 6,000 copies of pamphlets on "Canning of meat, vegetables and fruit," and 4,000 on suggestions for the health of children, distributed.

## Relief Work.

The Alberta Women's Institutes have helped 2,300 people in the drought areas. Nearly 30,000 articles of second-hand clothing have been dispensed and \$6,000 worth of new clothing. All the relief work appears in the W. I. Relief depot report as Institutes in the drought areas carry on their own work.

## Women's Institute Scholarship Fund.

Two Institutes have awarded scholarships to two girls and thus enabled them to attend one of the agricultural schools of Alberta. This scholarship fund is one of the new aims of the A.W.I. of 1919. In order to send a girl to one of the agricultural schools for a period of five months, it takes the sum of \$200. The test for these scholarships is a five day short course in Household Science put on in various centres—the scholarship being awarded to the applicant showing the most interest and obtaining the highest marks.

## Rest Rooms.

There are thirty-six W. I. rest rooms in Alberta and of this number, approximately one-third own their own buildings. In some instances, the buildings are worth from \$3,500 to \$6,000, the valuation of the average community room being from \$1,000 to \$2,000. The majority of the rooms are rented, the yearly rental ranging from \$36.00 to \$400.00. A number of these have been built as memorial halls to the heroes of the Great War.

## W. I. Girls' Clubs.

The W. I. Girls' Clubs, provided for in an amendment to the Women's Institute Act at the 1919 session of the Alberta Legislature, now number 40 with a membership of 840 girls.

One whole day of the convention

was given to Girls' Club work and the girl delegates elected their Provincial Advisory Board at the close of it with the following results: president, Miss Edna Francisco, Cavendish; first vice-president, Miss Alice Gates, Stoney Plain; second vice-president, Miss Minnie Page, Elnora; third vice-president, Miss Delia Fleming, Alliance; secretary-treasurer, Miss Daisy Hummell, Milk River; directors, Miss Evelyn Jochem, Milk River; Miss Marjorie Anderson, Stoney Plain; Miss Mamie Johnson, Provost and Miss Clara Smith, Alliance.

Miss Bessie McDermid gave a carefully thought out address on suggestions for 1920 programmes. To the younger girls, sports appeal; as they grow older, business meetings and sewing meetings, the latter along competition lines being most appealing, and from fifteen to eighteen years the study of civics, beautifying the home, etc. Picnics and paper chases are helpful in training quick eyes, accurate movement, fair play and team work. The study of dramatic art gives poise and voice modulation. Every club should give part of its time to the study of literature, mock trials, debates, home economics, interior decoration, bead-work, basketry, choral music, music composers and dietetics.

Reports were brought from Botha, Coronation, Stoney Plain, Carmangay, Cavendish, Collingwood, Carstairs, Elnora, Argyle, Gem, Milk River, Munson, New Dayton, Olds, Stanger, Aldersyde, Wetaskiwin, Daysland, Talbot, Minburn and Queenston. West Wind has the largest club, the membership being fifty.

## Better School Movement.

In connection with the better school movement, nearly every Institute has an educational committee. Mrs. Aylesworth, provincial convener on education, showed that 25 schools have playground equipment owing to the efforts of Institutes, that 25 have been provided with sanitary drinking cups and with towels. At Clive, Olds, Garrington, Carmangay, the hot lunch is an accomplished fact, and here an attempt is made to prepare at least one hot dish to supplement the lunch sent by the parents. Mrs. Aylesworth urged the Institutes to provide school libraries with suitable books, especially those of Canadian authors; to visit the schools, to launch campaigns for women school trustees, and to get acquainted with the teacher and see that she has a suitable place to board. Twenty-five Institutes have given prizes for various competitions in drawing, essays and agriculture.

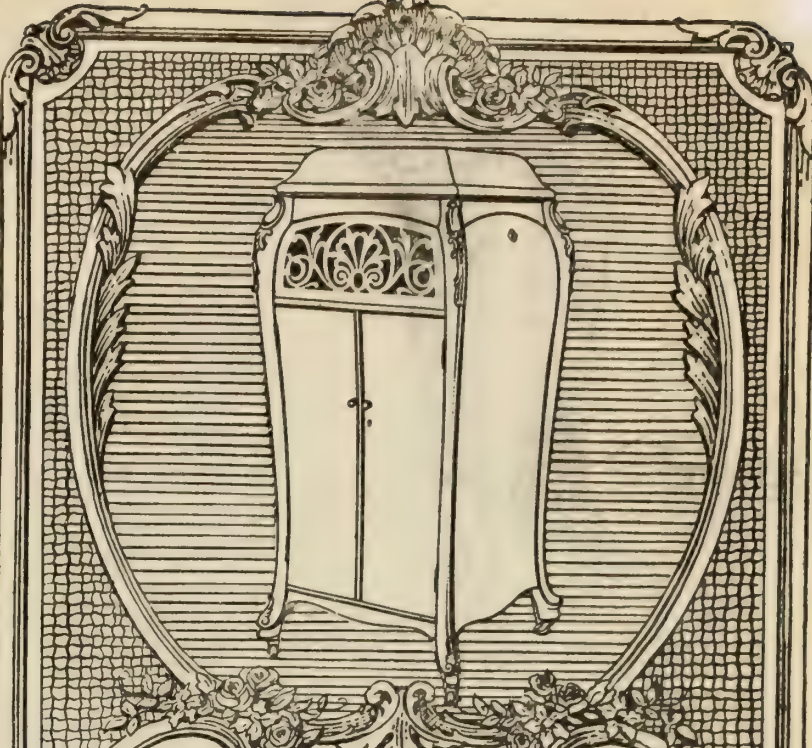
## Educational Progress of Alberta.

In connection with the educational work of the Institute, Mr. George P. Smith, Minister of Education, gave an address on "The Educational Progress in Alberta." He stated that it was the purpose of Alberta to push the consolidated school movement by making it easier financially, by increased grants, to erect these schools, and to remove petty jealousies of the site by giving the townspeople no vote. Twelve had been built last year.

There has been increased inspection in rural schools to the extent of 50 per cent. Every school has been inspected once, and most of them twice. Alberta is spending \$50,000 more on the inspection of her schools this year than last, and the territory of each inspector has been cut down one-third.

Special encouragement has been given to the two-roomed school and to the introduction of high school work. Twice the grant, \$400.00, has been given to any school taking up high school work with six or more pupils. A grant of \$200.00 is given for each additional room, and if the school is used as a social centre, a further grant of \$250.00 is given to provide suitable furniture. Twelve new two-roomed schools have been built, while 27 are under way. Thus the province is establishing high school centres, for those schools receiving high school grants must take high school pupils, whether they reside in the district or not, and the province pays the fees.

Accommodation for the teacher is another policy of the Alberta Department of Education in the building of teachers' homes. These are built on five acres of land, and the home is a



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

real home, with decent furniture provided. This is to encourage the married teacher to go to the rural communities, as one of the big problems has been the teacher who leaves every term.

The Department also pays a grant of \$300 to every school taking up high school work in the province, and an additional grant of \$300 if the schools will take outside pupils, the Department paying the fees. This has resulted in high school work being installed in schools all over the province, and opportunities for higher education for the farm boys and girls are increasing enormously.

Three hundred rooms were opened in Alberta last year, and the shortage of teachers has been cut down by 200. The average teacher's salary of Alberta is \$916—the second largest in Canada, Saskatchewan being in the lead with an average salary of \$1,000.

It is the professional policy of Alberta to eliminate all examinations up to Grade I. It is now the personal duty of the teacher to superintend the children during the noon and play hour, and to stimulate the play the Department is giving a small grant of \$15 to provide playground equipment.

The non-English-speaking people need 500 more teachers. The problem of Canadianizing the foreigner will be solved, said Mr. Smith, when these teachers can be obtained.

## Child Welfare and Public Health.

Mrs. D. R. McIvor, of Cowley, provincial convener of child welfare and public health, stated that ten Institutes had put on child welfare campaigns and had been addressed by Mr. C. Bishop, child welfare secretary. Others had been instrumental in establishing hospitals and boards of health. The Fairview Institute in the Peace River country has succeeded in getting two district nurses with special training in obstetrics. Mrs. McIvor advocated the extension of the Mothers' Pension Act to include deserted mothers, a free domestic science correspondence course—especially dealing with food values—for mothers, the encouragement of the establishment of child welfare stations, the entering of Alberta babies in the Canadian Home Journal Better Baby contest, a health crusade similar to the "Queen Mary's Health Legion," which is a system of giving marks for cleanliness, the stages of progress being marked by the giving of buttons and honor pins. She deprecated the wearing of insufficient and immodest clothing among our girls, and suggested an educational campaign against the present fashions in shoes, owing to their injury to health. She deplored the growing cigarette habit from a health and moral standpoint, and in closing advocated her cordial appreciation of the Alberta Health Department.

## Alberta Leads in Progressive Legislation.

In presenting her report on laws, Mrs. H. V. Montgomery said that, in looking over the year 1919, Alberta leads the whole of Canada in progressive legislation. As instances she cited the Mothers' Allowance Act, the Municipal Hospital Act, the Public Health Nurses Act, amendment to the Venereal Disease Act, the Factory Act, etc. There are a number of Acts up before the present session of the Legislature, inclusive of the creation of scholarship funds of \$1,200 for Canadian students in Paris for the purpose of allowing students or teachers to follow up a post graduate course in that city, only three holding scholarships at the same time. There is an Act before the House now, granting equal parental rights to the mother, who is given the same control over the education, the estate and conduct of the children as the father, and another amendment considering the registering of unmarried mothers and their infants by the persons receiving them for accouchement.

## Household Economics Work.

Miss Bessie MacDermid, provincial convener of Household Economics, advocated that every Institute should give a five-minute period at every meeting to "Good Marketing," which means, not the buying of the cheapest article, but the knowledge of the standard of the article required. This

year the Alberta W.I. demonstrators and a number of W.I. speakers will give demonstration-lectures on "How to Buy Foods." The short course in foods and cookery is planned, also, according to the present economic needs, and the Institutes are taking a strong, material step in a "make your dollars work harder" campaign.

## Miss Noble's Address.

Year by year Institute delegates look forward to Miss Isabel Noble's address for its earnestness, its inspiration and its humor, as Miss Noble has a fund of witty stories which she tells in her own inimitable style. Her first point this year was the beautifying of the home. A beautiful home she defined as one that was arranged with the utmost simplicity, where the principle of elimination and its relation to comfort was involved rather than having everything that money can buy. She dwelt on pictures, emphasizing prints of the old masters instead of enlarged photographs of the family relatives that stared every visitor out of countenance.

Miss Noble again urged the continuance of the \$200.00 scholarship fund.

She reiterated, from last year, her admonishment to Institute members for being tardy, saying it is just as much a sin to steal time as to steal any other thing, and yet most of us do it.

She commended the quiet, simple lives of the wives of our farmer Premiers—Mrs. Drury, of Ontario, and Mrs. Stewart of Alberta, the former being an ardent Institute worker.

She advocated that each Institute take up a course in "Community Civics," and thus become more effective citizens. This would train us to think straight on civic problems, to observe more carefully and understand more clearly our government and arouse in us an interest in our own community affairs.

## Hot Lunch.

And, lastly, Miss Noble advanced a very complete and constructive plan of the installation of the hot lunch in the rural schools. She stated that ninety per cent. of the children in Alberta take their lunches to school, and the usual way of eating this is a real menace to their health and manners. To install this meant co-operation of the teachers, trustees, parents and children. It is necessary first to have an enthusiastic teacher. Miss Noble had gleaned information from one teacher who has successfully carried out this scheme, it being arranged as follows: One family brings milk, another cocoa, another sugar, while she furnishes the potatoes, butter, salt, pepper, flour, soda and canned soups. (The school trustees would be willing in most cases to provide these articles.) At recess the potatoes were put on to bake, the soup heated at noon. When serving, the children marched around the room, got their dishes from the table, marched to the stove, where the teacher served them, and back to their seats, where serviettes had been placed to save the desks. The children brought their own cups, plates and spoons from home. This teacher reports that the children did much better work in the afternoon after the hot lunch, and that the attendance was more regular. She also paid some attention to their manners, this requiring a good deal of tact. The children themselves were most enthusiastic over the idea.

Miss Noble presented the following menu for the hot lunch dish, this menu having been tried out successfully in the schools of Tacoma:

Monday—Tomato soup, cocoa, half pint of milk.

Tuesday—Corn bread, apple sauce and cocoa, half pint of milk.

Wednesday—Vegetable soup, cocoa, half pint of milk.

Thursday—Baked beans, cocoa, half pint of milk.

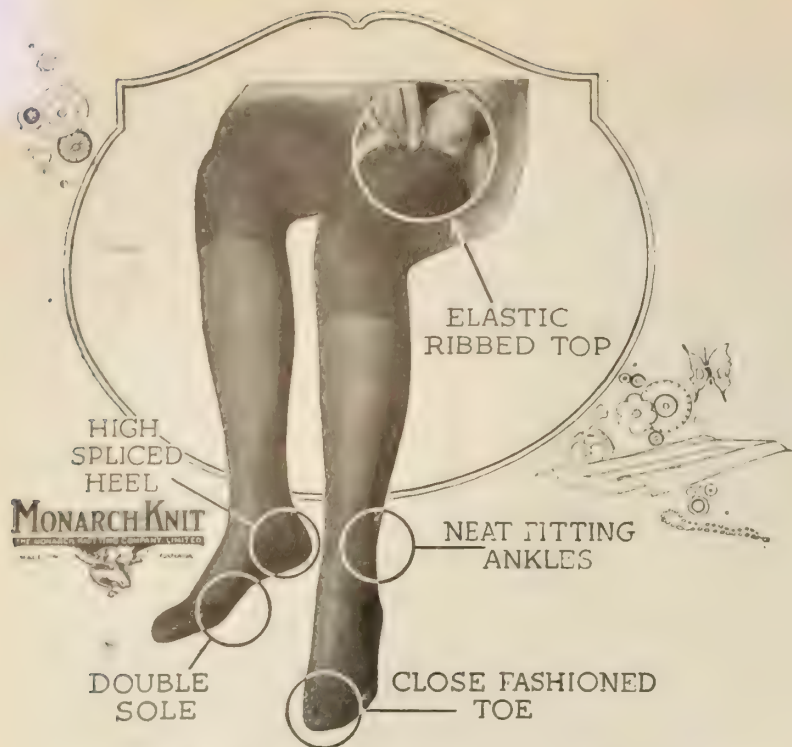
Friday—Celery soup, cocoa, half pint of milk.

Each of these dishes cost five cents. With the soup is given a cracker, with the cocoa a cookie, and a straw with the sealed half pint of milk, so that it can be drunk slowly.

## Linking Up With the Federation.

There was a distinctive move in the convention of linking up and backing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)



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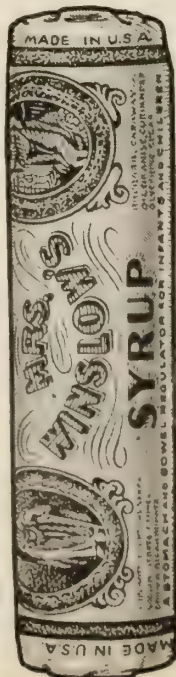
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# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

the national federation. This was done through the various conveners in their report through Mrs. J. N. Beaubier, one of Alberta's directors on the national executive, who gave a clear and concise account of the national federation, but most of all through the address of Mrs. Arthur Murphy, the national president. Mrs. Murphy appealed for the support of the delegates in carrying out the national policies, such as health education, etc. She said the National would like to be able to send Mrs. Morgan to every province in the Dominion, but their first difficulty was lack of funds, and she asked for \$5,000.00 from Alberta to help push Institute work through its greatest medium, the national federation. Before the convention was complete, donations for this purpose were handed in to the provincial secretary, Mrs. A. H. Rodgers. In closing, Mrs. Murphy said that the National Federation of the Institutes generally had no quarrel with any organization, and it required no insight to see the value of a national organization, bonded together by the most sacred and powerful of all ties—Home and Country.

### Other Speakers at the Convention.

This was not a convention of outside speakers, such as that of last year, the only outside woman speaker being Mrs. L. C. McKinney, M.L.A., who gave a fine address on "The Present Tense of the Woman Question."

Greetings were brought from the Edmonton Women's Institute by the president, Mrs. Nellie McClung; the Edmonton Local Council of Women, by Mrs. Forbes Reid, and an address of welcome was given by Mayor Clark, of Edmonton, which was replied to by Mrs. M. E. Roy, Chauvin. Addresses were delivered by His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Brett, Premier Stewart, Mr. James Ramsay, M.L.A. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Duncan Marshall, owing to illness, was unable to fill his part on the programme.

The entertainment feature of the convention was not overlooked, this consisting of an organ recital given by Mr. Herbert Wild, A.R.C.O., vocal solos by Mrs. Cockburn, pianoforte solos by Miss Eva Blasdel, A.T.C.M., while an amateur play, "A Snug Little Kingdom," was put on by the Forbes Robertson Amateur Dramatic Society under the direction of Ethel Reese Burns, who gave a list of suitable amateur plays and a talk on the details of the presentation of these. A reception at Government House concluded a very successful convention.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Miss Isabel Noble, Daysland; first vice-president, Mrs. W. H. Fleming, Alliance; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. H. Rodgers, Ft. Saskatchewan; district directors, No. 1, northern, Mrs. Jas. Boyd, Van-rena; No. 2, northern, Mrs. C. A. Gates, Stoney Plain; central district, Mrs. A. A. Townes, Coronation; and southern district, Mrs. F. Hughes, Cavendish. Conveners of standing committees for the year are: Education, Mrs. Aylesworth, Olds; public health and child welfare, Mrs. D. R. McIvor, Cowley; publicity, Mrs. J. F. Price, Calgary; household economics, Miss Bessie McDermid; immigration, Mrs. W. Barss, Delia; laws, Mrs. H. Y. Montgomery, Wetaskiwin. Constituency conveners are: Peace River, Mrs. T. A. Norris; Pembina, Mrs. R. Wheatley, Westlock; Lac Ste. Anne, Mrs. Crafts, Onaway; Edson, Mrs. J. K. Taylor, Mahaska; Grouard, Mrs. Brown, High Prairie; St. Albert, Mrs. J. Armstrong, St. Albert; Vegreville, Miss Agnes Goodall, Tofield; Victoria, Mrs. Wilmerroth, Ft. Saskatchewan; Vermilion, Mrs. J. Marsh, Innisfail; Stoney Plain, Miss Gobeille, Winterburn; Edmonton, Mrs. Allen H. Edwards, Edmonton; Red Deer, Mrs. John Houghton, Red Deer; Wetaskiwin, Mrs. H. V. Montgomery, Wetaskiwin; Camrose, Mrs. F. A. Brandt, Camrose; Innisfail, Mrs. P. F. Hepburn, Elnora; Coronation, Mrs. J. D. Robinson, Altario; Lacombe, Mrs. A. O. Rainforth, Clive; Olds, Mrs. F. Aylesworth, Olds; Ribstone, Mrs. D. Glockzin; Didsbury, Mrs. Parker, Westlock; Hand Hills, Mrs. Barss, Delia; Sedgewick, Mrs. W. Huick, Strome; Stettler, Mrs. Francis Hollingshead, Red Willow; Wainwright, Mrs. D. W. Parcels, Chauvin; Leduc,

Mrs. A. E. Kane, Conjuring Creek; Okotoks, Mrs. P. S. Idlington; Gleichen, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Strathmore; Taber, Mrs. A. C. Greenway, Raymond; Medicine Hat, Mrs. I. D. Ludke, Bow Island; Pincher Creek, Mrs. D. R. McIvor, Cowley; Cardston, Miss L. Hall, MacGrath; Bow Valley, Mrs. J. E. Nelson, Brock; Cochrane, Mrs. W. Fairdrie; Redcliffe, Mrs. J. H. England, Bindloss; Warner, Mrs. L. B. Carmine, New Dayton; Little Bow, Mrs. J. N. Beaubier, Champion.

### MANITOBA INSTITUTES' PROGRESS DURING PAST YEAR.

By Elizabeth Bailey Price.

The annual report of Mr. S. T. Newton, superintendent of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, tells in a very concise statement the story of this work for 1919. He has culled the news items of the work of each branch, and the news items mean that they are slogans of the branches. These he has grouped, and in a very short space the splendid work of the Manitoba Women's Institutes is emphatically chronicled.

"The year of 1919 has been a difficult one for the Women's Institutes of Manitoba," says Mr. Newton, "owing to the Spanish influenza epidemic, the strike and the reaction of the war, but the number of Women's Institute branches has grown from 112 to 127."

This may seem a small number in comparison with the other cities, but Mr. Newton believes in the principle of having every Institute a strong one, rather than a great many branches, with the chances of some of them dying, as is very often the case. Then the province of Manitoba has a different distribution of its population than the other provinces, more than half of it being in the city of Winnipeg—and Women's Institutes are primarily rural organizations.

### Institutes Still Do War Work.

As is the case in other provinces, Manitoba Institutes have given more time to community work rather than patriotic, this latter work being used in its relation to war. However, a number of branches have continued still to raise money for patriotic purposes. These include: Ashern, Austin, Belmont, Benito, Beresford, Bird's Hill, Brandon, Boissevain, Clearwater, Darlingford, Dauphin, Delta, Deloraine, Dominion City, Dugald, Durban, Eden, Edrans, Ethelbert, Emerson, Elva, Ellenville, Elkhorn, Flee Island, Gimli, Hartney, Lenore, Lidstone, Lundar, Lyleton, La Riviere, Moline, Macdonald, Mill Creek, Minnedosa, Oakburn, Oak Bluff, Pilot Mound, Reston, Rivers, Roland, Rockwood, Rosser, Selkirk, Souris, Shellmouth, Valley River and Whitewater. In addition to these, the following towns have contributed to the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg: Belmont, Brandon, Burnside, Delta, Dominion City, Elkhorn, Foxwarren, Gimli, Kenton, Lenore, Lidstone, Mayfeld, Neepawa, Oakburn, Roland, Moline, Killarney, Shellmouth, Souris, Swan River and Whitewater. Oakburn, Roland, Treherne, Austin and Holland have adopted French war orphans.

### Helping Needy in Community.

Charleswood, Arizona, Deloraine, Bird's Hill, Ethelbert, Macdonald, Mayfeld and Valley River have assisted needy persons in their own community.

Basswood, Deloraine and Ellenville have sent boxes of clothing to the drought-stricken regions farther west.

Bird's Hill, Beresford, Birtle, Dominion City, Durban, Deloraine, Edrans, Foxwarren, Gilbert Plains, Gladstone, Kenton, Melita, Minnedosa, Mill Creek, Miniota, Petersfield, Sols-girth, Virden, Rivers, Winnipegosis, have libraries, either their own or a travelling library. These do not include the travelling libraries which, with the beginning of 1920, the Extension Service has secured, to loan to the rural communities requesting them.

Bird's Hill, Birtle, Brandon, Boissevain, Burnside, Deloraine, Dauphin, Binscarth, Emerson, Gladstone, Flee Island, Killarney, Lundar, Lyleton, Foxwarren, Macdonald, Melita, Minnedosa, Pilot Mound, Portage la Prairie, Reston, Rivers, Souris, Elkhorn, Swan River, Kenton, Valley River and Virden have either a rest room or a



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Manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats for Men, Women and Children; also Monarch-Knit Hosiery for Men and Women and Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns

# Carhartt Overalls



YOU can rely on Carhartt Overalls, Made in America, to please the menfolk and give you full value for your money. For example, some overalls have the double seams only where they are seen—my Carhartt Overalls are double seamed throughout. Some manufacturers use "Seconds" and "job-lot" fabrics; I use first-grade denim and khaki entirely. Most overall suspenders cannot slip off the shoulders nor get separated in the wash. My overalls are made in generous sizes, with plenty of room for free action. They have all the comfort devices a man requires in overalls—and the price is reasonable. Each pair carries my unqualified guarantee.

Hamilton Carhartt

HAMILTON CARHARTT  
COTTON MILLS, Limited  
Toronto Montreal  
Winnipeg Vancouver  
Manufacturers of Men's Overalls and Work Gloves and Carhartt Allovers for men and boys



TRADE MARK

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



# Canadian Women's Institutes

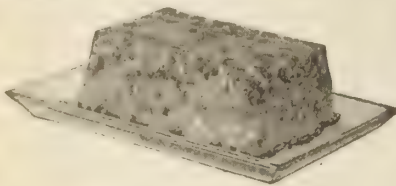
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### Dishes That Men Like

WE ARE always looking for dishes that will please the masculine taste—dishes which, once eaten, often reappear "by special request." In these Perfection Salad and Snow Pudding recipes you will find such dishes, for they have won universal favor with the men wherever they have been served—and I know they have been favorites in my own home for years.

Not only will the masculine members of your family appreciate these dishes but you will like them too, because they are easy to make and may be made with syrup in place of sugar, when that precious article is scarce or is impossible to get.



### PERFECTION SALAD

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine | 1/2 cup sugar or 1/2 cupful of syrup                        |
| 1/2 cup cold water                 | 1 teaspoonful salt  |
| 1/2 cup mild vinegar               | 1 cup cabbage, finely shredded                              |
| 2 cups boiling water               | 1/4 can sweet red small peppers or fresh peppers finely cut |
| 2 cups celery, cut small           |   |
| 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice       |   |

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes.

In my recipes no special molds are required;—any vegetable, china or glass dish will mold them nicely.

NOTE: Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe and you have a delicious fruit salad.

### SNOW PUDDING

- |                                      |                                   |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1/2 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine | 3/4 cup sugar or 3/4 cup of syrup |
| 1/4 cup cold water                   | 1/4 cup lemon juice               |
| 1 cup boiling water                  | Whites of 2 eggs                  |

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish or put in mold. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

NOTE: When syrup is used in these recipes in place of sugar omit 1/4 cupful of boiling water from the quantity given in the recipe.

### WHAT "4 to 1" MEANS

My gelatine is preferred by home-makers because of its economy. One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different salads or desserts for four luncheons or dinners, while the ready-prepared packages will do for only one meal. That is why experts have been calling Knox the "4 to 1" Gelatine—it lasts four times as long, goes four times as far, and serves four times as many people as the ready prepared packages.

### Special Home Service

There are many other ideas and "dishes that men like" and women, too, in my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing a 2c stamp, and mention your grocer's name.

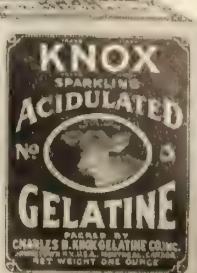
MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

Dept. G., 180 St. Paul St. West, MONTREAL.



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"



This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the home housewife.

share in a community building, which they may use for rest room purposes.

The following financial statement for 1919, from the Birtle Rest Room, may contain a few suggestions for other communities of a similar size:

### Receipts

|                                     |          |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| Balance on hand                     | \$ 70.51 |
| Proceeds of 10-cent (Saturday) teas | 255.50   |
| Donations                           | 19.55    |
|                                     | \$345.56 |

### Disbursements

|                 |          |
|-----------------|----------|
| Rent and gas    | \$135.00 |
| Matron's salary | 135.00   |
| Firewood        | 6.00     |
| Sundries        | 28.20    |
| Balance on hand | 41.36    |
|                 | \$345.56 |

Basswood, Belmont, Birtle, Darlingford, Crandall, Coulter, Dauphin, Edrans, Foxwarren, Holland, Kenton, Hamiota, Lundar, Lenore, La Riviere, Neepawa, Pipestone, Roland, Selkirk, Sifton, Oak Bluff helped with the work of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

Deloraine, Durban, Beresford, Basswood and Edrans have endeavored to help in providing some form of community amusement, such as the building of a rink.

Ellenville, Birtle and Minnedosa have assisted the local hospital.

Dauphin, Darlingford, Dominion City, Elkhorn, Morris, Medora and Reston have improved the local cemeteries.

Austin, Benito, Kenton, Lyleton, Selkirk and Valley River have assisted with some other form of local improvement.

Burnside, Crandall, Coulter, Deloraine, Ellenville, Lenore, Graysville, Petersfield and Moore Park have helped to serve hot lunches to the school children who are unable to eat the noon meal at home.

The following societies have either secured a district nurse or are actively endeavoring to do so: Deloraine, Belmont, Arizona, Benito, Basswood, Charleswood, Delta, Dauphin, Elkhorn, Medora, Minnedosa, Neepawa, Pilot Mound, Roblin and Virden.

Pilot Mound, Souris, Burnside and Deloraine have sent help to the teachers of New Canadian schools.

During the year, twelve very successful and inspiring district conventions were held, in spite of the difficulties caused by the strike.

### NEWS NOTES FROM THE MANITOBA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

The Belmont Women's Institute is making an earnest effort to secure the services of a district nurse. They served a lunch, which contributed very materially to the success of the Seed Grain Fair. They have donated \$25.00 to the Children's Home, but are not neglecting the needy in their own locality.

Birtle raised over \$600.00 since January 1st, which has cleared the local hospital of debt.

The January meeting of the Brandon Institute was particularly interesting. Hon. Dr. Thornton, Minister of Education, gave a very fine address on the "New Canadian." He offered many valuable suggestions as to ways in which the women of this province may help to solve this important problem.

The Decker Institute has purchased a piano, and paid for electric wiring for the fine new Memorial Community Hall, recently elected in the village.

The Dugald Institute sent a bale of clothing and \$25.00 to a destitute family in the drought-stricken area in Saskatchewan.

Ellenville Institute has been busy doing necessary sewing for the Hamiota Hospital.

The women of Isabella feel that one of the duties of mothers is to provide wholesome amusement for the young people. So, during the coming summer, they will build a curling and skating rink, to be ready next fall.

The Killarney ladies are making a special effort to make the war brides feel at home in the community.

The McAuley Institute sent clothing and money to Saskatchewan.

The Neepawa Institute is endeavoring to further the development of music in their town.

The Women's Institute of Plum Coulee is making garments for the Children's Aid of Winnipeg.

The Rockwood Institute sent \$10.00 to the Children's Aid, and also assisted some needy persons at home.

The Virden Institute is co-operating with a former secretary of their Institute, Mrs. Burge, who is now teaching in one of the New Canadian schools, "Vimy Ridge," up in the Duck Mountain region, north of Ethelbert. They have raised money to procure a coal-oil stove for hot lunches; have sent large framed pictures of the King and Queen, several sacks of clothing, shoes and stockings, thus enabling many children to attend who otherwise would have been unable to do so. They donated \$10.00 toward purchasing a piano for the G.W.V. Club Room, and \$10.00 to the Virden Collegiate Literary Society, to help promote a fund for elocutionary contests among advanced pupils. Several sacks of clothing and shoes were sent to poor families in the Ste. Rose district.

### ONTARIO REPORTS.

#### A Story Hour at Meaford.

Not so very long ago the Women's Institutes at Meaford presented the Public Library Board with \$250 and the Board expressed their appreciation by appointing two members of the Women's Institute as members of the Library Board for 1920, giving them charge of selecting books for girls and juveniles, so the ladies have started a Children's Story Hour each Saturday afternoon from two to three o'clock. The teachers of the public school and some of the Women's Institute members are assisting with this story hour and the children are delighted.

#### A COMMUNITY INSTITUTE.

The following clipping which has been taken from a local newspaper, tells some interesting news about the Clarkson Institute.

Tangible evidence of the efforts of the Women's Institute members of Clarkson on behalf of their community are to be found in the hot school lunch which has been served to the school children since the beginning of February, and the lending library opened in a room above one of the main stores, just before the beginning of the year.

Between thirty and forty children, many of whom have come miles to school, have been daily benefited by the hot soup or cocoa prepared by the supervisor engaged by the Institute branch, who remains during the noon recess.

While the Institute was responsible for the first steps taken towards its establishment, the library has been taken over by the municipality, members of the Women's organization, however, giving help from time to time with the distribution of the books.

#### A NEIGHBORLY INSTITUTE.

A report which comes from the Dundas Institute, says:

"At the last meeting of the Dundas Women's Institute, it was decided to make an effort to get in touch with anyone wishing domestic employment of any kind, as well as sewing, mending, etc., or to help where there is sickness. Also those with spare time who would be willing to relieve a mother for an afternoon or evening, not necessarily to work, but to take charge and be responsible. There will be a register at the Public Library, where those needing assistance and those who can give assistance, may call and register. No fee will be charged."

#### A Note of Appreciation from Timiskaming.

Mrs. H. Willet, Cochrane, who has been doing district nursing in Timiskaming under the auspices of the Women's Institute Branch writes as follows under date of March 10th. The letter which she encloses, a copy of which is given, will be read with pleasure by any of the Institutes who forwarded clothing to the Timiskaming District during the winter:

I have been busy for the past three weeks in superintending an Emergency Hospital for the Influenza Epidemic in Cochrane, but we were able to close down a few days ago.

There has been a good deal of sickness among the settlers, we have had calls almost every day to visit homes where it is almost impossible to get a doctor, and the women do appreciate the advice and help given them by the Department.

I enclose a letter from a settler, who received a bale of the clothing sent to Miss Higgins from a Southern Ontario Institute Branch. We had a little girl from this home operated on for diseased tonsils and adenoids, and were able to arrange for free hospital treatment and surgery. I send on the letter as a sample of a number of similar ones we have received. (The letter follows:)

"I am writing you a few lines to tell you how pleased I was for all the good clothing you sent me. It will save me a lot of buying. With such a lot of children it requires more than we can buy when there is just the one to earn money for the lot. I must thank you most heartily for that great gift. The little girl's operation was successful and she is improving every day."

The Shelburne Council appreciates the value of a rest room and at the request of the Women's Institutes, has renovated the room used for the purpose.

Stoney Creek Institute made a grant to the Public School for Manual Training and Domestic Science.

The members of the Newmarket Institute spent a happy evening with their husbands and friends recently. A very interesting programme was arranged by the gentlemen.

The Kent Bridge Branch held a successful entertainment, the proceeds of which went to the Armenian Fund. This amount, with a previous offering, makes a gift of \$90 for the fund from this branch.

A rest room has recently been established by the Institute at Grimsby, to be open two days a week for the convenience of the ladies of the surrounding community.

At the March meeting of the Galt Institute, plans were made to contribute to the diet kitchen, which is to be presented to the hospital by the surrounding Institutes. The Galt Branch is also planning to hold a street fair. At the roll call, at a recent meeting, each member present responded with a dollar, which she had been asked to earn, and told how it had been earned.

The Women's Institute at Maynard is planning the erection of a Soldiers' Memorial in the local cemetery.

The Devlin Branch will offer a special prize for the best collection of canned vegetables at the Emo fall fair.

### CLAVET, SASKATCHEWAN, SENDS GOOD REPORT.

The display of crocheting and embroidery, home baking and canning attracted much attention at the joint meeting of the Clavet Homemakers' Club and the Grain Growers on the occasion of their annual Seed Fair.

Prizes were awarded to the different entries, as well as to the school children for the best work in their classes. The pupils furnished a concert, a novel feature of which was the awarding of prizes for the best platform work.

### QUEBEC HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS NOTES.

Reports from the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs show that their members are carrying on their programmes with their usual enthusiasm.

Howick Club held its annual business meeting in March and decided that, as their members were scattered over a considerable extent of territory, it would help the work to have a head for each locality. As a result, five vice-presidents were elected for the ensuing year. The Club is especially interested in the improvement of schools, and voted to again assist with the annual school fair. Papers on "Beautifying the Home" and "Child Welfare" were read and discussed.

Orford Club has been interested for some time in supplying milk at the Central School, where a small milk-distributing station is being successfully operated. Plans for a sugar party were discussed and arranged.

Bury Club at a recent meeting voted a second sum of \$25.00 to the local School Board for improving school grounds, and also appointed a committee to canvass for a cemetery fund for the general upkeep of the cemetery.

Lennoxville Club co-operated with the Farmers' Club of that district in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)



*Mercury*

Fashioned  
Hose shaped in  
the knitting with-  
out seams insures  
style comfort and  
durability





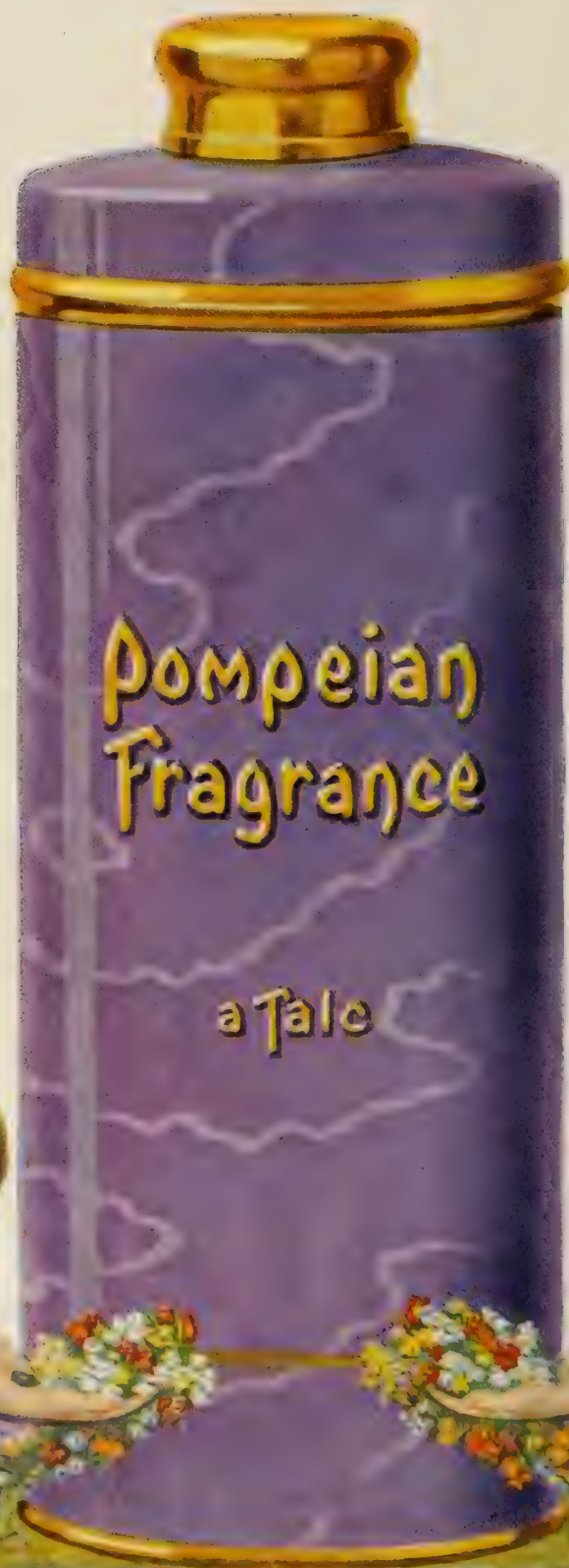
# Pompeian Fragrance

a Talc

*"Its Fragrance Brings You Instant Charm"*

A SINGLE whiff of the dainty perfume of the new Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum) converts you to its subtle charm. A dash of this downy powder will fall gratefully on your heated skin and add a new comfort to being well dressed.

*At all toilet  
counters, 30c*



THERE are several times a day when an active person can wisely use a dash of Pompeian Fragrance. Its cool and refreshing touch will absorb the excess moisture and lend to your person the attraction of a new and compelling charm.

THE POMPEIAN CO.  
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada



# Evelina: the History of Her Heart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

can't argue—at least he never does."

"That's it," said mother placidly. "Have you never noticed how convincing that kind of person is?"

I had not noticed it, and said so. "Besides," I added, "no amount of argument could convince Henrietta since she is already convinced. No, mother, I'm afraid the real reason is more personal."

"Personal?" Mother looked up from her knitting in a puzzled way.

"I don't wish to worry you, dear," I said, "but I'm afraid that Henrietta does not like Uncle Jack. In fact, I'm beginning to fear that she dislikes him very much."

Mother looked so surprised that it was easy to see she had never thought of that.

"She does her best to hide it, of course," I explained. "But more than once I have noticed that she does not run into his society and seems silent and unlike herself when he joins us. Only the other day we were going for a walk when he caught up to us and suddenly she discovered that she hadn't time to walk but must go right back to St. Hilliar's. Not that it did her any good, owing to Uncle Jack's thick-headedness. He simply turned around and walked back with her."

"What day was that?" asked mother thoughtfully.

"Last Tuesday."

"Ah—yes. That was the day Jack was so late for tea. His appetite was poor too."

"Serves him right!" I declared. "No doubt Henrietta had to snub him severely. He simply can't see when he isn't wanted."

Mother picked up her sock again.

"Just let them alone, Lina," said she, in her placid way. "Don't worry."

But how can I help worrying? For if Henrietta simply can't stand Uncle Jack—he will have to go. His eyes are almost better now anyway.

A WEEK later.

I hate to bother mother again, but I'll have to, if this goes on. There is no sign of Uncle Jack returning to Toronto yet. And if he cannot see the advisability of such a step it is time someone suggested it to him. Mother won't want to do it, I'm afraid. She is absurdly fond of Uncle Jack, just because he is her brother. I like him myself, although I get impatient with his stupidity. But I can't have Henrietta upset in this way.

I think he ought to consider Henrietta first.

The trouble is that mother may be prejudiced by her family tie and her somewhat restricted viewpoint. Fond as she is of Henrietta, she does not get her in quite the right perspective. She does not seem quite to understand what an important person she is, how outstanding, how absolutely unique! Henrietta would be impossible to replace. There are dozens and hundreds of men like Uncle Jack, but only one woman like Henrietta. All our set agree about this. Except Katherine Ripley. I feel quite sad about Katherine. She seems to have no serious inner nature. She is all froth. She calls our pioneer women "Silly old frumps," because they have little time or thought for changing fashions. And then, just to show her inconsistency, she criticizes Henrietta because she always dresses so smartly and wears such dinky hats.

"What on earth do you want her to do?" I asked in exasperation.

"I want her to hurry up and make her selection and give some of the rest of us a chance!" said Katherine.

"Hats?" I asked.

"Men," said Katherine.

I walked away and left her. She is really too silly. Why anyone can see that Henrietta never looks at a man—except in politeness. Being a lady she can't turn her back on every male person who speaks to her.

For my own part I think that if men like to talk to her it is a hopeful sign—men must be educated as well as women. They are frightfully benighted. Every woman should help a little. Harold-next-door is home. I have been thinking that I might begin with him. It will be an awful bore, but I am no shirker.

I WAS interrupted here by Harold calling up to the window and wanting to know when I could go canoeing. I remembered my duty to the cause and said I would go tomorrow.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

But what I set out to say was that Henrietta's distaste for Uncle Jack's society is growing. She seldom comes to our house now. Even my assurance that I will never leave her alone with him for five minutes has had no effect. She finds some excuse nearly every time I ask her down.

And, in spite of this pointed avoidance, Uncle Jack continues to force his company upon her. He meets her when she goes for walks. He calls upon her at St. Hilliar's. The girls notice it. I have seen them giggle. It must cause Henrietta acute discomfort. She is so sensitive. If it goes on I shan't be surprised if she were suddenly to leave town.

But I am determined—if one of them has to go, it will not be Henrietta. I fear that speaking to mother will be of no use. If necessary, I must appeal to Uncle Jack himself. I am sure that he has the instincts of a gentleman.

TWO days later.

I have been educating Harold. It's rather fun. Not half so boring as I feared. It's easier too. Harold has quite a good head. He agrees with almost everything I say. When I explained to him how wretchedly women have been treated all down the ages, citing some special instances, he got quite excited and declared that the men who had done things like that were "horrid cads" and "mean old geezers." He agrees with me that woman is man's equal and much more. In fact he thinks women are "the whole cheese." It's slang, I know, but the meaning is clear.

I went for the canoe ride as I had promised and we had a perfectly lovely time. I mean it was very helpful. We did not talk about woman exclusively because I had already said almost all that is really important. It does not take long unless someone is stupid enough to contradict. Harold was very reasonable, only I almost wished he wouldn't say "what you say goes" with quite so much stress on the pronoun.

I shall tell Henrietta about it, and especially I shall prove to her how wrong she was about marriage being an embarrassing topic between friends. I explained my views quite frankly to Harold, and if anyone was embarrassed it was not I.

I dealt with the subject largely from the economic standpoint. "Harold," I said, "when you marry do you expect a wife or a housekeeper?"

He got so red and looked so silly that I answered for him. "Of course you'll say you want a wife—they all do. But let me ask you a question—Who is going to keep house?"

He murmured something about, "Perhaps mother would!" Such an absurdity! It just shows how men continually miss the point of an argument.

"You see," I explained to him as kindly as I could, "your wife has to be your housekeeper. Now the thing to do is to acknowledge this fact and put the matter on a business basis. A wife doesn't draw a salary, a housekeeper does. By recognizing this simple fact the wife becomes self-supporting—and one of the most fertile causes of friction in the home is tactfully removed."

Harold fanned himself with his cap. He looked puzzled.

"But," he said, "most fellows give their wives everything anyway."

"In other words, they do not give her anything at all. Surely that is plain?"

Plain as it was, Harold couldn't see it, so I put it another way. "The whole thing is in the principle," I insisted, "and the principle is division. So much for the wife as an independent individual. So much for the husband on the same basis."

"But who pays the bills?" asked Harold, thoughtfully.

"Don't be stupid! There must also be a house appropriation independent of each."

He looked terribly downcast at this. "Can't be done, Lina," he said. "The oof wouldn't stretch."

I was still patient.

"There will be exactly the same amount of oof, as you call it, as under the old system. For of course the wife wouldn't want to stick her share in a bank, and naturally the husband would put his share where it was most needed. He would probably leave the placing of it to his wife."



## Forty—the Dangerous Age for Men

IT is then that the dread Pyorrhea is most likely to get established in the mouth. It is then that long-continued dental neglect tells.

Pyorrhea—which afflicts four out of five people over forty—begins with nothing more alarming than tender and bleeding gums. But as this insidious disease progresses, the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fallout, or must be extracted to free the system of the poisonous Pyorrhea germs that lodge in little pockets around them.

It is to the infection of these deadly germs that medical science has traced many of the ills of middle age—weakened vital organs, nervous disorders, rheumatism, anaemia, and other serious ailments.

End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or

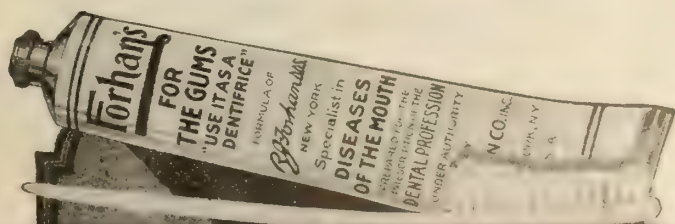
check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

### How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U. S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



**Forhan's**  
FOR THE GUMS  
Checks Pyorrhea



# SHER-WILL-LAC



## For Staining and Varnishing in One Operation

SHER-WILL-LAC is a Sherwin-Williams product, a transparent Stain and Varnish, one coat of which will restore the original finish on doors, floors, furniture and interior woodwork of every description.

Sher-Will-Lac reproduces on inexpensive woods a real representation of any finished hard wood.

Anybody can apply Sher-Will-Lac. No special skill is needed. It dries hard overnight and gives a tough waterproof and heat-proof surface that will not crack, scale or wash away. Made in the following attractive shades:

|                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| CHERRY         | GREEN      |
| ROSEWOOD       | WALNUT     |
| LIGHT OAK      | GROUND     |
| DARK OAK       | EBONY      |
| GOLDEN OAK     | DULL BLACK |
| LIGHT MAHOGANY | NATURAL    |
| DARK MAHOGANY  |            |

and put up in quarter pints, half pints, pints, quarts, half gallons and gallons all full imperial measure.

Your Sherwin-Williams dealer will aid you in your color selection.

"Save the surface and  
you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.**  
of Canada, Limited.

PAINT, VARNISH & COLOR MAKERS  
LINSEED OIL CRUSHERS

FACTORIES: MONTREAL TORONTO, WINNIPEG, LONDON, ENG

5

## Canadian Home Journal. Babes in the Woods

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

no opportunity to hear it. So also lecturers and other entertainers have come to make the evening around the camp fire a joy to be remembered forever.

### Some of the Streets of Paradise.

THERE are over one hundred and fifty miles of fine trails used for fire protection in the park. Other pedestrian trails have been developed. In order to keep the children from the main highways and that their walks be not the aimless ones so common to city children, trails have been marked with unobtrusive signs indicating in simple language the natural history resources of the trail. Experienced leaders take groups of children over these trails, indicate the types of trees, identify birds, their habits, nesting places, songs, etc.; climb to dizzying heights, and gaze with their little sad eyes on beauties never before seen and never to be forgotten. The physical invigoration, the spiritual exaltation all leave on the child who has never before known these things an impression which stirs the sluggish ambitions out of the rut of their uninspiring and barren city wretchedness.

### Others Live in Paradise.

OF course it is not only the orphan or the crippled child or those who come from homes of poverty who live in the camps. There is a large and increasing number of people who are self-supporting, self-respecting citizens whose budgets make it impossible for them to enjoy the inspiring and invigorating summer in the woods and for those who have little or no opportunity in this way to commune with nature, the commission has with the aid of various organizations, such as social settlements, the Y.W.C.A., etc., established camps where for a moderate sum of money, five or six dollars a week, a working girl may come and have all that is sold for twenty-five or thirty-five dollars per week in a commercial girls' camp.

In the same way a daily population of 1,600 boy scouts attests to the call that the woods make to boy life. All the mysteries of the lake and the woods, the character developing, self-reliant programme gives in this indirect way to the State, a healthier boy who as a citizen is better fitted to meet the increasingly trying demands of citizenship.

### Fires of Paradise.

IT is always difficult to picture adequately what our little waif feels when he is whisked as though he were on the proverbial magic carpet from the sordid environment of the city streets to the exalting contact of the glorious outdoor. It is here that life companionships are formed, and the impressionistic mind of the child receives attitudes, ideas and impressions which will always stay with him. The kindly leader has as his sole aim the happiness of the child and in his loving care may safely be entrusted the destiny of the child for the brief period he is here.

### A Thought For Canadians.

THE interesting thing about this whole development is that you and I, as citizens of the Province, might be stockholders in such an enterprise. All of the wonderful possibilities as revealed in the development described in this article, or at least a major portion of them, can be worked out. It is not necessary that a park of the size of the Palisades Park be secured for such a project. There are ample opportunities in Canadian parks to work out some of the principles which have resulted in such a wide public service. Among these may be noted:

- (1) That it is desirable that such developments be within a reasonable distance of communities.
- (2) That the transportation charge be within the reach of the poor.
- (3) That no concessions be granted to private individuals or corporations to operate the facilities intended to aid the public in the enjoyment of its park. These facilities, such as restaurants, boats, transportation, etc., should be operated by the authorities, in order to remove the private motive.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)

The  
CANDY  
Cathartic



The Whole  
Family says:  
"FINE"

**Cascarets**  
PLEASANT LAXATIVE  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

## KEEN'S OXFORD BLUE

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# Evelina: the History of Her Heart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

"Oh," said Harold, "I see now. Say Lina, what a little old company promoter was lost when they gave you long hair! Same old proposition, but you make it sound like the minute before last."

"It's not the same," I protested. "The principle is entirely different." Yet do what I could, I could not succeed in making him see the great, the essential difference. Yet there are those who contend that man's mind is more logical than woman's!

A WEEK later.

I have spoken to Uncle Jack. My idea of going to him instead of to mother was a wise one I think.

"Getting fed up with the poor blind uncle, are you, Lina?" he asked—although I had been very careful to begin simply by saying how glad I was that his eyes were quite better and that he would soon be at work again.

I thought it best to be quite frank. "I am not at all 'fed up' with you, Uncle Jack," I said, "and perhaps other people would have better appetite for your company if you did not give them so much of it."

Uncle Jack whistled. But I went right on. "People do not like to be simply followed about all the time."

"You surprise me!" said Uncle Jack. "What people do I so simply follow, and where do we go?"

I decided to be franker still.

"You refuse to leave Henrietta alone."

"On the contrary, I could refuse Henrietta nothing."

"Don't try to be smart. And be careful how you call her Henrietta. She might hear you. Uncle Jack, I am in earnest. This can't go on. It's got to stop."

"Tut, tut, child! Don't be redundant."

For the moment I could not think what redundant meant, but I wasn't going to let him confuse the issue.

"If you don't go, she will," I told him bluntly.

This seemed to startle him.

"Really?" he said, but his voice was not as careless as he tried to make it. "Look here, Niece Lina," he went on, "do you say honestly, plainly and without malicious intent, that you believe this state of things to be the case?"

I nodded.

"You are convinced that Henri— that Miss Robson finds my continued presence in this town distasteful? That she—that she doesn't—er—like me?"

It sounded as if he were really surprised at the possibility.

"I should think you could see it for yourself, Uncle Jack."

He was silent for a moment, and then "Bad eyes, you know! Yet, as you say, I ought to have seen it if it's there to see. I don't pretend to understand women—still there should be an instinct, or something. Lina, I will admit you worry me."

I said I had spoken only for his good.

"Certainly, certainly—that's always understood. But I'd like to know on what you base your assertions? Has Miss Robson ever intimated anything of this kind to you?"

"Certainly not; we do not discuss you."

"Then how do you know?"

"By instinct, as you say yourself."

He looked at me in that considering manner which I cannot say I quite enjoy.

"How old are you, Lina?" he asked. "Nineteen, isn't it?"

Then for some unknown reason he looked more cheerful.

"My age has nothing whatever to do with it, and I refuse to be silenced in that way. Something has got to be done!"

"Right!" cried Uncle Jack, so suddenly and so loudly that I jumped. "Something must be done and at once. Wish me luck, Niece Lina, for I go to do it."

Poor Uncle Jack! Well, I tried to save him!

But Henrietta will not be harsh. She is not likely to forget that he is my uncle!

TWO days later.

I have tried to write the end of this episode several times.

Then I decided not to write it at all.

Then I felt that I must write it, if only as a discipline—and as a warning to myself in later years, lest I should ever again be tempted to believe in woman!

But I will spare myself. I will write it in as few words as possible.

Henrietta Robson and Uncle Jack are engaged!

I had brought Katherine Ripley home to tea and as we passed the door of the summer house we saw them.

He was holding her hand.

The shock was so great I hardly took it in.

"He is holding her hand," I said in a dull voice to Katherine.

"He has been doing lots more than that!" said Katherine in a gurgling whisper. "Look at her hair."

I looked at her hair. It was coming down. There was a little curl loose over her right ear.

"S-shish!" whispered Katherine, pinching me. "He's going to do it again."

And then, while we stood there paralyzed, too stunned to move—he kissed her!

Katherine sighed.

"It's rather nice, isn't it?" she said. "Here, let's get out."

We got back to the house somehow—I don't know how.

"I knew she'd take him," said Katherine. "He's really quite a good match, you know, and he has a certain air. You'll be bridesmaid, Lina, and your frock ought to run to something quite swell. There'll be the bridesmaid's gift too—see that you make him choose it early while he's too happy to think. I'd wear green if I were you—Nile green. It looks so cool, and you can stand it all right if you wear enough powder. Aren't you sorry you've let yourself get so tanned?"

She said a great deal more. I don't remember it. I was lost in the bitterness of my disillusion. But I may say right here that I do not need powder in order to wear Nile green and I am not tanned—at least only enough to be rather fetching. When Katherine Ripley tans she looks like an Indian.

"Here they come. Let's throw rice at them!" said Katherine. And she ran off to ask mother for the rice.

I went upstairs to my room.

Presently mother came up after me. She pretended that she came for some hairpins: mother is so transparent.

"You mustn't be jealous, Lina," she said. "Can you lend me a bone hairpin?"

I answered very coldly and in a surprised tone. "Jealous? Of whom? There are bone hairpins on the pin tray."

"Henrietta will be fonder of you than ever now," said mother, picking up a nail file instead of the hairpin. "And you can be with her all you like presently, when she is one of the family."

"I have no desire," I said, "to be with anyone at any time, nor to belong to any family which includes the person you mention."

"But Lina—my dear, I thought you were so devoted—"

"The woman to whom I was devoted does not—never did—exist."

"But Lina—your own uncle!"

Mother, you see, never keeps to a subject. We were not discussing my own uncle.

"The woman whom I admired," I went on bitterly, but with great restraint, "was too high principled to enter anyone's family or to have anything to do with anyone's uncle. The woman I revered was devoted, body and soul, to the cause of womankind. She was a woman who stood ready to give all, to risk all, to sacrifice all for the one great thing—the fulfilling of her womanhood's glorious destiny."

Mother stuck the nail-file absently into her hair.

"But Lina," she said in her slow way, "isn't that just exactly what your Henrietta has done?"

Dear mother! she is perfect—but so old-fashioned!

As for Henrietta Robson—I would pity her if I didn't pity Uncle Jack more!

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## The Puzzle for May

By TOM WOOD.

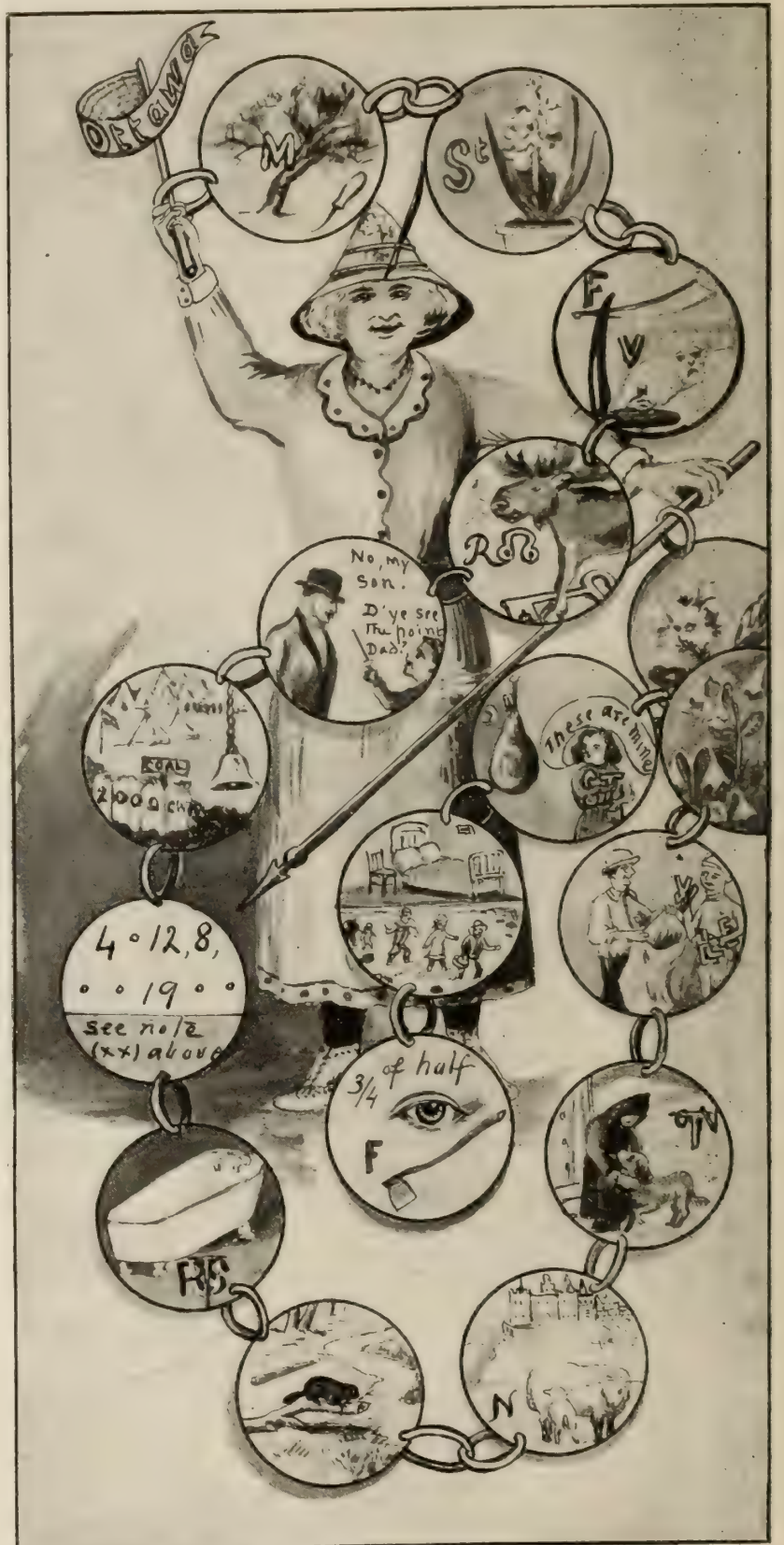
The Other Half of "The Dominion Necklace."

Each bead or disc represents a town or city between Ottawa and the Atlantic.

The two half-discs picture two sweet-scented little "flowers of May" which are well known in the Lower Provinces. Can you give us their names?

Remember, the illustrations follow sound more than correct spelling.

Note (xx): The dots in this disc represent the five vowels, though not in alphabetical order. The numbers stand for corresponding letters of the alphabet. Placed together, they spell a town in New Brunswick.



Two prizes will be given—first, one dollar and fifty cents, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by May 20th to be included.

Correct Solution of March Puzzle.

- |   |        |        |
|---|--------|--------|
| 1. Arch                                       | 3. Ram | 5. Car |
| 2. Charm                                      | 4. Ham | 6. Arm |
| 7. Manners often make fortunes.               |        |        |
| 8. They need much, whom nothing will content. |        |        |

First prize awarded to Dorothy G. Rutherford, 272 Langside Street, Winnipeg, Man.; second prize to Mrs. I. F. Creighton, King Street, Dartmouth, N.S.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



## Babes in the Woods

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

(4) While it is desirable to have certain facilities free for the use of the public, it is a good principle to charge a moderate sum for such use, which, if possible, should be large enough to make the service entirely self-supporting.

(5) Ample opportunity should be afforded to "hikers" through the laying out of trails, which incidentally serve as fire trails.

(6) Restaurants and refreshment stations should be established to provide simple, but wholesome and nourishing, foods at low cost.

(7) Standard types of simple camps might be constructed on lakes where the sanitary provisions insure safety, which should be rented to social organizations, such as nurseries, orphan asylums, social settlements, etc., where at moderate cost, those who have little or no opportunity for a wholesome vacation can be accommodated.

### The Yields of Paradise.

If you could only see the sparkle in the sad eyes of the orphan, or the smile that plays around the drooped mouth of some little child who has been deprived of the normal use of his limbs; if you could see the warmth which comes into the heart of the little child who for the first time disports in those heavenly fields or feel the stir of imagination and exaltation which comes to the tired working girl as she sits restfully beneath a tree enjoying her respite from drear and deadly monotony of the shop—then you would feel that membership in this corporation was a privilege and an honor. It is not only that it yields a dividend of satisfaction that your State is doing a unique thing with its beneficent efforts but that your State is safer in the hands of children whose health is being protected, whose vision is not distorted and who look back at what was done for them under the auspices of the State with satisfaction and appreciation.

## The Amateur Gardener's Busy Month: May

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Indicates that they have rooted well, yet always admit a little air at times to prevent damping off. Shade them, too, for a hot sun will soon kill them outright. A frame with a mild bottom heat is most desirable to get the plants to "take" quickly, but they can quite well be rooted in an ordinary frame in a warm, sheltered position. When young Dahlias become root-bound, those minute insects known as thrips will soon appear, and the unhealthy appearance of the plants indicates that something must be done immediately. Try to secure thorough eradication of the pests before the plants are planted out, by syringing with insecticide every two days, and shortly after with tepid water. Now this is very essential, for if the thrips do not disappear before the Dahlias are planted out, they will give continuous trouble throughout the season, and this is the principal cause of the failure of one of our most pleasing flowers.

A few years ago we thought that the beautiful Carnations could not be grown with success in the garden, and that they were distinctly hot house flowers, but some three years ago, I procured some seedlings to try out, and they gave such good results that I am more than pleased and have the same plants to-day. Perhaps a few points on the handling of them would not be amiss. Few flowers are more beautiful or sweeter than Carnations and by giving them a reasonable amount of care and attention, it is not a difficult matter to obtain fine flowers from plants in the open ground. Carnations thrive best where plenty of light, air and sunshine are available; they are very averse to a damp situation and cold, drying winds. At this period of the year, a top dressing is a great help to the plants. Previous to applying it, all dead leaves should be removed, and the surface of the soil well stirred. Another matter which must not be neglected is staking the plants as soon as the flower stems commence to push up. Syringing the plants once a week with soft

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)

## Craftsman Fabrikoid The Choice of this Furniture Maker

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CAST aside the cow. There are many things in which man can improve over nature, and one is the making of a covering for furniture. Mr. Karpen learned this from experience in the line in which he is a specialist. For upholstery Fabrikoid looks better, is more sanitary, and, above all, does not deteriorate or absorb water or grease. The life of Fabrikoid is practically interminable—it outlasts the furniture itself in many cases. This is proof of its economy.

The best you can get in leather upholstery is most likely "split" leather—uneven in thickness, irregular in texture, full of soft spongy spots, or hard brittle ones that crack. Craftsman Fabrikoid is pliable, even, richly colored, dyed if you wish, and without waste.

When buying new furniture, or having the old recovered, insist on Craftsman Fabrikoid. Your dealer can supply it, and the appearance and the saving will surprise you. Our free booklet "Fabrikoid in the Home" will give you a few hints about many things that can be done about the home with Fabrikoid. Write today for a copy.

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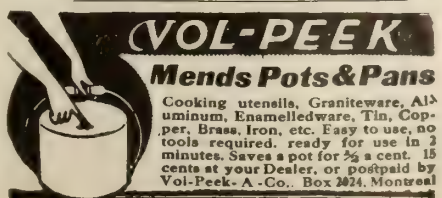
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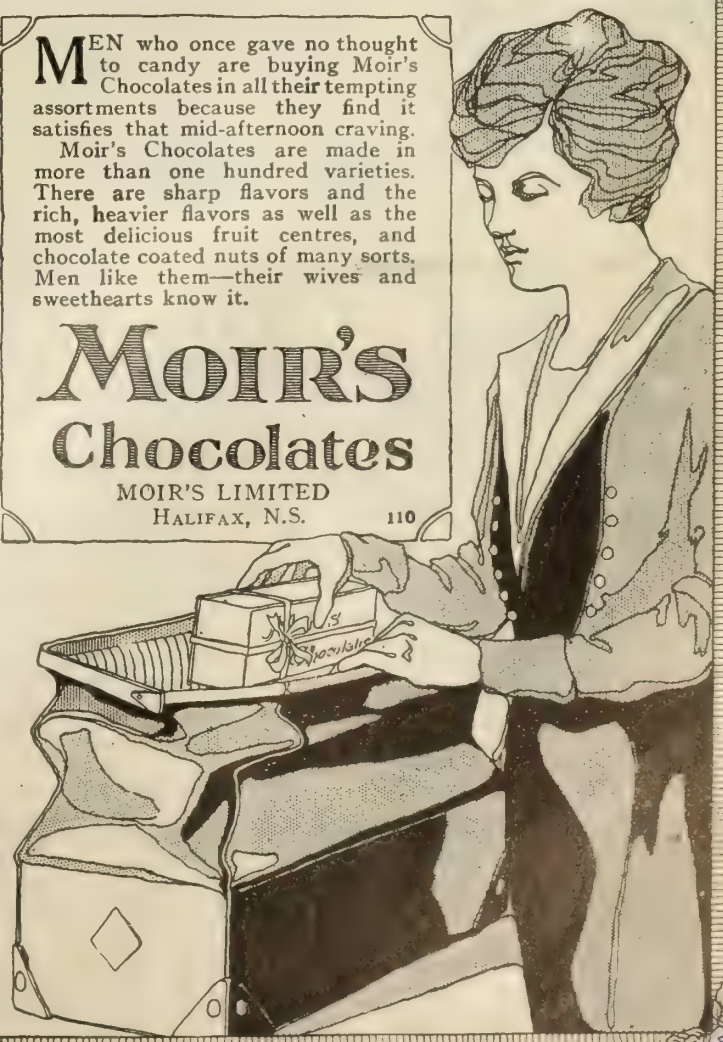
MEN who once gave no thought to candy are buying Moir's Chocolates in all their tempting assortments because they find it satisfies that mid-afternoon craving.

Moir's Chocolates are made in more than one hundred varieties. There are sharp flavors and the rich, heavier flavors as well as the most delicious fruit centres, and chocolate coated nuts of many sorts. Men like them—their wives and sweethearts know it.

## MOIR'S Chocolates

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110





# What C. N. I. B. Stands For

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

production—and it is seen in happy application in the attitude of the supervisor and her assistants towards those who are under her care. There are twenty-one workers, at present, in this department, and there are others anxious to come. Everything, except cutting out and shipment is undertaken by the blind workers in connection with the manufactures. On March 8th, ten of these workers were placed on the pay-roll, seven on piece work, three on flat. The payment of apprentices is nine dollars a week; and, of course, the pay-roll is the ambition of all workers.

THE Prevention of Blindness campaign is one in which every woman should be interested, inasmuch as it means the saving of the eyesight of the infant and the safeguarding of that of the small citizen with defective vision. More than thirty per cent. of blindness is preventable—and, when we consider this fact, we wonder that society has been so slothful in recognizing its duty towards the helpless ones. In the case of *ophthalmia neonatorum*, a few drops of nitrate of silver applied to the baby's eyes in the first hours of its existence will obviate this affliction. The increased care of public health in our cities has meant the saving of sight for many little citizens. Boston has made an enviable record in this matter, her care with regard to the newborn children being such that *ophthalmia neonatorum* has practically disappeared.

The C.N.I.B. has issued several folders with its monthly bulletins which have urged upon the public the necessity for saving the baby's eyes and also for protecting the sight of those children who are below normal in this respect. This Institute, also, strongly advocated the gathering of data indicative of the extent of the problem of defective vision in Toronto schools, as there was an impression that myopia classes, as provided for under the Ontario Auxiliary Classes Act of April, 1914, were sadly needed. The report shows the thoroughness with which the committee, consisting of Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Miss Kerr, Miss Dyke, Miss Emery, Miss Foy, Dr. Whyte, Mr. Mills, Miss Ewing, reviewed the situation. The careless retention of a child in a class to which his eyesight is not equal is, we hope, a practice of the past—and the auxiliary classes should look after such young pupils as demand special consideration. The case of those who are too young to help themselves or to safeguard their powers is of unusual appeal. Their safety is in the hands of others and those who wish to preserve for them all that world of color and beauty which eyesight means should act with promptness if the saving is to be effective.

THERE is a comfortable home at 78 College Street, Toronto, the Women's Residence, which was opened in October, 1919, and to which the name of "Clarkewood" was given, in honor of Mrs. Lionel Clarke, the wife of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, whose work in connection with the early organization, the Canadian Women's Association for the Welfare of the Blind, and whose present efforts show the sincerity and depth of her interest. Mrs. W. A. H. Kerr and Mrs. Leach, also were prominent officials in this first organization, which was, naturally interested in the activities for blind soldiers, and it is of interest to recall that the first activity on behalf of the individual blind persons, inaugurated by the Institute two years ago was the furnishing of instruction in Braille and light vocational lines for a small group of blinded Canadian soldiers at the Library for the Blind.

The Women's Auxiliary of the C.N.I.B. now has a membership of over four hundred, with Mrs. Lionel Clarke as president. Mrs. Frank Hodgins and Mrs. D. B. Macdonald are vice-presidents, Mrs. J. C. Breckenridge is hon. treasurer and Miss Mabel Cory, hon. secretary. Mrs. C. W. Beatty, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mrs. James Scott and Miss Baldwin form the house committee for "Clarkewood";—Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. W. R. Riddell look after the domestic arrangements for Pearson Hall. "Clarkewood" provides board and

lodging for certain workers in the Industrial Department for Women and members of the staff in the Head Office, at the rate of \$5.50 a week—which is a remarkably low figure when one considers the present prices of bread, milk and butter—to say nothing of eggs. "Clarkewood" also supplies the luncheon which the workers enjoy at the noon hour down town—so, the immediate needs of the women workers are looked after in a thorough fashion. Such is the appreciation of the quarters known as the Women's Residence, where Mrs. Briers and Mrs. MacLean are in management, that there is already a waiting list and developments of this residential plan may be expected. It is true that the blind residents cannot see the comfort of the spacious, well-furnished living-room and the cosy bedrooms; but they can realize the "homelikeness" of their environment and are happy in its cosy seclusion. This residence was furnished by the members of the Women's Auxiliary, who are responsible for its maintenance.

The Salesroom Department, which is also housed at 40 Adelaide St., West, is really under the After Care Department, and its activities consist largely in marketing the wares manufactured by the blind. There is a sale of products here, both from the C.N.I.B. shops and from home workers. During the month of March, there were Tuesday morning sales, which revealed the extent and variety of the manufactures. Some time ago, a committee consisting of Mrs. Graeme Adam, representing the Women's Auxiliary of the Institute, Miss Davis, the Field Worker, Mrs. Ridge, the supervisor at the I.D.W., and the Director, Mr. C. W. Holmes, was formed, to take charge of and work out the details for this department. The sales-room carries certain staple lines of material needed by the blind in home work, such as reed, cane, wool, cotton yarns, cotton cloth, etc. These materials are purchased at the best wholesale prices and sold in small retail quantities at exactly the same rate, thereby giving the home workers the advantage of the Institute's purchasing power, without the investment of their capital. Then there is the advantage that the production of these workers, so long as it is up to saleable standard is being bought for cash (sent within thirty days), the price paid being the highest which the committee finds can be obtained at retail. This secures a market for the home worker, who receives his money with the minimum of waiting.

Many women's organizations have interested themselves in this work. The Women's Institutes of Peel County, for instance, gave a piano to the Library, and the Toronto Women Teachers' Association have contributed liberally to the equipment of the same department, while the Chateaugay Chapter, I.O.D.E. furnished the reception room.

Mr. C. W. Holmes, the director of the C.N.I.B. is a Canadian by birth who became blind at the age of ten, and who continued his education, holding the position for eleven years as Head Master of the Eastern Townships College of Music, before going to the United States where he spent some years with the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind. From the head office to the broom shops, you will find an atmosphere of cheerful activity—and you will find it worth while, as a good citizen, to acquaint yourself with the work of the C.N.I.B.

## THE VIOLET

With all its simplicity, the violet is a subtle flower. Its way of guarding honey sap, yet at the same time inviting winged visitors, shows both caution and boldness. After it has flowered and all attention to its beautiful life is over, way down below its leaves, far out of sight, it produces clear, half-formed flowers without perfume, honey or petals, but each one bearing stamens and seed germs, which somehow develop the seed from which the new plant arises. When the seed capsules are ripe they split into three parts, shooting the seeds far into the air, much as little birds are pushed forcefully from the nest and made to fly far from home, that the circle of beauty may be forever widened.



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Calendar Sent on Application. Headmaster.



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)

water and salt, a teaspoonful of salt to a gallon of water, will be found very beneficial. Disbudding or thinning the buds must not be neglected, if you want fine blooms, as the majority of plants produce considerably more buds than they can properly develop. In thinning the buds, the strength of the plant should be considered, but generally speaking, from three to five buds to a stem may be allowed except when exhibition blooms are required, in which case only one bud to a stem must be permitted. Exhibition blooms must be protected from rain and sun just as the flowers begin to expand. Unfortunately Carnations are liable to be attacked by several troublesome pests; during hot weather, greenfly often makes its appearance. Syringe with soft soap water, or nicotine to destroy this pest.

**S**TUDY your catalogues for a continuity of bloom in the garden, not forgetting that you can have lilies in bloom the whole season long if you get the different varieties, but where most mistakes are made in handling lilies, is in the planting. In the first place lilies are like roses, they do not like wet feet, so arrange to plant the lilies in depth according to size of bulb. Take a 10-inch circumference bulb for instance, it needs to be at least 9 inches deep, with two inches of pure sand under it. Cover with sand to an inch above the point of bulb, then fill in the whole with the ordinary garden soil, firming the whole down well, as lilies prefer a rather hard soil to force themselves through.

Get a few of the following kinds, and I am sure that at the end of the season you will be well repaid: Tenuifolium or Scarlet Turk's Cap, Candidum or Madonna Lily, Croceum or Belfast Orange Lily, Henrii, the hardiest garden lily, and one of the best, Testacium, one of the best whites, Auratum Platyphylum and Vitatum and wind up with the Speciosums Roseum, Album and Rubrum. If these do not give you good satisfaction you must be very hard to suit.

Do not let us forget the Gladiolus this year, for anyone can grow Gladiolus successfully, and they lend themselves to any decorative color scheme; owing to their great range of colors and shades, they are to my mind much better in clumps of six or eight than in the old orthodox straight rows. They will grow in any garden soil, providing a goodly supply of manure or fertilizer is worked into the soil when planting. Arrange for a succession by planting a few every two weeks from May to middle of June, putting the corms down at least five inches in heavy soil and six inches in light soil, thus giving a stronger stalk, and avoiding the necessity of staking. Keep the soil around them well stirred and free of weeds. In dry weather, water freely after sundown. Not only do Gladiolus make a showy garden, but like the Lily, their principal characteristic is that they last a very long time when cut and put in water. Cut as soon as two or three of the florets appear, and the rest of the buds will expand in water, if it is changed occasionally, and a small piece of the stem cut off with a sharp knife.

In the fall after the first frost, take the bulbs up and store in the cellar away from frost, then in about a month's time remove the tops and you will find another corm or possibly two or three have formed. Dry them thoroughly before putting away for the winter and keep the little bulbs for a year or so when they will eventually give you corms that will bloom freely.

**Y**OU can now tell how your lawn is going to look this season. If not satisfactory, dig it up completely, and make it over afresh, by adding three or four inches of good soil, and resow with a good mixture of grass seeds.

This is the last call in the vegetable line for early sowing, so during the first week make sowings of all hardy vegetables, selecting of course, the earliest varieties, and do not make the mistake of forgetting the Rotation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)

67


Made in Canada

# Floglaze

Registered

"The Finish that Endures"

FOR  
PORCH  
AND  
VERANDA  
FLOORS



"Save the Surface and you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

### Neglect Destroys

Neglect leaves porch and veranda floors open to the attacks of wind, sun, rain, snow and countless footsteps. No other surface receives the same amount of wear and abuse as a veranda or porch floor.

### Floglaze Protects

No other surface or floor needs the same amount of protection. Floglaze for floors protects, preserves and maintains a hard wearing, glossy appearance, that makes the floor a surface to be proud of. Can also be used on interior floors.

FINISH AND RENEW FLOORS WITH

## Floglaze

"The Finish that Endures" For Porch and Veranda Floors

**Complete Floglaze Color Card Sent on Request.**

Let us also tell you about Floglaze for other purposes.

**THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED**

WINNIPEG      TORONTO      VANCOUVER

CANADA

Our booklet "How to Finish and Re-finish with Floglaze" will be sent on request made through your dealer or direct to us.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

# 2 IN 1

SHOE POLISHES



PRESERVE THE LEATHER

*Liquids and Pastes For Black, White, Tan, Dark Brown or Ox-Blood Shoes*

The F.F. Dalley Corporation, Limited, Hamilton Ont.

If you have not yet entered your baby in the Better Canadian Baby Contest, send for Score Card and Entry Form at once. See page 21 of this issue.

## ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"




The name "Bayer" stamped on tablets positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which also contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

**There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"**

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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## Biscuits For Breakfast

Mrs. Newlywed to Mrs. Oldstyle:—

"George just loves my baking, he says it even beats his mother's,—especially the biscuits we have for breakfast."

Mrs. Oldstyle, "Biscuits for breakfast! Huh, you'll get over that!"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Never! You see I use

# EGG-O Baking Powder

"I make the dough the night before and set it in a cool place, covered with a cloth until morning, I slip them in the oven first thing, and we have light, flaky biscuits by the time the kettle is boiled. A meal of hot biscuits, bacon, and coffee starts George off right for the day.

"You see, Mrs. Oldstyle, Egg-O never fails because it does not finish leavening until the biscuits are properly baked—even if you *do* leave the batch lying all night."

Mrs. Oldstyle:—"My, I *never* heard of such a thing. I'll order a tin now."

A few days later: Mrs. Oldstyle to Mrs. Newlywed:

"We too have biscuits for breakfast now. Thanks to you for telling us about Egg-O."

**Egg-O Baking Powder Co.**

Limited  
Hamilton, Canada



## The Amateur Gardener's Busy Month: May

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.)

and Succession cropping. A great deal depends on this for this year's success. Plant vegetables that grow above the ground where tap-roots grew last year and vice-versa, but do not forget that in the ground where tap-roots are going to grow the manure must be deep in trench to encourage the tap-roots to go down after it, and not have them gnarled and twisted through their coming in contact with manure that has been incorporated with the soil. Not so with the vegetables which grow above the ground, as the more roots you can have on them, the better for the crop above. You can encourage more roots to the Tomato plant by using long plants, say from twelve to eighteen inches long, putting the plant down three leaves deep, and on the slant. Nip the leaves off, but not the lateral which appears just above the leaf. when under ground you get another set of roots from every lateral. The object of planting on the slant is that the roots will not be below the surface moisture. Do not hoe around Tomato plants, but use the rake to stir the soil, as the roots have a tendency to come near the surface and are thus in danger if the hoe is used. After the fourth set of fruit is formed, pinch out the top, also all laterals and suckers that may appear, and train each plant with four shoots to each, up four stakes.

THE Celery bed should be prepared this month ready to receive the plants, choosing one or all of the following varieties: Paris Golden, White Plume, Rose Ribbed Paris, and Evans Triumph.—the latter two for winter and storage use.

Have a liquid manure barrel this year and be convinced that you can have better results, especially with Roses, Peonies, Onions, Celery and Tomatoes. Use about five shovelfuls of well-rotted manure put in a sack and throw into the barrel of water, leaving the bag in for one or two days. Add a double handful of Nitrate of Soda every time you fill the barrel.

In sowing the seeds especially of the smaller varieties, make your drill of uniform depth by using a square piece of wood, pressing it cornerwise into the soil to a depth of not more than half an inch; this is plenty deep for all seeds except Peas, Beans, Squash, Pumpkin, and Marrows. After seeds are in drill, firm them down well, to keep the air out and the moisture in. If soil is very wet, do not sow seeds, but wait a day or two. Put the Peas and Beans down two inches in a trench about six inches wide, staggering the seed about six inches each way.

With early potatoes get good sized seeds and cut in three pieces longitudinally, placing one piece every nine inches in the rows that should be two feet, six inches apart. As to depth, if soil is heavy, four inches is deep enough, but where soil is light, place them five inches deep, and be sure to keep the soil between the rows constantly stirred. Hill them up as soon as tops are six inches high, and be sure to have some Paris Green or Arsenate of Lead on hand for the pestiferous Potato bugs which are sure to be with us again.

Do not delay pruning apple trees. Remove all dead branches, and all branches that are criss-crossed, keeping the centre of the tree fairly open for the sun and air to get in. Pull up dead Raspberry canes, clipping the tops of the others above five feet high. Trim up Currant bushes and plant new ones if you haven't sufficient. And above all, provide for the spraying campaign, which must be attended to if you want good results. Get Lime and Sulphur, for trees, also Bordeaux mixture for fungus diseases and sulphide of potassium for Gooseberries; White Hellebore for Currant Caterpillar and Grape Caterpillar; Slug Shot for Cabbage; Lime and Sulphur in equal parts scattered on the ground dry, will drive the pernicious cut-worm away; Nicotine or Borax Water for the Green Aphids on Roses.



## End Gray Hair Let Science Show You How Convince Yourself Free

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. Thousands of women have restored the natural color of their hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

**Mary T. Goldman's**  
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

**FREE** Send today for a free trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and state the exact color of your hair.  
Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Write today.

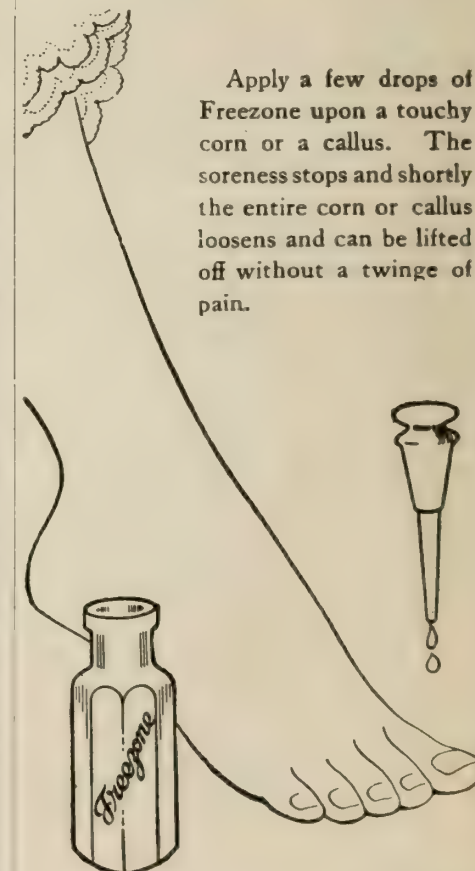
MARY T. GOLDMAN  
1731 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
Accept no imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere



**GENUINE DIAMONDS**  
CASH OR CREDIT.  
TERMS: \$1-\$2-\$3 Weekly  
We trust any honest person.  
Write for catalogue to-day  
JACOBS BROS.  
Diamond Importers  
15 Toronto Arcade  
TORONTO.

## Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen  
corns or calluses so  
they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents  
at drug stores—anywhere

## BIGGER CROPS from BETTER SEEDS

# STEELE BRIGGS SEEDS

SOLD BY LEADING MERCHANTS  
THROUGHOUT CANADA

Write for New illustrated Catalog

**STEELE BRIGGS SEED COMPANY LIMITED**

"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE"

HAMILTON - TORONTO - WINNIPEG

## Nature Feeds Me 48 Hours

BUT, after that, it depends on you whether I will live or not.  
My first feeding should be

**Pratts Buttermilk BABY CHICK FOOD**

and this should be continued daily for at least three weeks, the critical time. Pratts builds sturdy, healthy chicks that develop rapidly into profitable fall and winter layers. Many poultry-raisers find it pays to use Pratts Baby Chick Food for five and six weeks.

At your dealer's in popular priced pkgs., also in money-saving 50-lb. and 100-lb. bags.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Write for FREE Baby Chick Book.

**Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Ltd.**

328E Carlaw Ave., Toronto.

BC-12





# The Land of P'raps

By BETH SADLEIR

## The Little "Letter-Men" Diddy Met on the May Road

THE showers of April were left behind as Diddy Happen and his friends neared the morning-gate of May Day. The gateway was arched with flowers of the early summertime, with blossoms of the wood, and rainbow treasures of the garden. One could not see what the flowers grew from, or were twined on; the arch was all of fragrant blossoms. Standing in the gateway was the Queen of Maytime, and, as the travellers approached, she began singing while every blossom joined her in the song:

Would you come into the Maytime,  
If the flowers asked you to,  
The primrose, or the butter-cup,  
The violet so blue?

Would you linger in the Maytime,  
If the bird-songs bade you stay,  
The robin, or the meadow lark,  
The oriole so gay?

Would you come and live in Maytime,  
If May's Queen welcomed you,  
To live in joy and gladness,  
The merry Maytime through?

It was a morning of music. Diddy Happen and Old Dedder Naherrin were welcomed and led through the gateway by the Flower Queen. Then came the Tick-Tock brothers, the sun glinting brightly on their shiny suits. As the little party entered upon the May road, the clocks they carried, started chiming, each one with a different note, but in time and tune to the May Queen's song.

This surprised the little If very much, for the tiny clock which hung on his curly tail was chiming too. Just then, however, the If discovered that the band of Soss were marching single file behind Tick and Tock.

Each So was walking straight as a soldier, and this was the reason. Beside each one marched an odd creature, and the If saw just what you would have seen; that the newcomers were made up of letters. They were the Justs, and when you get a Just and a So together you expect them to be particular about everything they do.

But you have not been told about the May Queen, nor of the beauties of the May highway. The Queen of Springtime seemed part of the glorious morning, in her dress of gossamer with flowers in each fold and in her sun-gold hair. It was her winsome face, her joyous smile, her merry laughter, that brought more gladness to the day.

And Diddy Happen and his friends were happier too, than they had been through all their journeyings. As they walked slowly onward, they came upon a hill.

and she soon was joining in their play.

Those who travel the road of the long year must journey ever onward. So, much as Diddy and his friends would have liked to have remained longer, May Day and its Queen were left behind.

It was a wide road, and a little further on it, they saw a large, flat rock, on which were sitting several small strangers. Diddy Happen saw that these were little letter-men, but twice as large as the So or the If. There was a great clattering of tongues, for all of the little chaps were talking, and Diddy noticed that, as they sat in a circle on a large stone, a big book lay open in the centre of the ring. Diddy and his friends stopped and watched the quaint chaps.

"They are the noisiest of all the letter-men," said Old Dedder Naherrin, "but we could not do without them."

One of the little fellows stood up on the stone, and Diddy saw at once that he was a WORD.

Just then the letter-men saw Diddy, and tumbling and falling over each other in their hurry, scrambled onto the open pages of the big book, which immediately closed with a loud clap and disappeared.

"Why did they wish to run away?" asked Diddy.

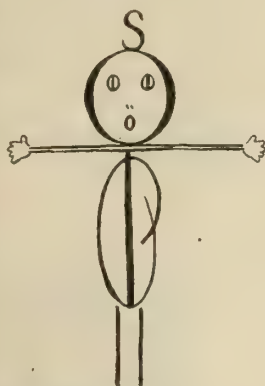
"Those letter-men were all printed Words, and had no business off the pages of the book," chuckled Dedder Naherrin.

As Diddy and his friends journeyed onward, they heard a loud whirring behind them, and before they could turn to see what it was, something whirled past them. It was the Pink Star that they had last seen balanced on the May-pole. It was spinning like a cart-wheel without a rim, and was soon lost to sight over a little hill in front of them.

The travellers saw a broad river flowing through the valley below them. There was neither boat nor bridge to be seen, but a strange figure stood with outstretched arms at the water's edge. It was another letter-man, and Diddy spelled his name, S-T-O-P. They halted a short distance from the river, while the Stop kept his place in the middle of the road.

Diddy and his friends were wondering how they would be able to cross the river, when they were hailed from the farther bank. It was the Pink Star again, now floating swiftly toward them over the smooth waters. As it reached the bank nearest Diddy, the Pink Star called out loudly, "All aboard."

The Stop had disappeared, and the travellers seated themselves on the raft-like star. It was a bit crowded, but even the Soss and the little If managed to find a place.



Diddy spelled his name "S-T-O-P."



One of the "Just" men.



## Westclox America - trim, alert, honest

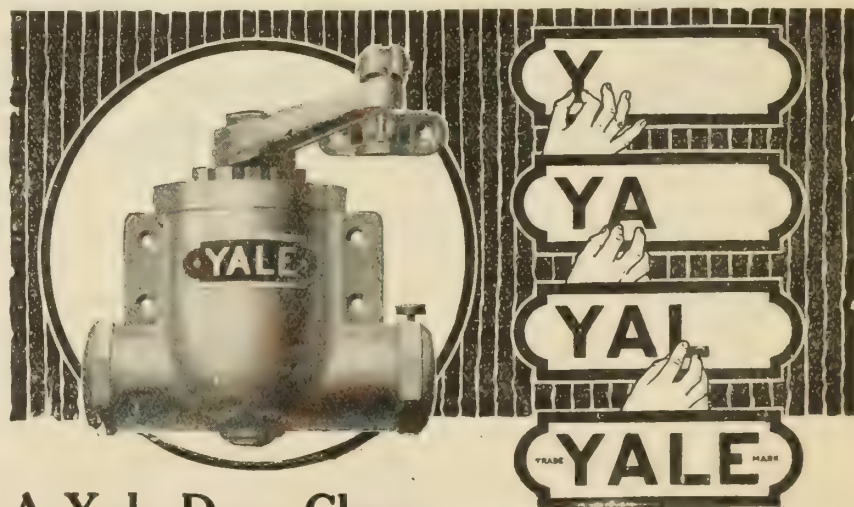
THE America paved the way for Big Ben's success. Thirty-four years ago it was the only Westclox alarm. It entered the field as the unknown product of an unknown maker and pushed to the front on sheer merit.

Bringing out other Westclox did not dim its success. America still tops the sales record.

Trim, alert, honest, this clock laid down a policy which has stood the test of time. A policy all Westclox follow—quality.

We are proud of America and of the construction principle that America pioneered which stands back of Westclox success: needle-fine pivots of polished steel that reduce friction. Westclox, on the dial and tag is the mark of a faithful timekeeper.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox  
La Salle and Peru, Ill., U.S.A.



## A Yale Door Closer

completes the door

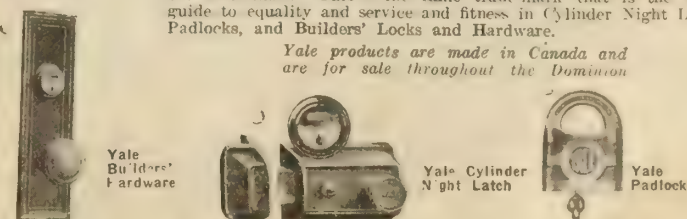
AN uncontrolled door is a nuisance and annoyance. It shakes your nerves with its banging and slamming when it is yanked shut—and it is a menace to health when it stands open admitting dust and germ-carrying drafts and odors.

Give yourself comfort and quiet and ease with a Yale Door Closer—make your door something more than a "hole in the wall." Insure yourself of doors that "close as soft as cotton"—doors that close every time, and do it without any attention or remembering on your part.

You can get the Yale Reversible Door Closer from your hardware dealer—install it yourself without any knowledge of its internal mechanism. It fits right or left hand doors without any adjustment—and comes in sizes to fit every type and kind of door.

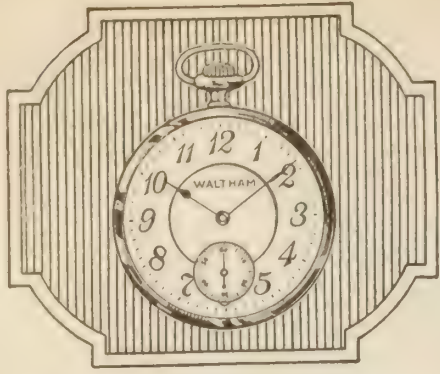
But be sure it is a "Yale" Door Closer you get—the trade-mark "Yale" is put on it to make it easy for you to be sure. Remember to look for the trade-mark "Yale"—the same trade-mark that is the world's guide to equality and service and fitness in Cylinder Night Latches, Padlocks, and Builders' Locks and Hardware.

Yale products are made in Canada and are for sale throughout the Dominion



Canadian Yale & Towne Limited. Makers of the Yale Locks  
St Catharines, Ontario





The Waltham "Riverside" model. Priced from \$70.00 upwards. Many other Waltham Models—Ask your jeweler.

## The basic reasons for Waltham supremacy

IN 1854 the first factory in the world to manufacture complete watch movements was opened at Waltham.

Before that, plates were fashioned in one place, screws in another, springs in another. All the parts, produced by different people in different places, were finally assembled somewhere else. As a result, the time-keeping qualities of completed movements were by no means reliable.

Waltham altered this condition.

Waltham replaced hit-or-miss methods with standardization.

At Waltham were evolved those marvellous automatic machines which replaced much hand-work, resulting in greater precision.

A modern Waltham Watch is the world's finest achievement in watch-making. To own a Waltham is not only to be assured of time accuracy, but to have the prestige which comes from possessing a watch that commands respect everywhere.

Waltham Grandfather  
Hall (Clocks, Mantel and  
Ladder (all colors) Desk  
Clocks for homes of refine-  
ment. Ask your jeweler.

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products  
in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

## Freshen Up Old Faded Garments

### Add Years of Wear by Dyeing Worn, Discarded Apparel Like New

You can diamond-dye your old garments into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects, even if you have never dyed before. Really fun!

#### Try Some Article and See

Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dyed" appearance. Just use old reliable "Diamond Dyes." Perfect results are sure no matter if your material

be wool or silk; linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

#### You Cannot Make a Mistake

The Direction Book in package tells plainly how to diamond-dye over any color. Your druggist or dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match your material.

It's easy to diamond-dye:

|                  |           |             |
|------------------|-----------|-------------|
| House Dresses    | Ginghams  | Stockings   |
| Aprons           | Skirts    | Sweaters    |
| Blouses          | Waists    | Draperies   |
| Ribbons          | Jackets   | Coverings   |
| Children's Coats | Trimmings | Everything! |

# Diamond

FAST  FADELESS

# Dyes

## City Comforts in the Country

### The Joys of Country Living Are Doubled When the Home is Equipped With a Proper Sanitary System

ONE of the first features of life in the country, which folks accustomed to city comforts miss, is the lack of a sanitary indoor toilet. This fact is as serious as it is regrettable. Not only does it spell a very great inconvenience and discomfort but it is certainly inimical to health—in many ways. Added to this is another fact quite as important: the sanitary conditions prevailing in the ordinary country home stamp rural life as deficient. Even though it is little discussed, one chief reason why young people do not stay on the farm or fail to appreciate the full joys of country living, is because of the lack of a hundred and one small details such as this. The young folks go to schools; they visit in town; they experience the comforts of modern sanitary appliances; what wonder then that the unsanitary inconvenience of the outhouse, the untidy disposal of kitchen refuse, the obnoxious flies and the general lack of modern comforts, stamp country life as inferior and turn young folks against the farm and toward the city.

Since the invention and development of the modern chemical toilet, any country or village home, no matter where or how situated, can be just as easily kept sanitary as unsanitary. It brings system and order into home and farm activities. It means having things convenient, saving time, abolition of wearisome and distasteful discomforts. With the sanitary home comes a clean and respectable yard around the house. In such a home there naturally develops a feeling of pride and respect.

THE chemical toilet system properly designed and efficiently installed, is a satisfactory solution of the problem of disposal in unsewered localities. It is true, of course, that where the owner can afford the higher price, the problem is best solved by installing a septic tank system with all the plumbing that such a system makes possible. But for the ordinary rural home the chemical toilet system is sufficient. It accomplishes the three essential things: (1) Provides an indoor toilet; (2) Gives privacy; (3) Achieves proper sanitation as approved by the leading medical and health authorities on the continent.

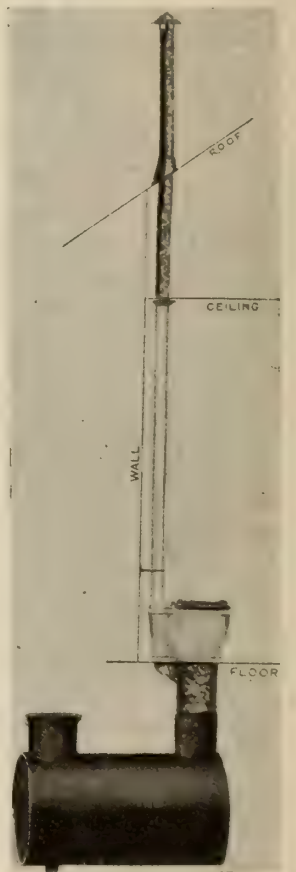
A chemical toilet system can be installed in a few hours. It is, comparatively speaking, low in price. But because of its simplicity and low cost, it offers a temptation to some manufacturers to produce an inferior equipment, lacking in essential features of design. The chemical toilet system, it should be clearly understood, is more than a mere chemical commode. Properly designed, it is a complete, self-contained sewage disposal system. It is a vital principle to have the bowl properly aerated. The action of fresh air on decayed vegetable or animal matter, as you have probably noticed, is to dry out the moisture, destroying odor. Bacteria cannot grow without moisture. A current of air in the toilet arrests their growth by removing moisture through evaporation. A good chemical toilet system therefore should have a scientifically planned ventilation system to create suction in and around the toilet bowl, aerating its interior

surfaces, and at the same time drawing off any chemical gas through a ventilation pipe which goes through the roof or chimney.

A SECOND feature the purchaser should look for is in the quality of the equipment. The tank which holds the sewage and chemical is usually made of iron. An improperly treated iron will be quickly ruined by rust and chemical action. It is a further advantage if the tank is equipped with some device in the nature of an agitator to hasten the process of liquefaction and hence of sterilization and purification. A chemical toilet system has no flush valves, joints and traps. It is only necessary to drain off the tank very infrequently—on the average, about twice a year. It is usual, though not essential, to do this by connecting the tank to a leaching pool made of an old rain-barrel, sunk into the ground and filled with stones.

The chemical approved by the authorities has caustic properties which liquefy all vegetable and animal matter and completely purify sewage, reducing it to the original natural substances, suitable for mingling again with the soil. The chemical should be in flake form making it easier and safer to handle. The cost for chemical for the average family calls for only a quite insignificant expenditure every year.

A chemical toilet system, can be located wherever convenient about the rural home, on the second or on the ground floor.



Sketch of a sanitary system when installed.



# An Indoor Toilet for Health, Comfort, Pride

*Only a few hours' job will get rid of the abominable outhouse*

NO one living in the country need put up with the discomfort and disagreeable features of a loathsome outhouse. And no one ought to. For the outhouse spells disease—it is the thief of good health.

Science has devised a simple, effective system of sewage disposal for rural places and unserved localities. A system that gives perfect sanitation; that makes an indoor toilet possible; that gives the same comfort, convenience and privacy as folks in the city have where water closets are used; that is just as free from trouble; that adds just as much refinement to the home.

## Simple, Scientific, Effective

Yet the Kaustine system needs no water, no sewer connections. Note the two illustrations at the right. Kaustine chemical—a powerful disinfectant—aided by the propeller agitator, immediately breaks up sewage in the tank, destroys germs, eliminates odors.

Health authorities all over the continent have given this system their approval. Because it is absolutely sanitary. Be-

cause it gets rid of unhealthy flies and odors.

Thoroughly ventilated — so that suction keeps the inner surface of the bowl dry.

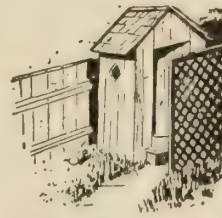
Don't confuse the Kaustine Waterless Toilet with a mere chemical commode or closet which has to be baled out—often. The Kaustine system needs attention but twice a year. And even this means only opening a simple valve which may be connected to a drain pipe, carrying off the sterilized sewage to a leaching pool.

## Quickly Installed

Anyone can install the Kaustine system. And it can be done in a few hours. No expert help is needed. There is no complicated work—the units go together without trouble.

It can be located in your home wherever convenient—in a lean-to, in one of the rooms, upstairs or downstairs.

And less than fifty bushels of wheat will buy it!



In Summer — Infested with Disease-Bearing Flies.

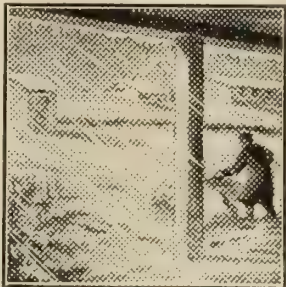
## Positive Long-Term Guarantee

The tank and all metal parts of this system are made of Armco (rustless) Iron, and are specially treated. They will outlast a lifetime.

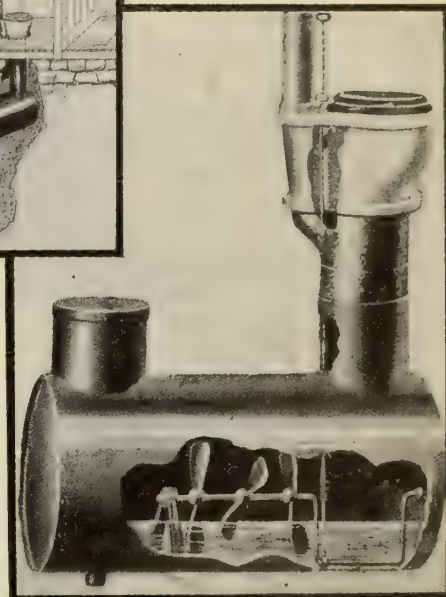
The bowl is of vitreous china, attractively designed. Seat is oak. Extra heavy nickel-plated bar hinge. A quality job through and through! There are over 40,000 Kaustine systems in use—in schools, factories, railway stations, farm homes. With every installation we have given our positive long-term guarantee of satisfaction.

## SEND THE COUPON NOW

If you value family health, if you have respect for personal pride, if you appreciate comfort—learn more about the Kaustine system. Don't put up with the disagreeable outhouse when for so small a sum you can have the convenience and comfort of a modern indoor toilet. Write for our literature. Ask about our service. Ask us about some near-by installation. Send the coupon. Now.



Another Winter of This?



# Kaustine

## Waterless Toilets

School Boards and Factory Managers will be interested in hearing the complete Kaustine story. We will gladly send you photographs, literature and testimonials about many installations that will interest you.

KAUSTINE CO., Limited, TORONTO

KAUSTINE CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Kindly send me literature and further information on your sanitary toilet system.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Have You Begun to Plan Your Summer Holidays?  
Do You Intend to Spend Much Time Near the Water?

If so Investigate the

## Disappearing Propeller Boat

Used by thousands of Canadians and 7 different Government Departments.



82 UNIVERSAL SKEG PROTECTING SKEG

Any obstruction, such as submerged logs, driftwood, rocks, reefs, sandbars, etc., that hits the Skeg (see illustration above) automatically raises the Propeller and Shaft into the Propeller Housing, Skeg making continuation of keelson, at the same time throttling the engine from racing.

Send for catalogue showing all models and engine in actual colors, also names of various owners.

## Disappearing Propeller Boat Co., Limited

Head Office and Showrooms

92 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Largest Builders of Motor Boats in Canada

U.S.A. OFFICES: 259 EAST WILLIS AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

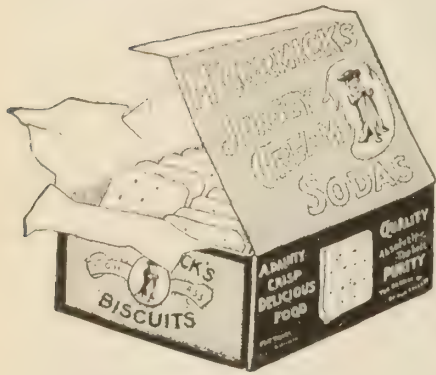


Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful, dependable, "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair, also double it's beauty. Try "Danderine" and see!



# Just as Fresh

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The sealed packages help us maintain the high quality you have learned to demand.

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It leaves a brilliant and lasting lustre. Ideal does not scratch or mar the most delicate surface. Try Ideal on your silver. Ask your dealer for it.

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Medicated Ear Drum  
Pat. Nov. 3, '06  
Geo. P. Way, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)  
7 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich

## The May Patterns

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

front of the blouse is beaded in design 11554. No. 8712—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 8699—Ladies' Long-waisted Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 8728—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. 8528—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist.

(From page 50.)

Dress 8802, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12548, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8790, 25 cents.  
Dress 8812, 25 cents.  
Dress 8787, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8814, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8733, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8819, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8733, 20 cents.  
Dress 8822, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12561, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8771, 25 cents.  
Beading 12376, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

8790—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years.  
8812—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years.  
8819—Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8733—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years.  
8822—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years.  
8771—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years.

(From page 51.)

Child's Coat 8686, 25 cents.  
Girls Dress 8750, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8772, 25 cents.  
Dress 8777, 25 cents.  
Boys' Suit 8748, 20 cents.  
Girls' Cape 8586, 20 cents.  
Rompers 8742, 20 cents.  
Dress 8734, 25 cents.  
Dress 8780, 20 cents.  
Dress 8772, 20 cents.  
Scallop 12567, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8765, 25 cents.  
Boys' Suit 8754, 20 cents.  
Girls' Guimpe Dress 8745, 25 cents.  
Juniors' Dress 8770, 25 cents.  
Dress 8756, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12564, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8761, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12564, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
8748—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years.  
8586—Girls' Cape. Designed for 2 to 12 years.  
8742—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years.  
8734—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years.  
8780—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years.  
8772—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years.  
8765—Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years.  
8754—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years.  
8745—Girls' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years.  
8770—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years.  
8756—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years.  
8761—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years.

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

providing a delightful evening's entertainment when the annual banquet was held, consisting of an oyster supper and a programme of musical numbers and addresses. A short time before, the Club had received a visit from the superintendent, Miss Chute, and her assistant, Miss Huzzell. At an afternoon meeting the latter gave a demonstration in "Dressmaking and Remodelling." Tea was afterwards served, and in the evening Miss Chute gave an address on "The Value of a Homemakers' Club to the Community." One of the Club members

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75.)

## The Songs Mother Used to Sing

Good songs, more especially the old familiar ones, will never die. How often we find ourselves carried back through the years to happy childhood by the strains of some never-to-be-forgotten melody. Every home in the land should have a book of these old songs, that the children might learn to sing the ballads so popular with their parents and grandparents years ago.

### CANADA'S SONG BOOK

Contains a splendid selection of representative National Airs, Hymns, Rounds, Glees, Ballads, etc. Arranged with music for class singing in one or two parts. You should get this book. By a special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this book FREE to our new or renewing subscribers to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

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### The "F" Power & Light Plant

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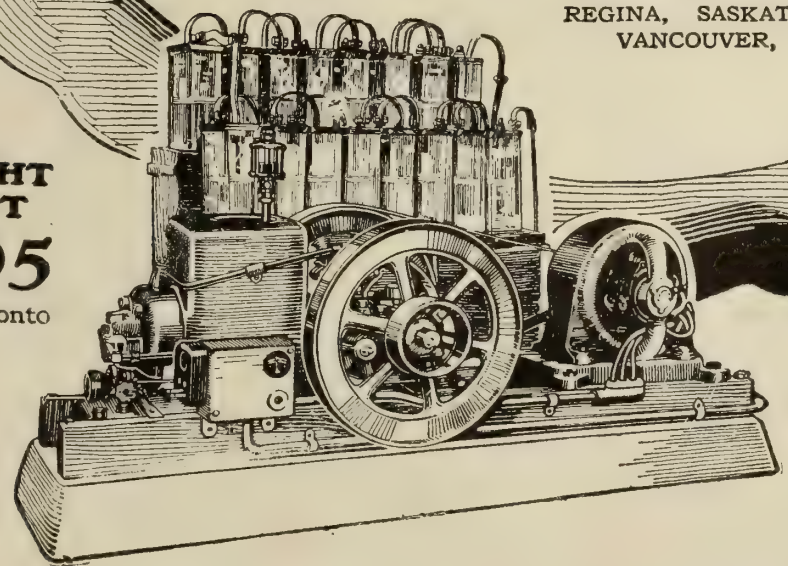
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Address.....  
64 C. J.

## "You Are Out of Order"

which you may be placed some day at your club or association meeting, when you will be compelled to take your seat, probably quite improperly, because you cannot refute the Chairman's decision. To get posted on the procedure of properly conducted meetings, you need

### Mrs. Parsons' Manual for Women's Meetings

Any and every point which can occur at a meeting is taken up and settled definitely, with authority, and in plain language in this little book. Mrs. Parsons was employed by the Ontario Government as a lecturer for the Women's Institutes, and has come in close contact with the workings of women's meetings.

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This may sound like a patent medicine advertisement. The "Out of Order" refers to a predicament in



# Now Is The Time To Paint

If you have delayed painting, your property has suffered. Do not put off any longer. *Save the surface and you Save all.* Look around and you will find many places, both inside and out that call for a coat of paint. Now is the time. Nature is re-decorating, get in line and do the same. The most economical method is to use

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Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto

## Raiment for the June Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.)

ribbons and feathers. A close fitting turban to match her suit, if she can wear a tight fitting shape, will probably give the greatest degree of satisfaction, but as the summer approaches, one finds the brims stretching out a little in every direction and for mid-summer leghorn and transparent hair braids will be a happy selection.

Brown hose will be worn with brown or tan shoes, with navy blue or brown costume navy or black hose will be worn, with black shoes and with white ones, white hose of course.

LINGERIE and negligee, although left to the last, are by no means the least important item of the trousseau. There are so many gems to be picked up that the shopping expedition which has these garments for its objective should be a joy indeed.

We look in the shop windows and see the most wonderful gowns made of exquisite georgette, crepe de chine, or satin and one wonders if they were meant for fairies, so fragile are they. They are gowns in name only—at least a great many of them are. They were really designed for negligee and are worn in one's boudoir with an equally dainty matinee jacket of the same or a harmonizing colored georgette crepe, daintily trimmed with lace and ribbons, preferably the two-tone ribbon as for instance buttercup on one side and orchid on the other. There are negligees that are really negligees, however; the designer has fashioned them to slip over the head and then showered them with beautiful silk lace.

LOVE silk will be found made up into all kinds of undergarments such as vests, bloomers, envelopes and the white or colored petticoat of jersey with accordion pleated bottom will be found almost indispensable to the smart trousseau. Dainty bloomers are cut like a double apron with openings on the sides to let the limbs through and an elastic in the top. They serve the purpose of a short inside petticoat. Envelope chemises will be found in great variety and camisoles with petticoats of lace suspended from them and the most delectable of camisoles and brassieres for any and every occasion, and lest we forget it, corsets for negligee attire, for evening wear and of course for all practical purposes. The vogue of colored underwear is very strong and one may carry out a color scheme in one's lingerie from the undervest to the petticoat and camisole. Pale shell pink or flesh color as it is so often called, orchid and a beautiful shade of blue called areo are the colors which Fashion seems to favor, after white. To assure the happiness of the bride-to-be who shall wear these garments, some of the designers have adorned them with bluebirds, butterflies and Chinese emblems of long life and happiness.

THERE are also delectable things to be found in cotton, such as the French hand-embroidered pieces, those from Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands which try to rival the beauty and handicraft of the French garments and the Swiss embroidered pieces, something that we have not been able to get for many a long month, but which are once again to be had.

There are many other things of which one might write, did time and space but permit; there are the new bungalow aprons, house dresses, porch dresses, sweater coats, the beautiful translucent rain coats, other boudoir conceits than those we have mentioned such as caps, negligees, garters, mules, little rosettes, and flowers to fasten on one's lingerie, but some day these will be the theme of another story.

### VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS.

"It can be made very interesting to start a new life," writes Sir Arthur Pearson, in his book, "Victory over Blindness." "For that is what a blinded man has to do. The sooner he ceases to repine for those pleasures that depend essentially on sight the better. Other senses begin to develop latent and unsuspected powers. Sounds, touches, scents, convey to him images that, colored by experience and imagination, arise realistically out of the darkness."



## Work Clothes

THE indigo drill and indigo duck sold under the "Prue Cottons" mark for work clothes or overalls are specially constructed for long and hard usage. There are none better.

*Ask your dealer for "Prue Cottons."*

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Walls, Floors, Woodwork, Oilcloth  
and such things "come back"  
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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Vol. 17. No. 2.

June 1920

Toronto

Marked



JUNE NINETEEN-TWENTY  
PRICE TWENTY CENTS





#### CHOCOLATE DE LUXE

**F**OR this chocolate cake half a cup of grated unsweetened chocolate is melted with a quarter cup of sugar, and two tablespoons of milk. To this is added one-third of a cup of butter creamed with a cup of sugar, two eggs (one at a time), a half a teaspoon of vanilla, and a quarter of a cup of milk. Last of all a cup of flour with a teaspoon of MAGIC BAKING POWDER is sifted in, and the batter is poured quickly into two layer pans and baked. Between the layers, on the top and side of cake is spread a filling made by taking the white of an egg, two tablespoons cream, one half teaspoon vanilla to which add sufficient icing sugar to make a thick paste. Sprinkle between layers and on top with pecan nuts chopped fine and decorate with half pecans.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

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# Canadian Home Journal

A Monthly Magazine of interest to all Progressive Canadians

NEW YORK  
505 FIFTH AVE.  
CHICAGO  
608 OTIS BUILDING

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS  
TORONTO, CANADA

JUNE 1920

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Volume Seventeen

Number Two



## THE ALMOSTS—By Helen MacMurchy

THE work of Dr. Helen MacMurchy is so well known throughout the Dominion that she needs no introduction to JOURNAL readers. The Civil Service Commission at Ottawa has recently appointed Dr. MacMurchy to take charge of the Child Welfare Division in connection with the newly instituted Ministry of Health—and every Canadian acquainted with Dr. MacMurchy's work, whether as teacher, physician or in connection with the work for the feeble-minded as carried on under the Ontario Government, rejoices in the wisdom of the Commission's choice.

The publication at this time of Dr. MacMurchy's book, "The Almosts," which is a study of the feeble-minded, is of peculiar interest, since it is but recently that the community has recognized its responsibility toward this class of citizens—afflicted and handicapped, but by no means useless. The five chapters of this volume consider such characters as presented by the great writers from Shakespeare to Nathaniel Hawthorne, and conclude with an appeal to give them a chance. We are permitted to publish the following extracts from the closing chapter:—

"Simple pleasures and occupations are all the feeble-minded need. The occupations of children make them perfectly happy. Barnaby, a strong man, playing with his skein of string, listening to the same interminable story which his mother told him every day, and which he never remembered the next day, is the very type of the feeble-minded person who can be made and kept happy, safe and well occupied at little expense and with great success and benefit to himself and others. The marvelous improvement that care, kindness and training bring about in the feeble-minded is almost incredible to those who have not learned it at first hand. Maggy, who 'was never to be more than ten years old, however long she lived,' under the motherly care of Little Dorrit 'began to take pains to improve herself,' 'got enough to do to support herself,' 'was allowed to come in and out as often as she liked.'

"There are those like 'Jo' and 'Sloppy' and 'Alice' who are accused of being mentally defective when they are far otherwise. Beware the gifted amateur, particularly those bearing Binet tests which they do not understand. Beware also the de-humanized expert—another great public danger. We should all consider ourselves 'Counsel for the Accused' and never whisper 'feeble-minded' unless and until mental defect is clearly and unquestionably proved.

"The dark tragedies involved in this problem are, naturally, and properly enough, lightly touched upon in fiction. Miss Fanny, though she said Young Sparkler was 'almost an idiot,' and despised him for his mental feebleness, married him in the end. He could not earn a living—he had no more mind or will of his own than 'a boat when it is towed by a steamship.'

"But we realize now what no one realized then—that marriage with a mental defective brings the curse of mental defect upon the children. Many of the Susan Nippers and Miss Fannys of the present generation know that now, and soon all will know it.

"Little Dorrit showed right feeling and a true instinct in dealing with the mentally defective. She was a 'Little Mother' to poor Maggy, but she said she would far rather see her sister working hard for a living than rich and married to Young Sparkler. We do wrong when we permit a mental defective to become a parent.

"Those who know anything about the work of orphanages, refuges and other charitable institutions; those who have been on duty in 'locked wards' or maternity wards of hospitals; those who are aware of the problem of the poor unfathered baby (did you ever think to yourself how innocent that baby is!); those who work for prison reform—no such person needs to be told what feeble-mindedness costs in hard cash, in self-respect, in social degradation—and degeneracy. 'Our duty to our neighbor must now be held to include our duty to posterity.' We never shall conquer our two worst social evils until we deal with and remove this stumbling-block of the mental defective which stands in a causal relation

to them both. It is not the only thing we have to do, but is there any other one thing that would help as much in solving our social problems as dealing firmly, wisely and kindly with mentally defective persons?

"These two problems are closely connected with each other, and they cannot be effectively dealt with unless we stop neglecting the mentally defective and reorganize charitable institutions, work for dependents and delinquents, procedure in criminal courts, and, above all, education and school-work, according to the facts, recognizing mental defectives as children, the wards of the State, who must receive the training, protection and care—in one word, the home that they need, so that they do not mingle with the general community. Hattie Wanhope was recognized at school. She should have been taken into care then. Poor Hattie is far more dangerous to the Nation than Maggy or Barnaby Rudge.

"A hundred years ago people began to deal more justly, kindly and sensibly with lunatics and with mental defectives because they began to conjecture that lunatics were sick and had need of a physician, and mental defectives were permanent children and needed permanent parents. In the hundred years since,

in our well-meant efforts to do good, we have often only tried to help the mentally unfit to do the things they are unfit to do, such as attempting to make a home. The mentally defective are those who cannot make, or help to make, a home.

"We must make a happy and permanent home for them during their lives. The only Permanent Parent is the State.

"If a hundred years—and the Great War—and the sacrifice of the 'chief of our strength' in this generation—the glory of our youth—who gave their lives for the Peace and the Freedom and the Justice of the world—if THIS—and the coming of Democracy, so that we all have a share in determining national thinking and acting—have made us wiser—and there are signs that seem to say 'Yes'—then the mind of the Nation will rise nearer to the level of our great writers, and we shall see somewhat more clearly what is and what is not meant by this National problem of the mentally defective, and see our duty to them and to the Nation—and set ourselves to do it."

### The Made-in-Canada Magazine

AS we are approaching the celebration of Canada's fifty-third birthday, would it not be well to ask ourselves: "How Canadian Are We?" Do we sing "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf Forever," and then stop and buy a made-in-New-York-or-Philadelphia magazine as we are returning from the patriotic parade? Then it would be well for us to admit that ours is a lip loyalty which does not extend as far south as the pocket.

Circumstances are altering circulations, and this fact was concretely set forth last month, when the statement was made that Toronto is now receiving from fifty-four to sixty-one less tons of American magazines each week than during former times. Of one American weekly all supplies to news-dealers have been stopped. The serious paper shortage in the United States has brought about this condition—and the situation is not likely to show any change to wider distribution.

The excellence in style and contents of many weekly and monthly publications coming to Canada from the United States will be cheerfully admitted by all readers. That they should be read to the exclusion of worthy Canadian publications is neither a patriotic nor a progressive policy for the Canadian public. If your home is to be truly Canadian in atmosphere, then you must have not only the Canadian newspaper, but the made-in-Canada magazine also.

Give the literature and art of the Dominion a chance and you will find yourself a better Canadian, with a Sydney-to-Victoria width of outlook.

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Yearly subscription price for Canada and Great Britain is \$2.00; United States, \$2.50; Foreign, \$2.60. Remit by Express or P.O. Order. Add collection charges to cheques. Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

To change address we must know former and new address. No address changed later than 15th.

We have discontinued the sending of receipts for money paid by subscribers. The first figures on the wrapper of your journal show to what date your subscription is paid.

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Readers of the "Canadian Home Journal" are fully protected when buying from any of our advertisers. We know that every advertiser in this issue is reliable, and that our readers will be dealt with fairly and honorably. Should any of our readers have an unsatisfactory dealing with any of our advertisers, we will undertake to have a satisfactory adjustment made or the money refunded. This absolute guarantee is good only when our readers tell advertisers when dealing with them that their advertisement was seen in the "Canadian Home Journal." We welcome letters from subscribers giving their ideas of how we can improve the journal.





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This is the basic reason behind the Goodyear Service Station policy and Goodyear Tire-Savers.

Many tires are ruined by poor tubes and lack of tube care.

Buy good tubes and give them the best of care.

Clean the rust from the rims when you change a tire.

Be sure the inside of the casing is clean before you insert the tube.

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sprinkle of Goodyear French Talc to prevent chafing and Friction.

Keep your valves clean and airtight and the air pressure up.

Carry spare tubes in Goodyear Tube bags to prevent injury by loose tools and from chafing.

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**GOODYEAR**  
MADE IN CANADA





## O CANADA!

**A** MERICANS think cultivated English speech affected to absurdity. They are never tired of caricaturing it. A representative American—from Chicago—not long ago expressed to me his astonishment when he found young British officers, in France, who conversed in a fashion that seemed to him the limit of fatuity, particularly good at their jobs. It seemed to him that people who talked in so foolish a fashion must have some vacuity to match. He did not realize, as he amiably snapped, and good-naturedly snarled these opinions at me, that the difference in the speech of the educated Englishman and the educated American arises simply from the fact that the Englishman is taught to speak, and the American, generally speaking, is not. The talk of a child in an upper-class English family is watched. If he begins to drop his h's or catch a Cockney accent from his nurse, the tendency is corrected. One important reason why English children are sent home early from India is that they may not acquire the much disliked "chi-chi" inflection so characteristic of the "country-bred" European. The intonation and production of the voice is thought so important, that it has become a test for class, especially among men. "He spoke like a gentleman"; "he had the voice of a gentleman,"—how often one hears that phrase in England! And how difficult it would be to apply any such test on this side of the Atlantic.

Canadians are more respectful to the "English accent" than Americans are—indeed they admire and enjoy it, especially in the theatres. "It is so delightful to hear English voices," is often said of a travelling company in this country. But the flattery stops short of emulation. Like the Americans, we neglect the education of the voice. The manner of speech of the majority of the people has been allowed to capture the conversation of the whole nation, and the majority is much too busy on farms and in factories, to pay much attention to the mere matter of talking. Educated Canadians are careful about their grammar and the pronunciation of long words, and seem to think the matter ends there. Boys at the public schools talk as the other boys talk—there is a subconscious feeling that to be more particular would not be good democratic manners. Strong flavours of the Irish, Scotch and North Country immigrants survive in our speech, though actual brogue, like the Cockney quality, is soon lost in the general Americanization of the language.

**I** T is a hard saying and not a pleasant reflection, but I do not think that Canadians of the present generation in the least realize how badly they speak. Their fathers and mothers, still more their grandfathers and grandmothers, nearer to the parent tongue in the parent islands, have far better qualities of voice. The conviction is borne in upon me by hearing my young compatriots ridicule American speech. How shall I ever hope to be forgiven when I declare that their own is often worse! I am speaking now, as constantly, of the well-to-do body of our people, not of a comparative few of careful training and acquaintance with other standards than their own, who, in Canada, as in the United States, speak English as it is spoken in Edinburgh or Oxford, or anywhere else by cultivated people. Apart from these, comparison of the speech of

our professional and business classes, with that of the same folk on the other side of the line, especially east of Chicago, cannot be said to rebound in our favour to any sensitive ear. The Americans have a net quality in their talk, an incisiveness and a clearness that we have not. They have also more variety of inflection, and they

flat there is no reason why we should not have it in that condition. And in any case it is perhaps well to be wary of the enthusiasm that pronounces "Canada" "Conada," in the indiscriminating adoption of that vowel by the England-returned. But how often do you hear the "o" in "or" and "for" given its proper roundness, and how often do you hear "er" and "fer"? Do we trouble to get out the whole of "to-morrow," or do we use the indolent Irish "to-morrah"? What about "you" and "your"? I hear them "yeh," and "yer," "It" is nearly always "ut," "Can" is apt to slide into "kin." The final "ing" in "going" is prone to disappear altogether—"goin'" we say, in our haste. It is the slovenly Irish that have demoralized us most, because their enunciation is the easiest.

**W** E are not by nature a buoyant people. Neither are the Americans, for all their levity, and we less than they. Take any Pullman car and consider the faces. Youth has a certain inalienable cheer, but few Canadians over forty show it. Men and women alike, but particularly the men, wear an expression of extreme seriousness. In the men it is plainly the result of extreme concentration upon business—they cannot so much as read a newspaper without girding their loins. Anxiety is more graven upon the faces of the ladies, with a little plaintiveness—perhaps the reflex from a domestic situation that has never been too easy. And this mental attitude is again given forth in the tones of the Canadian voice. Like the American, it is almost entirely composed of head notes, yet it has a low and melancholy pitch, as if all the vocal chords were permanently depressed. This often adds immensely to the effect in telling a funny story, but, unhappily, funny stories have but a small part in the communications of daily life. I know a pair of lovely Canadian girls, happy, normal, attractive girls, the pitch of whose conversation is one complaining whine. They are not in the least aware of it, and, oddly enough, they sing quite agreeably. As a rule, our Canadian voice is flat, dry, drawling and monotonous. It has little emotional richness or inflectional variety. The substitute, among men, for these things, is an over-emphasis, oddly applied, to brief sentences upon unimportant matters.

There is no reason why this should be so. Our vocal equipment is as good as that of any other nation. Our chests are as broad, our lungs as deep. Our outlook on life is as gay and as hopeful. We have simply never thought of the necessity of voice training—left it to come of itself; and it has come of itself with a vengeance.

First, we should think about voice production—make a habit of listening privately, criticising and comparing. The worst of our tricks and carelessnesses are easily recognized and avoided. In the course of time, we may come to realize that it is no derogation of our independence to bring a few teachers of elocution across the Atlantic. It is no defence to hold that the English of Canada is just as good as the English of England. It isn't. You don't expect to find the best French in Quebec, or go to Cuba for Spanish. It is a disability of the colonial states that practice of the language must to some extent degenerate. There is no reason, however, once the fact is recognized, why it should not be effectively dealt with.

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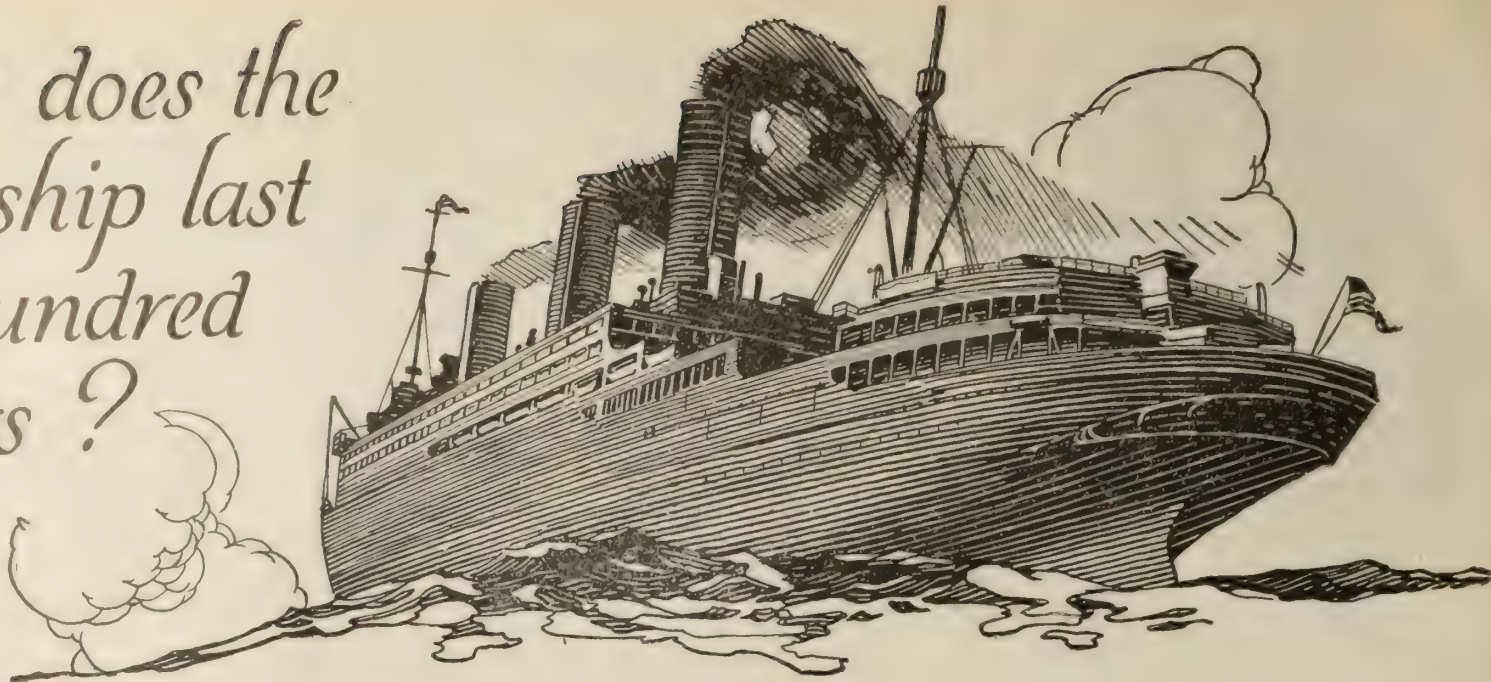
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speak no whit more through their noses than do we. It is a habit which they, and not we, have planted on this continent, but it has spread across the border, and thrives all too abundantly on our side.

**B** UT these are general charges, and I may well be asked to particularize. Am I finding fault because Canadians do not find it "natural" to use the broad "a"? Not at all. If we like our "grass"



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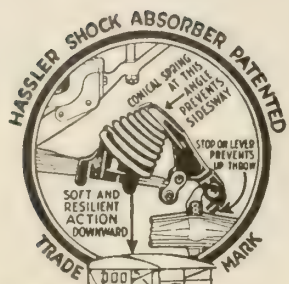
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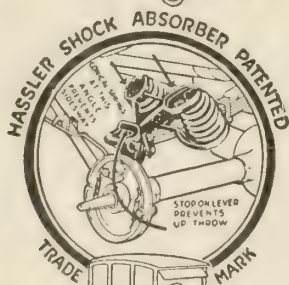
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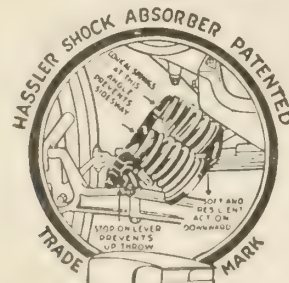
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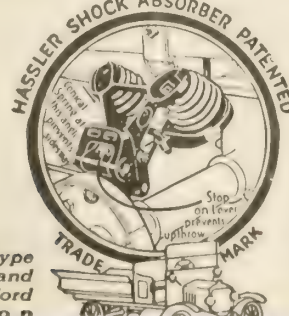
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# An Artist Has a Strange Experience in Finding that the Supreme Beauty is of the Soul



## JUDGMENT

By BEATRICE REDPATH

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

IF it were not for the curious end to the affair it would not be worth relating. It was so manifestly ironic; one of those cases where life appears in the guise of an irrepressible jester, turning to smile behind his hand. Yet, in spite of the burlesque irony of it all, there was something unquestionably fine in the way in which Knowles cast down his idols, tossed them aside, denied their very existence. For Knowles' idols had been firmly placed. Anyone knowing him at that time would have said that, as he was, so he would have continued to the end. But there is always in life the incalculable factor, the eternal surprise in the play of circumstance upon character which upsets all calculations.

I never knew Lena at all intimately, so I could not be conscious of the personal element as far as she was concerned. To me she was as the character in a play, perhaps even more like a shadowy figure projected on a screen. She passed and re-passed before me a score of times, yet nothing of herself penetrated my consciousness except the fact that she was uncommonly beautiful—and Knowles had told me that.

He would sit and talk of her in quite an absurd fashion; there was no doubt that he was indignantly proud of his wife. My ethics had always forbidden me to discuss woman, but as I have said before, Lena, for me, was not so much a woman of my acquaintance as a character to be dissected. A Helen of Troy, or a Cleopatra, whose beauty had in it all the potential elements for tragedy. Knowles would sit on my verandah, his arms crossed upon his flat chest, seated with a convenient view of his own front lawn, where perhaps Lena would be playing with the puppy or working over her rose bushes, and he would talk of her while I wondered all the while at the curious fashion in which he could speak of her. It was quite as impersonal as though she were a fine piece of pottery or a portrait which he had been clever enough to pick up at a sale.

Sitting on my verandah one summer evening, the scent of the honeysuckle that sheltered the northern end of the house, seeming to thicken the frail dusk, Knowles as usual started off on his favorite topic.

"Lena was educated to be beautiful," he said, "she's been trained to it ever since she was a child."

I laughed lightly at this without taking the trouble to respond. It was so like Knowles. He was forever making just such absurd remarks. His ideas were usually, from my way of thinking, mere moonshine and fantasy.

"Oh, you may laugh," he went on calmly, "but why isn't it possible to teach a child to be beautiful? Is there nothing then in the power of suggestion?"

I smiled in silent acquiescence with any theory which Knowles might care to foist upon me. I was feeling altogether too indolent to enter into a discussion at that moment. You could not argue a point with Knowles. He was too impractical.

"Well, then, it isn't nonsense in the case of Lena," he continued. "She regards beauty as I do, as the supreme essential in life."

I mused thoughtfully over his words and called up to my mind a vision of Lena, picturing to myself the delicate perfection of her face, the golden sheen of her hair, the droop of her heavy lidded eyes, with the stiff lashes which made the pupil appear so bewilderingly star-like. She was disturbingly beautiful. You felt that she should be cast in bronze so that the multiplying years should not blur nor destroy. That such a high perfection of art must needs be perishable, must of necessity fade, filled you with a vague dis-

quietude. And all this beauty Knowles affirmed had been created by suggestion. He was impossible with his exaggerated theories.

"Beauty," he continued, now leaning his head against the back of his chair and staring out at the summer dusk, "is the will o' the wisp that calls you over the world. It's everything and it's nothing; it's as elusive as the tail of the rainbow; it's in the curve of a line, in a shadow thrown by a cloud. It's the flicker of starlight, the mist over the moon, the bloom on the fruit, the shine of the sea. It's the nearest approach to Divinity that we know of. It's everything," he repeated, with emphasis. "Without beauty life would be worth nothing, simply nothing at all."

"After all," I put in meditatively, following up the processes of his thought, "these things are the mere surfaces of life."

"What are you saying?" he ejaculated, and his tone tossed aside my words as so much chaff. "Beauty is the very core of life."

I fell silent again, convinced that it was of no avail to argue the point with him. Later I watched him go down the steps and cross the road through spreading pools of moonlight, and I wondered about Lena. Was she just the lay figure she appeared to be from the way he spoke of her? Perhaps she herself was quite content merely to fill his requirements; perhaps she cared for nothing beyond her own beauty. Since that was Knowles' attitude towards her, I sincerely hoped so. If she had been trained to this end ever since she was a child, it was natural to suppose that she was content with the role forced upon her. But the more I thought of Lena in conjunction with Knowles, the more she intrigued me. It was a curious life she led here in the suburbs, for a woman who was so obviously beautiful. I could not imagine that Knowles, with his pale face and plastered hair could inspire in her a great devotion. Knowles was not inspiring. And at that time he was essentially an egoist.

I BEGAN to watch Lena rather more closely from my verandah whenever I saw her appear upon her lawn across the road, and I began to realize that I felt rather sorry for Lena. I thought that Knowles had no right to make so clear to her his requirements. It was all very well for him to be on his knees to her beauty, but that he should continually make her aware that he required it of her was another thing. How could she look forward with anything but black dread, to the time when her beauty must fade? That is, if she cared for Knowles. I had not as yet made up my mind upon that point.

I noticed that she always wore a wide-brimmed hat in her garden, and pulled long gloves over her slim hands when she tended her roses. Small indications of her unceasing care to guard that which Knowles so cherished. Each day at the same hour she went for a walk with the puppy, and each day after lunch I noticed that the yellow blind in the front room upstairs was pulled down; Lena was taking her afternoon sleep.

How could a woman submit to making herself such a puppet, I wondered. I began to lose patience with Lena, and regarded her with a certain

amount of contempt, which I realized was not quite deserved. For, after all, if Knowles continually asserted that her beauty was absolutely essential to his happiness and condemned any intellect in a woman as quite superfluous, Lena's course was not to be wondered at. It was Knowles who was in the wrong. Some day, I thought, I would reopen the subject with him and make him see that it was not fair to Lena, and if he cared

for her he must widen her scope in life. But, after all, though one may think of pointing out such things to one's friends, one hesitates to do so when the moment arrives.

And then I missed Lena for a day or so. Knowles told me when he came over one evening that she had gone to New York to shop, and for a time I completely forgot about her. I lost interest in the working out of the little drama that I had staged just beyond my front door. Not that at that time I was conscious that it was to develop into drama. But nevertheless I knew a shock of surprise when one evening Knowles appeared on the steps of my verandah, just after I had finished dinner. He had a letter in his hand, and seemed decidedly agitated. I asked him to sit down and light his pipe, but ignoring my invitation he passed me the letter and told me to read it. I glanced over it hurriedly, and then read it through carefully a second time before I looked up. He was standing before me regarding me with close attention, as though to read my first impressions of the letter.

"Well, what do you make of it?" he said at length.

I glanced down at the letter again before replying. It was just a matter of a few lines from Lena, telling him in the most casual manner possible that she had no intention of returning to him. She said that there was nothing to be gained by their seeing one another, as she was quite fixed in her resolve. She finished by saying that he would please her best if he made no effort whatever to seek her out.

"I suppose there is nothing much to make of it," I responded, turning the letter over in my hands. "Apparently she means what she says. There is nothing for you to do I should say, but to accept it."

"You think—you think—" he stammered, searching my face, "that there is someone else?"

"Lena is a very beautiful woman," I responded.

He sat down then and sank into a heavy silence from which I made no effort to rouse him. There seemed nothing to be said further. The curtain had simply gone down on the first act of the little drama which I had anticipated. My surprise was that Lena should have a mind capable of taking any such definite course. I could not find myself blaming her much, nor help feeling that Knowles had only got what he deserved. If he had insisted upon treating Lena as nothing but a beautiful picture to hang upon the walls of his house, it was only fitting that he should make the discovery that after all she was flesh and blood. Her whole course of procedure was puzzling, however. It was so far from what I would actually have expected of Lena. It was so clear cut. It takes character to make a clean and swift decision, and I had almost persuaded myself that Lena had none. I was obliged to alter my ideas concerning her. I wondered about her, building up romantic scenes in my mind, staging Lena as heroine. But somehow they never seemed to fit. It was like a puzzle where some of the pieces are lost.

For a time I expected each day that I would see Lena appear on the lawn opposite, and hear that she had come back, repentant for an in-



judicious escapade. I was quite certain that this would be the end of it. It was the only fitting climax that I could foresee. But the days went by and there was no sign of Lena. Knowles never alluded to her. His pride was badly scarred, but I imagined that that was the whole amount of his hurt. It was as though some connoisseur had outbid him for an art treasure. He was thwarted and angry. But he took care not to show even these feelings by any chance remark. He would come over and sit with me just as before, only we did not speak of Lena. That was the only difference. He would talk instead of the decay of the art of the present day, he would rail against some critic whose views he did not hold with, or he would go into an enthusiastic description of a book he had read, or an exhibition of pictures he had seen. He was a curious character, Knowles.

I would sit and look at him, at his long, thin face and plastered hair, while I wondered about him. He had a way of putting so utterly outside of his horizon anything which displeased him. He was heedless to all the suffering in the world. It simply did not interest him. He felt himself detached from it, it was not his concern. He had what appeared to me to be almost an unhealthy craving for beauty around him, and when he perceived it certain pulses would seem to vibrate in the complex organism of his mind. He would become quite oblivious of his surroundings, the conversation as far as he was concerned would become a mere trail of abandoned words, and he would sit back in his chair, his arms crossed on his thin chest, while his eyes would be positively alight. I have seen him like this over the mere line of a tumble-down dwelling, the curve of a roadway, a bank of cloud. Yes, he was a curious character in every sense.

I USED to wonder if he had ever heard anything more about Lena, but apparently the subject was not one to be mentioned between us. I carefully avoided anything which might touch upon it, but I always hoped that some day he would mention her. Lena interested me more than Knowles. I felt that she had a complete sense of drama. The way in which she had walked off the stage was quite majestic in its absolute lack of all explanation. It was so simple in its accomplishment. And, when all's said, it is the simple actions in life that partake of greatness.

I met Knowles one hot summer afternoon, hurrying to the station to catch the suburban train from the city. The streets were crowded at that hour, packed with tired humanity, all eager for an escape from the day's labors. I thought, with a sense of pleasure, of my own cool verandah, shaded by elm trees. The jaded faces I passed wrung me to pity. So many returning to rooms that were even hotter, rooms that were a mere excuse for a dwelling place. I thought of all the hot tossed pillows, pressed by heads seeking to find in dreams some little alleviation of reality, and I felt poignantly the awful unfairness of life. What had I done that I should have so much more than these? What a thing life was for the greater number! When was the balance to be readjusted; when were these to receive full measure to atone for the hungry years? I made some comment of the kind to Knowles, but he brushed it aside as he put away from him everything of the sort. It did not appear on his horizon, therefore there was no necessity for him to be concerned about it. I looked at his anaemic face and wondered, as I had often done, if anything could ever penetrate his armour. I could not understand how anyone who could so vibrate to beauty could go so untouched by suffering. The senses which are acute to the one are usually just as sensitive to the other.

I was thinking over this, when suddenly, just ahead of us, I seemed to recognize the back of a woman who was striving like ourselves to find a passage through the crowd. There was something oddly familiar in the pose of her head and in the line of her shoulders. I was wondering vaguely where I had seen her before, when illumination burst upon me.

"Lena!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

The woman turned and I had a swift and terrible impression of a face scarred beyond recognition. Before I had time to collect my stunned faculties she had turned swiftly away, and in another moment, while I stood stupidly staring after her, she had pushed her way through an opening in the crowd and disappeared.

I turned and looked questioningly at Knowles. I thought, or I may have simply imagined it, that his face was more oddly colourless than usual. He replied to my silent question, while absolutely ignoring my previous exclamation.

"Horrible!" he said. "It is terrible the things you see in a crowd of this description."

I continued to look at him, still strangely puzzled. His face was quite expressionless. I had been sure that the woman was Lena, but I assured myself now that I had been mistaken. If it had been Lena, Knowles would certainly have known. After all, I could not have been certain of a single feature in the woman's face. I was only deeply conscious of that red line running at right angles. It was an unfortunate mistake of mine. I wished that Lena's name had not been

wrung from me by that intangible resemblance. Knowles did not refer in any way to my abrupt exclamation, and gradually I dismissed the whole matter from my mind.

It seems to me that I did not see so much of him for some time after this incident. I was away for a time and when I came back I found a pile of work which had accumulated in my absence, which kept me busy in the evenings as well as during the day. When at length I did see Knowles, he appeared to me, or was it merely my imagination, to have changed in some indefinite way. He was more silent, he would sit for long periods without speaking, his arms folded, peering out into the darkness beyond the verandah, a curious expression upon his face. I did not care to force his confidence, so I smoked my pipe in silence and left him to his own thoughts. Sometimes I wondered at the cause for this change in him, and could not help thinking that it dated from the unfortunate incident in the crowded street. But I dismissed this as absurd. I knew my imagination was too prone to manufacture a cause to fit the effect.

He began to come even more often than before, and asked me in almost a humble fashion if I objected to his sitting so much on my verandah. "It's lonely sitting there in an empty house," he said, with a curious self-conscious laugh. "I am beginning to dislike my own society."

## The Thought (An Allegory)

**O**FTEN the people said: 'We have quite enough Thoughts of our own. What need have we of new ones when the old suffice? Besides, it is against our principles to entertain strange Thoughts.'

"Others asked briefly: 'Who sent you?' And when I told them, they said: 'We do not know him,' and closed the door."

"At last I stood upon the threshold of one for whom the sun had gone out, and she stretched forth her hands to me and cried: 'Little Thought, they tell me thou art fair. Come to me, that I may feel of thy beauty.' Very gently she passed her fingers over my face and touched the strange Word-garb in which I was wrapped. Then she said: 'O Thought, I am glad thou didst come, for thou art very beautiful. The memory of thee shall stay with me in the dark.' And I was glad that to one, at least, I had brought happiness."

"Next I came to a man who was weeping bitterly; and I touched him on the shoulder and said: 'Friend, let me soothe thy grief. For I am a Beautiful Thought, and am come to smile upon thy heart and give thee courage.'

"He stopped weeping for a moment and, looking up, asked: 'Canst thou restore the dead?' And I answered: 'I can fill thy soul with peace.' But he turned away and wept again."

"Some asked me: 'Canst thou give us Fame?' And I answered: 'That is for you to win.' Another, when he saw me, pitied me, but laughed. 'Thou art too dainty and delicate a Thought,' he said, 'for this rough world. Thou wouldst need a fist of iron and a voice of thunder to stir mankind to-day. This is the hour for the conquering giants—not frail pigmies such as thou.' And sorrowfully I journeyed on."

"Many and many were those to whom I gave the message, but they would not heed. And now, O Thinker, I have come back, for the World needs me not."

Then all the other Thoughts stretched out their hands in sympathy and cried: "Come, play with us and be happy again!"

But the little Thought shook its head and answered: "No; I have no heart to play. I would rest. Give me sleep or death, I care not which, so long as I forget."

Then it tore off the ragged Words and threw aside the cloak of language, which was dusty and full of holes, and crept into a sheltering fold of the Thinker's brain to sleep; for it was very tired.

Gently and silently across its couch Time's tender fingers wove the Cobwebs of Forgetfulness and stretched the Curtain of Peace; and now the little Thought is only a Memory, sleeping among the other Memories in the Thinker's brain.

I became accustomed to seeing him sitting in the corner of my verandah, a dark, silent figure, and I felt vaguely sorry for him. Whatever was the cause, there was no doubt that in some way the man was suffering intensely, he who had always banished suffering from his horizon. And yet I did not feel that it would do him any harm. It might make him more human, more sympathetic to the misfortunes of others. Already I felt that he was more capable of understanding a wider scope of life than he had hitherto done. How this had been accomplished, I did not conjecture even to myself.

I WAS feeling very much more in sympathy with him than I had ever done before, as late one afternoon we swung out of the woods bordering High Park, sheltering it from the full sweep of the sea wind. Knowles had been speaking of his student days in Paris, of his dreams and ambitions, and of how little he had accomplished of all he had set himself to do. He had been pulled too many ways in his continual quest for perfection; sadly he stated that he had succeeded in none. We were arguing as to the meaning of success in life, as the full panorama of the sea swept upon us, silencing us by the pure magic of the view. The cliffs dropped sheer to a sea of amethyst, shaken into silver by the light wind, the sky clear amber, broken only by the sharp

edge of the new moon. Far on the horizon a tramp steamer seemed to lie motionless, only the betraying smoke clinging golden to the sky indicating movement. We stood silent, until the echo of a remark spoken by Knowles some time ago came to my lips.

"It's the nearest approach to Divinity that we know of. I think you are right, Knowles . . . something like this . . . it seems to lift one right out of oneself."

I was not prepared for the swift change that swept over him. He turned his back on it all, on the sea, the sky, and the circle of the young moon, and walked rapidly down the road ahead of me. The expression of his face as I came up to him filled me with wondering surprise. He did not speak until we had gone some distance, and I was afraid to break in upon his curious preoccupation. This chance remark of mine had set flowing some dark currents through his mind. I rather imagined that I understood, but until this moment I had not known Knowles to turn his back on beauty. The scene itself had roused him to some emotion, I fancied, rather than my remark.

"Don't speak to me of beauty," he said suddenly, "I have done with beauty forever."

I could make no reply to this. Then abruptly he turned and faced me, a tall, dark figure, against the green gloom of the trees which surrounded us on the outskirts of the park. "It was Lena," he said, with an amazing suddenness, and then was silent again, waiting for my surprised ejaculation. But I made none. I was not surprised, except in the manner of his telling it to me. After a moment's pause, as I made no reply, he said curiously:

"You knew?"

"I couldn't be sure," I replied briefly. He took a few more steps in silence.

"Curious," he said, speaking in a strained tone of voice, "what one will do in a crisis. You don't know, say whatever you like, but you can't tell what you will do. Lay the situation before me just as it was and I would have said that any man would have rushed forward, no matter what his feelings might have been. Even the veriest cur . . . but I didn't . . . I held back . . . I couldn't have stirred . . . I felt frozen with the utter horror of it."

He paused and I vaguely murmured something ineffectual.

"I suppose," he went on, "that it was the training of years. I had always refused to look at suffering, at ugliness, at everything that was abominable. It hurt too much. Ever since I was a child I'd close my eyes if I saw a cripple in the street. I couldn't bear anything of the sort. Cowardly, yes! I would only admit of the beautiful side of life. I abandoned the rest. You can train yourself to that the same as to anything else."

He stopped to strike a match, and the flare of it lit up his face. The man was baring his soul to me, dissecting his most hidden feelings, and the mark of them was upon his features.

"I wonder if you can understand," he went on, "Lena, because she was no longer beautiful, simply did not exist for me. There was a woman standing there who had a natural claim upon me . . . but for me the claim no longer held. Lena had been beautiful . . . then since Lena was no longer beautiful it simply wasn't Lena. I stood there and let her pass on in the crowd. I allowed her to vanish from before my eyes . . . and I tried to forget . . . to blot her out . . . to say that Lena actually did no longer exist."

He paused again. Difficult words these. I did not choose to break the thread of his recital. Painful as it was to listen, I felt that the man must speak. Each word was a relief to his pent up feelings, which he could no longer endure by himself.

"What a fool!" he exclaimed, "oh, what a fool!"

And then he threw back his head and clasped his hands behind his back and strode forward with a new vigor.

"Lena wasn't a mere puppet," he said, "there was more to Lena than I knew anything about."

I nodded without speaking. I had come to believe the truth of that.

"It's a difficult thing to know a beautiful woman," he continued. "One is so satisfied with the mere shell, one does not require that the kernel shall be rich within."

We reached the end of the path and came out into the wide sweep of the park. Knowles paused, hesitating as though he had more to say, and would say it all in the secret enclosure of the trees. Words seem to lose half their meaning spoken in broad spaces. Perhaps that was what he felt.

"Beauty," he said, "oh, beauty is nothing at all. Nothing at all," he reiterated with firmness, as though to impress upon himself something that his heart did not really feel. The very emphasis of his words denied them weight. One can not alter one's whole character at one's immediate desire. "It is only the glaze on life," he said earnestly, "curious how it can satisfy until the surface is scratched."

I wondered was Lena to be ignored, to be left with her poor scarred features, while he played

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71.)



"NOTHING but a house between us," mused little Jeanie Wren, secretary to Cornelia Harding, novelist, "Nothing but a house, with me on one side and the illustrious Dr. Kerby on the other."

Thereupon Jeanie Wren propped her elbows on her dressing table and stared long at the pert, daring creature looking at her from out the glass.

"What are you going to do about it, Miss Wren?" she asked, "What are you going to do—make the most of living during two whole blissful weeks of Miss Cornelia's absence in remote New York—or—flunk?"

She made a wry little face at herself. "Flunk—indeed," she scoffed, "No you won't, either. Providence didn't give you this chance for nothing—and you simply are going to help out."

The brows knitted in a remarkable frown. Her house—the other house—and Dr. Kerby's house. Dr. Kerby—oh, high anointed celebrity! When Jeanie Wren had been informed by Miss Cornelia that the imposing grey stone abode was the home of the equally imposing Dr. Kerby, and that he was now resting there for one whole month, her little heart went pit-a-pat indeed. Jeanie Wren had always, ever since she could creep perhaps, wanted really to view one celebrity—a man one. In that sense Miss Cornelia Harding did not count. She was one without doubt—a spinster, who knowing so much about the elements of Love, must therefore expound her knowledge in novels. To Jeanie Wren they were little more than a series of sick satisfactions, but being no sort of an authority whatever, she kept her mouth shut and her eyes open—for everything. So with Miss Cornelia's unexpected departure—she saw what she saw—her house—the other house—and his house.

"If it's only one decent, uninterrupted, hour-long look, I'll be satisfied forever," she promised herself alone in the dim hall, immediately after Miss Cornelia's leave taking.

Jeanie Wren wasn't really a foolish, romantic idiot, but one can't live with a novelist for two whole years without becoming—well, tainted. Besides, she was a Wren; that was the best part of her. The Wrens always knew what they knew, and got after what they wanted. And she was proof of her family, for it was, to be sure, their sheer determination that landed her in Miss Cornelia's household. And having landed there, because of the utter necessity of living, she didn't know just how to—"unland."

TWO days had passed—serene—uneventful—since Miss Cornelia's car had honked down the street. So, quite in despair, Miss Jeanie Wren studied her prospects—in the mirror—contemplating deeply. Finally she came, in the course of her contemplation—to her nose.

"It's so outlandish pointed," she moaned, "it's my lost change materialized. Why if I were to follow that—" She stopped plunk in the middle, and gasped, "Why, if I followed that, it might lead me clear to Dr. Kerby himself."

This sudden inspiration brought about a hasty manoeuvring of hair

pins, powder puff, and one delicious blue frock. "I'll follow my nose," she said decidedly, as she descended the stairs to dim regions below, "I'll follow no matter where it leads me."

Truthfully speaking, she was almost convinced that it would lead her out on the street—and then up two doors—to his house. Imagine her dismay and her disgust to find herself wandering aimlessly about Miss Cornelia's back yard. She was so mad—so mad that her cheeks grew pink and pinker, and her hair actually stood up—and curled.

Suddenly it came to her over the hedge—the glad, musical laugh of children.

And what do you suppose Jeanie Wren's nose did then? Why—bless me—it led her down on her hands and knees, right through a hole in that selfsame hedge—into the next door back yard!

At first the kiddies—there were three of them—looked rather disturbed and frightened, but not for long. She looked so funny—so ridiculously funny, that they screamed with delight, just to see her coming. Her welcome was unmistakable. She crawled right into the middle of the sand pile and sat there panting.

"I'm Fred," said the biggest of the three without preface, "and she's Doris, and he's Tots. Who are you?"

"Why I am the only Human Story Lady—bless you."

Thereupon there was further exultation, lacking neither in propriety nor originality. In less time than it takes to tell, that Story Lady was busy proving her identity.

So busy they were, and alas, so excited, they did not see the other lady approaching. She came full upon them, and paused. Fred sighted her first.

"Hello Mother," he called, "Say, she's a squelcher," with a most dramatic gesture towards the blue-clad Story Lady.

"Oh—she's—she's—" Doris promptly seconded, with an adoring glance that was more voluminous than words.

The Story Lady sprang up immediately. She was without a doubt horribly confused.

"You know Mrs.—Mrs.—" she began.

"Dickson."

"You know Mrs. Dickson, I am disgraced with a horribly long nose. That's what's the matter; I followed it in here."

hedge crawling," Fred interrupted.

Jeanie Wren colored. "Yes—I did, truly," she admitted, "I could-

n't help it, it was my nose. But Miss Harding is away and you know the old saying—'When the cat's away, the mice will play'—"

"Is—is—" another interruption, on the part of Doris—"is Miss Harding a cat—truly?"

There was more laughter.

Doris, six and persistent, was undismayed. "Well—is she?"

Jeanie Wren brushed the sand from her blue skirt.

"She is"—hesitatingly—"She is—well—"

"Sometimes," Mrs. Dickson added, "Oh, I can read minds. Please do come up to the verandah for some tea. Won't your nose lead you that far?"

"Yes—it will," Jeanie Wren said decidedly.

"And you will tell us how you happen to be so alone as to escape the novelist. We were quite surprised to hear she had taken the house next door for the fall and winter. You like it here?"

"I believe I am going to," Jeanie Wren smiled.

And so it was she came to know Alice Dickson and her three.

"If you want to walk into a mother's heart and stay there," she wrote in her memory book that night, "love her children."

It wasn't a hard matter, in fact it was quite the easiest matter ever, to love the little Dicksons. To them she was the wonderful Story Lady, and her coming was—the event. In one week she had known them all forever, mother Alice included. They were very kind to her—those people, and more—she had plenty of living.

IT was one night, one glorious October evening, that she came down from story-telling the children to slumber. Alice Dickson, awaiting her on the verandah, motioned her to a chair.

"Some stories for me sometimes, Lady," she said, "or I shall become disastrously jealous. Tell me a story about your own heart."

Jeanie Wren laughed as she took the low rocker.

"Some children never grow up," she said, "and you are one of them. A story of my own heart. Well—once upon a time"—a long, tense silence, then, suddenly—"Say, do you know Dr. Kerby?"

Alice Dickson smiled.

"We are neighbors," she teased, "so I do know him, to see him."

"Oh—in tones of awe, "Tell me what he looks like?"

"A man."

"You're mean," Jeanie hinted. "And this is the story of my heart, too. Why, ever since I knew the difference between being somebody and being nobody, I have wanted at least one long look at a somebody. I picked on Dr. Kerby when I knew he was so near. It is simply wonderful what he has done for surgery."

"Yes," the other woman acceded, "It is."

"You know—" Jeanie leaned near,

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To them she was the wonderful Story Lady, and her coming was—the event.





Mrs. Grace MacLeod Rogers



Mrs. Evah McKowan



Mrs. Isabel MacKay

## A Sextette of Canadian Women Writers

By OWEN MCGILLICUDDY

CANADIANS are beginning to take a greater interest in their native literature than they ever did in the past. Of course, it is quite true that such writers as Stephen Leacock, Norman Duncan, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Ralph Connor, have always found a large public in the Dominion. Nevertheless, in the last few years, there have been a number of women who have been winning increasing popularity. At the present time there are at least six women whose books are eagerly awaited by the Canadian public. The writers I refer to are Mrs. Emily Murphy, known to the reading world as "Janey Canuck"; Mrs. Grace McLeod Rogers, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Mrs. Evah McKowan, Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, who signs herself "L. M. Montgomery," and Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. All of these women are married, the majority of them having children, as well as their literary work, to occupy their attention.

Notwithstanding the many duties of home life, together with community duties assumed in the past few years, this little group have found time to write books and magazine articles and to deliver addresses on a variety of subjects. Wondering how these busy housewives manage to accomplish so much, I was surprised to learn that while their plans and methods of work varied, their one central or guiding purpose was to achieve a certain amount of definite work, no matter what the conditions were. Not one of the six professed to have any leisure worth mentioning, a few of them had hobbies, and their preferences, when they had time to read the works of other writers, were somewhat divergent. In asking them questions concerning their work, I felt that the answers would shed some light on how busy women can do so much and yet find time for other and more diversified endeavors. I was not disappointed.

I discovered that Grace McLeod Rogers plans out all her work before she actually begins it. She told me that she "thinks out" everything first, shaping whole sentences, and often whole paragraphs, in her mind before she begins to write. "I never can properly start my story," she said, "unless I have the ending to suit me, and I generally write out the whole matter twice in long-hand before it is ready to type. I have rarely found time for real leisure because of the demands of family friends, and home, together with outside activities. A holiday away from home is usually for the purpose of an address, or



Mrs. Arthur Murphy

of choosing some quiet spot for writing. As some men would put it—'when I am tired of cutting wood I split rails.' My preference in modern literature is to be found in good poetry and historical matter of all varieties. My hobbies are confined to folk lore and historical buildings with their annals. I also have an old-fashioned flower garden of old-fashioned flowers, which continues to hold my enthusiasm."

Mrs. Rogers has written many historical stories for the "Youth's Companion" under her maiden name of Grace Dean MacLeod. In 1891 she was married to Mr. E. H. W. Rogers, a barrister, who is now Mayor of Amherst, Nova Scotia. During the past season she wrote a novel entitled "Joan at Halfway," which has had a wide sale in Canada, while her successful collaboration with Mrs. George Churchill in the popular "Letters from my Home in India," revealed another side of her literary genius.

MRS. EVAH MCKOWAN, whose book, "Janet of the Kootenay," has been one of the best sellers throughout the Dominion during the past few months, told me that her methods were such that few men would be able to follow them. "I arrange my plots, conversations, and settings," said she, "while going about my morning work in the house and garden and write them down in the afternoon or any other time that I can find. I think that it would be impossible for me to sit down and study out a situation for I seemingly require the accompaniment of physical exertion. When I have all my ideas firmly in my mind I cannot remember whether I have made the

beds or dusted the living room unless I go to look. My leisure hours from May to October are all spent playing tennis, with the exception of September, when my husband and I don breeks and spend the month among the wonderful lakes and hills of British Columbia. My idea of a holiday is the following of yellowing trails in the hunting season, pungent

with the odor of tamarack and falling leaves. "In literature I prefer wholesome stories of the out-of-doors. It is never necessary for my enjoyment that the hero keeps getting shot or falling over precipices. I am bored by thrilling tales and thrilled by quiet, quaint narratives such as James Lane Allen's 'Kentucky Cardinal' or an account by David Grayson of the making of a stone fence. I have often thought that if a writer has a refreshing viewpoint, too much plot will get in the way of it. My hobbies are my work, three small daughters, sketching, fruit farming, and every outdoor sport that a man enjoys. The big trouble is to get time for it all and I will eagerly join any strike for a forty-four hour day."

Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, who is more generally known throughout the States and Canada as "L. M. Montgomery," told me that she made much use of her note books, in which all kinds of ideas are jotted down for use in characters, incidents, bits of description, and dialogue. "I select all I think will harmonize with or develop my central idea," said she, "and then I build a 'skeleton' of my story or book, blocking out each chapter fully as regards incidents and development of character, with suitable bits of description and dialogue. When the 'skeleton' is finished I begin to write the book and generally do it pretty swiftly. When the story is done I lay it aside for as long as possible, then I read it over, revise, preen, amplify, or correct as may be required. Everything I write receives three such revisions. I work two hours every morning when I am home at actual writing, but collect material all day long by keeping a pencil and note book handy, jotting down everything that occurs to me. So far as leisure or holidays are concerned, if I ever had any I would spend it in reading other people's books or doing fancy work. Any preference I have for modern literature is not worth speaking of. I like the older writers best and history is my favorite."

Mrs. Macdonald published her first novel, "Anne of Green Gables," in 1909, and it achieved an immediate success. Since then she has published "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne of the Island," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Kilmeny of the Orchard," "Chronicles of Avonlea," "The Golden Road."

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Mrs. Ewan Macdonald



Mrs. Nellie McClung



# A Tragedy as Old as the World—An Innocent Man Condemned to Death



\$25.00

What was death, anyway, but a clear-cut adventure? To-morrow, the next day—why let it worry him? He was really through with life!

**H**IS heart was sick of it. Whatever the verdict was to be, he wished that it was over. He wanted to be away somewhere by himself, away from these men, his jurors, supposed to be his peers, who filed in and out of the courtroom daily like so many wooden-faced destinies, and sat silent or half asleep, their heads glinting in the light from the high window.

He knew life—he had played it from every angle. He had "hit the high spots," too, quite frequently. As a journalist that was part of his scope. But though he had lolled on plush covers often enough to get the feel of them, he never could master sufficient selfishness to deal the deck from that viewpoint. On the other hand, his gift of brilliant satire had left him almost without friends, the sort of friends who could be useful to him, being tried for murder.

He had never been able to suppress his point of view, had never cared to suppress it, perhaps. He had edited for a couple of years a little weekly, all satire. Seeing the uselessness of everything, he laughed. Where was the remedy in a plan which was all greed? He was a cynic—a terrible cynic at thirty-four—and he was tired, tired, tired, so why should it matter what happened? Even love—he was past that, too—another mask! He had been too sensitive to begin with, it might be a little too fine.

**N**OW his only wish was for them to get it over with and sentence him. It seemed such a useless formality—this jury, the judge quite as listless, and the barking attorneys. There would be only one verdict—the evidence was all against him. Also, because of his writings, he faced strong prejudice. The man who has a propaganda and is able to express it is dangerous. To accept and not to think—has been the unconscious slogan of all time. The world likes its house as convention and rule have laid it out—and not a drop of his blood ran according to rule. But he was only an individual—and many other civilizations had gone before, many, many of them, undoubtedly, that history knew nothing of. And what had come out of them?—merely the present mess. What was the use of single voices in the wilderness? The wilderness were better left to itself.

Perhaps, he had never thought so much as during this trial. And certainly he had never been so much bored as during these last two days. Facing judge and jury for an entire week had brought it out in him. In the beginning he had hoped till he saw it was all against him. Then he had given it up with an ironic smile. What was death anyway but a clear-cut adventure? To-morrow, the next day, or how—why let it worry him? He was really through with life—so why? And though he felt his mental attitude was doing him harm with his judges, he did not change it, nor his manner. Let them all go to

## The Lifted Hand

By Billie Glynn

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

it and sentence him quickly. However he fought them they would do it anyway. The scheme of things was theirs, created by minds so constituted—he did not "belong"—so why should he try to remain in it?

On trial for his life, he fell to watching its panorama. And if singing spring days of his youth hit his heart with a breath of the sunshine before he had become a cynic, he drew away from them as he had once drawn away from the light in a woman's eyes that had lied to him likewise.

**T**HEN he fell into spells of wondering what death was like. A strange thing this—not breathing any more! He thought more of it than he thought of his innocence, or what they were doing around him to save or kill him. He *was innocent*—that was something in consciousness to carry into the unknown, at least. Though the preponderance of the evidence convicted him in the minds of others, it could in no way shadow what he knew within himself.

He had been his own chief witness, telling a simple story. Edmund Travers, the popular actor, had received him, Edgar Matthews, the Thursday morning of the murder at about ten-thirty in his own room in a fashionable hostelry. In the hope that he would produce it he had left one of his plays with Travers just a few days before. He had remained with the actor, who had decided not to use his work, about twenty minutes, discussing its merits. Travers had told him about another play he had taken up, "The Lifted Hand," by another local author. He, Matthews, wondered at him favoring this work because he had seen it produced at a "benefit" by amateurs, and had not thought much of it at the time, though the piece had been very badly acted and his memory was not clear as to essentials. However he had in no way quarreled with the actor, but had taken his own play and gone home.

Half an hour after he left him, Travers had been found by a maid murdered. A very thin stiletto had been plunged into his heart and the room bore all the indications of a scuffle. He had been a favorite with everyone, a man known in his private life

to be of a particularly happy disposition, who had everything to live for, and no enemies.

**A** SCORE of witnesses had been brought. It seemed to him they were overdoing it ridiculously. Two hotel clerks, the maid, a guest at the hotel—all of these knew of the play-troupe's visit. Some people in the lobby, who had seen him pass out, testified that he appeared very nervous and in haste. There was a note he had left for the actor the day previous. Witnesses had been called against the prisoner's general character, and those who acclaimed the fine qualities of the

other man. Then, most important of all, there was a rather scathing criticism of this actor written by Matthews about a year before, and which lay on the dresser, a probable cause of dissension, at the time the body was found. This critique, however, had not been half so drastic as articles the prisoner had frequently published on the unfair methods of the District Attorney's office and the wild-weed graft in some other departments.

Further evidence, an absolutely unnecessary mass of it, had been dragged in to show this and that. Everyone seemed so eager to convict him! Understanding what the verdict would be, he had lost interest in it after the first three days.

**T**HE case mostly brought out Travers' extraordinary popularity. The public mind demanded a victim. He let his young attorney fight it out tooth and nail because he was a very ambitious young attorney. But he, himself, sat in contemplation aside watching a tragedy as old as the world repeat itself—an innocent man being condemned to death.

And the crowd that herded in to see the spectacle! Was there really ever any hope for the crowd? In spite of his sympathy for them, what were they? How few of them could think any higher than their stomachs? Poor fools! They owned the world but did not know it and never would. Not even the mess of pottage had they to show for their birthright. The upper and under dog had always been. There must be some fate in it, surely. Where did life journey anyway beyond its glitter? Perhaps that was all. A poppy died and was never seen again. How futile for disciples like himself to teach something the ages, themselves, had failed to teach! The poor would have loved him better had he been able to sing them a simple song, had he been able to catch up their pulse as this actor who had been killed. As young as thirty-four, he had reached, very weary, the barrier of nothingness which enfolds life, and to which the human heart has never found definite answer. He

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## EVELINA

## The History of Her Heart

FOURTH PHASE

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LONG

425.00



"There would always be a bugle with Jim, but somehow I like the man who hears the calling of bugles!"

425.00



I AM engaged to Harold—next-door. I suppose it was to be expected! Mother certainly expected it, and father and Harold's mother. Expectation seemed to permeate the atmosphere. So when Harold said something about our having been such jolly good friends and wouldn't it be nice if we got married, I said I, thought it would.

It doesn't seem to be so much Harold himself whom my family find so desirable as Harold's father and his grandfather; in the same way Harold's mother does not rave over me at all but she is more than satisfied with my parents, my grandparents and all my deceased ancestors. It seems that there is such a risk in marrying into families that one doesn't know. Take Mabel Woods, for instance—she married a lawyer from Montreal and it turned out that he had an uncle who committed suicide. Katherine Ripley went to see her the last time she was in Montreal and she asked her, in a tactful way, of course, if she wasn't terribly afraid that Bob might commit suicide too. Mabel said, "I was, at first." Katherine says she did not like to probe further, so we're not sure just what Mabel meant.

I suppose it is a great advantage to know for certain that there are no suicide uncles in Harold's family—although I should never have worried about it myself. The Blakelys have all lived to be frightfully old, all except Harold's father who was killed by accident. Harold is practically guaranteed until seventy-five. Though, as he says himself, the guarantee does not cover the risks of war. It just shows how inconsistent parents are, for with one breath father talks of the healthy and long-lived Blakelys and with the next he declares that the only reason for consenting to my being engaged so young is that Harold's regiment may be sent to the front almost any day now. "Every boy over there should have a girl over here," says father. "A good girl is the best of anchors." But you can see that his ideas are badly mixed.

ALMOST all the girls in our set are engaged or going to be. But I don't think I should have allowed this to hurry me if I hadn't been awfully fond of Harold. I shouldn't think it right to marry a man one doesn't like, not even to be an anchor. Think of sitting opposite to him at breakfast! But I stayed over at the Blakelys one night on purpose to try having breakfast with Harold, and it was all right. Still, although I believe in taking sensible precautions like that, I have lost many of my romantic notions about love. I don't think that I quite believe in love, as love, any more. I think I have passed that stage. And when I look at Edith Williams and Tom White I'm not sorry for it. I should

hate to be as silly about Harold as she is about Tom. And Harold admits that the way Tom raves about Edith gives him a pain. No, we have talked it all over and we are agreed that calm liking is the best basis for a happy married life.

Once I thought that no married life could be happy, but that was when I had what Katherine Ripley called the "feminist fever." I think now that my ideas at that time were too radical. The war has certainly shown that, taken collectively, men do play a somewhat prominent part in the scheme of things, however negligible one may find them individually. Even the individual man has begun to seem less negligible. All the girls feel this keenly. They call

it realizing the solidarity of the race. And they are going to keep it solid if they can.

Some of them have gone the length of being married already, without bridesmaids or even wedding cake. The war came so unexpectedly, the boys had to go so soon and all the old comfortable world was so shaken and overturned that some of the war brides look dazed and bewildered yet. It was as if some dreadful Thing had suddenly become impatient and said "Hurry!"

AT first Harold wanted our wedding to take place before he leaves, but father wouldn't hear of it. I longed to point out to him how inconsistent this attitude was, but I didn't, because I was afraid he might change it. All things considered, I'd rather wait until we can do the thing properly. I'm quite willing to be engaged and to write to my fiancé twice a week (or whatever is customary) and to send chocolates and cigarettes and socks (mother will help with the socks). And I rather like the idea of being an anchor. But I think that's enough for the present.

Harold's mother is willing to wait also. I think boys' mothers mostly are. In fact, Mrs. Blakely might have wanted the engagement postponed altogether, if it were not for her lively horror of French girls. Mrs. Blakely has never met any French people, but she knows what French novels are! And as for French ancestors—well! So from the picture of Harold with a French bride she turns with real relief to me. Not that I am all that she could wish. I have many faults which time, she hopes, will correct. The chief of them is a certain balanced appreciation of the charms and merits of Harold. Young girls in her time were "more emotional." They did not treat their prospective husbands with "undue flippancy"; they "deferred more to masculine judgment" (Fancy deferring to Harold!) Still, on the whole, Mrs. B. and I get along very well, for she admits that "no one but a mother really knows." And I have promised to leave the knitting of sweaters and Balalaeva helmets entirely to her—they take such ages!

I am very, very busy, so I shan't write in this diary much, but I feel that I ought to note down some of the most important things for, as father says, in these days we are really making history.

THREE weeks later.

Harold is here! He got home from camp on leave three days ago. I ought to have noted it down at once, but everything has been in a rush. Several of the other boys are home too, and everyone is hurrying to entertain them in case their leave should be cut short. Harold brought a friend home with him—Lieutenant Burke—and who should he turn out to be but Jim Burke who used to go to high school with us before his family moved out West.

How boys change as they grow up! And yet there is something very familiar about Lieutenant Burke. I think it is his eyes. The moment I saw him I had a vision of an ugly little boy, with a pompadour which grew on his forehead in a peak, staring and staring at me across the school-room until my neck got stiff with the effort not to notice it. He had no manners at all—as a boy. And he was certainly homely as well as rude. But even then he had remarkable eyes. They were brown and reflected the light just as brown water does. I wonder if he remembers how he used to stare?

LATER.

Yes, he does remember. He hasn't said so—but I know he does. It is just a little bit embarrassing—though I can't quite understand why. I wonder if he ever was really as homely as I used to think? Because in that respect he has certainly changed. No one could call him a handsome man, but he has a very striking face, and he is nearly six feet tall. Harold looks quite little and young beside him, although they are of the same age. I suppose it is his Western life—everything is big out West, he says.

"Including feet," said Katherine Ripley. He laughed. But I did not think the remark at all funny. Men always find Katherine more amusing than we do. Katherine seems to have taken rather a fancy to Lieutenant Burke. She danced seven dances with him last night—in spite of his feet.

I wonder why everybody thinks that engaged people should always dance together—or nearly? The other boys do not ask me half so often as they used to. Luckily Harold can dance!

It was when I was sitting out a dance with him (Lieutenant Burke, I mean) that I felt sure he remembered how rude he used to be. I can't explain—just something in the way he looked! It is odd how some people understand other people, without explanations. It's restful too. I don't believe that Jim and I talked much at all while we sat out that dance, yet we came to know each other quite well by the time it was over and it seemed perfectly natural for us to call each other by our first names as we used to do at school. I am glad because it is so much pleasanter when a bride finds her husband's friends congenial.

Not that I intend to be a bride for ages yet!

NEXT day.

I wish I had a real talent like Katherine. She is making sketches of all the boys who are going overseas, and getting them to autograph the sketches. I told Harold I didn't see why, and he said he didn't either.

"Take me, for instance," he said, "what on earth does she want with an autographed sketch of me?"

I said she couldn't possibly want it really! And it didn't seem to have been a fortunate thing to say, for Harold looked cross. I saw at once that he had liked her wanting it. Men are certainly vain. And Katherine knows how to flatter them. Well, I don't mind, only for Katherine's own sake I hope she will have the good taste to confine her autographed collection to our own home boys. Strangers might misunderstand. Jim Burke, for instance, can hardly be called a home boy, since he has lived for years in Calgary. Besides, one can't know any man well enough in three days to ask him to autograph a sketch. Katherine would surely realize that. I hope so. I think I'll run over there to-night to make sure.

LATER.

Yes, she did ask him! And, naturally, he couldn't refuse. She showed me the sketch. It is one of her best. Either she took more time to it or his face lends itself well to effective work. There is character in the somewhat harsh lines and a certain distinction which is more striking than mere good looks. I told Katherine that I thought it quite a success and well worth having, as a sketch.

She said, "Yes, dear, but as an engaged girl your interest in art for art's sake must be curbed. I have something else for you—something you will like so much better." And she gave me a new sketch of Harold done in crayon—quite good. I was delighted. Colored crayon, however, seems hardly the most happy medium for a soldier's portrait. It seemed to give Harold a—a sort of unbaked look. I asked her if it were quite finished.

"O yes," she said. "I know what you mean, dear. But I felt you would like him just as he really is."

I pretended not to notice the implication, for somehow I was feeling tired. I did not want to argue in defence of Harold. Men shouldn't need argument or defence. And Katherine knows as well as I do



that it isn't Harold's fault that his mother has always insisted on treating him like a girl.

I LEFT Katherine's early. Harold was coming to take me home, but I did not wait for him. I wanted to be alone for a while. I have seen such a lot of Harold lately that I am in danger of seeing crooked. I wanted to think—but I didn't get the chance because almost at Katherine's door I ran into Jim Burke and he insisted on walking home with me.

I wish I could remember what we talked about. It seemed rather important at the time, but in looking back I can't fix on anything very outstanding. Conversation is a queer thing. You would think it depended upon what a person says, but it doesn't. Of all that talk I only remember one thing distinctly, and that was a lie. It happened when Jim asked me what was in the roll of paper I was carrying so carefully. I said, "Oh, nothing—just a design for wall-paper." I don't know why I said it. It was an absurd thing to say. And anyway, I believe he knew very well what it really was. I think we talked about the weather after that, or something; then, as it was so early when we got home, Jim came in for a chat with father. Father was out, but I know where he keeps his best cigars, so it didn't matter much. Naturally Jim waited until father came in—that was only polite.

When he had gone I showed Katherine's sketch of Harold to father.

"What d'y' call that?" said father, screwing up his eyes.

"A design for—I mean a sketch of Harold in crayon."

Father said "Hum!" and frowned. Then, as if he couldn't help it, he began to grin.

"It's not supposed to be humorous," I said.

Father's grin vanished.

"Katherine made it," I said. "She is clever, isn't she?"

"Too darned clever!" said father.

He doesn't like Katherine.

NEXT day.

Katherine has an idea. She thinks that everyone ought to be specially cheerful while the boys are home, so she is going to give an old-fashioned picnic. Everyone is to bring her own basket and we are to drive out five miles to the Long Pond. Mr. Ripley is going to arrange for rowboats and Katherine says it's providential that there will be moonlight for the drive home.

I think the idea a good one—if we could all go together in a jolly party. But Katherine's idea is to have everyone pair off. "I know Edith will want Tom, and Janey will want Walter and you, of course, will want every moment you can get with Harold," she told me. "So I've arranged for each couple to drive out and back together."

"I don't want to be selfish," I said. "There are some of the boys who will have no one special to take. If we all went together—"

"Don't worry about that a bit, Lina," she interrupted. "As hostess I'll attend to all that. If anyone has to play odd man out I'll look after him. That is why I'll have no special escort myself. Not being with anyone in particular I can be free for emergencies. All you have to do is to enjoy yourself."

Well, it's her picnic.

But anyone with a social sense can see that she is going about things wrongly. It is a blunder to throw engaged couples together so continually. It is horribly provincial to insist upon the obvious. Besides, even engaged people find variety stimulating.

Katherine ought to remember that—for she was engaged herself once and couldn't stand the monotony. The man was someone she met when taking an art course in New York. He was a painter (portraits), awfully striking. Katherine says. But after a few months she decided that it wouldn't do. Two artists in one family, she said, might result in an over-charged atmosphere.

"Too much art?" I asked.

"No," said Katherine, "too much turpentine."

I don't think people ought to be so careless and frivolous about engagements.

TWO days later.

The picnic is over—thank heaven! I told Katherine I had had a perfectly lovely time and she said that was what she had hoped—she simply loved seeing other people happy. Then we chanced to catch each other's eyes and felt foolish, for we both knew we were lying. If Katherine was happy

it wasn't because other people were, and as for me, I never spent a more miserable day in my life.

Harold drove me out, and from the first I could see that there was something wrong. Good temper is Harold's long suit, but anyone more dismal than he on this occasion can hardly be imagined. I couldn't blame him, of course. The uniform cheeriness of our boys in the face of this dreadful war is a thing to wonder at. It is only natural that they should feel let down at times. I tried hard to remember that it was my duty to be cheerful for two. But it only made him worse.

"I'm afraid I'm horribly dull to-day, Lina," he said, after a noticeable silence.

I said it didn't matter. I could quite understand

"Oh, it's not that!" he interrupted quite crossly.

I asked him if he had any idea how soon his regiment would get orders to leave.

He said he hadn't, but he hoped I wouldn't worry if it went sooner than I expected.

I said bravely that I wouldn't worry the least bit and he scowled like anything!

"Mother will," he said in a hollow tone.

I reminded him that his mother was like that. And it didn't please him either.

"All women are like that—if they care enough," he said sulkily.

I saw then that I was on the wrong tack, but I had to stick it out.

"Mothers are different," I declared, and before we knew it we were arguing in the most absurd manner. Harold forgot that he was a young hero and I forgot that I was an anchor and an almost childish quarrel was averted only by our arrival at Long Pond.

Katherine was there already and standing beside her was the "odd man out" the "emergency" for which Katherine had so thoughtfully held herself free, Lieutenant Burke.

"THIS is the commissariat department," said Katherine laughing. "Leave your basket, Lina dear, and dismiss it from your mind. We're not going to bother any of you happy couples with sordid details. You're to have one long, glorious care-free day."

"Thanks," said Harold, rather unexpectedly. "But sordid details are what Lina and I need at present. We'll stay and help."

Katherine smiled kindly. "Poor things," she sympathized. "No wonder your nerves are on edge. But do try to forget about it for an hour or two. Be happy while you can."

"Yes—let's!" I said (there was nothing to do but to play up). "Come along, Harold, I'll race you to the boats!"

I was on my mettle, and I think I did it well. You see, Jim Burke's eyes were on me, and something in that absorbed brown gaze made me hot all over. It brought back the old school room and a rude little boy who stared and a proud little girl who pretended not to know it.

It was the perversity of fate, I suppose, which made me stumble over a tree root as I turned to go.

"Steady!" It was Harold who said it, but it wasn't Harold's hand that caught and held me. It was a larger, firmer hand than his—a hand that felt so—so strange! It is curious, but I never realized before what a difference there is in hands. Even now I

cannot understand why there should be such a difference. Perhaps Katherine is right, and my nerves are on edge. Anyway, the fact remains that of all the happenings at the picnic the one thing which I keep remembering is the very odd sensation which came over me when I felt Jim's hand upon my arm.

The only other incident of any importance happened when Harold and I went rowing. I call it important simply because it was puzzling. In reality it was nothing in particular—just a photo which fell out of Harold's pocket as he threw his coat into the boat. It fell face up, and it was the photo of a very pretty girl. A girl I had never seen.

"Who's that, Harold?" I asked idly.

"Oh—just a girl!" He crammed the poor thing back into his pocket in the rudest way. I hope he doesn't think I flatter him by being jealous! I despise jealousy. Harold may keep a dozen girls' photos in his pockets if he wishes.

Still, it was odd.

WE had a rather silent row. I still felt somewhat upset by—by nearly falling over that root, and Harold's temper was atrocious. We cheered up at supper time, but the ride home in the moonlight was anything but gay. Being engaged certainly seems to interfere with conversation. I believe that, in theory, engaged people enjoy silence. But, in practice, I find it distinctly boring. Katherine and Jim Burke talked all the way home. We could hear them. And they seemed to laugh a great deal.

NEXT night.

Mother asked me to-day if I knew anything about Lieutenant Burke's family. As if I could! Besides, what possible concern of ours is the family of a man we scarcely know?

THE day after.

Something is certainly troubling Harold. He is not like himself at all. He has always been such a placid, happy-go-lucky boy, and now he has become a creature of moods. At times he seems almost sentimental, but when I try to accommodate myself to this phase (as I feel is my duty, being engaged) he seems positively uneasy and usually goes home. I know I don't do it very well, but—

What if the trouble hasn't to do with me at all?

What if it's that girl?

The idea seems more and more possible. I am not at all jealous. (That is why I haven't thought of this solution before). But I know he still carries that photo in his pocket; yesterday it fell out, for the third time. I said politely, "Why don't you pin it in?" And he gave me a look—well, it wasn't an engaged look at all!

I think I shall call on Harold's mother. I owe her a call anyway. One of the things she objects to in me is my habit of owing calls. In her day engaged girls thought it a great privilege to run over for a talk with "his" mother. They were simply wrapped up in hearing all about him from infancy upward. And Mrs. Blakely seems to forget that I have known Harold practically from infancy myself. I'm sure we used to call "Goo!" at each other from our respective baby-buggies. And later on—well, I could tell her a few things about Harold if it came to that!

LATER.

The telephone rang just as I was putting on my hat, and it was Mrs. Blakely asking me to do exactly what I was doing. I knew at once that there was something in the wind, for she almost never asks me over. She thinks I ought to come without being asked. I said in a surprised voice that I would come of course if she wanted me.

When I arrived it was more than ever evident that I was wanted for a special purpose. She even forgot to receive me with her usual wondering yet congratulatory air which, being interpreted, might mean "You fortunate, fortunate girl—but what did Harold see in you?" She did not speak about Harold at all for quite five minutes which was, I think, a record, and even then she approached him by stealth, skirmishing, as it were, through the underbrush of minor subjects. Then, seeing that I lent the attacking party no assistance, she suddenly leapt from cover and opened fire.

"Eyehna, my dear," she said, "I do not wish to disturb you, but have you noticed anything peculiar about Harold of late?"



"I don't believe Jim and I talked much at all while we sat out that dance, yet we came to know each other quite well."



"You mean his being so moon?" I asked. "Yes, of course I have—but under the circumstances."

Harold's mother raised a protesting hand.

"By circumstance, you mean the war," she said stiffly. "You do him an injustice. My boy is not fretting about the date before him. It is not that I am his mother and I know."

"Well, then," I said patiently, "what is it?" Not being his mother.

"Of course not. One can hardly expect you to judge too deeply. Yet even you might have seen that his unhappiness springs from within the heart. He is restless, uneasy. In fact, my dear, I am ready to admit that perhaps we older folk were wrong in wishing to make your engagement a long one. For my own part I have decided to withdraw all opposition to a immediate marriage."

She paused and pressed my hand gently. Clearly she expected me to be overcome. I was. But not with the sensations which her expression indicated. "Father will never consent," I stammered at last.

"I will reason with your father," she said gently.

"And Harold isn't keen either?" I blurted it out in desperation—and at once I saw that we were getting to the heart of things. In her anxiety she gave me fear away.

"That's it!" she said. "Harold is—" She saw her mistake and finished hastily. "I mean, I think we were all foolish not to let him follow his first impulse."

I coughed. "Oh, I don't know," I said slowly. "There are others—me, you know. I might not wish to be married as a first impulse."

"Oh, my dear, don't be difficult!" replied Mrs. Blakely. "Harold is devoted to you, of course. You don't understand! I am his mother—"

"Try not to be, just for a moment," I suggested. Look at this from a neutral standpoint. And let us get it clear. You think that Harold is unhappy and you suspect his affections are involved. But now? Is he fretting over the length of his engagement to me or is he fretting because he is engaged to me at all?"

The directness of this issue left us both tongue-tied. We stared at each other silently while our thoughts raced. For myself, I had not taken Harold's change of manner seriously until this moment. But in a flash, as I gazed at her, I saw that she did and she was his mother—and she knew.

"GOOD gracious!" I said with sudden and complete conviction. "Harold is in love with the photograph girl!"

Mrs. Blakely began to cry.

I hardly noticed her. I was too much occupied with my own feelings. How simple the solution was—how blind and stupid I had been! I drew a long breath. It seemed to be the first free breath I had drawn in weeks. Some weight had lifted. I was conscious of a sudden and amazing kindness toward the whole world. Even toward Harold and Harold's mother, who was now searching for her handkerchief.

"I don't see how you can laugh!" she quavered.

"I didn't know that I had laughed, and said so. 'But, dear Mrs. Blakely,' I added, 'if Harold has really changed his mind, if he has met a girl he likes better, you'd rather have me laugh than cry, surely?'"

"It's H-Harold I'm thinking of," wept Harold's mother somewhat superfluously. "W—who is this g-girl? I don't know anything about her—f-family—nothing at all."

"Then you know nothing to its disadvantage at any rate," I comforted. "To me she looks like a very nice girl, though I've only seen her face upside down. Hasn't Harold said anything about her at all?"

Harold, it appeared, had said nothing, and what Mrs. Blakely knew she knew by instinct, not with a little mild espionage on the side. Harold slept with the photograph under his pillow, that much was sure. But, so far, no questions had been asked. Asking questions, his mother thought, might put ideas in his head. As a mother her one instinct had been to blind her eyes to what they might possibly see and to hurry on our marriage so that Harold, the only one worthy of consideration, might be "safe."

The utter recklessness of what she had been prepared to do almost frightened me. Harold and I might so easily have drifted into the inevitable. Even now, instead of relief and gratitude that we had been forced to open our eyes in time, this strange woman felt only bitter resentment at the clarity with which I prepared to resign all claims upon my unhappy fiancé.

"YOUR attitude, Evelina," said she, discarding tears and assuming dignity. "your attitude is entirely incomprehensible. And I must say that I now realize a lack in you which has, no doubt, compelled my dear boy to look elsewhere for—for a more or devotional attachment. Harold has a loving nature, a sensitive soul."

"Perhaps the photograph girl has one too," I said. "We'll hope so anyway. By the way, where is Harold?"

Harold, his mother thought, was out walking with Lieutenant Burke, she wished he weren't. She disapproved of Lieutenant Burke. "A most abrupt young man, Western in manner and inclined to bully Harold—if such a thing were possible."

"Do you suppose Harold has told him about the photograph?" I asked thoughtfully.

Mrs. Blakely's glance became markedly frigid. "Would he be likely to tell a friend what he withheld from his own mother?" she inquired with majesty.

Privately I thought he jolly well would. And if Harold had told Jim, then Jim knew! And if Jim knew—

I left the Blakely's with a casting-off-of-the-dust sensation and right at the gate I ran into Jim Burke. But it wasn't Harold who was with him. It was Katherine Ripley.

NEXT day.

It is such a relief not to be engaged to Harold.

I nearly had hysterics last night when I told mother about it. I began to laugh and cry at the same time. Mother made no comment until I had quieted down. Then she said as quietly as possible: "And now tell me what the real trouble is, my dear."

I was so surprised I just stared. Fancy mother guessing!

"It's Jim, isn't it?" she went on before I had time to get my voice back. The statement was so matter-of-fact that it seemed useless to deny it. Mother went on just as if I had spoken. "Your father and I rather hoped it might be Harold. You always seemed so happy together. But lately I have been doubtful. You were too good friends to be anything else. You know each other too well. Youth likes its spice of the unknown. Still, you would have been safe with Harold, Lina." She sighed. "I think that is why I wanted it so much. Mothers like safety for their daughters."

I murmured something to the effect that I would be all right anyway.

"Yes—I know. And I like Jim, Lina. But," in a musing tone, "one always wonders how these things happen. What did you see in him, dear, or don't you know?"

I whispered that I did not know. Somehow it seemed easy to admit to mother what I had tried so hard to deny to myself. "It's just that he seems

different. He is different, there is no one like him here."

"He has a strong personality," said mother. "He is, I think, the type of man who gets what he wants. The question is—"

"The question is—does he want me?" I finished with a shaky laugh.

"Yes." Mother did not try to avoid the issue. "That's the woman's part of it, Lina—uncertainty. I can't help you there."

"There is—Katherine," I murmured.

"There usually is—if a man is worth while. Now you'd better get to sleep. If you don't, you'll be pale and heavy-eyed in the morning and people will say—"

"That I am wearing the willow for Harold!" I added with a giggle.

TWO days later.

I have told Katherine about Harold and I not being engaged any more. It was the simplest way of letting everybody know. But Katherine wasn't nearly as much interested as I had expected. Since I saw her last she has had a big new idea. She is determined to go overseas as an ambulance driver.

"Why not?" she asked when I stared at her. "I can drive anything on wheels. I haven't a nerve in my body and the uniform is perfectly ducky. I tell you, Lina, it's going to be dead-dull around here when all the boys are gone." Then, as if by an afterthought, "as for you and Harold, anybody could see with half an eye that it wouldn't do."

"You mean—"

"I told you what I meant in that crayon sketch I made for you. Don't tell me you didn't understand for I know you did."

"The sketch was a libel," I protested feebly. "though I will admit that I had begun to notice in Harold a certain lack of—"

"Pep," suggested Katherine. "Simply pep. Look at Jim Burke!"

I may have blushed a little. I don't know.

"Ah, I see you have looked at him!" said Katherine with her impish laugh. "So have I. He is the kind of man who gets things done. He is going to help me get my ambulance."

"Very nice of him," I said. Then, suddenly, "Is that what you were talking about so long last night?"

But Katherine was too quick for me.

"Um—partly!" she smiled.

I wish I had a dimple like hers!

TWO days later.

I am utterly miserable! And this is being in love!

I wouldn't believe it, if I didn't know. Nothing else was ever like this. All the other times it was just pleasant and exciting. Now it is a heavy ache that never lifts. And in poems and books and things people seem to like it!

The boys went back to camp yesterday. Their leave was shortened unexpectedly. They do not know when their regiment may get word to go. Even the officers know nothing. I did not see Lieutenant Burke to say good-bye. He had a telegram and had to run for the 12.20 train. Harold left on the 5. We all saw him off and I was glad to see that he was the old jolly Harold of pre-engagement days. He has written to the photograph girl and she has promised to wait. Her family seem all right, so Mrs. Blakely is almost resigned. She has undertaken to be a mother to her and will invite her to visit. The other girls are keen on seeing what she is like. But I can't feel really interested, Harold and all belonging to him seem so unimportant.

I wanted to send a message to Jim. It would have been the friendly thing to do. But somehow I couldn't. Katherine sent dozens. She sent a little package too. I believe it was a photograph.

The town seems absolutely empty!

I asked father if I couldn't go with Katherine as an ambulance driver, and I was obliged to remind him that I am not deaf. Father thinks "No" means more the louder he shouts it.

Well, we shall see!

LATER.

Katherine isn't half bad. She does odd things, and she is a hopeless flirt, but one can't help liking her. She has just been over to bring me three sketches of boys we know who are going to the front. Among them was the picture of Jim Burke.

"I remember you said you liked it—as a sketch," said Katherine, grinning. "And now that Harold has another anchor or there is no

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)



## ON THE ROAD

By Will Lisenbee

Out on the road where the wild winds play  
With the sea's blue waves and the sand dunes gray,  
Where the plaintive call of the shy curlew  
Echoes the call of my love to you,  
I'll follow you ever, though trails be dim,  
To the old earth's distant and farthest rim.

I shall not ask if the road be long,  
For love will gladden it with its song;  
I shall not tremble if dangers grim  
Lurk in the shadowy forest dim;  
But gladly I'll brave all dangers dire  
To follow the road of my heart's desire.

Out on the road—and just we two,  
With night and the stars and a gipsy tent,  
And the tossing winds and the ocean blue,  
And the red moon up in the firmament!  
Night and the sea and the wind-swept dunes,  
And all of our cares in a vanished blot;  
Night and its dreams and its cryptic runes  
And love and life, and the world forgot.





# A Bachelor's Summer Home

By Cameron Nelles Wilson

\$20.00

If one studies the magazines devoted to homes and home-making one cannot but feel that, while they do not exactly cater to the man and woman of means, they offer very little that is of practical help to the ones of more limited purse. Of course one does find many helpful suggestions applicable to the most modest establishment, but in the main one realizes that they can be carried out only by those who reckon by dollars rather than by pennies. For those who have as little as I myself to go upon I should like to offer the story of a little bachelor home that has shaped itself into a centre of real domesticity if not of elegance.

I am a professional man blessed with a summer vacation of over three months when everything is going out and nothing coming in. During that time one has to live, and I had grown very tired of camping, visiting, stopping at hotels or summer cottages. I wanted a little place of my own where I could welcome my friends. By a lucky circumstance I heard of a small village on the banks of the Grand River in Ontario. The valley of this stream is notably beautiful, running as it does through a thrifty pastoral country peopled by the earliest Canadian settlers. The village referred to is the haunt of artists and nature-lovers.

In September I registered at the comfortable inn and began my search for a house that could be bought cheap. I first explored a small cottage prettily located and owned by a couple of maiden ladies who had moved away. This proved too small for my needs though the price—one hundred and thirty dollars—was well within my means. Later it was purchased and made very attractive by one of Canada's best-known artists.

Next was I directed to a comfortable little home that cuddled at the foot of a hill beside the mill-race. Across the stream was a beautiful grove of elms, the subject of many a lovely canvas in Canadian art exhibits. Graceful willows drooped into the tranquil waters on whose surface a flock of ducks floated in placid content. Here lived a couple with their adopted son, and as the husband was extremely deaf I opened negotiations with the wife. She did wish to sell. For over twenty years they had lived there, but she found the hill a bit trying. We had found the family in the back garden overlooking the race and were shown into the kitchen. I took one look at the deep windows with their small panes and I knew that my quest was over. I enquired the price and was told I could have the place for four hundred and fifty dollars.

NEARLY an acre of land, a good barn, several plum and apple trees, a good well and a comfortable, roomy dwelling for less than five hundred

dollars! Place an advertisement of this kind beside one of those thrilling announcements one sees in many a magazine—"Gentleman's Estate. Modern



For thirteen dollars a local personage made an attractive corner cabinet with diamond panes.

mansion; seven bathrooms; eighteen rooms; beautifully situated on the Sound in fashionable Westchester County; to be sacrificed at \$60,000—and the readers of "The House Beautiful" or "Country Life" would think that the editors had started a joke column.

I was shown through the house which is on the side of a hill, the approach having the appearance of one story while the back presents two. It is over sixty years old the lower story being of stone, the upper of brick. As you enter the front door there is a roomy hall and a closed staircase with flights going both up and down. Above is a well-ventilated attic and below are the dining-room, kitchen, and cellar. On the entrance floor are a living-room, eleven by sixteen and a half feet, and three bedrooms of good size.

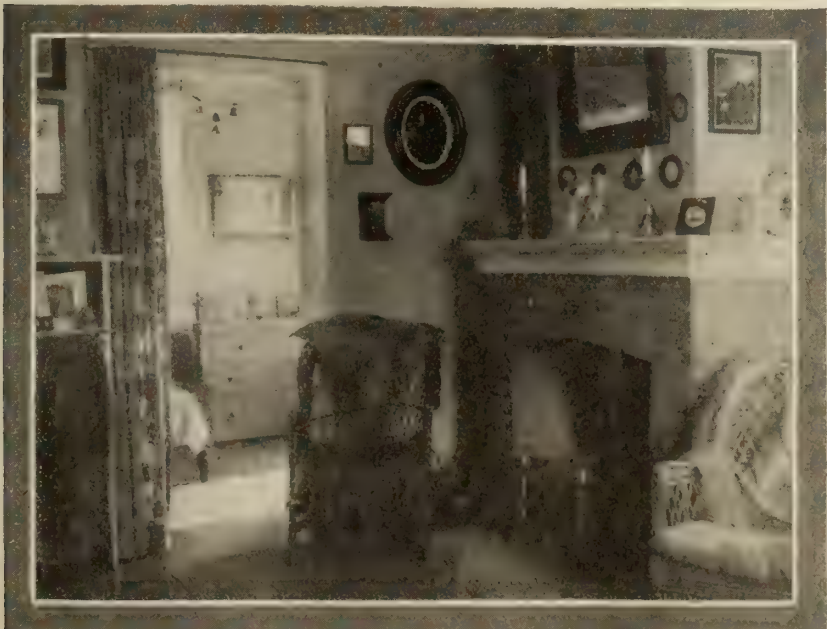
Without any preliminaries I agreed to purchase the house at the sum named, although I heard afterward that the party of the first part was prepared to back down to the extent of fifty dollars if pressed. However, if Portia's saying—"He is well paid that is well satisfied"—be true, my benefactress (for I consider her such), must have been well content. And so was I.

Later, when I contemplated the dismantled rooms through which were distributed my own Lares and Penates in packing-cases, my heart did sink for a moment. Most atrocious papers covered the walls—flamboyant reds with arabesque designs in gold; flaring greens with panels of motley hue. The wood-work was painted to imitate oak with a prodigal and intricate grain that would have put Dame Nature to the blush. The floors were worn and uneven. But everything was clean, scrupulously so, and I knew from the reputation of my predecessors that I need fear no lurking habitants of unsavory name and person. I began on the living room by engaging a local contractor, who, for forty-seven dollars built a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)



Over sixty years old, the lower story of the house is of stone, the upper of brick.



A simple but satisfactory fireplace



The dining room with its hand-made table and shelves.



# The Summer Session Student Sees It Through at the O.A.C.

By Edna I. McKenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GUINEVERE PARTRIDGE



Merged into tempting Spring evenings.

SUCH talking and laughing, such kissing and hugging, such flurry and excitement should never be allowed in the stately corridors of Macdonald Hall! We wonder what it is all about as we catch fragments of the conversations that are carried on in high-keyed voices to the noisy accompaniment of rolling trunks, of squeaking trunks and desultory unpacking of their jumbled-up contents.

"Why, Mac, it's really you, isn't it? Couldn't you find a man either?" "No, she isn't coming back, changed her mind at the last moment and got married instead." "Remember the girl and the bee-man last year?" "Shall we sit at the same?" "Yes, they have set out on a lifelong honeymoon." "Romance! Can you beat!" and so on, etcetera, ad infinitum.

It is not, however, until the question is asked, "Did you get your entrance pupils through?" that light dawns upon the mind of the interested on-lookers. Pupils! That's the key that opens the door of understanding. One has been witnessing the joyous reunion of the Summer Course girls who have come back to the O.A.C. to can the rest of the agricultural lore that has been held over from the last summer session. Time has been given for the knowledge of the former year to be assimilated or to leak away and now the brain-sealers are once more empty, ready to be filled.

YES, the Summer Course in Agriculture has opened again with an enrollment that far exceeds all previous records. As it is necessary to take this course in two instalments before the coveted certificate is granted by which the teacher is qualified to instruct the children in the art of training their parents to carry on their farming on a more economical and lucrative basis, here we see those of the year before who have not succumbed to nervous prostration or matrimony back at the College, now graduated from the Residence to Macdonald Hall. From their larger experience they feel themselves competent to give information on each and every subject pertaining to the O.A.C. agriculturally or otherwise, to the one hundred and seventy-four raw recruits who have joined the ranks of this redoubtable army.

It is not greatly to be wondered at, therefore, if for the first day or two the second-year student takes upon herself a certain air of superiority which can be acquired only through the knowledge that she is thoroughly versed in the ways of the establishment and stands in awe of nothing. At the Hall, she keeps up an incessant chatter with her dearest friend across the way or calls down the corridor to some stray passer by, while the shy little newcomer, who by some strange chance has managed to get into the Hall, wonders how she is ever going to break into this exclusive family circle where all seem on such intimate terms.

AND while the unacquainted first-year stands in a dizzy bewilderment at the dining-hall door, too timid to venture farther, the second-year student, asked to her last year's pals, calmly goes to the table of her choice. Should the new recruit drift towards this table and find there a vacant chair, she breathes a sigh of relief that she, too, has found a haven of safety.



They may dance to the contentment of the heart and the destruction of the sole.

## at the O.A.C.

By Edna I. McKenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GUINEVERE PARTRIDGE

She has sighed too soon! It was not by accident that this place remained unoccupied. For in front of her are mysterious dishes, their contents hidden from the speculating eye; and out of these the poor uninitiated must serve equal rations to a family of eight. Her hand trembling with responsibility, she serves liberal portions until the first four plates are filled. An electrical something in the atmosphere makes her apprehensive. She feels the starving glares of the unserved trio focused upon her; she looks in dismay upon the diminished contents of the bowls. However will it go around! She heroically resolves to make herself believe that she isn't hungry. Thus early is the spirit of sacrifice developed at the O.A.C.

During the first week, a threatening cloud hangs over the second-year student. Always is she conscious of it, ever does she talk of it, but little has she done to dispel it! This is the dense ignorance that prevails upon "The Winter Reading Course,"



No form of entertainment ever invented for the stage was omitted, although the tragedy was unintentional.

which consists of the studying of three innocent-looking books containing within their collective pages voluminous information on each and every branch of agriculture. Nothing is forgotten! It is a home-study course and an encyclopedia of agriculture combined.

AS the title suggests, the student is supposed to have devoted her long winter evenings to feasting upon this repast so carefully prepared by learned agriculturists. Unfortunately, as teachers are no exception to the rule that to procrastinate is human, those long winter nights merged into tempting spring evenings, and the books lay untouched. June, the month of the last chance, came and went, and still those books remained unread. At last the time came when they were taken down from the shelf, carefully dusted—and still unopened, were thrown into a trunk to travel down to the O.A.C.

Their day of vengeance has arrived! In return for the neglect they have long endured, they refuse to yield to the desperate, last-minute seeker after knowledge the wisdom of their pages. The more one tries to cram, the less one remembers, until amidst the mental chaos that results, one is driven to exclaim with the poets of old:

Alas, 'tis true  
That little I knew  
Before these books I read;  
But now I confess  
That I know still less,  
For it's all gone out of my head!

What is the cause of this sudden reformation? Has the student at last seen the folly of her negligence that she so frantically delves into this agricultural lore? A Presbyterian conscience compels us to confess the truth; on the first Saturday of the session an examination is held and the subject is "The Winter Reading Course." Is the mystery solved?

IN order to climb another round in the ladder reaching to the tree of Agricultural Certificates, the student is required to make the acquaintance of at least fifty insects that are considered a menace to society on account of their sharing with mankind the same tastes in food. That she may become more



An incurable desire to pull up every weed I see.

familiar with the said acquaintances, she must murder them, stretch them, mount them, label them and then proceed to learn their life histories. If she is wise, she will have the specimens collected before she goes down to the college, for hard indeed is the lot of the procrastinator. No sooner does the session open, than the pampered of the insect world who have had the fat of the province to feast upon, with uncanny intuition take wing and become voluntary exiles from this home of plenty!

As the time draws near for the specimens to be handed in, desperate measures are taken, and the insect-catcher stops at nothing, resorting even to assault and battery to obtain them. One may be meekly trudging along on a leaf-recognition tramp, when without the slightest warning a tremendous blow upon the back sends her reeling against her neighbors. But anger melts into sympathy when on turning around to investigate the cause of this foul attack, the victim sees the perpetrator forcing a struggling fly into her poison-bottle, and she even summons up a smile as she accepts the murmured apology, "Sorry, but I simply had to have the insect that was on your back; I've only twenty-seven."

NOR are one's troubles at an end, even when one has the required number collected, for unless the dear things are handled with the tenderest care, they have a habit of falling to pieces, rendering themselves valueless. A despicable piece of spite-work. The student who collected hers, or to be correct, had them collected before coming to the College, now doubts the wisdom of her preparedness, as on opening her box she gazes in dismay upon the ruins that meet her eye. The baggage-man is no respecter of trunks, and hers had merely received the usual gentle treatment. As a result, she finds that her carefully mounted collection is now a jumble of bodies, wings, legs and antennae heaped in a corner in an unrecognizable mass. Her first impulse is to throw them out, but it is not an easy task to gather together another half hundred. So bravely she sets to work to reconstruct with mucilage and pins these little creatures made by God and destroyed by man. Out of her necessity she evolves the following formula:

### FOUNDATION—ONE BODY.

To one end, the correct one, apply a drop of mucilage, and in this stick a head. Take two antennae of exact length and attach them, one on each side of the aforesaid head, equidistant from the centre. Select a pair of wings from supply on hand. Care should be taken to see that they are of exact coloring and marking. If possible, choose only those belonging to the same species; if not, match as well as supply will admit. With pins fasten the wings to the thorax in such a way that if an imaginary line be drawn from the tip of one to the tip of the other, it will be straight. Lay aside to dry.

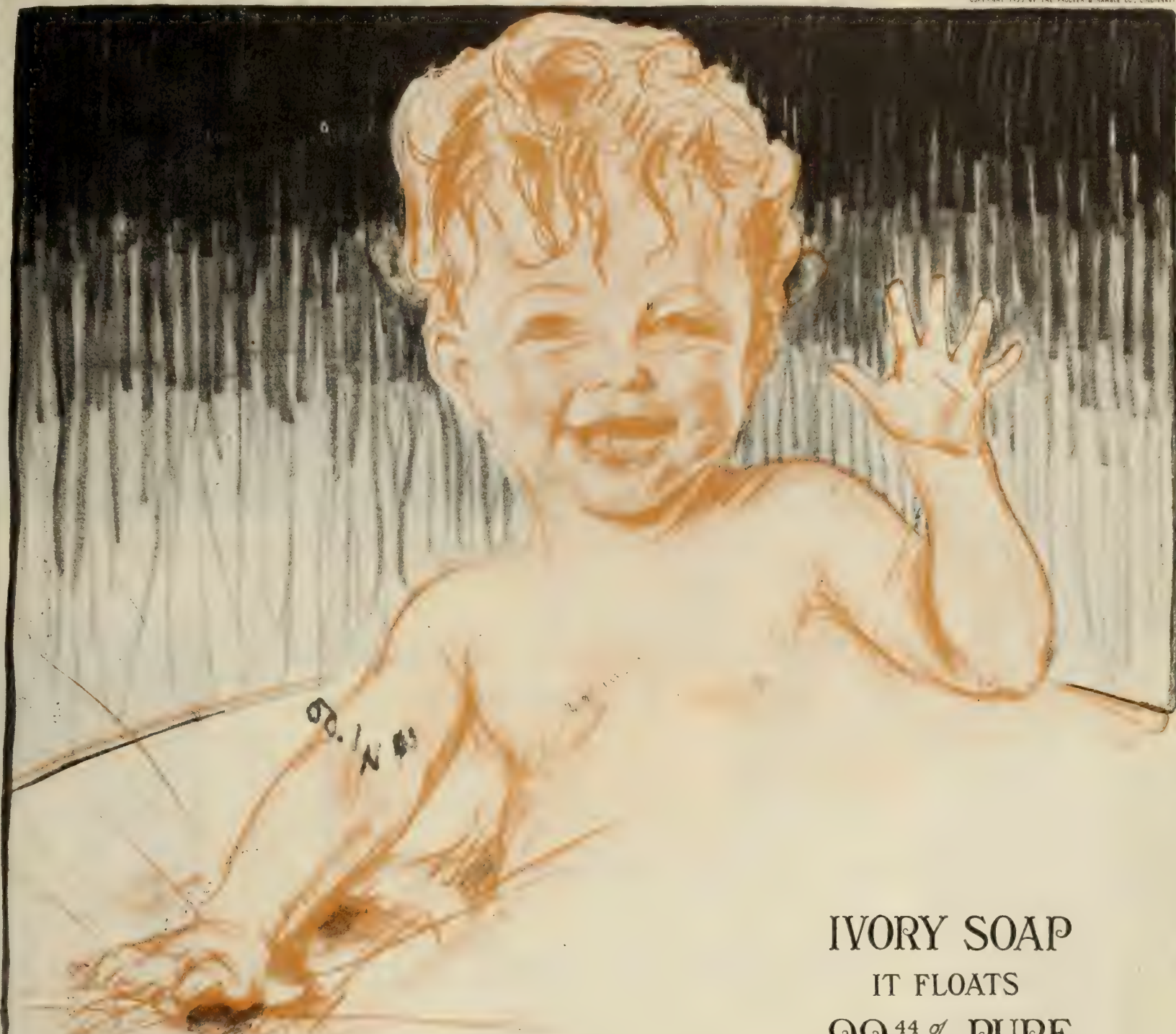
If these instructions are carefully followed it is possible to manufacture an insect that is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73.)



"Waste not!"





IVORY SOAP  
IT FLOATS  
99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

NO wonder that baby splashes in glee at the sight of Ivory Soap.

To him the floating white cake means handfuls of bubbling foam, covering his chubby body with a fragrant, velvety coat.

It means a joyful thrill of surprise when the lather disappears like magic at the first touch of clear water.

It means a gentle towelling that leaves his skin soft and smooth, and feeling so good.

Everybody enjoys a daily bath with pure, mild Ivory Soap. It cleanses thoroughly. It can not irritate.







### The Most Famous Talcum in the World

"Just any kind of Talcum" is not good enough for baby's tender skin, for such generous quantities are required that a pure, safe powder is imperative.

MENNEN BORATED TALCUM—the original—has been the standard nursery powder for forty years. Doctors and Nurses and Mothers all the world over recommend it, because of its quality and purity.

Moreover, Mennen's original formula has never been successfully duplicated.

So that whatever Talcum you use yourself—you choose wisely when you insist on MENNEN BORATED TALCUM for Baby.

## MENNEN

### TALCUM POWDERS

MENNEN TALCUMS—all with the original borated formula—include a variety to satisfy every need. Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint, and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed; and the new Talcum for Men, a boon after shaving.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
Factory: MONTREAL

Sales Office:  
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Limited  
TORONTO



Diaphanous curtains of dainty dotted point d'esprit apologize for masking as curtains, for they allow one to see directly through them.

## Spring Ushers in the Lighter Draperies

By EVA NAGEL WOLF

44.50

IT is the same old story—as old as Spring itself. Just let the first breath of Spring catch you unawares—or watch the first gay robin tug energetically at the first blind worm and away you'll go to purchase a new hat if you have not already donned one—and on triumphantly entering the living room to surprise the family you'll be struck with its dinginess. You will not be able to wait for the morning to take those dusty draperies down—Ugh! how musty and dingy everything looks—yes, Spring's in the air and before the Spring fever quells this new found energy, let's get those curtains down. —House cleaning, it is the old impulse, as old as Mother Nature.

But there, do not be misled, this is not going to be a diatribe on Spring house cleaning, for no matter how many times you've been told just how to do it—you will do it your own way you know you will. You admit that while the winter draperies are

dingy, possibly they will last another season if you care for them properly. Let us take them down carefully, brush them thoroughly, sun them, air them and then put them away. I wonder if you've ever put them away as a certain good old fashioned housewife does. It is true, she has ample store room, but possibly you have also—we don't all live in flats, thank goodness. After her curtains are thoroughly cleaned and aired they are hung up by their own rings on hooks attached to a long, narrow board inside of a white muslin bag as wide as one of the widest curtains. This board is supplied with as many hooks as there are rings to the curtains and all the draperies are stored away in this manner. Of course, any of the various moth preventives may be added. One might use tar bags for storing woolen or velvet curtains. Imagine the joy of knowing that at any minute in the fall, one has but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



In this handsome dwelling fine discrimination is displayed in selecting transparent window curtains fashioned to push back for an uninterrupted view. The color scheme of the room is repeated in the valance and side drapes of chintz.



## The famous treatment for blackheads

**A**PPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing the face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. After a week or ten days of this treatment you will notice how much clearer your complexion has become.



## Keep your skin fine in texture

**"A**SKIN like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

You cannot begin too early to arrest this tendency of your skin to become gradually coarser. Examine your face in a strong light. Do the pores seem to be growing enlarged? If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should.

To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until

your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments the drawn feeling will disappear, and your face will emerge from its nightly bath with such a new, healthful sense of softness and smoothness that you cannot help realizing the good this treatment is doing your skin. Use it persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.



*An oily skin and shiny nose can be corrected. In the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will learn just how to overcome this embarrassing condition.*



*Don't let ugly blackheads spoil the clearness of your complexion. Read the treatment given above—see how easily you can keep your skin free from them.*

A sample cake of soap, the booklet of famous treatments,



samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5206 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.





# Canada's Favorite Cereal

Insist on getting the package with these marks of superior quality corn flakes, "MADE IN CANADA" and "LONDON, ONT." printed in red ink across the face of the package.



POPULARITY

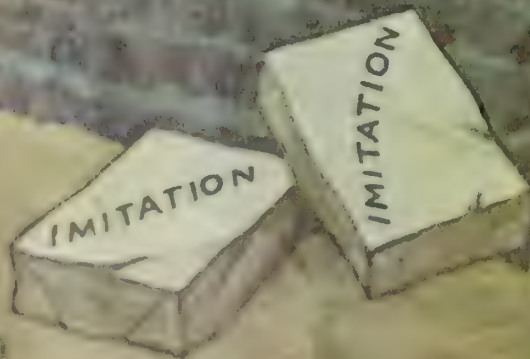
UNEQUALLED QUALITY



FAIR DEALING



CANADIAN  
HOUSEHOLD  
OPINION



These are the corn flakes Canadians have been eating with increasing appreciation for more than 12 years.

Only **MADE IN CANADA** by  
**Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd**  
**London, Ont.**



# THE GHOST HOUSE

A poet tells in colorful prose of how a mountain retreat, where he found a home for many years, may be reached by the wayfaring man.



"It is a small, slab-covered building, very unpretentious."

AT the quiet old town of Catskill, near the Hudson, if you took the June-time journey, you would find that there were still two ways of reaching the delectable mountains, ten or twelve miles to the westward, and the roofs of Twilight half way up the side of High Peak. You could take a train by the narrow, winding little road that would whisk you out in no time to the base of the hills. There, you would transfer to an elevating cable car, which would pull you up a couple of thousand feet on a grade like a toboggan slide, while you watched the earth enlarge and unfold and sink away below you, and finally land you on the roof of the range, deafened a little by the sudden altitude.

If you should prefer, however, you could take the highway, either afoot or in a hired vehicle, and enjoy the serenity of summer to the full, the strong tan of the sun, and the taste of the sweet air on the open road. In that case, after winding among rolling foothills and farm lands occupying the great valley of the Hudson, you would pass through Palenville, a delightful little village lying among its trees, close under the long shadows of the mountains and just at the mouth of the Kaaterskill Clove. From there to the upper levels the road climbs up the canon with a noisy, beautiful, headlong stream for its companion all the way, with walls of green on either side rising sheer and cool, where you may look up through the leaves and see summits of fir and bare, gray ledges towering above you against the blue. This is the front entrance to the Catskills, one of the enchanted portals by which you may leave the clanking workshops of the world for a while and come out into God's green, blue-domed out-of-doors.

AFTER you have followed this road up the Clove for a mile or two you might look up and see ahead of you on a rounded shoulder of High Peak several houses peeping out of the woods. They are the outposts of Twilight, and you have still a long, steep pull to reach them. At one point not far from here I could put you on a trail that would lead up through the hemlocks and bring you out almost under the eaves of the Ghost House itself. But unless you are woodwise you would very likely go astray, and anyhow it is a foolish man who puts sign boards on his own trail. So you would have to stick to the road, cheered now and then by glimpses of Ledge End Inn and your destination looking down on you from above, until you turned in at a gate and found yourself at last in Twilight.

If you followed the lower Ledge Road as it creeps around the side of the Clove you would find yourself in a forest settlement of summer cottages and log cabins hidden away under the trees; and if you held to this road for half a mile or more, you would come to a place where it skirts a precipitous ledge and where you could look down into the beautiful canon, through which you had just toiled upward so laboriously. A little further on there is a path leading off the road on the ravine side and down through a tangle of bushes. If you were to push in there you would discover the top of a crazy flight of steps pretty well overgrown with underbrush, and as you descended cautiously, thinking perhaps you had come on the traces of a buried civilization, you would suddenly spy a roof and gable end through the leafage, and finally at the last step set foot on the piazza of the Ghost House. There is no other way to reach it except by the trail I told you of, and no other point in the world from which it is visible, except my neighbor's porch which you passed on your way in. You may think I ought to cut out my overgrown path and make my steps look a little less like a death-trap. Not for the world.



A CANADIAN SINGER

Bliss Carman, now seeking in California recovery from a severe illness, is one of our most musical poets.

It is a small slab-covered building, very unpretentious, and, like all the Twilight cottages, intended only for summer use, and unplastered. In one corner of the living-room there is an open fireplace of brick, for it is often cool in the mountains even in July, and on many evenings a fire of logs is comfortable as well as companionable. In another corner the stairs go up to three bedrooms above, where you can lie and hear the rain drum on the shingles above your head, or be waked up by the thrushes at the first break of dawn. Under these stairs are a door and other stairs down to the wood-pile and open-air bathroom. As it was built on so steep a site, only the back of the cabin rests against the hillside; the front is ten or twelve feet off the ground. This under space, partly floored, partly bare earth and rock, is only enclosed by slabs set two or three inches apart, letting the air blow through at will and the morning sun come in to keep it fresh



"All the serene beauty of the forest morning."

Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet born in Fredericton, gives a description of the picturesque home where he lived in the Catskill Mountains, near Rip Van Winkle's country.

and dry. There was no bathroom in the house when I moved in, so here I constructed one. The water pipe runs overhead under the floor of the house, and where it is about seven feet from the ground I had a faucet put in. Under this I laid a piece of flooring four or five feet square, and my bathroom was ready for use. It has neither onyx nor marble nor decorated tiles nor silver fittings; it only cost two or three dollars, but Diana herself could have made no more refreshing toilet in her sylvan stream than you may make here. The vigorous douche comes cold and forceful from our reservoir farther up the wild mountain side; the sun and the wind will be your attendants, the shy woodbirds will make music for you as fine as any private orchestra, and all the serene beauty of the forest morning will be there to sweeten the beginning of your day with courage.

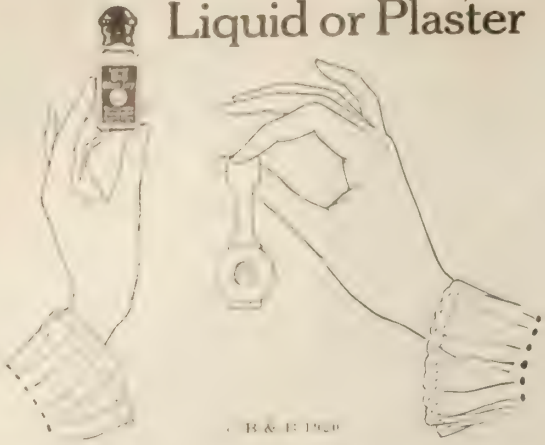
FROM the piazza you look out through the beech trees which stand immediately about the Ghost House, and see almost nothing but forested hills. You are looking eastward down the ravine; to the left and right are mountain walls, covered with hemlock, beech, maple, chestnut, ash and basswood; the Kaaterskill stream sounds murmurously far below you, in the bottom of the gorge, and your eye is led down along the canon to the top of Palenville at the edge of the great plain of the Hudson.

You would not have half a dozen visitors in the season, except the wood-mice and ground squirrels. You would have all the privacy of the wilderness, and yet all the essential luxuries of town. You could be as solitary as you pleased and yet have plenty of pleasant society for the asking, as soon as you had discovered that Thoreau didn't know everything after all. You would have to make your own bed and build your own fire, but your laundress would come and give the place a thorough Christian cleaning as often as it needed it. If you are like me, your daily routine would be regular, but not inflexible. You would get up early enough to feel the earliness, to taste the freshness and solemnity of the first hours of the day and hear the thrushes at their best. (There are more birds in the woods around the Ghost House than anyone but John Burroughs could name, and nowhere do the thrushes sing more wondrously.) After you had dressed and pattered about a little, and sat on the porch a while, and perhaps done a few strokes of work, you would climb your steps and wander over to the Inn for breakfast. You would be thankful that you had such a clean, quiet, comfortable place to go to, and come back smoking your cigarette, and be ready to work again by nine o'clock. It would probably be about nine, if you ever took the trouble to look at your watch. There you would stay, sticking to your task until one, unless you wanted to climb High Peak or walk over to Palenville Overlook by way of Wildcat Ravine. After dinner you would have time to answer your letters and then about three or four you would probably go for a long walk getting home for supper at six. In the evening you would be likely to visit your neighbors for a bit of a chat or perhaps some good music or reading. You would carry your own lantern with you to light you over the stones and roots of the dark wood paths and to keep you out of the mud when it was wet. It does not aim to be the simple life, you see; it is only simplified to a certain extent, in certain directions, to suit your particular needs and preferences. One may enjoy camping out for its own sake, and there is an unquestionable zest in getting back to nature, as we call it. But that does not prove that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



Liquid or Plaster



## They end corns now in this scientific way

People who know—millions of them—now end all corns in this way.

They apply Blue-jay, either in liquid or in plaster form. It means but a touch and it takes but a jiffy.

The corn pain stops. Then the Blue-jay gently undermines the corn so it loosens and comes out.

### The modern way

Blue-jay was invented by a chemist who studied corns.

It is made by a laboratory of world-wide repute.

Old-time treatments were

harsh and inefficient. Blue-jay is gentle, quick and sure.

Now all corns are needless. All these pains can be avoided. To let corns remain while you pare and pad them is folly.

You can stop a corn ache the moment it appears. You can end a corn completely before it can develop.

Blue-jay has proved these facts to millions. It will prove them to you—and tonight—if you let it.

Quit the old methods of dealing with corns and see what this new way means. Your druggist sells Blue-jay.

**Blue-jay**  
Plaster or Liquid  
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

**The Sauce of the Epicure  
and the Gentleman**

THERE is refinement and prestige in serving Lea & Perrins' Sauce, entirely lacking when this first and original "Worcestershire" is replaced by second-grade sauces and spurious imitations. No dinner is complete without LEA & PERRINS—THE BEST.

*Lea & Perrins*

**A Tubful In Ten Minutes!**

That's all it takes for this wonderful washer to thoroughly clean a tubful of clothes. No rubbing, scrubbing, backaches or handaches for you—the washer takes all the work—all the responsibility! You can go straight on with the mending the same day, yet feel fresher and brighter than you ever felt on the old-fashioned washdays.

**Maxwell**  
"Home" Washer

—is light-running and noiseless. Enclosed gears make it safe. "Spring" lid lifts easily. Made of cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's and write us for booklet "If John Had To Do the Washing."

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept 1 St. Marys, Ont.

## Further Adventures With Our Young Friends THE PRESTONS

By MARY HEATON VORSE

### CHAPTER LX.

THERE are times when all one's children worry one all at once. I had Edith and Osborn to think of and had also been sure for some time that there had been influences at work in Jimmie's life about which I knew nothing; and yet I had little enough to go on to support this theory—nothing but a subtle change in Jimmie's manner, a few intonations of speech whose origin I couldn't trace, and the fact that he was getting harder to keep at home, which I couldn't but admit was natural for a boy of his age. Still, little as appeared to the eye, I was sure that there was some unknown element moulding him, and it is the unknown element in a child, for which no mother can account, that worries her. It is a bad day for her when she realises that any casual outsider may upset her training; may count for more in the life of her child than all her influence can possibly do.

I was wandering along this train of thought instead of getting ready for a tea-party for Osborn that afternoon, when my reverie was broken into by a little boy. He was indescribably foreign. His straight black hair hung about his eyes. As I looked at him he glittered enormous black eyes at me. "What do you want?" I asked him.

In a wheedling tone he replied: "Jimmie."

"Jimmie isn't here," I said. "Do you want to wait?"

"No," he answered and would have been off. I would have been glad to keep him. I wanted to know more about the wheedling tone.

"You are not an American?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "but my father is out of Hungary." Then, with a dexterity unknown to the Anglo-Saxon child, he eluded me.

I went out to the kitchen where Seraphy was grumbling about Dobles and Edith's young men and, as I paid no attention to her confused mumblings, she concluded:

"An' talkin' of limbs, th' worst o' th' kit an' bilin' of 'em's settin' there at this blessed minit."

I looked out of the window. There sat the child who had been looking for Jimmie. He flashed at me a dazzling smile in recognition.

The guests had just arrived when Seraphy came to me saying in a stage whisper:

"Ain't it enough, Mis' Preston, that I got a tea-party on me hands without me bein' stung to death!"

"Stung to death?" I asked.

"Yes'm: that's what I said. Jimmie an' that black-hearted Finsky boy's got th' hose turned on a bees' nest. 'Get out o' here!' says I to 'em. 'You're drivin' the bees in on me.' 'O, beware the bees,' says Jimmie, laughin', an' the other don't say nothin'—it's th' unchancy, glancin' eye o' him I can't abide. So I cum right up to you, Mis' Preston—an' Osborn an' his friends waitin' f'r tea on the piazz! It's no day f'r me to get all stung up!"

I went down and stopped the boys. I had only to look at Finsky to realize that peace had fled. His eyes glittered; he looked the spirit of uncontrollable mischief—and Jimmie, standing by, looked like a capable head to carry out the spirit's desires.

Everything was going well. The young people were dancing. Edith with Owen Greate, when all of a sudden there was a whish-s-sh from the hose, a noise of the angry humming of hornets as a crowd of the angry insects stormed down on us, driven from their home by the well-directed spray. Then I beheld a singular little incident. There was a sudden stampede.

Edith and Owen stopped dancing. They looked at each other as though measuring one another's pluck. I knew that in the back of Edith's head lay the idea—"I will not let Jimmie spoil this dance." They smiled at each other and kept on dancing alone on the piazza, invulnerable, the hornets buzzing about them.

I could see an expression of interest and admiration in Owen's eyes, different from his former placid friendliness. He looked at Edith as though he had never seen her before and she flushed under his gaze. Every one else had run nimbly around the side of the house. I saw Osborn clap his hand to his mouth with a muttered exclamation, while one of the girls cried:

"Is any one stung?" at the same time muffled and derisive laughter came to our ears.

"No one but me, luckily," responded Osborn, taking his hand from his mouth, which even in this short time had swelled dreadfully, giving his face such a grotesque appearance that Berenice burst out laughing and apologized for it in the same breath. It was this laugh which was accountable for that which happened next, for between the bushes gleamed the face of the Finsky boy. Seeing him, Osborn sprang to the piazza rail, caught him and, turning him over his knee, spanked him soundly with his hard, athletic hand. He stood there imposing and dignified, head of the tribe—a boy used by his position as captain of the ball team to command others, and yet with his mouth swelled to such a terrific size his dignity sat oddly upon him. Laughter rippled among the girls, suppressed at first, then louder, and at last a great burst of it, Berenice's voice dominating it.

The task of entertaining the tea-party fell on Edith, which she did as though she were an experienced hand. It was a successful party; there was a spirit of gaiety in it: the barriers were down. Every one enjoyed it but poor Osborn, whose troubles were not yet over.

Before the guests had left there came a ring at the front door. A huge man, attended by what we call in our town the constable, presented himself. His black hair hung over his ears; his black glittering eyes flashed fire. It was the father of the Finsky boy.

I will not attempt to give the dialect in which he recited his wrongs. The substance of it was that he had a boy who, since he had met Jimmie, was a devil; but devil or angel, he was living in a free country, and if there was any spanking to be done, he proposed to do it himself.

"Ma'am," he finished, "that Jimmie is a bad boy. You spank him every day for long, maybe he get better."

Osborn was back by supper time. "They fined me five dollars," he said.

Seraphy was hovering around the table. "Five dollars, is it?" said she. "Five dollars is all! Had I known it was only five dollars it cost, 'tis th' grand lambastin' that limb of Satan would have got off me long ago—him pullin' Jimmie into all sorts of mischief!"

"Let me tell you," said Osborn, turning to Jimmie, "if you ever spoil one of Edith's or my parties again it'll be the worse for you, young man. Spanking you won't cost five dollars! I've a good mind to do it, anyway."

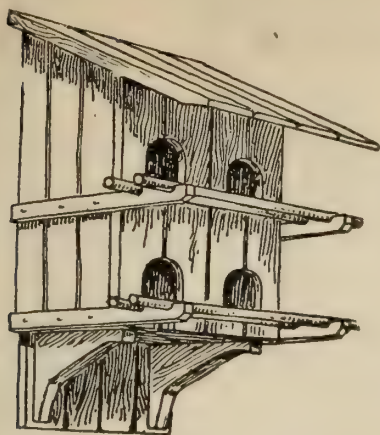
"Oh, let bygones be bygones," said Edith. "You'd not be nearly so mad if some one else had got stung. Every one but you had a good time. It broke the ice." There was a heightened color to her cheeks, a gallant carriage to her head; she had all the triumph of having gotten away with a difficult situation and also of having established her friendship with Owen, since she had pluck and resourcefulness. I went to bed meditating on the strange ways of Providence who, through the devilry of an Hungarian boy, had given Edith the chance of showing her mettle.

### CHAPTER LX.

MEANWHILE, the intimacy between Edith and Berenice grew and those hours when Osborn was not at her house, Berenice was at ours, she, like other young ladies, interesting herself in my flower garden. Nor did my detached air when she approached make the slightest impression on her. It was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)





Make Your Own Bird House and Have  
Music in the Garden

HOME-MADE FURNITURE

OUR FIRST ARTICLE

ADAM may have begun his career as a gardener—but he probably spent some of his time as a worker in wood, in however primitive a fashion, before his earthly life was ended. The attraction of the work is natural to all sons of Adam, as is evidenced by the whittling practised by the small boy. The writer, who planned the series of articles on home training in cabinet work, as announced in our May number, says:

Although the boys of to-day are to be the men of to-morrow, there are many grown-ups whom I hope to interest in these practical talks illustrated with drawings and working plans as object lessons that can be utilized by any boy or man, who wishes to do something with his own hands and head, and to learn how to do things right by beginning right.

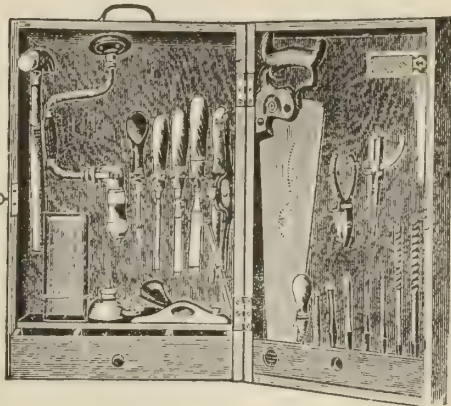
Country-born on a small farm, where most of the land was yet heavily timbered, I found myself at the age of twelve called upon to do all kinds of farm work in the summer, and to chop wood and draw it to the nearest market in the winter. With few aids other than natural resources we were obliged to depend upon ourselves for the commonest needs and comforts of life. Under such conditions we could only think of making the necessary things in the most primitive and practical way. If we needed an axe-helve, an ox-yoke, a pair of bob-sleds or a pork barrel, we had to make them by hand; and in many cases we had even to make our own tools. These things were made in a direct and substantial manner without any thought of ornament; and yet as I look back I can see that we worked out many beautiful shapes, especially in axe-helves and ox-yokes.

After many years and long experience I am free to own there was a deeper satisfaction in working out these simple forms which were put to practical use, than has come in later years from articles made for the exacting demands of modern taste. And so this thought comes up: When we come to make things ourselves and because they are needed, instead of depending upon the department store to furnish them, we shall not only find pleasure in making them, but we shall also take more pleasure in possessing them.

In referring so frankly to my boyhood and experience, I do not forget that conditions have changed since then, and that I am addressing a later generation and many boys who are not compelled to work for a living so early in life, and are denied the privilege of earning by manual labor their own food, clothing and shelter, or to help to earn the comforts of life for the dear ones of the family. While it is not necessary to return to primitive conditions of living, which demand that things shall be made to fit them, yet we can begin with primitive forms, which is always safe. In starting this way we begin right and have the structural instead of the non-structural always before us.

MANY of the boys I hope to be able to interest and to persuade to learn how to do things for themselves, or for others, are those who are not driven by necessity to labor with their own hands, but who will, I trust, take up this work from choice, as many of their elders have done, who are not craftsmen by trade. These professional men and others find pleasure and relaxation during leisure hours in building something useful or working out some original notion, in that friendliest and most natural material that Nature has given to man for his shelter, and which enters so largely into the comforts and conveniences of the home.

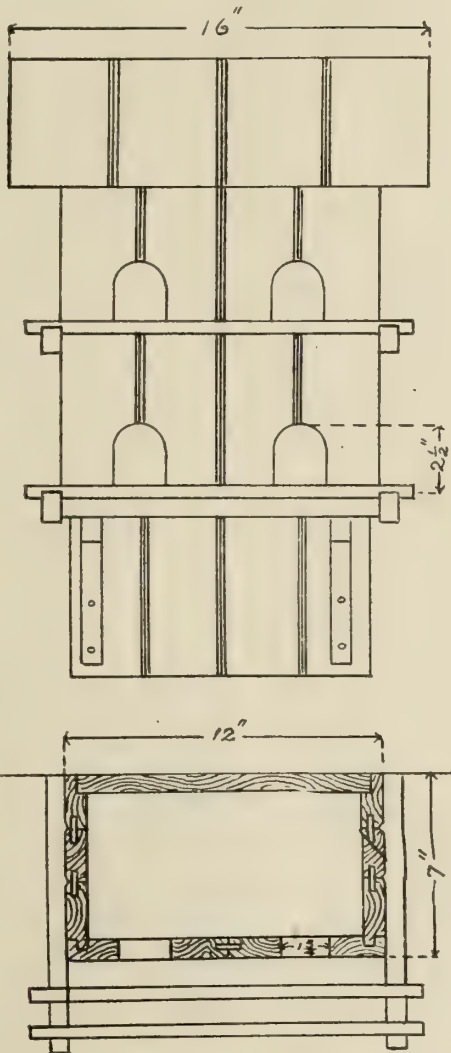
The world has never found any substitute for wood in its many utilities and its natural beauty.



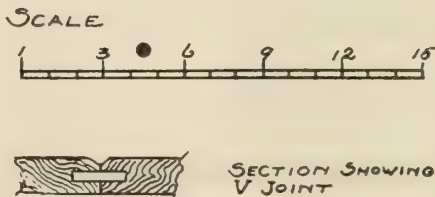
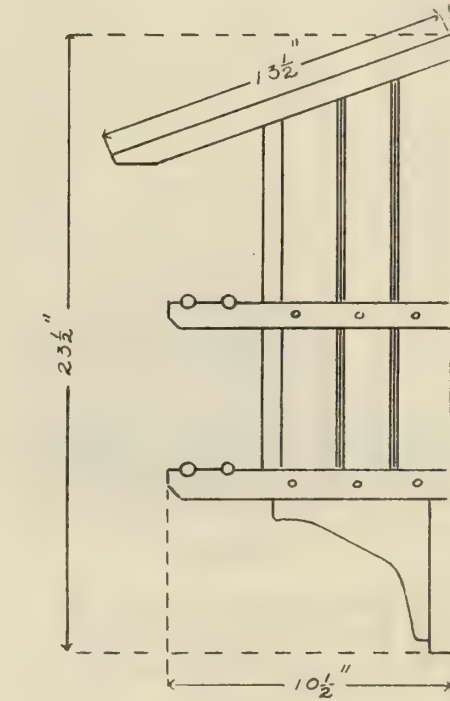
THE TOOL CABINET

Time and the forces of Nature have wrought out the many wonderful fibers and textures, and the almost endless variety of beautiful traceries in the grains and the interesting age-mark rings which keep the record of the birthdays of the forest trees.

Tools, few or many, you must have, and various sizes of tool cabinets are made and furnished at varying prices. The work bench you will also need to buy, for you can not build it as it should be built for service, and the one shown is specially manufactured for the purpose. Each of the object illustrations is accompanied by brief but clear instructions, with working drawings and a mill bill. The latter is made out the same as for factory use, and if taken to the lumber manufacturer the materials can be all obtained cut to measure in the rough. Then with a little study, and the necessary tools, you will be ready to begin your part as a builder, selecting whichever article suits you best.



DESIGN FOR A BIRD HOUSE



SECTION SHOWING V JOINT

DURING the last ten years, bird houses have become common throughout Canada and it is hoped that many of our readers possess more than one of these "summer residences" for the birds. Those with rustic finish are highly popular and are easily made. The birds which take shelter there look more at home than those who are in more ornate dwellings. A bird house more than pays for the time and trouble in its construction, when you take a real interest in the cheerful little tenants. Even the birds have a housing problem of their own and you can make Jenny Wren or the Robin Family happy by providing them with a cosy corner—and incidentally add to your list of friends.

There is now an interest taken in our birds greater than any known before. There are various bird societies which have for their object the preservation and protection of our birds; and their work becomes of more varied interest with every passing year. Down in the southernmost county of Ontario, the pleasant land of Essex, there is to be found the bird sanctuary where Jack Miner cares for hundreds of birds, which find happiness and safety in a real home for our feathered friends. Mr. Miner is writing a book which will probably be of enthralling interest, for what he can tell you about all manner of feathered folk will be worth knowing.

Now, it is not given to all of us to have a large estate or to establish a bird sanctuary, but most of us have a garden which can hold a bird house.

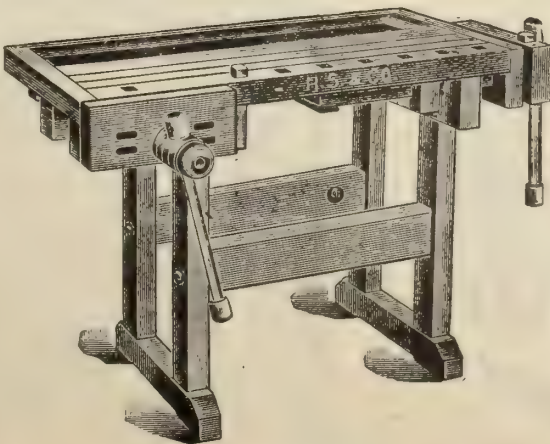
where the aforesaid wren may find a comfortable abode or where Master Robin may pose majestically on a tiny verandah. There may be constructed a house for the woodpecker, that is as cheerful a lodger as you can have in your bird house. As the Toronto S. P. C. S. says: "Be kind to animals—you are one yourself."

BIRD HOUSE

IN building the bird house there is little to note, as everything is very plainly shown on the working drawings. A good line for the bracket will add much to the interest of the piece. The back is fastened in with brads and a small brad through the perch will hold it in its place.

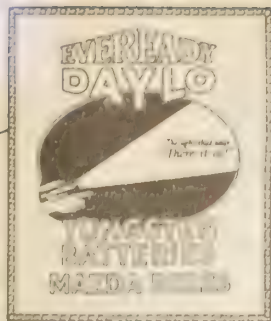
MILL BILL of Lumber for Bird House

|                    |        | Rough  |           | Finish  |           |
|--------------------|--------|--------|-----------|---------|-----------|
|                    | Pieces | Long   | Wide      | Wide    | Thick     |
| Roof               | 4      | 14 in. | 4 1/4 in. | 1 in.   | 3/4 in.   |
| Front and sides    | 10     | 18 in. | 3 1/4 in. | 1 in.   | 3/4 in.   |
| Back               | 4      | 24 in. | 3 1/4 in. | 1 in.   | 3/4 in.   |
| Bottom & partition | 2      | 12 in. | 6 3/4 in. | 1 in.   | 6 1/2 in. |
| Side braces        | 4      | 12 in. | 1 1/4 in. | 1 in.   | 1 in.     |
| Perches            | 4      | 16 in. | 1 1/2 in. | 1/2 in. | 3/4 in.   |
| Brackets           | 2      | 9 in.  | 6 in.     | 1 in.   | pattern   |



THE WORK BENCH





*This is the sign that identifies  
dealers showing the Eveready  
Daylo '10,000 Contest  
Picture. Look for this  
sign on dealers'  
windows*

## Three Thousand Dollars For Somebody. YOU?

**T**HREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes from two hundred to ten dollars. **Ten thousand dollars** in all! How much for YOU?

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3,000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers. All answers must be mailed before midnight, August 1st, 1920.

A-3114



|                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 First Prize...        | \$3,000.00        |
| 1 Second Prize...       | 1,000.00          |
| 3 Prizes—\$500.00 each  | 1,500.00          |
| 4 Prizes—\$250.00 each  | 1,000.00          |
| 5 Prizes—\$200.00 each  | 1,000.00          |
| 10 Prizes—\$100.00 each | 1,000.00          |
| 10 Prizes—\$50.00 each  | 500.00            |
| 20 Prizes—\$25.00 each  | 500.00            |
| 50 Prizes—\$10.00 each  | 500.00            |
| 104 Prizes              | Total \$10,000.00 |

Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter was mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.



## The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

no surprise to me to come in and find her seated beside Maria, appealing eyes raised to her, while Maria taught her the new stitch of Italian embroidery.

Osborn's state of mind, too, was obvious to me. Falling in love affects people in different ways. Some become morose and disagreeable, but this experience has always had an exhilarating effect upon Osborn; he gets more and more high-spirited and swings along as if he owned the world. As Seraphy says, "You can tell just be the set of Osborn's coat when he's got a new girl."

Then suddenly Osborn's mood changed. He sat around gloomily. I wondered if Berenice was treating him badly. For a week he was sunk in gloom, then one day he came to my room and fidgeted around the way he does when he has something on his mind.

"We licked 'em to-day," he announced. Then he shifted on his other foot.

I replied that I was very glad of that, and waited.

"I guess it's going to be a good day for practice to-morrow," he went on.

I replied it looked like it, and still waited. Ever since he has been a little boy he has always approached anything he had to tell me in this embarrassed way, and he seemed to me no older than he was at six years when he would talk of irrelevant things and then make a final rush and come to the point. So any mother can imagine my feelings, when, with a gulp, what he had to tell me finally came.

"Mother," he said, "I want you to know before anybody else, and I know you'll be glad, you are such good friends—I'm—engaged—I'm engaged to Berenice Doble. I—I know I'm k-kind of young and all that sort of thing—" He seemed far from happy; rather as though he heard his own words with deep disbelief.

But here I am glad to say I had good sense enough to put my arms around him and kiss him. Then I sat down and talked to him. I told him that marriage was a very serious thing and lasted a long time, and that I thought Berenice was a sweet, dear girl—and I suppose she is, for those who like her—and that I thought, too, he would agree with me that it would be better to keep the engagement a secret for a while anyway. By all of which you can see that I was working for time. Then I went up to my room and locked myself in and had a good cry.

My Osborn engaged to that bird-shooting, trout-fishing minx! I saw Mr. and Mrs. Doble seated at our family table. I saw all the other Dobles over-running us, and I thanked God that Osborn was only a freshman in college, and unless I opposed them and they ran away, that he would have plenty of time in which to get over it. Oh, I wished at that moment that we lived in some enlightened country where children have to ask their parents' consent about getting married, and where it isn't so fatally easy for young people to see each other! I was just drying my eyes and putting my hair straight when a knock came on my door and our second girl announced: "It's Mrs. Doble."

I went down to the drawing-room and found Berenice's mother seated there. She is a large, placid woman, and has none of the sporting tastes of her daughter or her husband. Her round face has always made me think of a pie just ready for the oven. She was dressed in a princess gown, which displayed all her ample curves to advantage and wore a perfectly fresh pair of white kid gloves. Upon her hat rested bunches of cherries that must have been made after the design of Mr. Burbank's most approved model.

"Mrs. Preston," said she, "I'm not going to do any beating round the bush, and I'm not going to pretend that I haven't come for what I've come to talk about! I don't know if Osborn's told you, but if he hasn't, it's time somebody did. Him and—oh, Mrs. Preston, him and my Berenice have gotten engaged! I tell you when Berenice told me it knocked me all of a heap! I never did approve of your son's coming to my house like he's been doing—but, there, you know

what young folks are and I didn't put my foot in it.

"And, then, there was that dog! For the land's sake, I've said to Berenice a million times, if I have once, 'make Osborn Preston stop bringing that dog to my house!' Why, Mrs. Preston, I'm fairly et out of house and home, what with Mr. Doble's dogs and all. I like a dog as well as anybody, but I like a dog in its proper place, and that setter dog of Osborn's hain't any idea what the proper place for a dog is.

"I don't know if you know it, but I do, that when he's home and in college with Osborn he sleeps on the foot of Osborn's bed, and I'll tell you I know it—by tracks of muddy paws I've found on Berenice's bed. I never seen such a dog for impudence! You'd think he had a mortgage on my house to see him come runnin' in. Mr. Doble's dogs is bad enough, but we've got kennels for them. And I wouldn't talk so much about him if he wasn't at the bottom of it all. If Osborn hadn't ever brought him to our house, there wouldn't be all this goin's on.

"Now, Mrs. Preston, I haven't anything to say against Osborn. Osborn is a perfect gentleman; and I'm not saying anything against you, Mrs. Preston, but the thing the matter with Osborn is the way he has been brought up."

To this astonishing statement I found very little to say. I murmured something, but it did not stop my visitor's oratory. She had stopped a moment, evidently preparing for the battle, but as she saw no signs of anger in my eye, but only bewilderment, she said more softly:

"I suppose I might have put that different—but, there, that's me all over! When I think a thing I come right out with it. Your family's worldly, Mrs. Preston! I don't mean but what you ain't fine pay customers, nor that I've got anything against you, but we don't think the same things. Osborn hasn't got principles like my young people! He dances, he plays cards, and it's driven me near crazy to see my Berenice going round with a young man no matter what his manners are, who hasn't no more consideration for Sunday than Osborn has.

"It's just about broke my heart and it just come at an awful time, for I don't know whether you noticed it or not, but our minister is certainly taken with Berenice,—and Berenice takin' up with your Osborn! That's what comes of letting girls be brought up like they were boys! But Mr. Doble he wouldn't ever listen to any reason from me, take Berenice along he would from the very first, though he's as strict principled a Baptist as ever stepped in every other kind of way. He always says to me, 'Birdie, there ain't nothing in the church against a girl going shooting with her pa.' 'No,' says I, 'because there's never needed to be no such thing. Who ever heard of a girl going shooting, George Doble?' I said to him.

"But you know what men is! Now he can blame himself, for in every other kind of way Berenice would make a splendid minister's wife, brought up strict like she has been. Besides, what a girl like Berenice needs is a quiet husband, because—though you mightn't think it, she's got an awful strong will, she's got a will just like her pa!

"It complicates family life awful to have a girl take just after her pa and not after her mother one bit. She never took after me in nothing except her little ways. When I was young I had little ways just like Berenice, but with a growin' family you can't have 'em any more'n any other kind of frills, and the only ray of light I've seen in this, Mrs. Preston, is that I knew you'd be just as down on it as I was. There's no mother living wants her son engaged when he's just in college, no matter how nice the girl is.

"Now, I'll tell you, Mrs. Preston, don't antagonize 'em. If you antagonize Berenice, she'll be so set on Osborn that a pickaxe wouldn't get her off—but just leave her lay, and like's not she'll get tired of him, which is what I'm hoping and praying for."

"That," I said, with dignity, "is just what I have been hoping and is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

## DOMINION EXPRESS

**MONEY  
ORDERS**

There is no better way to pay  
your out-of-town accounts.

On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.

The  
**CANDY**  
Cathartic

"Really  
DELICIOUS"

**Cascarets**  
PLEASANT LAXATIVE  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP



Naherrin  
ing show-  
by the soft  
beautiful, and

seemed to be  
they  
looked for nothing disturbing  
as they again took their way  
along the highroad.  
But this was the Province  
of the Unexpected, and they  
should have remembered.  
There was a large bush on  
either side of the pathway, and  
each, to Diddy's surprise, was  
laden with blue roses. From  
under the bushes there sud-  
denly appeared four strange  
little beings, who stood in a  
row across the road, barring  
the way. The odd four were  
all letter-men, and each had a  
cute little curl standing up on  
the top of his head.

As the travellers approached,  
the letter-men greeted them  
with a chorus of questions.  
Diddy Happen could make out  
the words—who?—what?—  
how?—why? The little fellows  
talked so fast that there was  
no time to answer even one of  
them, and as they blocked the  
way, there was nothing to do  
but to stop and listen.

The letter-men kept right on  
asking their one-word ques-  
tions, until it seemed as if  
Diddy and his friend would be  
unable to continue their jour-  
ney. But help was at hand.

A new figure jumped down  
from one of the big blue roses,  
right in front of the noisy four,  
and said, "What?"

He was a letter-man, too,  
and his name was AID.

"One at a time, now," said  
newcomer.

Then each of the letter-men  
asked his question in turn, and  
old Dedder Naherrin answered  
them all.

"Who?" asked the first one.  
"A band of pilgrims," replied  
Dedder.

"What?" asked the second.

"That takes the same an-  
swer," said Dedder, and the  
letter-men looked disappointed.

"How?" questioned the third.

"Walking most of the way,"  
said old Dedder Naherrin, as  
he thought of the ride on the  
Wish-Horses.

"Why?" asked the last of the  
letter-men.

Dedder Naherrin thought a  
moment, then he replied:

"A band of pilgrims on a  
journey, because every one  
must travel the road of the  
long year."

The Aid had hopped up on  
his blue rose again, but where  
he had been there suddenly  
appeared a very curly letter-  
man, who shouted, "Go!"

The four question-men ran  
back under the rose bushes,  
where the Go followed them.

The road was now clear, and  
Diddy and his friends went  
on their way.

A loud humming was heard,  
and for a moment the Tick  
Tock brothers were afraid their  
clocks were running down.  
They soon saw, however, a  
gigantic beetle flying toward  
them, and the humming of its  
wings grew louder and louder.  
It alighted close to Diddy  
Happen, and as soon as it had  
folded its wings, started sing-  
ing in a booming voice—

Of all the months that round  
the year,  
If you but listen, you may hear,  
There is but one some wish  
would stay—  
The merry madcap—dancing  
May.

And there are some who love  
the days  
Through which the sunshine ever plays;  
While fleecy clouds against the sky  
Make a dream-world of fair July.

Though all May beauties I can see,  
And fair July—the best to me,  
In dawn or twilight, night or noon,  
Is lovely, rose-crowned, laughing June.

"So you are a June bug," said Diddy.



WHO



UP



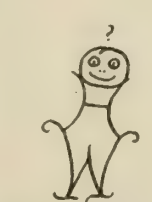
WHAT



AID.



WHY.



How



Go.

Dedder Naherrin quickly.

There was plenty of room on  
the great June Bug's back for  
all the travellers, and when  
they were seated comfortably,  
the Bug flier spread his wings  
and rose in the air.

It was a wonderful trip, par-  
ticularly for the little If, who  
fell off, and being caught in  
his fall by one of the bug's  
long legs, finished the trip sus-  
pended by his curly tail.

They passed swiftly over a  
country that seemed made up  
of nothing but fields of flowers.  
There was a softness in the  
air, that the June Bug said  
was caused by the sweetness  
of the summertime.

When they were high in the  
air, they came upon a swarm  
of fliers, letter-men with  
wings, who, Dedder Naherrin  
said, were the Ups, and never  
found near the ground.

The June Bug carried the  
travellers far upon their jour-  
ney, until, at last, they could  
see dimly the end of the June  
road. A little further, and  
their flying-steed descended so  
that they might land near the  
beginning of the next stage of  
their journey.

In front of them was the  
July road, and marking it stood  
a large, square, white stone, on  
which were the words *July 1st*,  
*Dominion Day*. Planted in the  
top of the stone was a tall  
flagstaff, from the top of which  
floated a large Union Jack.

This was a joyous day that  
they were coming to, and as  
he saw the flag, Diddy sang  
in his clear, boyish voice:

The flag that's waved a thou-  
sand years

Is just the flag for me.

I love the land it floats above—

Fair Canada the free.

It's honor bright, home love

so deep,

Red badge of courage, too—

A flag to live and die for

Is the dear Red, White and

Blue.

## THE GHOST HOUSE

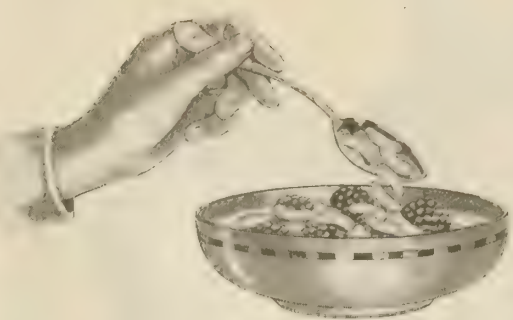
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

we should live perpetually  
under canvas. Everybody who  
has tried it knows that in our  
climate a tent is almost as  
comfortless a dwelling as can  
be devised. It will not neces-  
sarily expedite the writing of  
your novel to spend three or  
four hours a day cooking your  
own food and washing your  
own dishes, nor will it in-  
evitably increase your  
aesthetic appreciation of  
nature to sleep out in the rain,  
though a fair amount of rough  
life is undoubtedly whole-  
some and tonic. It is useless  
to ask men of the twentieth  
century to live the life of the  
twelfth, or of the Stone Age.  
We are more complex in our  
nature than the people of  
those times and our life must  
be more complicated. On the  
other hand it is undoubtedly  
true that we surround our-  
selves with a lot of complica-  
tions and complexities that  
are only hindrances to our  
freedom and development and  
happiness. It is good to get  
rid of these unnecessary  
things, but every man must  
determine the limit of simpli-  
fication for himself. It is per-  
fection, not simplicity, that  
must be our aim; and perfec-  
tion in life as in art, is  
attained only gradually by

eliminating all that is unhelpful and  
unessential, and retaining only what  
is indispensable for the beautifying  
of our daily lives, the increasing of  
our intelligence, and the strengthen-  
ing and ennobling of our hearts. It  
follows that we will cast aside many  
experimental ideals in the process,—  
ideals not necessarily wrong in them-  
selves, but partial and imperfect.

## June Mornings

### Bubble Grains on berries



Mix these airy, flimsy  
bubbles in every dish  
of berries. Use Puffed  
Rice. The blend is de-  
lightful. It adds what  
crust adds to a short-  
cake.

At breakfast, also,  
serve with cream and  
sugar — any of these  
fragile, fascinating  
grains.

## June Evenings

### Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float  
Puffed Wheat in milk.  
That means whole  
wheat with every food  
cell blasted. The grains  
are puffed to eight times  
normal size.

They seem like tid-  
bits, but every flaky  
globule is a grain of  
wheat made easy to  
digest.



## June Afternoons

### Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and  
douse with melted butter. Then  
Puffed Grains become nut-like con-  
fections, to be eaten like peanuts  
or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a  
garnish on ice cream. Use as  
wafers in your soups.



### Puffed Wheat

Whole Grains, Steam Exploded  
Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

### Puffed Rice

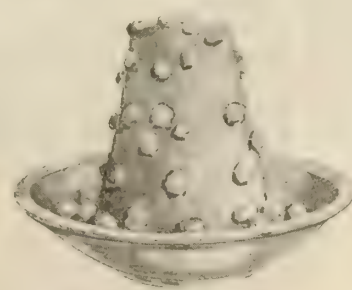
### Prof. Anderson's creations

In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explo-  
sion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel.  
Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like  
nut-meats puffed. Never were grain foods made so inviting.

But remember the great fact. Every element is fitted to  
digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer, serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep both  
kinds on hand.



### Like nut meats on ice cream

These flimsy grains taste like nut-  
meats puffed. Use them also in home cake-  
making.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada





## The Piano Record is a Critical Test

TO reproduce the music of a piano is one of the severest tasks you can put to a phonograph. The result is usually tinkly and weak. Insist on hearing a piano record as well as the others before you buy.

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY  
**Sonora**  
CLEAR AS A BELL

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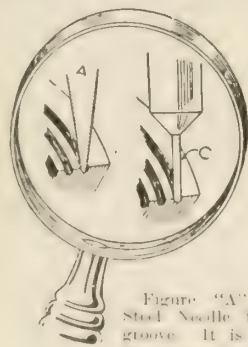
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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it every morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

## June, the Month of Roses, Weddings and School Closings

TO quote our friend the Walrus, the time has come to speak of many things, and June seems to present quite as diverse a collection as the sealing-wax, cabbages, and kings of legendary lore. Their importance is more or less relative, of course. To the lover of flowers June roses come first on the list; to the perennially romantic and to those about to be married weddings monopolize earth and air and sky—particularly the sky, for their thoughts are far above the mundane things of life; to those who have played the principal part in a June wedding there follows in a very natural and fitting sequence the momentous fact of school closings. They all appeal to me. I love the masses of pink and cream and red that border my garden paths; I love the sight of a slight graceful maid as, clad in her gown of shimmering silk, enveloped in a mist of tulle, she marches slowly up the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin; I love the rapturous call of my boys as they dash into the house hurling their books to the darkest corner of the closet reserved for them, chanting "No more Latin, no more French, no more sitting on a hard board bench." There is another which rhymes "Greek" with "teachers on the sneak," but as this is rather hard on those patient souls who are the ill-paid foster-parents of our children and who have to bear their idiosyncrasies for the greater part of the day, I rather discourage the sentiment. Anyway, they don't mean it!

First of all come the roses. Who can resist the brazen scarlet of the climbing American Beauty as it peers in at one's window or hangs enticingly above one's porch? Who will not go into raptures over the rosy coral-pink of Maman Cochet, as she smiles at one from one's bed of tea roses? Who can be indifferent to the Snow Queen, white and pure; to that frankly ambitious climber, Dorothy Perkins; or to the hardy General Jaqueminot? And who can say which is the loveliest among them all?

Then as to weddings! On this subject there is surely nothing new that can be said. All the world loves a lover and I suppose that half of it loves a wedding. June has always been accepted as the month par excellence for marrying and giving in marriage. For reasons best known to myself and one other—he is at present fixing some netting for my sweet peas and using language that is not fit for the children to hear—I prefer October. But that is a matter purely personal. My feelings as regards these affairs are somewhat mixed but as a rule I feel much more like crying than laughing. A wedding is such a tremendously momentous affair and marriage is something, as the prayer-book says, not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. And yet how many come to grief because they fail to realize the stupendous significance of the step they are about to take!

UNDOUBTEDLY there is a glamour about a wedding that appeals to all save the disillusioned or the moribund. All the feverish preparation of trousseau and household linen, the showers before marriage and the long array of bridal presents arranged for the admiration or criticism of the guests; the Day of Days itself with the swift comings and goings, the plottings, the smiles, the tears; the ride to the church with one's father and the return with one's brand new husband—all these are certainly a large factor in the lives of two young people who are embarking upon a long and somewhat perilous journey.

Then comes the honeymoon, when all that is familiar and commonplace is left behind and the bride and groom fare forth alone for a fortnight or more in which they will see each other pretty regularly and have an opportunity of becoming really well

acquainted! It is said that no two people know each other thoroughly until they have spent a winter and a summer together. Unfortunately this is a test which can scarcely be tried as a pre-nuptial caution unless one wishes to meet with raised eyebrows and averted glances. No, the experiment is positively forbidden and one has to take a long chance and pray that all will be well.

And after the honeymoon? The homecoming to a little nest which is frightfully clean and unused, with its shiny furniture, its fresh hangings, its gleaming silver and dainty bric-a-brac. They feel a delightful sense of proprietorship and importance, these two, and as soon as possible they invite some of their closest friends to a meal prepared in the ménage by the little mistress herself or by a portentous female in the kitchen of whom she stands in mortal terror. And such a meal, with monsieur and madame doing the honors as if they had been entertaining for many moons, trying to look unconcerned and to act as if the successful engineering of a dinner-party is as simple as brewing a cup of afternoon tea.

And then the novelty begins to wear off a little. They are just as fond of each other, of course. Edward is a dear and Julia is just the sweetest little wife in the whole wide world. Comes the first quarrel—it is bound to come, friends, when skies turn suddenly dark, the sun ceases to shine, home seems like a dear far-away refuge and mother the only friend in the world worth having. All the misery and tragedy of life seem centred in that first clash of opposing natures. Nothing can ever be the same again! All the beautiful calm is broken; the serpent has crept into Eden and the cup of life holds only dregs!

Don't fool yourselves, dear young friends. The sun is going to shine again. You are going to love each other just as much, if not more. You have learned just one of the lessons that beset married folk and you have found out perhaps where the ice is a wee bit thin and where a "Keep Off" sign may avert future duckings. You will have more quarrels, bless your hearts, lots of 'em. They are all part of the game, but they need not sour your temper or spoil your faith in each other. I know a very dear woman, one of the saints of the earth, whose husband was a clergyman beloved as it falls to the lot of few to be loved. A young woman once came to her and said somewhat boastfully: "George and I have been married a year and we have never had a single disagreement." "Well," said the rector's wife, sweetly but tellingly, "I think there must be a considerable lack of force in one of you if you have gone that long without words. My husband and I had many a disagreement during the first year of our marriage!" So they probably had, but they were an ideal couple and devoted to each other.

MARRIED life is not all beer and skittles, and those who marry with the idea that it is, are going to come a cropper as sure as fate. It is the biggest contract that can be entered into by two people. It may not involve millions of money but it does involve the happiness of at least two people and that is of much more importance to the individual and to the community. Happiness is negotiable; millions seem to have a way of getting tied up.

Bear and forbear are two words that must be worked overtime. No one is perfect. The lover of yesterday and the husband of to-day are the same person but he is viewed at closer range and under conditions stripped of embellishment. The same with the bride and the wife. No man wants to marry a paragon nor does any woman wish to find herself tied to a perfect specimen of the male—if such a thing exists! Even the great King Arthur was condemned by

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)

We shall publish, next month, an article by Mona H. Conwell on the Big Sister Movement which has developed into an organization having an extremely useful and beneficent work in the community. The International Convention in Toronto this month is a proof of the width and excellence of the activities of this Association. The spirit of sisterhood must enter into the life of our large communities if the lonely girl or the homesick newcomer is to have a happy and helpful life.



# The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

exactly the attitude I have taken, Mrs. Doble. Osborn has told me about it, as I have not mentioned to you before."

"Well, I'm glad he come to you open and above board, but I just want to say one thing, and I'm glad we view it all in the same light—it's bad enough to have Osborn engaged to Berenice without that dog tracking up my house; so I'd take it as a kindness from you if you would tell him to keep that dog at home or any other place he wants to."

I am no Machiavelli, and I confess that my patience had been somewhat tried during Mrs. Doble's speech, for well enough I saw that this excellent woman had taken occasion to ease her mind, as the saying goes, concerning me and my ways, and had enjoyed doing it, so I would be less than human had I not replied with some stiffness:

"I think that dog would be more apt to stay away, Mrs. Doble, if Berenice did not feed it, and make such a pet of it. Your daughter, Mrs. Doble, knows a great deal more about dogs than my son, and it's at least as much her fault as it is Osborn's if he has annoyed you."

I saw a glitter of comprehension in Mrs. Doble's shrewd eyes, but not for anything was she going to confess to me that she was, as the boys say, "on" to her daughter's doings. All she said was:

"Tell Osborn to keep him at home, and we will both agree that the only thing we've got to do is not to do anything."

## CHAPTER LXI

JIMMIE'S time was fully occupied for the next week in extracting the setter pup from the Doble house. Every little while the telephone would ring and Mrs. Doble would request me in polite terms to let some one call for the dog. We only saw each other over the telephone, but during our interviews I learned that "George was no mite of comfort," that when informed of the state of things he had only laughed and guessed "it would all come out in the wash;" which, I must confess, was a good deal Henry's point of view. He refused to take the matter seriously at all. There are times in one's life when one's husband is not the comfort that one expects he should be. What passed between him and Osborn was only this: Henry laughed at Osborn and said:

"Well, Os, I hear you're engaged."

And Osborn replied sheepishly:

"I guess so, sir."

"Make a fine tackle, wouldn't she?" said Henry, and Osborn only grinned and got out of his father's way.

So things went along until one afternoon, when Osborn was sitting on the piazza, the setter dog at his feet, he got up saying to Jimmie:

"Tie the pup up; I'm going over to Berenice's."

Just then the dog bounded off. I would have sworn that I had heard a whistle. He ran across the street and fell into Berenice's arms, and she stooped over to pat him in that knowing way of hers that makes any dog follow her.

Instead of joining Berenice, Osborn stood on the steps and whistled. The dog pricked up his ears but stayed where he was. Osborn's face flushed. He whistled again and called him in commanding tones to "come here!" The dog moved his ears deprecatingly and put his tail down, but did not obey.

"Come here, I say!" bawled Osborn, whistling again. "That dog's got to learn who his master is," my son informed me. "If Berenice wanted him or her mother'd let her have

him. I'd give him to her; but if he's my dog, he's got to be my dog!"

As the dog did not move, Osborn started across the street and grasped him fairly by the collar and pulled him along behind him, Berenice following.

"Oh, Osborn!" she cried, "what are you going to do to him?"

"I'm going to give him a thrashing," said Osborn. "That pup is the hardest pup to break I ever saw."

"But, Osborn," Berenice begged, imploring eyes on her fiancé, "he's a awfully good dog. Oh, don't do that Osborn!"

"I've got to break this pup now," said

Osborn, obstinately. "What's the good of a setter that won't come when he's called?"

I thought I saw a little flicker of a smile around Berenice's mouth and I heard Jimmie mutter:

"He can come when he's called, all right!"

"What did you say?" Osborn demanded, turning on his younger brother.

"Ask her," said Jimmie, jerking his head toward his future sister-in-law. "She knows." Osborn chose to ignore his brother.

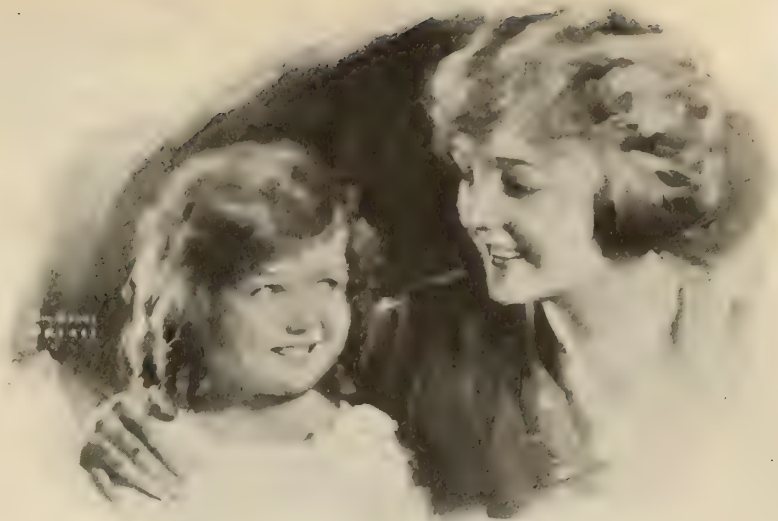
"Osborn," pleaded Berenice earnestly, "don't whip that dog!"

"He's my dog," said Osborn. "Let him alone, Berenice. I know what's good for him."

He spoke in the superior manner of the male. There was something in his face that aroused Berenice. Suddenly she put aside her baby ways, her eyes flamed.

"Osborn Preston," she said, "if you strike that dog I'll never speak to you again as long as I live. You know what is good for dogs, do you? You don't know anything more about dogs than if you were a hippopotamus. That's no way to break a dog! You've most spoiled him anyhow; if it hadn't been for me he'd be no good!"

"Oh, so you've been breaking him?" asked Osborn.



## For You, Also Teeth that glisten—safer teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

You see glistening teeth wherever you look to-day. Perhaps you wonder how the owners get them.

Ask and they will tell you. Millions are now using a new method of teeth cleaning. This is to urge you to try it—without cost—and see what it does for your teeth.

### Why teeth discolor

Your teeth are coated by a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It dims the teeth, and modern science traces most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush fails to end it. As a result, few people have escaped tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing.

### Active pepsin now applied

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be daily applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
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A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

### Now they remove it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Millions of people have watched its results.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is made to in every way meet modern dental requirements.

Two other new-day methods are combined with this. Thus Pepsodent in three ways shows unique efficiency.

Watch the results for yourself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

This test will be a revelation. It will bring to you and yours, we think, a new teeth-cleaning era. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Only one tube to a family

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|--------------------------------|--------|
| Princess Complexion Purifier   | \$1.50 |
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| Princess Face Powder           | .50    |



**The Hiscott Institute, Limited**  
61B College Street Toronto

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80.)



# Keystone TRADE MARK French Ivory BRUSHES

MADE IN CANADA  
Keystone  
TRADE MARK  
EVERY BRUSH  
GUARANTEED

## The Gift She Cherishes

Something to make her home more beautiful—and yet something with a personal note—a gift combining both these attributes is what the bride appreciates the most.

French Ivory—had you thought of that?

In the set which you select, insist that all brushes bear the Keystone imprint.

Keystone French Ivory Brushes are famous for their long, stiff, glossy, pure white Russian bristles. They keep their shape—they wear as no other Ivory Brushes will. Each of these exquisite solid ivory brushes is formed and filled by a Canadian manufacturer engaged exclusively in making brushes. Every brush is guaranteed.

STEVENS-HEPNER CO., LIMITED  
PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO

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FIGURE, M a d a m, that when a man wears overalls, he likes to bend, twist or stoop freely without being conscious of them. So I purposely make my Carhartt's extra roomy and double stitch every seam. The suspender buttons stick as if they were imbedded in concrete. Interlacing suspenders give a man shoulder ease he never knew before—and, what's more, they can't separate in the wash, while the tough, sturdy khaki and denim cloth I use yields a surprising length of service. Less work for you, M a d a m, and more comfort for the menfolk when in buying overalls you choose Carhartt's.

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COTTON MILL, LIMITED  
Toronto Montreal  
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Manufacturers of Men's Overalls and Work Gloves and Carhartt Afters for Men and Boys



TRADE MARK

# The Journal Puzzle for June

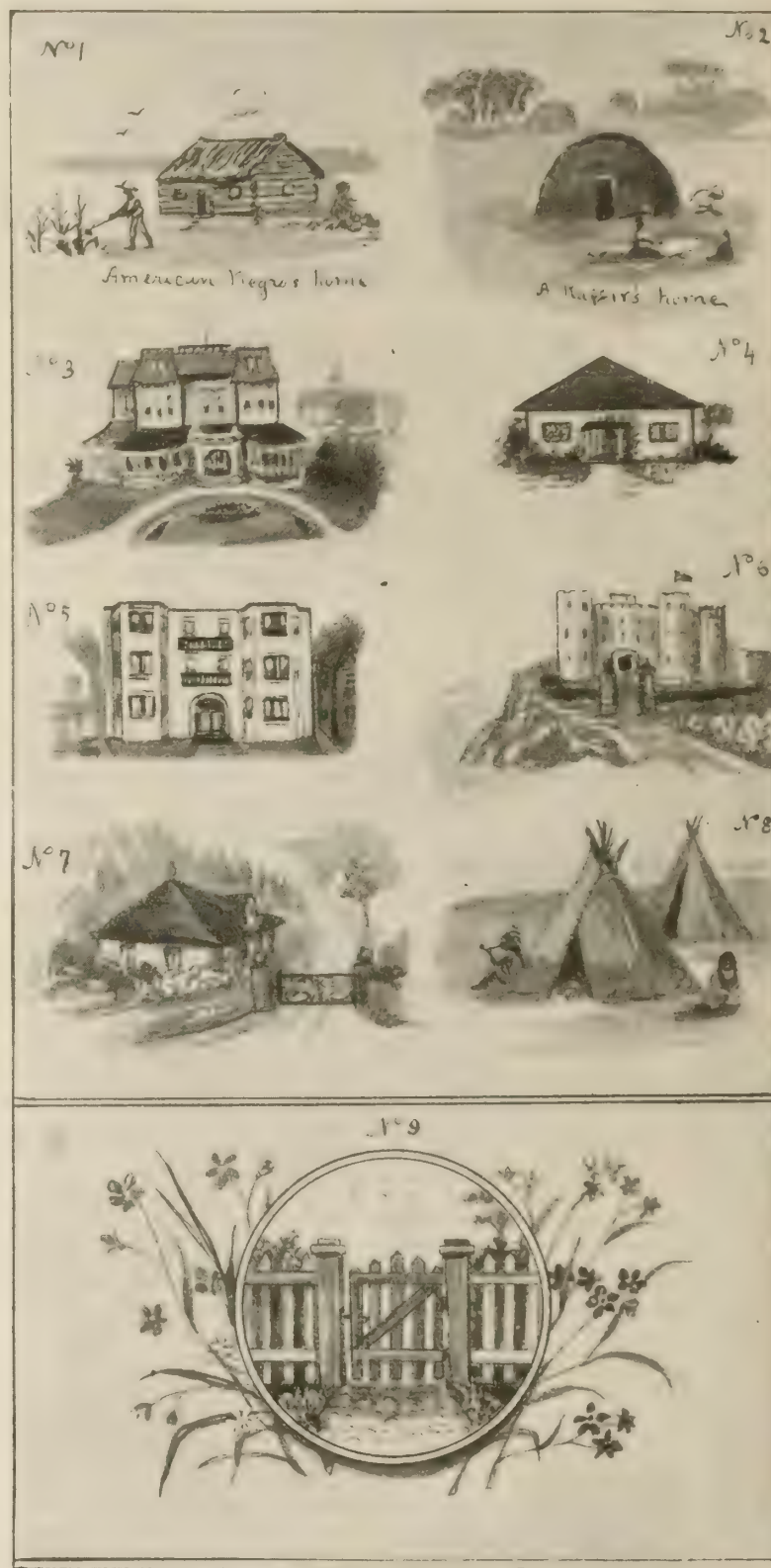
By TOM WOOD

The Newlyweds returned from their honeymoon and wanted a certain type of house.

They consulted an agent, who, to save time, showed them pictures of homes on his list.

By the time they reached No. 8 they thought the agent was crazy, but he smilingly told them that if they selected one-eighth from the name of each home represented, correctly, they would find they had what they wanted. Can you find what was the type of house they desired?

No. 9 represents one of the two birthstones for June.



Two prizes will be given—first, one dollar and fifty cents, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by June 20th to be included.

## Correct Solution of April Puzzle.

|              |            |             |
|--------------|------------|-------------|
| Pembroke     | Nipigon    | Elkhorn     |
| Mattawa      | Keewatin   | Indian Head |
| Cartier      | Winnipeg   | Moose Jaw   |
| Chapleau     | Brandon    | Carmichael  |
| Medicine Hat | Salmon Arm |             |

Birthstones for April are diamond and sapphire.

First prize awarded to E. Birchard Northam, 1814 4th Avenue North, Lethbridge, Alta.; second to Jennie E. McNally, Connaught Avenue, Rosebank, Halifax, N.S.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



# What Can Be Done With Strawberries

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES."

WHILE the ideal service of strawberries is fresh from the vines, unhulled and with stems on, and no washing to dissipate the sweetness of the fruit, only a favored few are able to compass this gustatorial delight.

The most of us are obliged to secure our berries at second or even third hand, and in this case the berries must be washed. Put them into a colander, and let cold water run over them gently until all grit is removed. Drain thoroughly and arrange them for breakfast on pretty individual plates with stems uppermost, and a little mound of sugar in the centre to dip them in.

**Strawberry Cocktails.**—Strawberry cocktails are delicious appetisers to begin a company luncheon. Hull and slice four cupfuls of ripe berries; sprinkle with powdered sugar, and set on ice until thoroughly chilled; then divide into glasses and pour over each portion a mixture of two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, and two tablespoonfuls each of powdered sugar and cherry juice.

**Strawberry Salad.**—Arrange ripe whole strawberries in nests of crisp lettuce leaves, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with mayonnaise dressing made without mustard and whitened with whipped cream. Another method: Hull and slice lengthwise, four cupfuls of ripe strawberries, and marinate them in a French dressing made with lemon juice, drain, chill, heap on crisp white lettuce leaves and decorate with thin slices of lemon dipped in sugar.

**Strawberries with Blanc Mange, Wafers and Milk.**—Scald four cupfuls of milk; mix one-half cupful of cornstarch with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir into the hot milk; and cook over hot water for fifteen minutes, then add one teaspoonful of strawberry extract and the whites of three eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth with a pinch of salt. Divide into small wet moulds and set aside to become firm. Turn out, fill with ripe and sweetened strawberries and serve with wafers, and milk.

**Strawberry Shortcake.**—Strawberry shortcake is prepared in two ways, but in the minds of those accustomed to it in their youth, the genuine shortcake made with a rich biscuit crust can never be excelled. The cake batter made sweet and tender, filled and crowned with whole ripe berries, lacks the characteristic charm of the old-fashioned strawberry shortcake, when the berries were mashed and sweetened, thus furnishing their own rich sauce. When the cakes, baked in layer tins, come from the oven they are buttered and covered with berries, or split, the fruit piled on the cut side of each, and one piled above the other. The biscuit crust calls for four cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter and lard mixed, and sufficient sweet milk or water to make a soft dough. Roll into sheets about one-half inch thick and bake in a hot oven.

**Strawberry Mousse.**—Rub two pounds of strawberries through a sieve, dissolve two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of hot water, then strain it into the purée, add one-fourth cupful of sugar, the strained juice of one lemon and the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Pour into a wet mould decorated with strawberries and turn out when set. Serve with cream.

**Strawberry Sherbet.**—Mash two cupfuls of hulled strawberries, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and the strained juice of one lemon. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then place on ice. Meantime freeze two cupfuls of milk, mixed with one-half cupful of sugar and one half-teaspoonful of strawberry extract. When one-half frozen strain into it the strawberry mixture and finish freezing. Serve in glasses topped with ripe berries.

**Strawberry Soup.**—Rinse and hull one quart of ripe strawberries, laying aside the most perfect ones. Place the others with one cupful of cold water into a saucepan and cook slowly until soft. Strain, measure and add enough water to make two cupfuls of liquid in all. Reheat, and when at boiling point, thicken slightly with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch moistened with a little cold water. Add the grated rind of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and cook until clear, stirring occasionally. Take from the fire, add the strain-

ed juice of two oranges, and chill. When ready to serve, add the perfect berries.

**Strawberry Éclairs.**—Éclairs and cream puffs, filled with the fresh strawberries crushed and sweetened instead of the usual cream filling, are among the delights of the season. To make the éclairs, put into a pan one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of sugar and place over the fire. When the mixture boils up, stir in one cupful of sifted flour and cook for three minutes, beating all the time with a wooden spoon. By this time it should be smooth and velvety. Take off the stove and cool; when cool beat in four eggs, one at a time and beat vigorously for twenty minutes. Put the mixture into a forcing bag with a tube and press out on to buttered tins, having each éclair about three inches in length. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Take out and while still warm coat with strawberry icing made by adding to one cupful of sifted confectioner's sugar enough strawberry juice to make a good icing. When cold, cut open on the side and fill with the berries crushed and sweetened.



Do not hull strawberries until ready to serve them.

**Strawberry Ice Cream.**—Wash and hull one box of ripe strawberries, sprinkle with seven-eighths of a cupful of sugar and allow to stand for one and one-half hours, mash and rub through a sieve, then add four cupfuls of thick cream and freeze. Serve with strawberry sauce made as follows: Boil one-half cupful of water and three-fourths cupful of sugar for ten minutes; cool and when ready to use add to the chilled and crushed juice and pulp of two cupfuls of berries.

**Strawberry Custard.**—Scald two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler. Mix four beaten eggs with one-half cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt, add the scalded milk to them, return to the



Strawberries with blanc mange.



A refreshing strawberry salad.

double boiler, and cook until the mixture thickens and is of a smooth consistency. Strain and when cold, add one cupful of crushed and slightly sweetened strawberries. Serve very cold.

**Strawberry Fritters.**—Mix one tablespoonful of salad oil with the grated rind of one-half lemon and a little flour. When smooth, add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and a little milk to make the consistency of thick cream. Hull as many ripe strawberries as you wish and drop them into the prepared batter. Put a lump of butter in a small frying pan and when hot drop in the batter by the tablespoonful. Cook on both sides, drain on a piece of paper, arrange on a dish and sift over with sugar.

**Strawberry Jelly.**—Cut pound of berries into halves, put into saucepan, add four cupfuls cold water, allow to remain one hour, add six tablespoonfuls of gelatine, whites of two eggs, juice of one lemon and one cupful of sugar. Beat until they boil, remove whisk, draw to one side, cover and leave for ten minutes. Strain through jelly bag, add a few drops of red color and tablespoonful strawberry extract. Pour into mould and turn out when firm.

**Strawberry Russe.**—Crush one basketful of berries, mix with two cupfuls whipped cream, add powdered sugar to taste and beat all together. Divide into moulds lined with lady fingers and top off with ripe berries.

**Strawberry Delight.**—Into a large glass dish put a layer of small pieces of sponge cake, then add a layer of sliced ripe strawberries. Mix one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add three eggs lightly beaten and three cupfuls of milk. Cook in the upper pan of a double boiler until creamy. When cold pour over the strawberries, cover with whipped and sweetened cream and serve decorated with small ripe berries.

**Strawberry Conserve.**—Wash and drain four cupfuls of ripe strawberries, then put them into a preserving kettle with one-half pound of seedless raisins, one quart of sugar, grated rinds of one lemon and two oranges, then add the pulp of the lemon and oranges. Cook very slowly for one-half hour, then add one-half pound of chopped nut meats and cook for ten minutes longer. Pour into sterilized glasses and cover with melted paraffin and the lids of the tumblers. Keep in a cool place.

**Individual Strawberry Shortcakes.**—These are most delightful for tea, made like baking powder biscuit and slightly sweetened. Roll out one inch thick, cut in diamonds, squares or circles and bake in a hot oven. When done break open—never cut—put between them mashed and sweetened berries, buttering the biscuit first, if preferred. Put on top of each little shortcake more of the mashed berries with one or two large berries cut in halves sprinkled with powdered sugar, and if desired, crown each with a spoonful of whipped and sweetened cream flavored with one-half teaspoonful of strawberry extract.





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**SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD**

Of all Druggists and Stores.

# Simply Sandwiches

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "CANNING, PRESERVING AND PICKLING."

THERE is a knack about making good, appetizing sandwiches, just as there is about making anything else. One of the most important things to be considered is the bread. Any kind may be used, depending upon the variety of filling put in. Rolls, crackers or biscuits, and toast or pastry may be used for making sandwiches.

When bread is used, it should be one day old and fine in texture. New bread that is full of holes and crumbly does not cut well. After the filling is in, the crusts should be trimmed off and the sandwiches cut, either in strips, triangles, halves, or in fancy shapes cut out with cutters. Should the sandwiches not be wanted for immediate use, they should be wrapped up in a clean, dampened cloth and put in a cool spot until required.

If rolls are preferred to bread they must be quite fresh and with a soft crust. The finger shaped rolls are neatest, and are very easy to arrange.

Slices of pastry can also be employed, and are especially suitable for evening refreshments. Any good pastry may be cut in strips or rounds baked in the oven and allowed to cool, then split open to receive the sandwich mixture.

When toast is used for sandwiches it must be thin, well made and not too crisp. Cake and gingerbread may be used for making sweet sandwiches. Very dainty little sandwiches can also be made by spreading a tasty mixture on thin bread and then rolling it up, instead of placing a second piece of bread on the top.

**Egg and Sardine Sandwiches.**—Scrape the skin lightly from twelve sardines and cut off the tails. Split open and remove any bones. Chop four hard cooked eggs and ten olives; then add the sardines, season to taste with salt, pepper, mustard and lemon juice and mix well, adding enough of the sardine oil to bind the mixture. Spread on rounds of buttered bread, put together and serve garnished with parsley.

If desired, the eggs may be omitted and the boned sardines alone be spread on buttered bread, then covered with a leaf of crisp lettuce and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice before the top layer of the sandwich is put on.

**Chocolate and Apple Sandwiches.**—Cut some thin bread and butter, and sprinkle it with grated chocolate. Peel one or two good eating apples and cut them in very thin slices free from core. Put a layer of these slices between two pieces of the prepared bread, and press well together. Trim and cut into heart-shaped sandwiches. Decorate with preserved cherries and serve.

Another method: Mix three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one-half cupful of apple sauce. Spread this mixture between thin slices of brown or white bread and butter, cut into shapes, and serve. Small finger shaped rolls may be used instead of the bread and butter.

**Brown and White Sandwiches.**—Season creamed butter with a little celery salt, chopped red peppers and olives and work to a paste. Cut the brown and white

bread into thin, even slices, and trim off the crusts until the pieces of bread are the same size, then spread with the butter. Place the slices alternately, first a white and then a brown slice, until you have five layers. Press these down firmly but evenly and with a sharp knife cut down slices one-half inch thick.

**Cream of Chicken Sandwiches.**—Dissolve one teaspoonful of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Pound one cupful of white cooked meat of a chicken, add the gelatine, salt and paprika to taste. Put over the fire and stir until it begins to thicken, then remove from the fire, add one cupful of whipped cream a little at a time. Stand away to cool, and when very cold lay on thinly cut buttered bread. Another method. Mix one cupful of cooked chopped

cherries, and one-half cupful mayonnaise dressing. Spread between buttered slices of brown bread. Canned pineapple may be used, in which case omit the sugar. One tablespoonful of chopped preserved ginger may be added if desired.

**Delicious Sandwiches.**—Boil two cupfuls of grated maple sugar, one teaspoonful of butter and three-fourths cupful of water until they form a thick syrup. Remove from the fire and add two cupfuls of chopped cocoanut, one-half pound of chopped dates and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Stir until creamy and pour into a buttered dish. When cool, spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

**Club Sandwich.**—Toast thin slices of bread and while hot spread with butter. Put between the slices of bread a crisp lettuce leaf, a slice of cold chicken, a few chopped olives and pickles, some slices of hot bacon, a layer of mayonnaise dressing, and another lettuce leaf. This is a meal in itself, and may be served at a simple luncheon or Sunday night supper. A slice of skinned tomato may also be added.

**Egg Sandwich.**—Mash the yolks of six hard cooked eggs with one tablespoonful of salad oil and one-half teaspoon-

ful of vinegar, work to a paste with salt, pepper, made mustard, paprika and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Now chop the whites very fine and mix with the paste. Spread between slices of buttered brown or white bread. Another method: Chop two hard cooked eggs, add one tablespoonful of shrimp chopped very fine, season to taste with salt, paprika and white pepper, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or one tablespoonful of thick cream. Mix well together. Split some finger-shaped rolls, put one tablespoonful of the mixture into each, and close them up. A little mayonnaise dressing may be used instead of the butter or the cream, and chopped salmon may take the place of the shrimp.

**Tomato Sandwiches.**—Skin two tomatoes and cut them in very thin slices. Put the slices on a plate and season with salt, paprika, a few drops of salad oil and a few drops of lemon juice. Arrange the tomato on the top of some thin bread and butter, sprinkle over with chopped pickle or gherkin, and put another piece of bread and butter on the top. Trim and cut into shape.

**Potted Meat Sandwiches.**—Very tasty, appetizing and quickly made sandwiches may be made from all the potted meats sold in cans or jars. The paste may be spread on brown or white bread and butter, buttered crackers, or little rolls, according to fancy, and some thinly sliced cucumber, tomato, cress, or other salad added.

**Roast Beef Sandwiches.**—Cut cold roast beef in small pieces, trimming off all superfluous fat and skin. Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter with a little made mustard, grated horse radish, adding extra salt if necessary. Spread slices of bread and butter with this savory mixture, and lay the sliced roast beef on one-half the slices. Put thin slices of cucumber, tomato or lettuce leaves on the top, and cover with more bread. Press together, and cut into triangles or circles.



Chocolate and apple sandwiches.

chicken with one-fourth cupful of mayonnaise dressing and two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

**Cheese and Olive Sandwiches.**—Mix together one pound of grated cheese, two cupfuls of butter stirred to a cream, and one-half cupful of olives put through the food chopper. Chill and spread on both pieces of buttered bread. Put together and serve. A leaf of crisp lettuce on each sandwich is a nice addition. Another cheese sandwich: Slice brown bread thinly and spread it with a layer of marmalade, jam or preserved chopped ginger. Spread a layer of very fresh cream cheese over the jam and cover it with another slice of bread. Press together and serve for afternoon tea. Or, mix currant jelly to a pink cream with the cheese and spread both sides of the sandwich and then sprinkle with chopped nuts.

**Pineapple Sandwiches.**—Peel and slice or grind a pineapple, add sugar to taste, and let it stand in a cool place for three or four hours. Add one-half cupful of chopped preserved



Egg and sardine sandwiches.



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# THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted By  
Ethel Bain

7/5.80

## A NIGHT IN JUNE.

THROUGH the rose-scented garden in the hush of the violet twilight came the faint pattering of tiny feet, a sound as of soft leathern shoon on the parched earth. The patter of the little feet continued as seemingly through the shadows ran hither and thither fairylike forms, each bearing a single drop of dew clear as crystal. The Bird Lover sitting in the honeysuckle covered arbor heard the pattering and his eyes took on an eager light.

Faintly at first, but gradually gaining in strength, the reflection of the moon lay like a lustrous pearl on the mirror-like surface of the lily pond. The Bird Lover, now hidden in the depths of the arbor, listened for the night sounds that began to come from all sides. A shadow zigzagged through the moonlight, and his heart greeted the little goblin half bird, half mouse that was doing its share of work in the great plan of creation.

A song of rippling notes, bell-like and thrilling, came from that part of the grounds where the trees grew thickest and the Bird Lover enjoyed to the full the trills of the nightingale singing his love song to the moon. A frog croaked and in reply another grunted, then others raised their voices in protest and the first croaked again, whilst on every side darted fireflies, their lummous bodies glowing like tiny electric torches. The man watched as one darted nearby. The lighted body he knew was the bridal dress of the firefly.

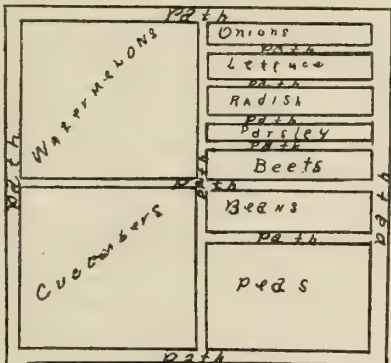
Softly on the air came the perfume of the night-scented flowers as once more, refreshed by the welcome dew, they raised their heads after the burning of the noonday heat, and the scorching of the sun's golden lances. My Lady Nicotine sent forth her sweetness into the darkness. Curiously she always held it back all the day, but once Night had spread her cloak over the earth, Milady graciously shared her gifts with all that passed her way. A pale night moth hung over her waxen bosom, drinking from her nectar sweeter far than any honey, only to desert her a minute later to seek other sips of pleasure from the night-scented stocks that beckoned to it with ghostly fingers in the moonlight.

June, the Bird Lover knew, was the month of bridal songs and bridal robes amongst the birds, the month when songs were sweetest, the plumage the richest in color, and last but not least, the month of the home life. In southern fields he knew the exquisite algette was now decking the white heron, and he breathed a prayer that the plumage hunters might fail in their quests for the herons' bridal plumes and that the shallow souls of vain women might not be thus satisfied. Even the little goldfinch, he knew now decked in sable and gold, daily singing his best songs as he flew over the fields in his ocean-wave-like manner was in danger of being caught, to be killed for his feathers or sent to some city store, there to fret out his life behind golden bars, instead of helping his mate to teach their young birds their duties and so prepare them for the daily battle of life.

He knew, too, that the home life was the happiest time of all in the kingdom of the birds, for with endless patience and skill the parent birds daily taught their young how to work to get their food. Strange, but true, how they knew that the early summer month of June supplied the best food for their babies.

Fat juicy caterpillars, larvae of insects and worms were here, there and everywhere, and these they knew were the easiest to digest. Even the seed eating birds had to have soft food for their babies. Then, if the young were hatched in June, why that gave them several months to prepare them for the winter that always came without fail, or for the long journey to be taken, if they were birds that migrated to the south-land.

A weird but piercingly sweet whistle that trembled, came through the night



A plan of Mary Jackson's garden.

air and disturbed the Bird Lover's thoughts. It was repeated, and he knew that one of the night-hunters, the screech owl, was passing overhead. Almost like a challenge came the cry of the whip-poor-will as it also raced noiselessly through the moonlight. The man rose and walked to the edge of the lily pond. At once there was a hurried splash as a frog dived into the water and made the surface ripple. He walked slowly along the lawn, now heavy with dew, his feet sinking into the velvety sward at every step.

The beauty of June nights! Who would not enjoy them? After the cares



This prize photograph of Rockwood Waterfall was taken by Carson Eddy, age 14, Rockwood, Ontario.

of the day, who would miss the peace of the garden bathed in dew and moonlight—the south wind singing its lullaby to the flowers and birds, who would not prefer it? The Bird Lover sighed as he thought of the millions in the hot, dusty cities, worn and weary after their daily toil with no relief from the heat until rain fell to cool the hot concrete streets, and in his heart he prayed that they too would learn to love the more simple life, and leaving the tawdry tinsel and gold, turn to Nature and learn more of her beauty and wonders, that change day by day, season after season, each more beautiful than before.

MY Dear Club Members:

Few contributions were received for April, but those entered were excellent.

So sorry, Fred Hobbs, that your com-

position was too late, because it was written so well. Try again, won't you?

Welcome to our club, Wilfred Clarke. You have been enrolled as a member, and we shall be glad to see you enter some of the contests and win a prize.

We shall expect a snapshot of Snookie for the June camera contest, Kathleen Davies. So glad that you have joined the club at last, and hope you will write for the Composition contests. Every member has an equal chance to win a prize, so all success to your efforts.

There are no fees to pay, Harriet Montgomery, and we are glad to welcome you as a member.

Your letter was so interesting, Margaret Bissell, and I was sorry it was received too late for the judging. Have you taken any photographs of your pets? If so, won't you enter one of them in the camera contest?

In June there will be a contest for drawing. Our poetry contests have been so successful that we want to see what our artist members can do. So sharpen your pencils and get busy and decide on your subject.

Best wishes to you all from

Your Sincere Friend,  
ETHEL BAIN.

## Prize List for April.

Contest 1.—"Georges Clemenceau." Awarded to Myrll McLellan, age 14, 95 Birmingham street, Stratford, Ont.

Contest 2.—Camera Contest. Awarded to Carson Eddy, age 14, Rockwood, Ont.

Contest 3.—"Plans For My Garden." Awarded to Mary E. Jackson, age 11, R.R. 1, Malton, Ont.

## PRIZE LETTER.

"Georges Clemenceau, The Tiger," by Myrll McLellan, age 14, 95 Birmingham St., Stratford, Ont.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU was born in 1841, the son of a country doctor, in the village of Vendee. Dr. Clemenceau was a Republican, anti-Royalist, and anti-clerical. So young Georges grew up in a home which even then was regarded as a stronghold of "advanced ideas." Circumstances also helped to mould his character into that of a resolute partisan, as the second French Republic was formed in 1848, and to his father and friends this experiment seemed all that was idealistic and noble.

He entered medical college, which at that time was a hot-bed of atheism, and toward the middle of the nineteenth century a physician who retained religious beliefs was regarded as a phenomenon. He was one of the most radical of the students, and so violent was he

that he spent seventy-three days in jail, and later, in consequence of his insistence on proclaiming a Republic while the Emperor was alive, the academic authorities struck his name from the rolls.

He was then twenty-three, and not rich, so he took the desperate course of seeking his fortune abroad. For four years he supported himself as a teacher of his language in the United States, and at the end of that time he returned to France with an American wife and a knowledge of the English language which stood him in good stead during the Great War, but with a complete indifference to English and American thoughts and ideals. He settled in Paris and completed his interrupted medical studies, graduating as a doctor a year later.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)



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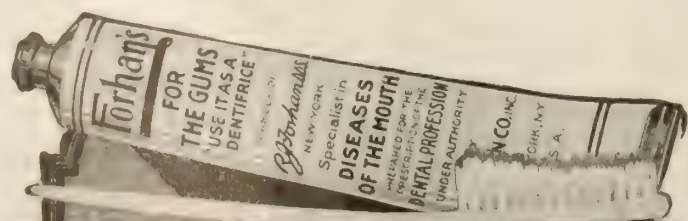
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## First Trouble is Least Tr

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON

### A Health Talk About the Small Citizen's Early Hours

**O**F the many situations in which this is true, there is none where it is more markedly so than in matters pertaining to the care of the new born babe.

When the careful physician or nurse gives correct attention at once to the eyes of the new born babe, they do their utmost to insure that baby from making one of the pitiful fifty per cent. of blind children whose affliction began at birth.

In the same way trouble later is often avoided by the thorough and intelligent examination of every part of the little body. No hurry on the part of the physician, nor fatigue or overwork of the nurse excuses them from this duty.

A nurse should report at once any abnormality, anything she does not understand. In the same way she should understand how to give the first necessary attentions, and the reasons of certain routine work. She should never work merely by rule.

Besides the first little clothes, which should be aired and warm, and the old soft piece of blanket to wrap the babe in, there should be ready a small covered bowl or cup of boracic solution. The strength for this is one level teaspoonful to a pint of boiled water. It is important not to make the solution strong. The ordinary solution for bathing wounds is a teaspoonful to a cup, and many people use this for the eyes also, with disastrous results. Little pieces of absorbent cotton should be ready in the solution. These should be used one at a time and thrown away, so as not to dip back any soiled piece into the cup. Sterile dressings for the cord, two or three, wrapped up ready in case of necessity, and a bottle of olive oil or vaseline—the former is best—complete the requirements.

The eyes should be washed with the boracic solution immediately it is possible to reach them. Later the same solution is used for the mouth. It is common and surer to use Argyrol for the eyes, but this is best under the direction of the attending physician. The doctor also puts the first dressing on the cord, but it is the nurse's duty to watch that dressing most carefully, examining it every hour or so for the first six or eight hours to detect even the slightest hemorrhage.

**I**T should be remembered that the babe has come from a place where the temperature is practically at blood heat; that it has been immersed in water, and that its lungs have not been in action, nor any of the digestive organs. Therefore it should be tended gently, and given a chance to gradually get accustomed to its new surroundings.

I think it is best to anoint the whole body lavishly with warm oil. Wipe the face, in case the mother desires much to see it. Cleanse the mouth with the boracic solution, but do not let any run down the throat. Place a diaper loosely on, and wrap the babe up warmly head and all in a soft, clinging old woolen cloth. Lay it level in a basket which is lined with a blanket. Place one or more hot water bottles around it. Be very careful they are not too hot. Set the basket in a warm and sheltered place, and cover the whole thing with another piece of blanket or flannelette sheet. By this plan the face may be left just a little exposed, and at the same time, since the basket is covered, there is no chance of any draft. There is no need to give the first bath for from twelve to twenty-four hours if these directions are followed.

Much trouble is obviated by the use from the outset of an ordinary slat clothes basket. The basket may be lined or painted as elaborately as you like beforehand, but it will answer just as well with a blanket folded for a lining and a little hair or straw tick (not a feather one), beneath the blanket. Straw or hay answer perfectly well, and if soiled can be renewed without trouble or expense.

The sides of the basket shield the child from drafts or cold, and also from impertinent fingers. People are much less likely to poke at a baby or

try to kiss it in the depth than on a bed or in a the basket is easily c which does away with jiggling. The less a ba the first eight months better. At night it is a s to set the basket on a be chairs beside it. By placing diapers or whatever is needed close at hand, the babe may be attended with perfect ease and comfort, without either getting out of bed or having the babe beneath the same bed-clothes as the adult, a custom both dangerous and unhealthy.

There should be no pillow beneath the head of the babe, but by placing the basket in a very slightly slanting position, and a little roll of something beneath the end where the head lies, then when the diaper is wet the urine will run down, and will not, as one so often sees, have the babe "soaked to the neck," and necessitate a general change.

There are many other points in favor of the common clothes basket as a means of avoiding troubles. It is cheap, it is easily kept clean. It will not lend itself with any grace to either rocking or jerking; on the contrary it is uncompromisingly steady, and solid. It has no springs. It can be lifted easily with the baby in it, anywhere the mother wishes to sit or work—upstairs or downstairs, in every bit of sunshine there is, and out doors in the smallest sheltered spot, as easily as indoors. The baby that is started like Moses, in a basket, is a lucky baby.

**I** SAID a few moments ago that the babe had to learn to use its digestive organs. In the two or three days that intervene between its arrival and the setting up of the milk secretion, had nature required food for the child she would have provided such. She did not do this, therefore we are quite safe to infer that no food is needed. The crying of the babe is not from hunger, but is due to the expansion of the air vesicles of the lungs. Babies that do not cry frequently do not live.

It should be obvious then, though unfortunately it does not appear to be so, that the feeding to the babe of any sort of food, and surely of any sort of drug, is foolish and cruel. Anise seed tea has been known to cause such a spasm of the intestine as to result in that twist known to surgeons as intussusception. I am convinced that this condition which is far from uncommon, and nearly always ends fatally, is caused in more cases than we know about by giving decoctions or drugs to very young babies.

The same remarks are applicable to castor oil, and other purgatives given ostensibly "to clear the bowel" of the tarry substance which is really changed blood. Nature having already provided a purgative suitable for the occasion in the first waterlike secretions of the breasts, therefore it is quite right to put the babe to the breast three or four times in the day for the first three days. It gets this early secretion, learns to suck, and gets quite all the nourishment needed. A little boiled warm water in which a very small quantity of sugar is dissolved may also be given. The sugar may be omitted.

Of course, should the case be abnormal, and the mother unable to nurse from the outset, then a different course must be followed, but if it is at all possible, woman's milk should be given for at least three months. Otherwise the chance of saving the babe is small.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I would sound a note of warning in regard to giving babies and children drugs of any sort. Certain it is that such should never be administered except with a physician's prescription, or if this be unobtainable, only simple medicines, the contents and action of which are fully known should be used.

**T**HE danger of giving "soothing powders" or so called "babies' tablets" of any sort, to infants, and



# Through the Looking Glass

By VAIN JANE

## Time Plays a Part in the Beauty Game

7/13.00

"MY life is nothing but a series of appointments and disappointments," sighed the City Woman as she dropped into an easy chair beside my tea-table, "and honestly, I don't know which is the most difficult to bear. If it were not for an occasional breathing space such as this, I would feel exactly like a squirrel on a tread-wheel—always going at top speed and never getting anywhere!"

"Poor dear," I sympathized, "tell me first, do you take both sugar and cream, and then let me hear all about it."

It seemed that her particular quarrel with the world was the result of an engagement with her beauty doctor—in fact, she had come directly from his office to take tea with me. As far as I could gather, her appointment with the august being was at three-fifteen, she had arrived at three-thirty-five—a little way the lady has of considering one time as good as another—and Monsieur had words to say on the subject.

"Odious man," she declared him, "as if a paltry twenty minutes mattered! 'Madame eez late,' pronounced Monsieur. 'Only ten minutes of ze appointment remain. So, what eez there I can do in ten minutes?'"

"Keep someone else waiting and go ahead with my face," I told him, "I haven't come all this way to be given a ten-minute treatment."

"I shall do ze best I can," Monsieur had answered non-committally.

Accordingly Madame relinquished her wraps to the waiting maid and stepped into the big leather and white-enamel chair used by Monsieur's clients. "What do we have to-day?" she asked with natural curiosity. "Ze mask," replied Monsieur with no further expansiveness. What Madame wanted was an explanation of the mask and what the likely miraculous results to her complexion would be; but no, the man essayed no information, still remembering with irritation, no doubt, those lost twenty minutes.

Monsieur said not a word, but proceeded to apply a liquid preparation with a nice precision of evenness. "It smarts," the patient had declared. "Eet is intended to," replied Monsieur, and continued his manipulations. Presently, it was graphically described to me, he gave a finishing pat, washed his hands carefully at a basin in a corner of the room and while drying them imparted the information: "Madame shall remain quite for ten, pair-haps fifteen minutes, until ze mask harden. In zat time I shall return," and without further ado, departed from the room, definitely closing the door after him.

At this point my visitor became eloquent with indignation at the remembrance.

"There I was," she described, "with my face all stuck up with that horrid stuff which was getting harder every minute and that wretched man had gone out of the room and left me high and dry on my back, in a beastly dentist chair. Presently I could hardly blink an eyelid and my lips began to curl back so that I was afraid I

would not be able to call out. The time seemed interminable—I thought the man had forgotten me. I wouldn't have put it past him to have gone off to take a bath or go for a motor ride while I lay there and suffered. Finally my nerves could not stand it any longer and I just yelled for him. When he came I told him exactly what I had in my mind; he did not say a word until I had finished and then remarked very quietly: 'Madame has cracked ze mask by not keeping pair-fectly still as I instructed. All our trouble has gone for nothing.' I was so indignant that I kept perfectly quiet all the time he was softening the varnish, or whatever it was, with a cloth dipped in warm water, but when he went to rub some cold cream on my poor face that had simply been skinned for nothing, I objected.

"I have another appointment and am in a hurry, don't bother with that," I said coldly, 'please tell the maid to bring my things!'

"Ah, oui," the old villain answered, 'it is good to be in time for appointments. Pairhaps when Madame come again she will remember the hour.'

"I simply clapped my things on and departed." I was told, "so now you know why I was late coming and why I look such a fright, with my hair everyway and my face all red. It simply makes me boil to think of it."

I soothed her with another cup of tea and half a hot muffin, then did a little reasoning. "Remember," I said, "you were to blame in the

first place by being late for your appointment, and in the second place, for not following the man's advice and keeping quiet."

"Rubbish!" she answered; she knows me well enough to be rude. "I'm through with beauty doctors and their fooleries. After this I'll simply keep my face clean and let the wrinkles make a home of it if they want to."

But she won't—dear me, no! For all her unreasonableness, she's much too wise a woman to give up the effort of keeping her charming looks. She and her beauty doctor will make it up, I am convinced of that.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

BIRDIE.—My imagination easily pictures your distress; just now when all your feathered brothers and sisters are singing songs of gladness at the coming of summer, your plaintive wail is particularly harrowing. But change the minor key, my dear, for I believe a good fairy has discovered a preparation which is invaluable in such cases as yours, the name of which I will gladly tell you when you carry out the necessary conditions. In the meantime, use warm water, a good soap and a soft brush to ensure a thorough cleansing of the pores, and rinse with plenty of cold water. They are miserable pests, are black-heads, but it is possible with care, to be rid of them.

COUSIN-IN-MIND.—It is cheering to hear of the mother of "three adorable, dimpled imps" finding time to sit down to write to her Cousin Vane Jane in quest of beauty. I have no



A DAINY MAID

Miss Marion Davies, on a Florida holiday, wearing a blue-and-white check gown of Lucille creation.



A fine-textured loveliness for your skin

FAIRY Soap helps to make and keep skins fine-textured and lovely because it is an easy-rinsing soap.

Fairy Soap creams cleansingly in and out of pores. And then it rinses off easily, completely. It

leaves no soapy deposit behind in the pores to coarsen and spoil the fine skin-texture.

Of course, be sure to use Fairy Soap in your bath. For healthy skins and fine complexions always go together.

THE FAIRBANK COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL



Pure and Soft As the Lily

"Her complexion is like a Lily"—the velvety softness of her skin and the pearly whiteness of her appearance al-

ways bring your thoughts to the flower of purity. If you had her confidence she would tell you that

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

was her secret of Beauty. She is but one of thousands of women all over the world who depend upon it for their exceptional appearance — In use for 70 years. Purifying and healing — Non greasy — Quickly and easily applied and gives instant results

Send 15c for Trial Size Gouraud's Medicated Soap

keeps the skin pure, soft and white. It gives a splendid, rich lather that leaves the skin cleansed and refreshed. Use it before applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 15c for Trial Size Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son 344 W. St. Paul St. Montreal

## A MAIL ORDER BRIDE

Cupid Exchange works in Northern British Columbia. Be sure to read the first chapters of our new Canadian serial, which makes its debut in the July issue, in Western garb.

Is a novelty in merchandise—and you'll be interested to hear how the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



# Freshen Up Old Faded Garments

## Add Years of Wear by Dyeing Worn, Discarded Apparel Like New

You can diamond-dye your old garments into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects, even if you have never dyed before. Really fun!

Try Some Article and See

Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dyed" appearance. Just use old reliable "Diamond Dyes." Perfect results are sure, no matter if your material

be wool or silk; linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

You Cannot Make a Mistake

The Direction Book in package tells plainly how to diamond-dye over any color. Your druggist or dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match your material.

It's easy to diamond-dye:

|                  |           |             |
|------------------|-----------|-------------|
| House Dresses    | Ginghams  | Stockings   |
| Aprons           | Skirts    | Sweaters    |
| Blouses          | Waists    | Draperies   |
| Ribbons          | Jackets   | Coverings   |
| Children's Coats | Trimmings | Everything! |

# Diamond

FAST  FADELESS

# Dyes

## Kaustine Toilets

### You Can Get Rid of the "Outhouse" in a Few Hours

ONLY a few hours' job will rid your place of the most disagreeable, most unsanitary feature of farm life—the "outhouse."

In its place you can have the comfort and privacy of a modern indoor toilet—the sanitation and efficiency of a real sewage disposal system.

And note this. To install a Kaustine Waterless Toilet won't cost you a bunch of money. Less than 50 bushels of wheat will buy it—and install it!

But don't assume that because of this low price the Kaustine Waterless Toilet is a mere chemical commode. It isn't. It is as complete a system and as efficient as the water closet used in the city.

Needs less than two hours' attention each year. Absolutely trouble-free—absolutely odorless. The white washable china bowl is thoroughly and scientifically ventilated. And in Kaustine chemical you get the

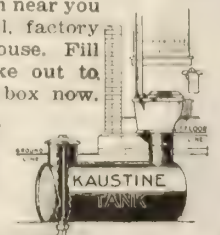


most efficient low-cost disintegrating agent known.

We'll give you a positive long-term guarantee on this statement—just as we have given it to over 50,000 Kaustine owners.

Now is the time to investigate the Kaustine system. And to get an outfit installed. Send the coupon. We'll send you literature that tells the whole story—scores of genuine testimonials—and, if you like, we'll tell you of an installation near you—in school, factory or farm-house. Fill in and take out to your mail box now.

KAUSTINE COMPANY Limited Toronto Ont.



Kaustine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: I want to read your booklet about sanitation and indoor toilets. This places me under no obligation to buy.

Name .....

Address .....

## Practical Stocking Economy

By S. V. B.

\$3.00

WITH all respect for those good people who re-foot their outworn stockings by any one of several methods, I believe that there are many other and much more comfortable ways of reaching the same end—economy. Neither do I write for those who have evolved collars for their best gowns out of silk stocking legs! These fill me with awe, yet I still venture to believe some may prefer to try more practical methods of economy.

My family is a large one—three women and four men—and consequently when prices of hosiery began to rise it became more necessary than ever to practice real economy, particularly since we all had a silk stocking taste entirely out of proportion to our income. The following methods have been tried out for several years and have proven quite as efficient as packing house methods in using all the available material without waste.

I HAVE our stocking drawers divided into three spaces, in the first of which are put the best stockings for all occasions. In the next compartment are placed those which, having been darned in the leg, can only be worn with high shoes. Stockings from the first section are placed here as soon as a break appears above the level of pump or Oxford. (I am speaking almost entirely of women's stockings for the reason that socks are too short to serve in many of the suggestions that follow.) If of an unsuitable color for wear with high black or brown shoes, the stockings are consigned to the dye pot for a few minutes' boiling in the proper mixture. Light colors, or white ones grown dingy, can always be dyed a good black. To-day a ten-cent package of black dye transformed a pair of hideously faded light blue stockings, one pair of gray, one of brown, several pairs of white ones and a georgette waist into articles that cannot be told from new ones. The dye could have been used for many more articles, as these were very light weight, so I bottled it and will try it again.

To go back to the stocking drawer—in the third space are put all those which, being much mended, will only do for morning wear about the house or garden. The careless habit of putting on in the morning the same pair of good silk or lisle stockings worn the previous day is responsible for much waste of good material, yet there are many women who do this and then complain of the cost of living.

NOW, although I never re-foot stockings, I feel that my conscience is clear of the charge of extravagance, for when they cease to function as stockings it is because they have transmigrated, as it were,

and when they reappear it is in another but no less useful guise.

When transforming stockings, or any other material, into washcloths, holders, etc., it pays to do it well, for the laundress looks upon a hemmed cloth with respect and treats it accordingly. For the holders, I fold into a convenient size several thicknesses of the tops, and either stitch or overcast them together.

From the tops of white ones which have escaped the dye pot, I cut out the largest possible square and crochet once around with blue and have a dainty washcloth. If the tops are very fine and thin I take two thicknesses and crochet them together. The remainder is usually cut into very small squares and tucked into the corners of shopping and travelling bags, where they wait an opportunity to remove dust and grime that would otherwise find its way to a good handkerchief.

Dustcloths are made—really made. It pays in the satisfaction one feels in using such an article, rather than any old rag! For these, the legs of three stockings are opened up along the back seam. They can be then stitched together lengthwise and hemmed. These can be used as dry or oiled cloths, for they are absolutely lintless.

WHEN the oil mop has grown decrepit, the mop is removed from the holder and several opened stocking legs are inserted in the holder, the number depending on the desired weight of the mop and the heaviness of the stockings. After these have been clamped into the mop handle, the material is cut into inch wide strips, almost to the handle. The mop is then placed in a tin can and a good oil or commercial polish is sprinkled over it. It should be allowed to cure in this way for several days, being turned frequently so that the oil may be evenly distributed.

But this is not the end of my story. One doesn't always need a new oil mop, or a dust cloth, yet the stocking legs, accumulate with frequency and regularity in many families. The rug ragbag is the final destiny of all the women's hosiery not otherwise engaged, and receives practically all the wornout socks, because they are too short for most other purposes. Their gay colors, too, lend spice to an otherwise dull rug, either braided or woven. The usual silk sock, however, is too flimsy to be satisfactory for braiding, but works up beautifully in the woven rug.

In order to avoid too frequent sewing, the material should be cut spirally, beginning at the top and cutting round and round to the very toe, a strip about an inch wide.

Even in the reconstruction of worn-out hosiery, it pays to take pains, and use common sense!

## First Trouble is Least Trouble

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

patent remedies and pills to older children, should be too obvious to any reasoning woman to require enumerating.

Yet because the custom is so widespread and pernicious, let us enumerate a few of them. 1st: We cannot recover that which has been swallowed. 2nd: All drugs may well be called poisons of greater or less strength. 3rd: Only after years of research and study can the actions of individual drugs on the human body be known, and, 4th, no one knows when a given individual may have an idiosyncrasy towards a certain drug, i.e., the action of the drug may be the opposite to the usual action, or may be many times stronger. Your baby might be one of these peculiar individuals. 5th: Not all drugs are standardized, therefore it is impossible to be certain of the strength of the drug. It is absolutely impossible to know the real strength of home brewed decoctions. 6th: Certain chemicals used in medicine, each com-

sisted in beyond the specified time, become positively poisonous. 8th: No two individuals are exactly the same, therefore the same remedy cannot be expected to suit a number. 9th: No two diseases are the same, therefore one "medicine" cannot "cure" a score of different ailments in babies, men or horses. 10th: Patent or advertised medicines are very apt to contain opiates and alcohol, i.e., habit forming drugs, also drugs that are injurious to the heart, together with harsh purgatives. Also, on the other hand, they may contain nothing whatever but flavoring and coloring matter, trusting to the psychic effect of spent money and swallowed medicine. Such are usually high priced.

I have considered this matter at length because this danger is a very real one, and also because the opiate menace is on the increase in Canada, and we need to meet and down the monster from every possible vantage point.



# The Canadian Woman Citizen and the Dominion Government

By ELIZABETH BECKER

(SECOND ARTICLE)

THE Dominion Parliament is made up of the House of Commons, elected by the people every five years, the Senate appointed by the Governor-General, sometimes for outstanding public service, holding office for life, (at least as long as they can make their signature), and the Governor-General appointed by the King as his representative, for a period of five or six years.

The number of members of the House of Commons is regulated by the B. N. A. Act, which fixed the number for Quebec as 65. Whatever proportion 65 is to the total population of Quebec, this is the unit of representation for all the provinces. This is figured from the latest census. The census is taken throughout the Dominion every ten years, the years ending with one. The present representation is based upon the census of 1911. At that time the population of Quebec was 2,000,700; with its fixed 65 members as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, this allows one member for every 30,780 of the population. With the same proportion for every province the whole totals 234 members.

After each census the Dominion Government adjusts the representation according to population. The next census will be taken in 1921 and it is quite possible that Ontario will no longer be entitled to its 82 members in the House of Commons as its war losses have been so great. Proportionally some of the less populous provinces have had equally great losses. It is owing to this method of fixing the number of members, that the constituencies are not always the same for Dominion and provincial elections.

The Senate is not confined to any stated number of members; at present it numbers about 85. This body, which is not elected by the people, nor responsible to them or any one else, has the power to veto any legislation passed by the Commons, except that for the expenditure of money. Every bill coming up in the House must pass its first and second reading; when it has weathered these storms, it goes to a Committee, where it is either killed, approved or amended for the third reading. It usually passes the third reading without discussion and then goes to the Senate, where it must also pass three readings, unless it is defeated before it reaches the last. If passed, it goes to the Governor-General for his signature and then becomes law.

A most important part of the government is the Cabinet, which is an advisory council to the Governor-General, just as the president of an organization has an executive committee with whom to discuss policy, ways and means, etc. After an election is held the party with the largest number of its members elected, chooses a leader, who is then asked by the Governor-General to form a Cabinet, with himself as Premier or Prime Minister, at its head. These names are submitted to the Governor-General for approval. Each of these Cabinet Ministers is then assigned to one or more special departments, which he is especially fitted to administer. A deputy minister, appointed, not elected, is the competent master of detail in the department, and he stays at the helm and guides the ship of state, though party storms wax and wane.

Sometimes men much needed in an advisory capacity are chosen as ministers without portfolio, or without being put in charge of an special department.

The members of a Cabinet are usually placed as follows:

The Prime Minister, Secretary of State, Postmaster-General, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Customs, Minister of Inland Revenue, Minister of Labor, Minister of Militia and Defence, Minister of Justice, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Minister of Interior, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Finance, Minister of Railways and Canals.

A very important official who is not a member of the Cabinet is the High

Commissioner of Canada, who represents the government in Great Britain and looks after immigration and like matters of great importance to our country. Nor are the Solicitor-General nor the Auditor-General members of the Cabinet.

As certain matters arise that demand more time and attention than any one department or minister could devote to it, special commissions are appointed to take charge. A very important body of this character is the Dominion Civil Service Commission, whose function is the examining and appointing of candidates to the Civil Service. This is independent of party politics. Before this commission was formed each party had a long patronage list and appointed friends of the party with little regard for qualification for the specific duty of the office. This has been one of the worst features of party government. But the increasing development of democratic consciousness has demanded the abolition of patronage and the appointment to government positions of only those well equipped to fill the post.

Now, as to how over 234 members of the House of Commons are elected: When the work of the yearly session of parliament is completed, the Governor-General prorogues parliament, that is, dismisses it until next year, but if the five-year period for which parliament is elected has expired, or if there is some other just cause, then there would be an election—parliament is not prorogued, but dissolved. It has to go to the country to give the people an opportunity of expressing their will on the subject of the day, through the members they elect to represent them. For instance, the critical situation developed during the war demanded the election of 1917 to give that sovereign power of a democracy, the people, an opportunity to elect members whom they thought had the right viewpoint regarding the proper carrying on of the war. Though the specific cause for which this government was elected—a Union Government, composed of both parties—has been accomplished, they are retaining their seats, for, according to the letter of the law, their time has not expired.

After it has been decided to hold a general election and parliament has been dissolved by the Governor-General, an order in the King's name is sent out stating the date of nomination of candidates. This order is called an Election Writ, and is sent to the returning-officer of each constituency. A returning-officer is appointed by the government for each section of the country that elects a representative, and is responsible for the carrying on of the elections. Only in the case of large cities is there more than one member for a constituency.

Before the nomination day arrives, the different parties decide upon their candidates, and when the time comes there may be a long list of nominations, but usually all withdraw but one for each party, or someone who wishes to stand independent of any party. If all candidates but one withdraw, he is elected by acclamation and there is no election contest necessary. It is customary to hold the elections one week after the day of nomination, and on the same day throughout the Dominion. It is a busy week for the candidates when there is an election contest. Where a candidate is not well known in a constituency, or a riding, as it is often called, a week is too short a time to find out much about him, for often, to suit the needs of party politics, a constituency may be asked to accept as a candidate a man from some other part of the province. There is a strong feeling on the part of many good citizens that the time between nominations and elections should be extended to two or three weeks to give voters a chance to know more of the candidates' record. As one returning-officer could not properly attend to the details of his whole constituency, it is arranged in sub-divisions, with a deputy-returning officer and a poll clerk in charge of each poll or voting place. The deputy-returning officer is given a list



## 43% Goes for Food

Statistics say that the average laboring man spends 43 per cent. of his income for food.

And still millions go underfed.

Yet the average family needs 10,000 calories per day. And 10,000 calories in Quaker Oats cost only 65 cents.

### Some Foods \$7.00 Daily

In other foods 10,000 calories cost up to ten times Quaker Oats. It would cost about \$7 daily to feed a family on chops or eggs.

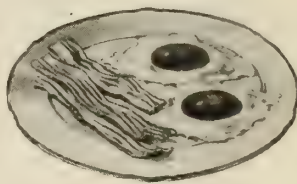
Here is the cost of 10,000 calories—the average family's daily food need—in some prime foods, based on prices at this writing:

#### Cost of 10,000 Calories

|                      |        |                     |                |
|----------------------|--------|---------------------|----------------|
| In Quaker Oats ..... | \$0.65 | In Hen's Eggs ..... | \$ 6.00        |
| In Average Meats ..  | 4.50   | In Young Chicken .. | 16.60          |
| In Average Fish .... | 5.00   | In Vegetables ..... | \$1.10 to 7.50 |



1c per Dish for Quaker Oats



15c for This

#### Cost of Servings

The cost of average servings is about as follows:

|                        |     |                      |    |
|------------------------|-----|----------------------|----|
| Dish Quaker Oats ..... | 1c  | Two Eggs .....       | 8c |
| 4 Ounces Meat .....    | 8c  | White Fish .....     | 8c |
| One Chop .....         | 12c | Cup of Custard ..... | 4c |

The points to consider are these:

Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calory value, average nine times Quaker Oats in cost.

An average serving costs from 8 to 12 times a dish of Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890, and eggs 635.

The oat is the supreme food—the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. It is the vim-food, the food for growth, which everybody needs.

Think what it adds to a breakfast, and what it saves for costlier foods at dinner.

## Quaker Oats

With That Exquisite Flavor

This premier brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. It multiplies oat food delights without any extra cost.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(3404)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



# These Interesting Embroideries for Dining-Room Linens May Be Carried Out in Color

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12228, blue, 15 cents. An ideal design in this for a scarf suitable for buffet or serving table to be fashioned of white or cream linen with the baskets of flowers worked in brown or old blue. Raised satin stitch is used for embroidering the baskets while the flowers are in French knots. A narrow edging of Cluny lace finishes the scarf.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12229, blue, 15 cents. This is the popular bluebird design and the pattern provides four oval doilies, 7 by 10 inches, 9½ by 14 inches, 14 by 20 inches, and 19 by 26 inches. The bluebird design is worked in cross-stitch and the scalloped edges are in buttonhole stitch. The buttonholing may be in white, or in blue to match the bluebirds. The complete bluebird set consists of centerpiece 12228 and doilies 12229, 12230, and 12231. The bluebird of happiness always appeals to the needleworker especially when cross-stitch is introduced. There are no two stitches more universally known to the expert and amateur alike than the cross-stitch and buttonhole stitch. Such a luncheon set as this could be very quickly worked.



12526—Buffet or Serving Table Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12228, blue, 15 cents. Illustrated below is a luncheon set in bluebird design and this number illustrates the center-piece of the set.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12229, blue, 10 cents. This supplies six glass doilies of the bluebird set, each doily 6 inches in diameter.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12230, blue, 15 cents. Included in this are six bread and butter doilies of the bluebird set, the doilies 9 inches in diameter.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12231, blue, 15 cents. Six bluebird plate doilies, each doily 12 inches in diameter, are provided in this.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12233, blue, 15 cents. This provides a bluebird buffet scarf matching the luncheon set. The scarf may be 20 by 52 inches with scalloped finish. It may be of white or cream linen with the design worked in Delft blue cross-stitch and blue buttonholed scallops.



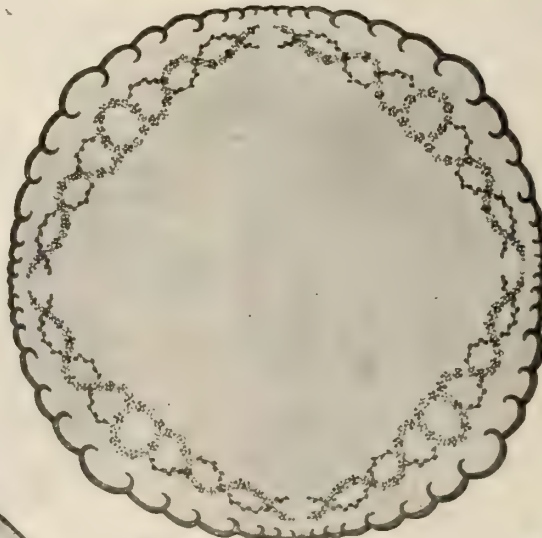
12235—Oval Doilies 7 by 10 inches; 9½ by 14 inches; 14 by 20 inches; 19 by 26 inches

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12550, blue, 15 cents. A charming design for oval tray-cloths in cross-stitch, and the pattern provides a diagram for the correct placing of the colors. The design is 7¼ by 13 inches and if a scarf for the serving table were desired to match, two of the doilies could be used on scarf ends, working them in the same colors as the tray-cloth.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12208, blue, 15 cents. French knots are much in vogue for embroidering dining-room linens and they are effectively applied to this centerpiece which is 21 inches in diameter. The original was of cream linen with the French knots in a delicate shade of pink and light green for the stems, leaves, and scallops. These scalloped edges should be carefully padded and worked in buttonhole stitch in the predominating color used in the scarf. Be sure that only the very best dyed cottons are selected, otherwise when tubbing your scarf you will find that the colors have run together and spoiled your piece. White mercerized cotton may be employed if desired.



12550—Tray-Cloth 7¼ by 13 inches



12208—Centerpiece 21 inches in diameter

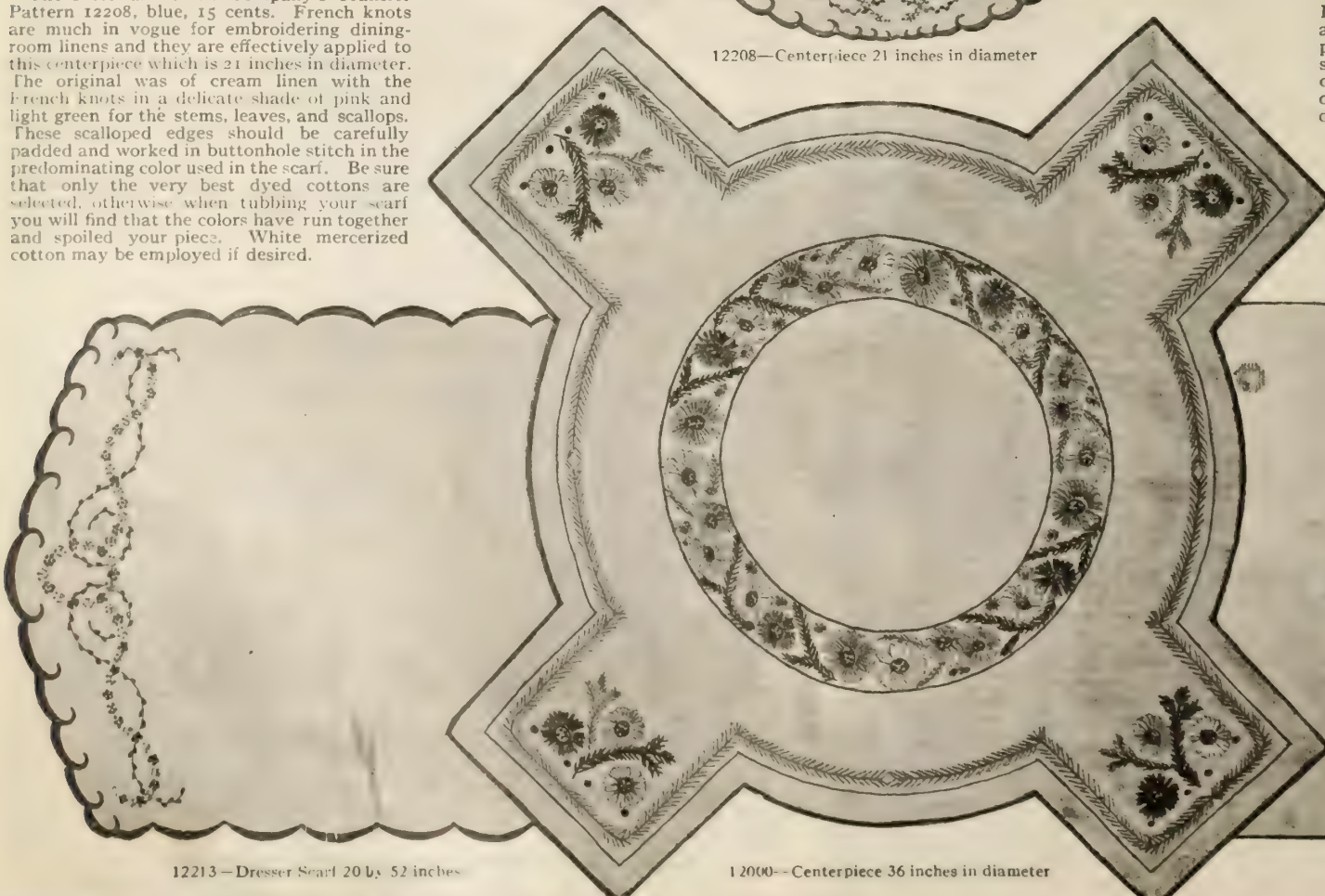


12228—Centerpiece 22 inches in diameter  
12229—Doily 6 inches in diameter  
12230—Doily 9 inches in diameter  
12231—Doily 12 inches in diameter  
12233—Buffet Scarf 20 by 52 inches

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12213, blue, 15 cents. This buffet or dresser scarf matches the centerpiece illustrated at the left, 12208. It is embroidered in French knots and lazy daisy stitch and the edges are finished with buttonholed scallops.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12000, blue, 15 cents. An unusually attractive design for an oddly shaped centerpiece embroidered in lazy daisy and feather-stitch in coarse colored or white mercerized cotton. If colored cottons are used, the edge of the centerpiece should be finished in the darkest shade.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12553, blue, 20 cents. A charming fruit motif for a buffet scarf 18 by 54 inches and the pattern provides a diagram for correct color placing. The motifs are arranged so that they may be adapted to centerpieces, tray-cloths, and scarfs.



12213—Dresser Scarf 20 by 52 inches

12000—Centerpiece 36 inches in diameter

12553—Buffet Scarf 18 by 54 inches





1

The Bride and Groom leaving the Church.



2

Queen Alexandra escorted by the Duke of Devonshire.

The marriage of Lady Dorothy Cavendish, third daughter of His Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada, and the Duchess of Devonshire, to Mr. Harold Macmillan, late of the Grenadier Guards and A.D.C. to the Duke of Devonshire, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, England, on April twenty-first. The reception after the ceremony was held at Lansdowne House, the home of the bride's grand-parents, the Marquis and the Marchioness of Lansdowne.



3

The Bride's Attendants.



4

The crowd in waiting at the Macmillan-Cavendish wedding



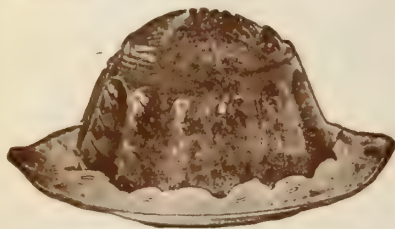
# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## Nourishing Desserts

A GROWN-UP'S as well as a child's dessert should be more than just something sweet to top off the meal; it should be a wholesome and nourishing dish which rounds out and perfects the luncheon or dinner.

For instance, a good nourishing dessert which I have found to be a general favorite with all the family is Chocolate Blanc Mange. It is a favorite with the housewife, too, because it does not have to be cooked over the fire, and it is so easily and quickly made.

A woman recently wrote me that this is now her husband's favorite dessert because it is so smooth and creamy and is always just right. He was very fond of Chocolate Blanc Mange, but every time she made it of corn starch, he complained that it was lumpy and not smooth. A friend told her about my recipe, and it was a revelation to her. Now her husband complains because she does not serve it oftener—especially when they have company.



### CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1/4 cup cold water.  
1 pint milk.  
1/2 cupful of sugar.  
1/4 teaspoonful of salt.  
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla.  
1 square chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls of cocoa.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Scald milk and add sugar, grated chocolate or cocoa and salt. When well blended, add the soaked gelatine and flavoring; pour into a wet mold or individual custard cups, and chill. Serve with milk, cream or custard sauce.

Not only does Knox Sparkling Gelatine make many delicious desserts which require practically no cooking at all—but being unflavored, it will blend with meats, fish, cheese, vegetables and fruits to make many different kinds of meat and fish loaves, cheese, vegetable and fruit salads—each adding an appetizing, luxurious touch to the meal—although in reality they are most inexpensive.

Besides being a pure, super-refined gelatine, Knox Gelatine is a favorite with housekeepers because of its economy. One package of Knox Gelatine goes four times as far as the ready-prepared packages, and serves four times as many people. Flavored packages serve only six people and do for only one meal, while one package of Knox will make twenty-four individual helpings and serves a family of six with a tempting dessert or salad for four different meals. That is why experts call Knox the "4-to-1" gelatine—because it goes four times as far as the flavored packages, besides having four times as many uses.

### SPECIAL HOME SERVICE

If you are interested in other "Nourishing Desserts" and salads, write for my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," enclosing a 2c stamp and giving your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

**KNOX GELATINE**

DEPT. C, 180 ST. PAUL STREET W.,  
MONTREAL



"Wherever  
a recipe  
calls for  
Gelatine—  
it means  
KNOX"

This package  
contains an  
envelope of  
pure Lemon  
Flavor for the  
convenience of  
the busy house-  
wife.



## Pinks, Pansies and Larkspur in the Far North An English Garden in Northern Alberta

By MIRIAM GREEN ELLIS

20.00

NOTHING has kept the "Home Land" nearer and dearer in the hearts of her children in the new lands, than the memory of the old garden at home. Poets have sung of the English garden, writers have described it and everyone has admired and loved it. The garden, like the suit of armor in the hall, or the old furniture handed down from one generation to another, has been a part

of the history of the home; and a more vital part than almost anything else, in that as each year comes, a part of the family life is spent in the building, and the rejuvenation of flower and plant represents a definite period in child or parent or grandfather. "It was the year the roses bloomed so early," or "It was the year that bug came on the currant bushes," or, "It was the year the hedge seemed to get a blight; Arthur was so sick that fall." Each corner of the garden had its own devotees, and the older the garden, the richer its history. The babies had all been brought to lie beside the dear mother as she sewed the little garments, the children had been taught to love and not to destroy the precious foliage, many a love story could that garden have told, and many a tragedy had it witnessed. Then as the mother grew older, the sturdy grand children came to tell their troubles at her knee under the great oak tree at the end of the garden and the whole story began again. It is no wonder that English sons and daughters have loved the memory of their English gardens.

Out in the far North-Western part of Canada, four hundred miles North and West of Edmonton, is an English garden, still too new to have the mellow associations of the gardens in the tight little Island, but rich in its own pioneer history. A daughter of old England came out to Canada some twelve years ago, and following the trail blazed by her oldest son who had come the year previous, she went right across the continent to Edmon-

ton and then North to Grande Prairie and then farther north to the shore of Bear Lake, straight as a homing pigeon to the home still unmade. There was no railway past Edmonton and the rest of the trip was made in wagons over the newest of roads. The father had passed away that year and the mother brought with her the rest of the family, four daughters, and two sons

to meet the son, Jack, already here. The mother had been a Jersey girl but had married and gone to live in Manchester where the father was in business.

THE name of this dainty little white-haired English woman who has made such a remarkable success of her English garden is Mrs. Thompson. Making a garden, English or otherwise, was no easy task,

when Mrs. Thompson decided that a garden was just as necessary in Northern Alberta as it had been in England. A garden meant Home and Home meant a garden. No plants could be obtained, as it took weeks and months to get things over the trail from Edmonton, so all flowers, shrubs and trees, in fact everything had to be started from seed, and there was no data at hand to show what were the best varieties to use in that climate and soil. Much faith—and hard work—was needed. Considering the few years since she has started her work, the growth right from the seed has been marvellous. Rhubarb is grown to perfection—beautiful fat, pink stalks; apple seeds were planted and bid fair to bear fruit in a couple of years more; asparagus is grown for the table as well as for an ornamental plant in one corner of the garden, pine trees have got a good start, flowers of all sorts bloom in profusion and fruit bushes supply the fruit for the table.

And the work is still going on, and it is not easy yet. Although the railway has come within thirty miles now, it is still almost impossible to bring in plants or slippings. Only last year Mrs. Thompson ordered some strawberry plants and when they arrived only one was alive out of the sixty sent.

She got her seeds from far and near; caraganas and honeysuckles came from Edmonton, from the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and from England; all grew well. Lilacs were brought from Ottawa, as was also mountain ash.

(CONTINUED ON  
PAGE 66.)



THE LADY OF THE GARDEN

This shows one corner of the English garden, where Mrs. Thompson is seen standing against the hedge she has planted to protect the garden from the lake breeze.



BEAR LAKE

This is one of the small lakes in the Peace River country which is stocked with fish.



A GARDEN PARTY

Numbers of visitors call to see the flowers.

## The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

"Sure, she has," grinned Jimmie. "Ask her!"

"Well, I have, then," exclaimed Berenice, "and I don't care who knows it! I wouldn't let a good dog go to waste for any man living, and I told pa so when he saw me feeding him."

"Oh, so you've been feeding him," said Osborn in icy tones. "You told me—told me without my asking you

—that you never had! You needn't have lied to me, Berenice!"

"You'd make any one lie to you," Berenice responded, "with your overbearing ways. You think because you've been captain of everything in sight you can scare everybody to death; you've been jealous about the dog, jealous about him all along, and if you didn't know enough about dogs to keep your own dog—you'd

every bit as good a chance as I had with him, but not knowing a thing about him—" Here she went on: "Take your old ring!"

"Take your dog!" said Osborn, releasing his hand from the setter pup's collar.

Here Berenice sank down upon the piazza steps and wept. Beautiful tears rolled down her cheeks without

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)





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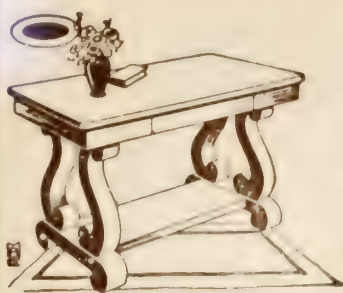
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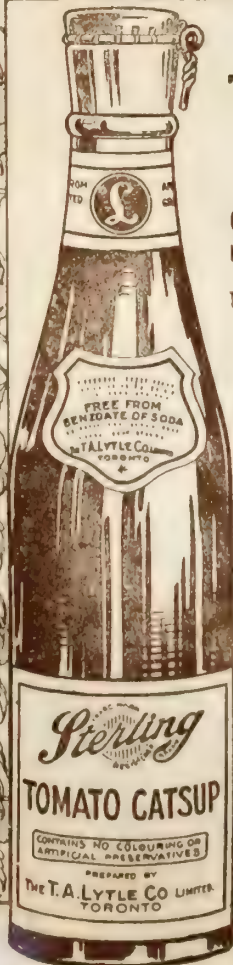
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## The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

spolling her complexion in the least. She was one of those few girls who can cry without making her nose red.

"Oh, Mrs. Preston!" she wailed, "I thought I could love Osborn, really and truly I thought I could, though in the beginning it was because ma was trying to shove me down the minister's throat, and I won't be shoved down any man's throat, and I won't marry anybody that doesn't know about dogs and that can't shoot like pa, and I just saw a perfectly hideous life before me being a minister's wife, and you know what ma is, and I knew she'd work around pa. And he was coming to the house all the time, and looking at me—you know how they look at you! And then Osborn came along, and I thought he was better than the minister, anyway, and perhaps he could learn to shoot. But I don't believe he can!" she added. "I don't believe a man who's such a fool about a good bird dog could ever learn to shoot straight! And if anybody thinks I'm going to settle down into ma when I'm married, they're just mistaken and have got guesses coming."

She sobbed comfortably for a little while. We were all silent; I patted her shoulder consolingly. At last she rose to her feet. She looked at Osborn kindly—an older woman looking at a little boy.

"Good-bye, Osborn," she said, "I guess we've all made a mistake."

She put out her hand and they shook hands squarely and she went off down the street. A red shadow moved in the bushes. It was the setter dog slinking off after her.

Osborn gazed after her without speaking. A look of relief had spread itself over his features. Jimmie approached his brother.

"Let her go, Os," he muttered. "Let her go and good riddance, and take her setter pup with her; he wasn't no kind of a dog."

But Osborn turned and went into the house. I heard him whistling, and it was the whistle of a man who feels himself free—free to go about the world of men as he feels like doing.

### CHAPTER LXII

**S**HORTLY after this I saw that Edith was very much worried. She sat with me more than was her custom, and talked about abstract things like ethics. She would let fall nuggets of wisdom like:

"It's awfully hard to know what to do in this world, isn't it? Supposing a person had to hurt one friend or hurt another—it's very difficult to choose."

"Indeed it is," said I gravely, for the platitudes handed out to us by our children are often fresh-minted discoveries of their own in the game of life.

I fancied what was troubling her was the thought that she was thrown more with Owen than her friend was, because, of course, when the quartette paired off (now with Berenice no longer there), Marion went with Osborn and Edith with Owen; besides Owen's attitude had been different toward Edith ever since the party.

Then one day Edith came into the house limping.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, I think I've just turned my foot over a little. It isn't anything. If you'll send Seraphy up with some hot water I'll bandage it."

"Why, I'll do it," I said.

"I'd much rather have Seraphy," she said. There was an air of excitement about her and her face was flushed.

Soon Seraphy came to me. "Whisht!" she said. "Don't you worry none about Edith's fut."

"I'm not worrying," said I.

"Don't you worry none," repeated Seraphy, "it'll be worse to-morrow; Edith won't want to step on it. But don't you go sendin' for no doctor."

"Why, what's the matter?" said I.

"There ain't nothin' the matter," said Seraphy. "Nothin' at all there is the matter with Edith's foot. She's a quare one. 'I want to pretend me fut's hurt,' says she to me. 'An' ain't it?' says I. 'Nary a bit,' says she. 'Before you go playin' any shenanigan on your ma an' your Aunt Marlar, who'll come buzzin' around me like the hornets I want to know what's

up,' says I. 'I'll tell you, Seraphy,' says she, 'if you'll swear to tell no one.' An' I did, but I'll tell you so you won't be worryin' an' sendin' for th' doctor."

"It's that young gentleman, Mr. Greave, has been askin' of Edith to go to the ball-game, an' she's pretendin' to have her fut hurt, so she can't go with him, an' all because of her not wantin' to hurt the feelin's of her friend, Marion Tracy."

"Small thanks you'll get for that," says I. "She'd not do that for you," says I. "I think she's fond of him," says Edith, lookin' at me with her big eyes. "I think she'd be hurt because he axed me and not her." "Well," says I, "a young gentleman can't be axin' ev'ry young girl he knows to go to the ball-game wid him, so of course he axes the girl he likes—'Oh,' says she, 'wouldn't it be awful if he should like me better'n Marion?' 'Why, don't you like him?' says I. An' then she flushed as red as a p'ny."

"If he liked Marion better'n me," says she, "she'd feel that bad; you don't know the heart of her. She's the noblest girl that ever stepped on the face of the earth." "Huh!" says I. "She's not like you," says I. "There ain't many'd be throwin' down a fine young man like that on account o' hurtin' her friend's feelin's." "Marion would do just as much for me," says she, real firm.

"So, there you are, Mis' Preston, an' that's what's ailin' Edith. It's a fine sperrit she's got, if she is a fool. It's postin' a letter I am to him this minute, ma'am, all unbeknownst to you. It's a fool angel Edith is, even though her wings is covered wid chesnut burrs instid o' feathers."

For the next twenty-four hours I played out Edith's little comedy. Marion was, of course, with Edith a great deal, and was very sympathetic, urging me to get a doctor. The next day she rushed in, radiant. Edith had managed with difficulty to get down-stairs, and was sitting on the piazza, reading. I was inside the parlour window.

"Oh, Ede," said she, "Owen has asked me to go to the ball-game! Isn't it lovely?"

I couldn't see Edith's face, but her voice was quiet and even.

"Is that so?" she said. "Are you going?"

"Why," said Marion, "of course I'm going. I only wish you were too, you old dear. If you hadn't a bad foot, I'm sure he'd have asked us both." There was a note of complacency in her voice, however, that showed how very unsure she was of this.

Edith bore with her friend's jubilation nobly, but after Marion had gone, she moved up painfully to her room and sent down word that her foot hurt her and she wouldn't be down for supper. So afterwards I went up to see how she was. She was sitting deep in thought, inclined for cynical discussion of the world, and behind the things she said I saw she was very wistful and lonely. Somehow, she told me, life wasn't what it seemed to be; you felt yourself one with a person, and then you found out that they felt different from you, and then you found out that there was no real understanding at all.

I saw that she was face to face with the realization that almost all young people must suffer with sooner or later—the realization of our own immense isolation. Some people never get over grieving for this, but the lives of most of us are too full for us to consider ourselves majestically seated upon a solitary mountain-peak.

Immediately after the ball-game, Marion, as she had promised, came to see Edith. Her visit was short, and I noticed that she was unusually dignified as she went out. After she had left, Edith came to me. She wasn't limping any more.

"Mother," she said, "I think I ought to tell you something. I haven't hurt my foot at all; I pretended to because Owen asked me to go to the ball-game, and I thought it would hurt Marion's feelings. Very likely you know about it, anyway; I suppose Seraphy's told you, hasn't she? There's no use in trusting anybody."

"What's the matter, dear?" said I. "Oh, nothing," she said. "Only Marion found out that Owen had ask-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



# Bryant Washburn

## Proves his theory

— by —

Janet Eastman

*Illustrated by Photographs*



"AN associate of mine once told me, that to admit my marriage to the Public was to commit moving-picture suicide," Bryant Washburn remarked to me one day during an interview.

"I presume an argument ensued," I rejoined tentatively, thinking of the numerous pictures I had seen of him *et famille*.

"A very heated one too," he answered, smiling reminiscently. "My friend's argument held that, as soon as the motion-picture fans learned that their screen favorite was married he lost his prestige. And that the romantic glamour was forever lost with the knowledge of his being a family man.

"I remember I told him quite spiritedly if I could not make a success of pictures except by posing as a gay Lothario or a he-vamp, I would gladly give up the whole thing and go into the lumber business or something of that sort.

"He laughed when I said that I hoped to please and entertain a class of people who would appreciate my work and not the cut of my hair, the soulful expression of my eyes or some such rot.

"I recall too, that he shook his head sadly and sorrowfully as I went on to say that my wife and youngster, there was only one then, should be as well known to my screen friends as I.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)



## The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

ed me first, and she reproached me—me—for not having told her. She said she had found out that I was keeping something from her, and that we were evidently not as close together as she supposed—

"Why, do you have to tell Marion everything?" I asked.

"We have no thoughts away from each other—or we supposed that we didn't—and now I have found out that I have a whole gamut of thoughts that Marion never had. And now I shall never, never tell her about my foot—that it really wasn't hurt at all. He let it out—he let it out just as naively as anything. He said that Osborn had intended to ask her, and then when my foot was hurt, Os said: 'Why don't you take Marion, Owen, and I'll take Stella Beckman, and we can be four just the same?' And at the game, anyway, she didn't get much satisfaction," my daughter added with a touch of spite, "because that little simpleton, Belle Mather, happened to be sitting on the other side of Owen and monopolized him half the time and paid no attention to her own escort, who was nothing but a high-school boy, anyway. And just as distinctly as anything in the world, Marion heard her say, 'Marion and Edith thumbed me!'"

Seraphy appeared at the door.

"It's Mr. Greave come to ask for your fut, Edith," she said.

At this Edith got up with a run. She checked herself and looked at me. Her face flushed and she turned to the glass. I saw her in the mirror and caught the bright contagion of her smile. Then she grinned at me and turning on me a look of self-consciousness, she limped past me. There was a soft radiance about her that made my heart ache. I watched her down the stairs and saw her go helping herself along elaborately.

Seraphy turned to me. There was laughter in her face and something rueful as well.

"It's mighty grown-up is Edith," she remarked, and went her way.

I sat there by myself, Seraphy's words echoing themselves over and over in my heart. "It's mighty grown-up is Edith." A woman, very competent of taking care of herself, she had seemed the day when she had marshalled victory out of disaster, when she had been able to defy Jimmie's deviltries and Osborn's humiliation.

An icy wind seemed to sweep over me as if from the door of some cold place and I knew that the wind was the precursor of the isolation of old age. Osborn old enough to be engaged, even if it was only the engagement of an hour, and Edith going out on an adventure of the spirit! They found me old-fashioned; I saw myself mother, beloved, a little absurd, and left out from the circle of their vivid interests. A picture of Osborn and Edith came to me, Edith hanging on to Osborn's arm and looking up into his face and chattering gladly to him of the things I wanted so much to hear about—things I never would hear perhaps.

Far off I heard a noise of disaster. Something noisy and tinny clattering downstairs and shrill expostulation from Seraphy and a familiar voice: "Well, I couldn't help it, could I?"

It was Jimmie in trouble again! My heart leaped up. Thank God for that! The cold searching wind of isolation ceased.

"I'm going right to your mother!" came Seraphy's voice.

"I'll get there first!" cried Jimmie. I heard their welcome and familiar galloping, and then Henry's irritated voice:

"What's all this about?" His tone had the aggrieved note of a man who comes home to find his house in the throes of some domestic upheaval.

The mist of the afternoon vanished like a bad dream. There were some things in my life that had not grown away. I shook from me that unanimous hatred of change that assails mothers.

"They don't leave us unless we let them," I thought. Somehow, this commonplace seemed to me like a basic truth, a sudden flash of insight. Jimmie caught sight of me.

"Mother, can't I?" he cried.

With the joyfulness of one coming home from some desolate country I went downstairs to the familiar task of meeting his difficulty and of smoothing out Henry.

THE END.

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## Bryant Washburn Proves His Theory

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

"I HAVE stuck to that idea, and as a consequence letters come from all parts of this country, Canada, Europe and South America requesting photographs—not of me—but of Sonny.

"The little beggar will have to have a private secretary soon." His eyes shone with paternal pride and affection.

"Since our little booklet, 'The Tattler,' has come out containing reading and photographic matter concerning the family, my mail has been mainly composed of letters asking for autographed photographs of 'not you alone, Mr. Washburn, but the latest one of the family.' So you see," he finished smiling at me, "if I had a woman's prerogative, I might say to that friend of mine—I told you so."

"No more mash-notes?" I asked, trying not to look too curious.

"Oh, a few," he replied briefly. He evidently consigned them to the limbo of all necessary evils.

Nevertheless I wondered about the "few," and later asked his publicity man.

"A few!!!" remarked that gentleman fervently. "Good heavens, I wish that were true."

BUT to go back to Mr. Washburn's statements in regard to his family, I wish to say that not for a moment did I or do I doubt his sincerity in the matter, for I know him to be one of the least egotistical stars in picturedom.

Unless, of course, it be unpardonable egotism to be as proud as a peacock of an auburn-haired little woman with a wild-rose complexion and laughing blue-eyes. A chubby youngster with eyes like his mother, and who has as much good "pep" as his little body can hold. Then there is a wee one that has no teeth to chew with yet nor hair to part, but who rules the household with a pair of husky lungs and gets *what* he wants *when* he wants it.

Mr. Washburn considers and recognizes in his family one of his greatest assets, both in private and public life.

Mrs. Washburn is one of those fortunate and unusual women with two gifts rarely accorded one woman, beauty and intellect. She has what a businessman would call a "sure-fire" mind.

Thus she is not only wife and mother, but "advisory committee" as well. Much has been whispered and much has been written about the fast living of actors. But this little family has very simple tastes. It is true they have quantities of friends and social obligations; however they seem to find more real enjoyment in a picnic on the sea-shore or in the woods, than in the most elaborate banquet or ball.

On my way home from the interview, I was thinking that it was after all decidedly refreshing to find a man like Mr. Washburn who realized his wife and children to be an invaluable aid and who was big enough to admit it.

### THE TASK OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

THE whole course of events as we see it seems to prove that the permanent bettering of conditions which we deplore lies in the hands of the people themselves, and that until they take hold of it the well-meant efforts of philanthropists to provide the framework for a model community will go but a very little way. Whether farmer or working man, salary earner or laborer in the mines, each man has to meet his own difficulties, solve his own problems and build up for himself the measure of success which he is fitted to achieve. Naturally the task is much easier when the means of education and improvement are placed at his disposal, but these means should be general in their scope and application and not individual. The agricultural schools and experiment stations, which are established by various governments for the improvement of agriculture, are a real benefit because they put within the reach of every farmer the opportunity to increase his knowledge and improve his condition if he will. If he does not avail himself of it, and from it create his own opportunity, he would do but little toward keeping up and developing a well-stocked model farm. The more general conditions are improved the better, but in each and every individual case the man must think for himself and work his own way out, or he will at best be but a feeble product of an artificial environment, instead of a free citizen of a democratic community.

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# Pertaining to the Summer Wardrobe

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By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

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NE has still to pry around behind closed doors and under box covers to find the real things of summer. Like the daffodils this spring, they are slow in coming out. But no matter how inconsistent the weather-man may be, those whose business it is to prepare raiment for us from season to season, never lose faith in the ultimate arrival of each season in its turn. Therefore, our midsummer clothes are under way, and they seem more beautiful than ever. Are our dressmakers and milliners growing more artistic and expert in their work, or do things look so beautiful because almost everything is made of the expensive materials, leaving us no alternative for comparison? Logically we should be wearing coarse prints and tweeds, but prints are priced so far beyond their actual value, that one feels it is throwing money away to buy them, and as for tweeds—well, perhaps next winter we shall turn our attention to them, but they won't be cheap.

In fact, nothing is cheap, so we gratify our love for the beautiful by wearing the prettiest materials, colors and styles that our purse-strings will permit. And one of these is organdie.

This morning we were browsing around the pretty little French parlors of an exclusive dressmaker where hundreds of brides and debutantes have been outfitted, to say nothing of Toronto's titled ladies, and there we found a gem of an organdie frock, the tint of a buttercup, daintily trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace. The hem must have been twenty inches deep and in a curved line over the hips there were four little ruffles edged with the lace. The front and back were plain save for gathers at the belt, and the bodice had a large fichu collar with a little modesty vestee in the front, and short sleeves of course. The ribbon girdle was held in place with clusters of colored silk flowers. Coming down town, we found other organdie dresses in lavender, pink and blue in a shop window, also lace trimmed and girdled with silk ribbon about an inch and a half wide.

And speaking of girdles, although

very narrow, they are becoming quite consequential, if two or three we have seen lately are any indication of a coming vogue. One was a dainty pale blue corded silk ribbon an inch and a half wide with a silver cord edge, and about two yards long. About twelve inches of the section that encircled the

on this side of the Atlantic, but sounds like a very sensible little garment that should be a welcome addition to many a wardrobe. It is susceptible to many distinctive treatments. With some of the new models in smart dinner or semi-evening frocks, there is a little coatee of taffeta, crepe de chine, georgette,

that one feels like recommending it, but the same may be said of net, so one can hardly go astray in making a selection. And not only are there organdie dresses and neckwear, but also hats.

Whereas we used to think of summer hats as being made of straw, now we have them of all kinds of fabrics. This morning I saw a Leghorn covered with French blue georgette crepe with row after row of wool darning on brim and crown. But for midsummer, just at the moment, milliners are talking of organdie and taffeta. The ideal midsummer shape will have a broad brim, foreshortened in the back and front and given to floppiness.

Both brim and crown, especially on the taffeta shapes, will lend themselves to any occasion; they can be bent or squashed into any shape or form that suits the wearer or the occasion, for that is the way they are made. Our ideas of millinery are sure to be revolutionized before July and August are over if we are within visiting distance of the smart shops. Pleated organdie, taffeta and ribbon will be requisitioned for trimming midsummer headwear. They will edge the brim, perhaps screen the crown; they will be fashioned into rosettes and cockades and used in every possible way. There will be flowers also; flowers made of organdie, taffeta and again we find the crocheted wool flowers and embroidery decorating dog days' millinery, inconsistent as it may seem. Wild flowers, wheat and foliage will contribute their share of glory also to the midsummer millinery.

A sort of collapsible sport hat, with scarf to match, that we saw was made of tan corded duvetyn or some such material. It could be crushed as flat as the proverbial pancake, and by way of trimming had purple wool stitching. The twelve-inch wide scarf, two and a quarter yards long, had purple wool embroidery along the edges, and could be used as a girdle with a sport skirt if the owner preferred a girdle to a scarf.

These wide scarfs worn with a pleated skirt and Eton coat are considered very smart. Roman stripe silk sashes tied on the left side are the vogue of the moment.

A pretty grey ninon scarf we saw a few days ago had a couple of two-inch bands of grey squirrel across the ends.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53)



A few of the accessories the smart young woman includes in her Summer wardrobe.

waist had velvet flowers and foliage applied to it flat. The colors were faded rose and orange and green, and the effect was charming beyond telling.

Flowers are used in this way on the girdles of many of the daintiest of summer frocks. Some are made of gold or silver cloth, some are made of taffeta silk and some are crocheted out of wool. Roses such as one sees in Irish crocheted lace are made of wool and used in clusters on cotton dresses. Wool embroidery is also very popular. It is even used on organdie collar and cuff sets. One who believes there should be some consistency between materials and foundations will hardly feel like sanctioning such an alliance, yet, there it is shown in the stores. And what is the poor fashion writer, that she should question the propriety of it?

In another exclusive establishment, the artist who always has something new to tell us, confided that for some of her most discriminating younger patrons, she is making velvet jackets to wear with light silk sport skirts. Just a plain little velvet coat between wrist to finger tip length, with flat tuxedo collar and shoe-string girdle that just meets around the waist and fastens under the arm with a loop and button. Black, navy and deep violet are the colors that have been selected so far.

The outside sport wrap this year is both varied and important, and not the least important is the waist-length Shetland sweater knit in plain stitch, light in weight but warm, that crosses in front in surplice style and ties in the back. It comes in all colors, and black is shown to accompany the white serge skirt. One could write pages about these knitted things, there are so many of them, and one which is attracting much attention—and by the way some criticism too—is the pullover made of a very fine yarn in a mesh stitch, which is worn without a blouse, and being transparent, reveals one's camisole. It is shown in such bright shades as turquoise and jade.

The tea jacket is an English innovation that has not yet established itself

ninon or net, with the addition of which these gowns become extremely smart for the afternoon tea or dance.

Smocks of studio and garden fame are also to be had in beautiful materials such as cartridge cloth—material left over from French war supplies and resembling ratine—crepe, linen, and habutai silk, garishly embroidered in wool or trimmed with applique—flowers cut from another colored cloth and appliqued with silk or wool. One finds little that is new in style, but the coloring and decoration leave nothing to be desired.

TO return to the neckwear which we touched upon in relation to wool embroidery, it is a long time since neck fixings have been so uniformly dainty. There is little variety compared with other seasons yet what there is is so dainty that one ceases to ask for variety. Organdie, net and lace with perhaps a few pieces of silk, and the story is told. There is a good deal of colored organdie, such as rose, lavender, toast (a deep cream with a brown tinge), lemon and blue. But one never counts quite so much upon colors as upon white and cream. Net and lace are tucked, gathered and ruffled and sold by the yard for vestees, fichus and any other purpose for which they can be used. Frilling is made up and sold by the yard for collars and turnback ruffles for the short sleeve, and tabbing is sold in the same way, its popularity in no wise declining, although we have been wearing it since early spring.

There are little vestees designed for the Eton suit. They are round of neck, tucked down the front, with perhaps a few rows of lace insertion and a ruffle across the bottom, for of course they are worn over the belt after the manner of the over-the-skirt blouse which is having such a success this spring. There are also round collars of organdie edged with Valenciennes lace, and cuffs to wear with the short sleeved blouse or dress. Instead of overlapping, the edges are laid together at the back and fastened with fancy safety pins. Organdie is always new when it is laundered, so



Being the last word in Fashion is the special virtue of this taffeta frock with its basque waist and cascaded back, which is said to be paving the way for the return of the bustle.



Here's a Summer frock of white organdie with pin-head dots of red, collared and cuffed and puffed with plain white organdie and girdled with the queen of all girdles, black-velvet.



## Fascinating Daytime Frocks for Miss Fourteen-to-Twenty



Dress 8727  
Beading 12568

Dress 8715  
Embroidery 12531

8715—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch tricotine— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Long tunic blouses have lost none of their popularity and are used extensively for utility wear in serge, tricotine, and velours. A smart touch is given by the embroidered motifs in design 12531 that form a border effect on the blouse to be worked out in worsted or heavy silk floss. The short-vamp French slippers, fashioned of soft glazed kidskin and with one strap over the instep, complete this frock.



Dress 8731  
Embroidery 12445



Dress 8771

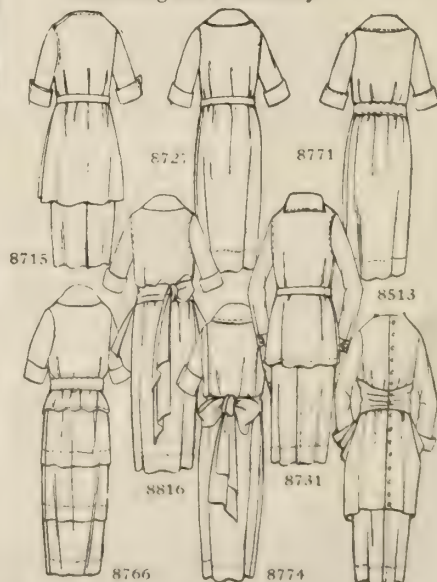
Dress 8816



Dress 8766

Dress 8774  
Braiding and Embroidery 12470

8771—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch plain voile— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard rose-color voile for frills— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody.



Dress 8513

8816—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard plain gingham for trimming— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards velvet ribbon— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Tho decidedly simple in style, there is a note of smartness to this frock accented by the outstanding pockets at the sides.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

8727—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch linen— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The only note of trimming on this smartly simple frock is the beading applied in motifs to the bottom of the skirt in design 12568. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm and shows the fashionable short sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. The sleeves are sewn in the armholes of a front-closing underbody. The

waist-line is encircled by a very narrow girdle. Attractive little slippers with the short stubby toes beloved of the chic French woman and the ubiquitous strap over the instep add a note of style. They may be of kidskin, suede, or patent leather.

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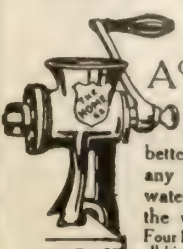
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# Separate Blouses and Skirts Play a Leading Style Rôle

Blouse 8800  
Embroidery 12184

8793—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile— $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards insertion— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards edging. The round neck is finished with a circular band to which the collar is attached. For the embroidery on the collar design 12206 is suitable.

8800—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 45-inch organdy— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard lace banding for inserted section— $\frac{1}{8}$  yard lace edging. The front of the blouse is slashed and lace is inserted. In the corners of the slashed edges are embroidered motifs in design 12184.

Blouse 8747

Blouse 8826

Blouse 8793  
Embroidery 12206

Blouse 8824

Blouse 8245

Blouse 8371

8245—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch plain gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 32-inch plaid gingham for collar and trimming. This blouse is a good model for sports or utility wear closing at the back.

Blouse 8829

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Blouse 8811  
Skirt 8835

Skirt 8211

Skirt 8760

Skirt 8810

Blouse 8821  
Skirt 8831

8811—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch plain voile— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch dotted voile. No. 8835—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The waist is made with convertible collar and short sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. The skirt has two-inch raised waist-line and closes at left side seam.

8821—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch washable satin— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch dotted washable satin for trimming. No. 8831—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44-inch check worsted.





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## For the Varied Needs of the Young Girl's Day



Dress 8715  
Embroidery 12548

Dress 8766  
Scallop 11695

8766—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard white net for collar. Dotted swisses, nets, and organdies are among the smartest cotton fabrics for Summer and dark blue swiss with white dot is one of the most favored. The waist closes in front under the applied panel and of course the sleeves are short. The cuffs and tiny peplum are scalloped, design 11695 forming a guide.



Dress 8671  
Beading 12511



Dress 8771



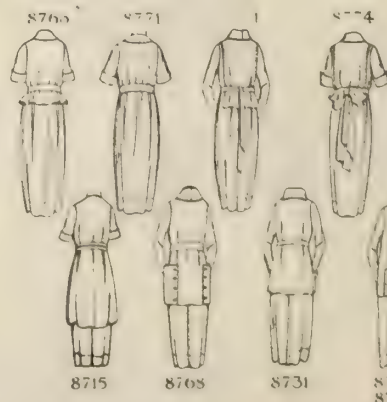
Dress 8768



Dress 8731

Dress 8774

8771—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards velvet ribbon— $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards lace edging— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Here is a simple little frock for Summer wear, the waist closing in front under a shaped panel that fastens on the left shoulder. Lace-trimmed cuffs turn back from the short sleeves and the two-piece gathered skirt has straight lower edge and closes at left side seam.



8715

8768

8731

8775

8733



Jacket 8785  
Skirt 8733

8715—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch serge— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A long tunic blouse closing on the left shoulder and under the left arm forms an attractive part of this dress of blue serge. It is belted narrowly with self-material and the square neck is embroidered in design 12548. The same embroidery is applied to the lower edge of the blouse. Like most of the new models the

sleeves, which are sewed into the armholes of a front-closing underbody, are decidedly short, finished with turn-back cuffs.

8768—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch black velvet for overblouse— $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse— $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44-inch plaid worsted.

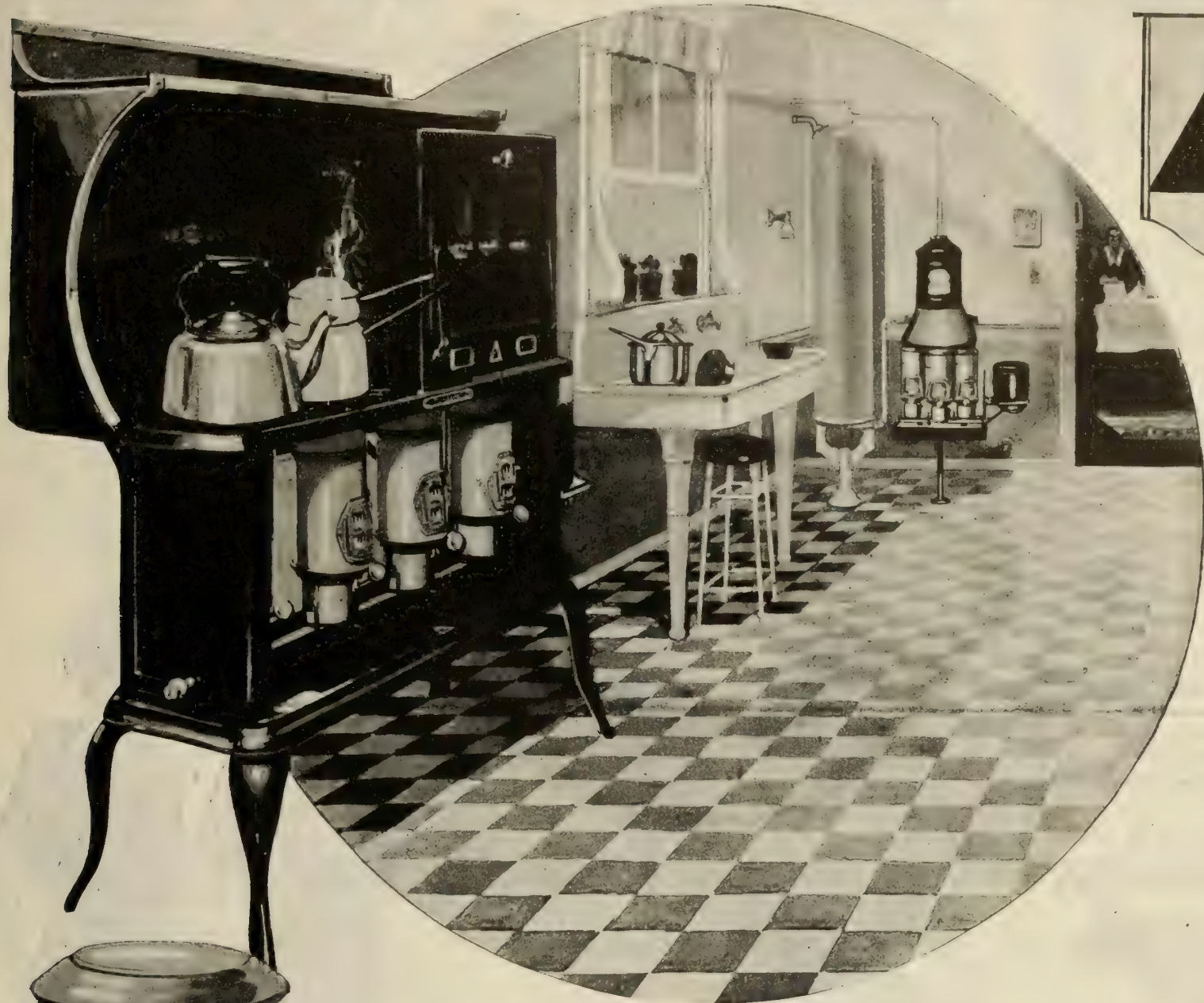
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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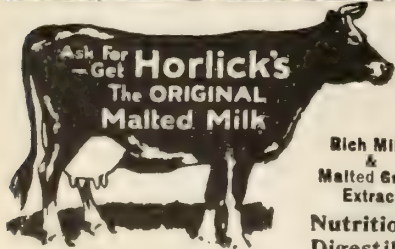
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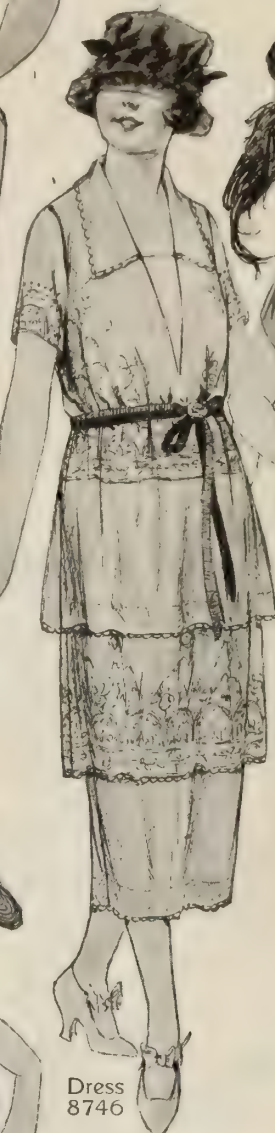


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8763—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch tricotine—5/8 yard Georgette crêpe for collar, cuffs, and vestee—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The sides of the skirt are pulled out to form loops in which pockets may be inserted. This gives the fashionable width at the hips. The underbody closes at the back and the waist on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The rolling collar and turn-back cuffs add style.



Dress 8763



Dress 8746



Dress 8722  
Beading 12477



Dress 8453  
Scalloped 12567

Dress 8664



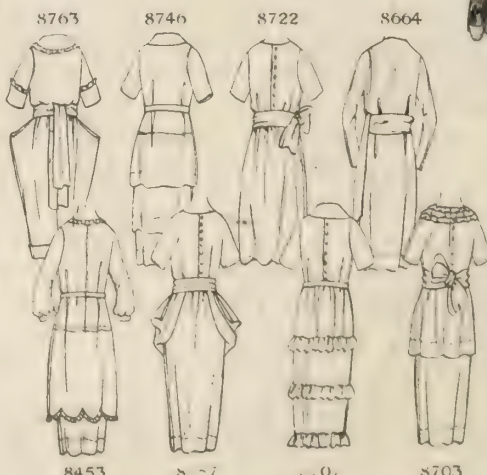
Dress 8757



Dress 8707

Dress 8703

8746—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 42-inch net—3 yards lace—1 1/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody—2 1/4 yards ribbon for girdle. The closing of the blouse is arranged on the left shoulder and under the left arm and at low waist-line a deep peplum is attached. A two-piece pounce of lace is arranged on the two-piece gathered skirt.



lightly youthful in style with its simple blouse contrasting piquantly with the bouffant skirt which is draped at the sides.

8722—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3 1/4 yards satin ribbon for girdle—2 7/8 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation skirt. Here we have the fashionable harem or Turkish skirt drawn in at the bottom and tacked to a narrower foundation lining. Large beaded motifs in design 12477 form an attractive border on the skirt spaced a slight distance apart.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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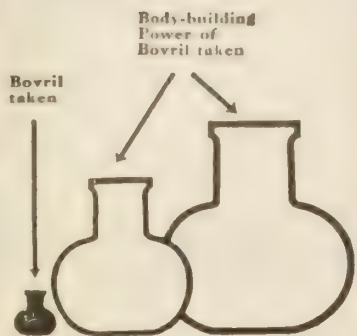
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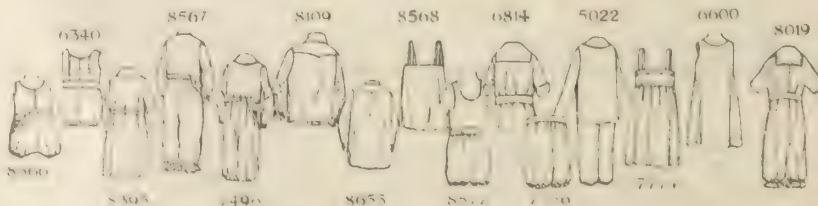
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8566—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch lonsdale cambric. The

combination is in one piece in front but the drawers button to waist at the back. DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.



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## The June Patterns and Their Prices

(From page 44.)

Dress 8715, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12531, blue or yellow, 15 cents.  
Dress 8727, 25 cents.  
Beading 12568, blue or yellow, 35 cents.  
Dress 8771, 25 cents.  
Dress 8816, 25 cents.  
Dress 8731, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12445, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8766, 25 cents.  
Dress 8774, 25 cents.  
Embroidery and Braiding 12470, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8513, 25 cents.

8731—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch pongee—½ yard 36-inch tricolette for vest.

8766—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 32-inch gingham—¼ yard 45-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—1½ yard plaiting.

8774—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch white linen—½ yard 36-inch blue linen for collar and cuffs.

8513—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch taffeta—1 yard tab lace—3 yards ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

(From page 45.)

Blouse 8793, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12206, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Blouse 8800, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12184, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Blouse 8811, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8835, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8829, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8679, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8245, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8371, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8747, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8826, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8824, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8211, 20 cents.  
Skirt 8760, 20 cents.  
Skirt 8810, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8821, 20 cents.  
Skirt 8831, 25 cents.

8679—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch sports satin.  
8371—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine.

8747—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe—1½ yard filet lace.

8826—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch flowered Georgette crepe.

8829—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch white voile—1½ yard 36-inch pink linen for trimming.

8824—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine—½ yard 36-inch printed silk for trimming.

8211—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen. Lower-edge width 1½ yard.

8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey.

8810—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch check worsted.

(From page 46.)

Dress 8766, 25 cents.  
Scalloped 11695, blue, 15 cents.  
Dress 8715, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12548, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8771, 25 cents.  
Dress 8768, 25 cents.  
Dress 8671, 25 cents.  
Beading 12511, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8731, 25 cents.  
Dress 8774, 25 cents.  
Jacket 8785, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8733, 20 cents.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)

### Picture Hanging Easy



### MOORE PUSH-PINS

Glass Heads, Steel Points  
for ordinary pictures, pennants, draperies, etc., or  
**MOORE PUSH-LESS HANGERS**  
The Hanger with the Twist  
Holds up to 100 pounds.

The steel points won't injure walls, wallpaper or woodwork.

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Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

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#### And How to Feed

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SINCE 1870  
**SHILOH**  
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS



## The Process of Cutting Out

**C**UTTING out is an important art of the sewing lesson in school.

Many women, who have the time and aptitude for sewing, buy ready-to-wear garments for themselves and their children, because they do not know how to use a paper pattern. Mothers, who would like to economize by making the best parts of left-off garments into clothes for the little ones, are handicapped by the difficulties of cutting out.

The fashions of to-day are simple compared with those of an earlier generation, when voluminous, elaborately trimmed dresses, with closely fitting boned bodices, and high, buckram-lined collars were in vogue. A sewing machine is to be found in nearly every home, and reliable patterns, in varying sizes to fit persons of different ages and figures, can be bought for a few cents. Therefore, it should be easy for a good needlewoman to make a well-fitting, neatly-finished garment of better material and at less cost than a similar article from a store.

### CUTTING OUT IN SCHOOL.

**T**HIS should be done by the girls themselves, except in the case of junior grades. This certainly adds to the work of the teacher, for it is easier to cut out the garments, often two or three at a time by folding the material, in her preparation time, than to supervise the cutting out for individual members of a large class. But the experience gained is essential, and by systematic planning the work can be simplified and accomplished in reasonable time.

Even when the whole class is making similar garments it is seldom practicable to cut them out simultaneously; table space is lacking, and the tearing off of a sufficient length of the material for each girl may mean waste.

### Plan of Procedure for Class Cutting Out.

**C**UT a duplicate pattern, to prevent possible damage to the original, allowing all turnings.

Clear a large table, and place the roll of cloth on a chair at one end.

Have ready scissors; a tracing wheel, or a lead pencil for marking round the pattern; and a few books as weights to keep it in position.

Briefly explain to the whole class the way to lay on the pattern to the best advantage, especially noting the way of the stuff, and the folded edges, if any, in relation to the pattern.

See that every girl has some work to do while waiting for her turn at the cutting-out table.

It is a good plan to let the girl whose turn is next watch her classmate at work, and so get some better idea of what she has to do before cutting out her own garment.

Also, if the teacher cannot give individual attention to the cutting-out operation, the risk of mistakes may be avoided by appointing a dependable girl as overseer. If the class is large, or the time short, two or more tables may be prepared.

### Other Points to Note.

1. The use of scissors. The material must not be lifted from the table with the left hand while cutting

out. The cuts should be as big as possible, and jagged edges should be avoided.

2. The way of the stuff. For bands and yokes, the selvedge runs lengthwise, that is, across the made-up garment from left to right. In all other cases the rule is that the selvedge should go from top to bottom.

3. Right and wrong side. Even in plain goods there is usually a slight difference between right and wrong sides, which becomes more marked by wear, therefore the right side should be carefully indicated by a pin, or preferably by a basting thread, when cutting out.

4. Sleeves and legs. A very common mistake is to cut two sleeves or legs for one side, instead of one for each side of the garment. When a number of similar articles are being made the error can easily be rectified, but otherwise material is wasted.

Right side to the right side is a useful phrase to memorize. When one sleeve is cut out, for instance, lay it on the new material with the right sides touching, and cut out the other.

5. Small parts of the pattern. These need not be cut by every girl as they may be obtained more economically from the pieces left over at the end. It is a time-saving device to keep all the bands, etc., for the class together, each sort rolled separately in paper, ready to hand to individual girls when required.

Pieces cut on the bias, for false hems on curves, are best made by cutting on lines drawn parallel to the diagonal of a square of material with a strip of thick paper of suitable width.

6. Odd pieces. These should not be thrown away, but kept in a rag bag, for use should it be necessary to practise hand or machine stitching.

### FIRST LESSONS IN KNITTING.

Knit on tightly, but cast off loosely. When a purl stitch drops, and makes a ladder, turn the work, and pick the stitch up on the reverse side as a plain stitch.

This is done either with a bone crochet hook, or by pulling the loop over the bar with the other knitting needle, or with the eye of a large darning needle.

When a stitch is dropped some distance down in plain knitting, begin to pick it up on the plain side by one of the above methods, and turn the work for each row till no bars remain.

Never leave a knot in the wool but break it and join.

To join in knitting, leave at least six inches of the old wool, and place the end of the new ball by the last stitch knitted, and hold the two strands together. Knit a few stitches with double wool, and then continue with the new ball. The ends, which should be on the wrong side of the work, must be darned in later.

Chain edge is the best finish for the sides of an article knitted on two needles. In plain knitting it is not sufficient to merely slip the first stitch.

To make chain edge (plain knitting) slip the first stitch of the row in the purl way, having the wool in front. Hold the needles apart, and pass the wool from the front to the back, and then finish the row.

# How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



NORMA TALMADGE  
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY  
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."



MABEL NORMAND  
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



PAULINE FREDERICK  
"I find the stimulating after-effects of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO very delightful."



MAY ALLISON  
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

**P**ROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

## WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, to manage.

You can get Watkins Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Walkerville, Ont.

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EACH BOTTLE NOW PACKED IN A CARTON



## As Between Friends

Be SURE it's

# WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"



## First

implanted, and not all the care of later years can remedy.

All matters of feeding, of toilet, of sleep and "airing" for a baby or little child should follow the same routine and be done with unswerving regularity. Thus the organs of digestion and assimilation; of elimination and recuperation, will presently work mechanically, and the nervous system, always unstable in a little child, will be relieved from shock and strain, and will rapidly gain its equilibrium.

Far more extensive and serious injury is done to the nervous system in the first two, or indeed one may say seven, years of life, than the laity have any idea of. It is, however, becoming more and more a matter of assured knowledge to nerve specialists and students of mental illness, that a large percentage of such nervous disorders are caused by shock or overstrain in early childhood. It is

stupidity and laziness, so-called, of later years, is due to the same cause.

It has also been proved that much of the constipation, which is at the root of the greater amount of present-day illness, is the result of bad habit, which in its turn is due to lack of the correct training from babyhood onwards.

To "chance" a thing, to work at haphazard, to follow "old wives' fables," denotes a childish ignorance and lack of culture that should belong only to an age that is past. To thoughtfully, bravely, patiently, follow out in our daily living and dealing with human life, the very best that we are able to discover and acquire, denotes the highest form of education and culture. And such should be the only course considered as open to the Christian Canadian parent of to-day.

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Georges Clemenceau was not a complete success as a physician, but took great interest in politics, adopting the most violent views. He soon sprang into notoriety, and was elected Mayor of Montmartre. He was a patriot, and in 1871 voted against the delivery of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany. His great wish was to rebuild France on more democratic foundations.

In 1871 he was elected to the National Assembly, and five years later entered the Chamber of Deputies, in which he became leader of the Radical party. At this time he was nearly forty years of age, and during the next twenty-five years not one Cabinet fell while he tolerated it, none lasted after he tired of it. He had taken to journalism and in a great many instances overthrew a Cabinet by one brief editorial from his pen.

During these years he exercised great influence. He was against colonial expeditions, and wanted a revision of the constitution because he thought it insufficiently democratic. In 1893, the Panama scandal filled the world with disgust and brought about his downfall. A Frenchman named Lesseps organized a company to dig the canal, and it was later found that two-thirds of the nine hundred million francs invested by Frenchmen went to pay for auxiliary jobs and advertising. Part also had been spent in winning the good-will of the Deputies, and Clemenceau was believed to have accepted some of the money for his paper. For the first time in years he had no seat in the Chamber, and for nine years was kept out of French politics.

This period of the life of Clemenceau deserves attention, as it was then he wrote his great books, foremost among them being "Les Plus Fort," and "Figures de Vendee." When he became a Senator in 1902 it was thought that he had definitely retired.

However, many felt that he should have a trial at the Premiership. In 1906 he was made Minister of Militia, and about six months later became Premier, and held this office very worthily. He brought about the downfall of Caillaux, and in spite of the great personal antipathy between himself and President Poincare, they both threw aside party feelings and worked together harmoniously for the good of their country.

As for the role which Clemenceau played in 1918, it can be summed up briefly—from the day he took office, in spite of the dropping out of Russia; in spite of the tremendous efforts of Ger-

many, there never was any doubt in France of final success. Clemenceau inspired this faith. He made Foch feel that he would be supported in any emergency. He visited the front frequently and saw the men, often two or three times a week, making them feel that someone was behind them.

Finally, his indomitable resolution to achieve results and never to be reconciled to defeat, is in strong contrast to the government of his predecessors, and earned for him the title of "The Tiger of France." It is safe to say that the gratitude, respect, and admiration of not only France, but the whole world, is accorded to Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger of France."

## PRIZE LETTER.

"What I Am Going to Grow in My Garden," by Mary E. Jackson, age 11, Malton, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

THIS year I intend to make two gardens, one for vegetables and one for flowers. I am getting the soil ready first, for if this is not properly done, the seeds will not grow. As far as possible, my gardens will be in a sunny spot, shaded at the back from the north winds. I am mixing manure with the soil to make it rich so that the seed fairies will soon awaken from their long sleep. When all danger of frost is over, I shall plant my seeds in little trenches or hills, according to the directions on the packages.

The squash and pumpkins are going to be put down at the bush with the field corn.

My flower garden is going to be planted with balsams, carnations, sweet peas, scarlet runners, petunias, zinnias, sweet william, nasturtiums, morning glories, and globe stocks.

The scarlet runners and sweet peas I am going to plant along the back-yard fence. In the adjoining bed there will be balsams and carnations. In a bed made where an old stump used to be I shall sow globe stocks. These will be seen from the back kitchen door. Petunias, zinnias, sweet william, and dwarf nasturtiums will be along the veranda, with morning glories climbing up behind them, where they will get the early morning sun. Dahlia bulbs will be in a small bed in the lawn opposite the front door.

## List of New Members.

Bissell, Margaret, Algonquin, Ont.  
Clarke, Wilfred, Southend, Ont.  
Davies, Kathleen, Calgary, Alberta.  
Hobbs, Fred, Toronto, Ont.  
Montgomery, Harriet, Carp, Ont.



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MONARCH-KNIT Bathing Suits, in refined and novel color combinations, are probably as stylish a garment for practical use as could be desired. Made of particularly fine cottons and worsteds, they have a reputation for long service as well as good looks.

Not the least of their attractions is a special cuff on the bloomers. This neat, useful device acts as a garter, holding the leg of the bloomers in place so that it cannot work up. In all sizes, of course, for Men, Women and Children, and moderately priced.

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Also manufacturers of Monarch Knit Sweater Coats for Men, Women and Children, and Monarch Knit Hosiery for Men and Women.

Harmless, Purely Vegetable, Infants' and Children's  
Stomach and Bowel Regulator. Formula on every label  
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Senna—a prompt, efficient vegetable cathartic.

Rhubarb—a rejuvenator of digestive action.

Sodium Bicarbonate—highly valuable in treating severe gastric indigestion in children.

Sodium Citrate—an effective regulator of the bowels—used frequently with other ingredients by learned doctors in treating colic and diarrhoea.

Oil of Anise, Fennel, Caraway, Coriander, Glycerine, Sugar Syrup, all of which help to make this the very best preparation that medical skill can devise to quickly and safely relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea and other disorders. Yet it costs no more than ordinary baby laxatives. Give it to baby and watch the smiles that follow.

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## The June Patterns and Their Prices

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

**8671**—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch gabardine.

**8733**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch check worsted—3/4 yard 36-inch tricolette for facing vest.

**8774**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 28-inch chambray—1/2 yard 32-inch plaid gingham.

**8785**—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. **8733**—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The suit in size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards 36-inch tricolette—2 1/2 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

(From page 48.)

Dress **8763**, 25 cents.

Dress **8746**, 25 cents.

Dress **8722**, 25 cents.

Beading **12477**, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress **8664**, 25 cents.

Dress **8453**, 25 cents.

Scallop **12567**, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress **8757**, 25 cents.

Dress **8707**, 25 cents.

Dress **8703**, 25 cents.

**8664**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch white voile—1 1/2 yard Van Dyke lace for collar and cuffs—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**8453**—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch ecru net—3 yards velvet ribbon—1 1/4 yard plaited net—1 1/2 yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt.

**8707**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 40-inch flowered Georgette crepe—1/2 yard 40-inch plain Georgette—3 yards velvet ribbon for girdle—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**8703**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—1/4 yard

ecru net for ruffles—3/4 yard velvet ribbon—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

(From page 50.)

**6340**—Girls' Underwear Set. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yard 36-inch longcloth.

**8395**—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 1/2 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch eiderdown.

**8567**—Child's Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards 27-inch cotton crepe.

**8655**—Boys' Shirt. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards 32-inch madras.

**7496**—Child's and Girls' Night-drawers or Pajamas. Designed for 1 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch cambric.

**8109**—Boys' and Youths' Blouse. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch percale.

**8568**—Girls' and Juniors' Step-in Combination. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yard 36-inch batiste.

**8572**—Girls' and Juniors' Combination closing in front. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yard 36-inch crossbar madras.

**6814**—Juniors' and Girls' Middy Blouse or Smock. Designed for 4 to 16 years. No. **7256**—Girls' and Juniors' Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 3 to 17 years. The gymnasium suit in size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards 44-inch serge—5/8 yard contrasting for collar.

**5022**—Misses' and Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 5 yards 27-inch cotton crepe.

**7774**—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece French Petticoat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—1 1/2 yard ribbon—2 3/4 yards embroidery for ruffle.

**6600**—Girls' and Juniors' Princess Slip. Designed for 10 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch lawn—2 1/2 yards insertion—3 yards embroidery for ruffle.

**8019**—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 4 3/8 yards 27-inch flowered crepe—3/8 yard plain crepe for collar.

Price of each pattern on this page is 20 cents.

## Pertaining to the Summer Wardrobe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

The scarf illustrated in the centre of this page is of printed indestructible voile or Georgette crepe with a band of baronet satin all around it. The fur tie is of grey squirrel, the pendant end has passed through a slash and is finished with a cut steel ornament. Right in the centre back there are three organ pleats which make it different from the ordinary fur tie. Ordinary, did we say, as if any furs could possibly be ordinary at the prices they cost us! However, we shall soon cease to wonder at anything that may happen in this world of apparel, for even though prices of common necessities are vying with the achievements of our famous aces, summer furs have never had such a vogue as they are having now and are likely to have for a month or two. We mean that the fur stores are selling unusual quantities of beautiful neck pieces, such as squirrel, mole, Lucille fox, and Russian sable. Novelty fur, and combinations of georgette crepe or crepe de chine and fur capes are also being purchased, but the majority of people have an eye to the practical and next winter's comfort. And while we think of

it, let us mention that this is the season to take one's fur coat to the furrier for repairs.

Our artist has sketched a couple of novelties in the centre illustration which betray their Oriental origin at once. The head dress has a band of gold cloth around the head and over the top of it and from the sides depend strings of pearls and the armlet is of pliable gold with carved jade. There is quite a vogue for jewelry just at the moment. There are novelty earrings of antique gold finish with jade setting, and some with sapphire, which is proving a formidable competitor of jade in popular priced ornaments. There are also some rather gorgeous necklaces which we are told are to be very vogueish with the summer costume. For instance, there is one of antique finished gold and jade. Diamond-shaped pieces of jade are separated by metallic ornaments and beads, all held together by a rather fine chain and finished with a highly ornamental pendant of the antique gold and jade. Another is of carved and plain ivory beads, a style that it is expected will be quite popular.

## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

toleration for these devoted mothers who simply submerge their personal interests in favor of their children and their households. They are self-constituted martyrs, and if they lose the interest of their husband and their friends, and the pride which their children should feel in them, they deserve what they get. I never knew it to fail yet that a mother who spent time and money unnecessarily on her children at the expense of her own appearance, was sorry for it at some time. You have started me on a subject I could simply talk for hours

on, probably without doing a particle of good, for when a woman is born to be a fool of a mother, nothing on earth is going to stop her, and you cannot make her believe that it is kinder to herself and her children to keep her looks as long as she can than to sacrifice them. Certainly I like "running" a beauty page, dear Coz; it has many bright spots, and I count it an especially shining one to receive a nice, bright letter such as yours. You will hear from me about the hair tonic and the hand lotion. Love to the dear imps!



### Which Shall It Be?

A Crepe Georgette Waist; or one of Voile?

You can get these popular materials and others—in dainty, exclusive styles, smartly tailored, at popular prices—in

## Mack Waists

It does not pay to make Waists at home, when MACK WAISTS are so good and so reasonably priced.

They are cut generously in full sizes.

They are designed by artists; and tailored with those little niceties of finish and trim that every woman appreciates.

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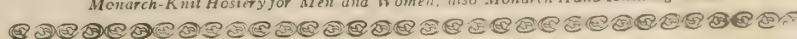

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THE MONARCH KNITTING CO. LIMITED  
MADE IN CANADA

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**WHETHER** of cotton or wool, every garment is tested for endurance and long wear. Buttoned shoulders or slip-overs as you may prefer, in the popular shades of Navy, Maroon, Grey and Heather. Correct sizes, ensuring a snug, yet comfortable fit. Moderate prices. Your dealer has an ample stock of the newest styles.

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## British Columbia Women's Institutes New Secretary

BY ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

MRS. V. S. MACLACHLAN, secretary of the British Columbia Women's Institutes, is a woman of many talents. She is not only a good organizer, but also a good speaker, and her work is most appreciated by her constituents.

As a promoter and organizer of successful undertakings, Mrs. MacLachlan has been active in the province. Among the many activities which she has helped to launch was the South Saanich branch of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, started in March, 1909, and of which she was the secretary during its existence. Under her regime the branch furnished a room at Tranquille Sanatorium, paid for the maintenance of a patient, and assisted the family.

An active member of the Royal Oak Women's Institute, Mrs. MacLachlan also organized the Garden City Institute which is composed of some of the "lives" women on Vancouver Island, and has a splendid record of work to its credit. She is also a member of the Tillicum Women's Institute and the Ward VII. Cottage Gardeners' Association.

It is a significant fact that none of the organizations to which Mrs. MacLachlan belongs confine themselves to the passing of resolutions, but bend every effort to ensure the success of any scheme which they undertake.

Of all the delegates attending the Women's Institute Conference in 1915 when the scheme for establishing district nurses was outlined by Mary Ard MacLennan, then Chief Superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Mrs. MacLachlan was the only one who succeeded in establishing the nurse in her district. It is through her untiring energy and zeal that the present magnificent health programme is before the people of Saanich to-day. Holding the office of vice-president of the Saanich branch of the Victorian Order, Mrs. MacLachlan is working hard to consummate the scheme for the establishment of the war-memorial health centre in the district—she being one of the promoters of the project. An active member of the Local Council of Women, Mrs. MacLachlan is convener of the standing committee on agriculture, and is also convener of the combined joint committee on health of the Reconstruction Group and Women's Council.

Nor is her interest confined to health matters, for she is gaining a reputation as an authority on goat-rearing—having achieved much success in raising these quadrupeds.

During the campaign on behalf of women's suffrage, Mrs. MacLachlan was chosen to tour Vancouver Island, speaking in the interests of the movement at Liberal and Conservative meetings throughout the Island. Further evidence of her versatility is shown by the fact that she is becoming a contributor of some repute to a number of well-known periodicals published in the interests of women's work.

### HEALTH AND SCHOOL ARE OBJECTS.

THE work which occupied the attention of the members of the Institutes of British Columbia, to the almost total exclusion of all else during the war was the Red Cross work, says Mrs. MacLachlan. Since the war has ended the Institutes have been public health and rural school improvement. Perhaps a quotation from the "Fundamental" report of the board of health will show the importance of the Institutes to the health work in the rural districts, more particularly in regard to district nursing.

Health teaching by public health officers, including visiting nurses, has made in the last few years a great impression upon the communities where it has been carried on. Such health education is going to be recognized as of fundamental importance, it is largely because of this, and not because disease is more successfully treated, that the great reduction in the sickness and death rate has been effected. Unless

aided by educational agencies, efforts at improvement in public health have almost invariably proved to be very transitory in their efforts.

Recognizing these facts, the department is undertaking the establishment of health centres throughout the province. The first was established in the municipality of Saanich, adjoining Victoria, under the charge of Miss Forshaw, Victorian Order of Nurses, a young lady of exceptional ability, possessing great organizing powers, enthusiastic in her work. Miss Forshaw took charge of the work in Saanich, and it has grown until now there are three nurses engaged; a health centre house has been opened as temporary quarters; a by-law is being submitted to the people to raise \$25,000 to build a permanent home. (By-law was carried on 17th January).

"The practical work that Miss Forshaw and her colleagues have carried out has been a wonderful help to the department by impressing upon the other districts the benefits to be derived from following this plan. Other points on the Island are asking now for nurses, and, at your instance, Miss Forshaw was sent to visit the Women's Institutes through the eastern part of the province. It is very gratifying indeed to learn from those whom she visited of the impression she made.

"I have recognized that the success of this movement would depend entirely upon the continued interest of the women, and I felt that the best means of reaching the people of British Columbia was through the Women's Institutes.

"Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, secretary of the Women's Institutes for the province, was largely instrumental in starting the Saanich health centre, and I am very pleased indeed that I was able to secure Mrs. MacLachlan's help and hearty co-operation in bringing the matter to the attention of the different Women's Institutes. Mrs. MacLachlan is an enthusiastic worker, a splendid

speaker, a good writer, and with a thorough knowledge of her subject, is able to present the facts in a manner that carries conviction.

"The object of the establishment of these centres will be to do the follow-up work, especially as regards the school children, infant welfare, maternity and tuberculosis work. We have made such a beginning that I feel very hopeful for the future development of health work along these lines."

Within the last three months there have been many requests received from different parts of the province for information on organizing Institutes. These enquiries have been due to the record of work reported each month in the "Agricultural Journal," so that it is very evident that the line of activities carried on during the current year is appealing to members of the farming districts, not only as desirable but necessary, in order to make settlement not only permanent and prosperous but safe to bear and rear the most precious asset of the nation.

New Institutes are springing up with child welfare, school welfare and district nurse, sanitary improvement and community welfare, etc., as the aim and object. There are constant enquiries for literature, information and direction on how to conduct the Institute in order to get the best and immediate results.

New Institutes formed during the year 1919 are Kootenay Valley, Bonnington and South Slokan, and New Denver in the Kootenay and Boundary District. Armstrong and West Summerland in the Okanagan have been organized, and will be formally inaugurated at an early date this year. Langley Triangle, South Vancouver and Mt. Lehman in the Lower Mainland and Strawberry Vale, Denman Island and Cobble Hill in Vancouver Island District.

Of the sixty-four Institutes in active

operation, the membership is 2,440; money raised, including Government assistance, \$18,874; money disbursed \$15,261. Thirty-nine held either flower shows or exhibits of school work. Several held health exhibits, including panels from the board of health, and exhibits of proper food for children of different ages, and proper school lunches. Lectures by different speakers on different subjects, such as "Teach of School Children" and "State Health Insurance" were included in these exhibits.

### Active Work in Schools.

Twenty-four report active work in the school welfare. This includes providing a hot lunch for the school children, improving school grounds (and hence knows they need advance), sanitary conditions of the schools, agitating for consolidation of schools, supporting the school gardens, domestic science and manual training. One Institute erected a shed where the children may play on rainy days. Another conducts a juvenile musical club, another erected a drinking fountain in the playgrounds as a memorial to the fallen soldiers, and in most of the Institutes a school committee is formed which visits the school periodically.

Twenty-two Institutes report active efforts along public health lines, while just about the entire number are interested and anxious to have a public health nurse in the district. The entire sixty-nine which will be in operation before the end of January, 1920, stand ready to support to their limit the public health nurse directly she is available.

In connection with this a resolution has been sent in by an Institute to the effect: "The Women's Institutes of the province respectfully petition the Honorable, the Provincial Secretary, to make such provision in the estimates to be presented to the House during the coming session as will allow of assistance being granted to such districts as will, upon examination be proved to be unable to assume the total cost of the installation of a health centre presided over by a public health nurse."

There has been a little interest evinced in industries such as knitting, weaving, basket, toy and glove making. This is only in the preliminary stages yet, but promoting and educating is the very important work that the Institutes can do.

No Institutes have reported study courses other than a short time given at each meeting to the reading of portions of the "Busy Woman's Handbook."

### TEN DAY W.I. COURSES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

TEN day courses in domestic science, home nursing and millinery form part of the 1920 programme of the New Brunswick Women's Institutes just completed. These have been held at the various centres of Sussex, Moncton, Devon, Perth, Chatham, Bathurst and St. Stephen with the object in view of placing within easy reach of every woman and girl in New Brunswick the advantages and benefits to be derived from a ten days' intensive training on these very important subjects. In order to do this, the New Brunswick Department of Agriculture engaged specialists to give practical instruction in these matters that tend toward a high standard of efficiency in home and community life. Prizes of five dollars for the highest total of credit marks obtained by means of written examinations and practice work were given with the stipulation that contestants were not allowed to compete for more than one prize.

The method of the course was as follows: The first day the student went to the cookery lecture, where practical work in class was done; from there to the millinery class, where she was advised as to the selection of material and shape of hat to be made; and then on to the nursing, where instruction in bed-making was given.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



### PRIZE WINNERS.

This is a photograph of Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, the recently appointed Secretary of the Women's Institutes of British Columbia, and her one hundred per cent. physically perfect little daughter, Irene.



### ALBERTA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE ADVISORY BOARD

Reading from left to right: Mrs. F. Hughes, Cavendish, Director District No. 4; Mrs. W. H. Fleming, Alliance, Vice-President; Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Port Saskatchewan, Secretary-Treasurer; Miss Isabel Noble, Daysland, President; Miss Mary MacIsaac, Edmonton, Superintendent; Mrs. C. A. Gates, Stony Plain, Director District No. 1; Mrs. Jas. Boyd, Vanreana, Director District No. 2; Mrs. A. A. Towns, Coronation, Director Central District.



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

New Brunswick is planning to open these short courses in the French-speaking districts of the province, the courses to last four days. Mlle. Le Blanc, the assistant superintendent, will take the courses in cookery and sewing, while Miss Alice Landry will give the lectures on nursing. These courses are being put on at St. Basile, St. Quentin, Caraquet and Rogersville. They are the second to be put on in these districts, and are put on with the hope of laying a foundation for the more complete course later on.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AMONG SASKATCHEWAN HOME MAKERS' CLUBS.

I WAS sent to Hawarden to give a course of lectures in household science, and, if possible, organize a Homemakers' Club. As in many other places, the Women's Club work was at a standstill, waiting for a new start. They had had a very active Red Cross Society, but after the war it had naturally died. We had a very good meeting the first evening. The attendance was not very large, but there was enthusiasm in the air, which made up for lack of members. The work of the Homemakers' Clubs was outlined to them. They were interested—not merely good listeners. They were thinkers and doers as well. Most people are interested enough to listen, yes, even attentively, but there are few who listen, think and act. After the lecture, enthusiastic little groups were noticed here and there about the room, and I felt confident, that organization was the topic. A few immediately began to think of the possible president, realizing, that a capable leader is the first essential of a successful organization. They, seemingly, experienced little difficulty in making their choice.

The afternoon meeting the following day was held at one of the homes. It seems to me that the atmosphere of "home" contributes much to the spirit of a meeting. I cannot explain this, but I feel it. A cooking demonstration was given. Again the women did not only prove good listeners. They were thinking, for they asked questions. After the demonstration, the women seemed a little lost. There was no evidence of real sociability among them, in fact, no one had anything to say. The unexpected appearance of tea, sandwiches and cake cleared the atmosphere. Instantly, chairs were drawn closer; groups were formed and everyone had something to say; in fact, some had to wait for their turn. The tea worked wonders! I decided then and there that tea will be served, at all reasonable hours, to anyone, in my "house of dreams." This resolution I have renewed on several "tea" occasions since that time. As the women departed, I noticed with satisfaction, the happy and cheerful faces—the result of the "tea" and the "chat."

We had another meeting in the evening. After the lecture a vote was taken to decide whether they were to have a club or not. A club was desired by everyone present. The president and officers were quickly elected. The election of officers is such a serious matter, and our clubs would be more successful if women would realize this. One or two persons can make or break an organiza-

tion. My entire experience at this place went to show that a community may have a successful club, or anything else it may desire, if it has but one leader—one woman who is capable and willing to accept the responsibility of leadership. Where there is a will there is a way—always. The president may have innumerable difficulties, but all can be overcome by love and persistence. We fail because we invite failure, we expect failure. If we would make a successful club our goal, and accept no alternative, we would have successful organizations. About two weeks later a report was received from the secretary of this club. The women were then busy decorating and furnishing a rest-room. By now this will be finished, and no doubt they are equally busy with some equally worthy object.

A course of lectures in agriculture and household science was to be given at Brownlee for the school children in connection with the Boys' and Girls' Clubs. I was sent to this place. I was delighted to find that the principal of the school was a real woman. All her interests were with the children. The parents were mostly too occupied with their work and money matters to give much thought to the school and the education of the children. Their attitude in general was one of indifference. Circumstances led me to conclude that the teacher, an entire stranger in the community, was most truly interested in the future of that school and the children. I gave a demonstration on the canning of vegetables. I do not like demonstrating, but I really enjoyed this one, for the children followed every step with keen interest and gave splendid answers. How hungry the boys and girls everywhere are for knowledge.

I had a little personal talk with the girls the next morning about their development and opportunities. Most of them were wide awake—with wonderful possibilities. I could not help but think that if they are not healthy, happy and useful women a few years hence, it will be because they were not given a "square deal"—a chance. Woe to those who take their responsibility lightly or neglect their work!

## THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE GUEST ON THE FARM.

By Betsy McAllister.

OUR subject is certainly one that appeals to each one of us. We, who live on the farm, oftentimes find ourselves confronted with greater difficulties regarding the entertainment of guests than our sisters in the town or city.

Very often our household cares and woman's work about the farm take up so much of our time that we have little leisure time for so-called entertainment of guests. However, we feel that there is no place where a guest can be so well entertained as on the farm—no place where there can be as much real enjoyment as on a farm—no place where one can be so close to nature.

So much depends too on the guest. If a guest is very staid and prosaic, of course, she is harder to entertain, but there are very few such people to-day. If your guest is from the farm, such person will undoubtedly be interested in everything about the farm and anxious to see and learn how others do their

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## English Institutes Want To Correspond With Those in Canada

THE following letter has been received by the Publicity Secretary of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada from the Federation of Shropshire Women's Institutes, in which request is made for correspondence with the Canadian Women's Institutes. Any Institute to whom this appeals is asked to write to the address below. The letter is as follows:—

"Dear Madam:

"Two Shropshire Institutes have expressed a wish to be linked with Institutes in Canada. One Institute is on the outskirts of our county town of Shrewsbury, so is not a really rural Institute; the other is right out in the country.

"Our idea is that we should write letters to the Institutes, possibly every two months, telling each other anything we may think interesting to the other side. If you think this is a good plan, would you be kind enough to put us in touch with two Institutes?

"Yours faithfully,

"GWENDOLINE ALCOCK,

"Chairman Shropshire Federation W. I.

"Address: 24 Dogpole, Shrewsbury."



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## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

work and also spend their leisure time. If a guest is from the town, everything will be new and interesting. The freedom of the farm will be enough to entertain in itself. The guest will appreciate the chance to roam about, get in touch with nature, in the flower, the bird and bee. While we speak of this entertainment of the guest, this is only "general." We cannot entertain without some thought of food or recreation.

It is a well known fact that very few people on the farm live from "hand to mouth." We pride ourselves on the fact that we keep a supply of food on hand, so that should an unexpected guest arrive, we do not immediately become flustered, but can rest on our oars, and feel that we have at least something to make a decent meal.

If a woman is provident, she has stored away in her cellar a goodly supply of fruit, pickles, vegetables and such like. This is not extravagance, this is common sense. God provides these things, each in its own season, and it is our privilege, nay, our duty, to see that we take care of these and store them away for other seasons. With a goodly supply of these, one can feel at ease, as she has something to turn her hand to at all times. Then most farmers are well provided with meat. We do not expect always to have a supply of cooked meat on hand, but we can soon cook it, and so many dainty, appetizing dishes can be made when one has such a supply. Not that one needs to use such great quantities, but one can combine the meat with the vegetables already stored away and make very tasty, nourishing dishes. We also usually have plenty of butter, milk and cream on hand, and so feel we have a great deal with which to provide for the inner man.

Regarding the entertainment of guests on the farm, there is so much to interest one when she does not feel shut in by her neighbors' house on one side, a store on the other, and a full clothes-line to the back. Such freedom appeals to everyone that we do not feel duty bound to provide amusement for our guests. Any guest who comes to our homes will appreciate far more being allowed to assist with the household duties, then, when the tasks are done, all can enjoy themselves together. In winter, a sleigh ride is always enjoyed and an evening spent at a neighbor's house, where games, music, etc., are engaged in, is not only pleasing but profitable.

The sociability enjoyed in winter around a bright cosy fire while the storm rages without is (though it sounds like a paradox) like an oasis in the desert—a green spot in the memory of many a person in this land.

One great point in entertaining a guest is "do not fuss." Fuss and worry are two great means of wearing out one's nervous system, and instead of it being a pleasure to have a guest in the home, it becomes a "mountain of bother." Whatever you do, be natural and do not neglect the work which has to be done.

While we talk about guests, we must not forget that we have ever with us "The Unseen Guest," and make our hearts and homes a welcome place for Him as our Chief Guest.

### SUMMER SERIES ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETINGS, 1920.

#### Division 1

Fonthill, June 1; Stamford, June 2; Willoughby, June 3; Bowen Road, June 4; Ridgeway, June 5; Port Colborne, June 7; Crowland, June 8; Welland Junction, June 9; Fenwick, June 10; Winger, June 11; Canfield, June 14; Dunnville, June 15; Rainham Centre, June 16; Selkirk, June 17; Jarvis, June 18; Hagersville, June 19; Caledonia, June 21; Chippewa, June 22; Caistorville, June 23; Abingdon, June 24; Wellandport, June 25; Rosedale, June 26; Smithville, June 28; Grassies, June 29; Grimsby, June 30; Beamsville, July 2.

#### Division 2

Moyle & Tranquility, June 1; Grandview, June 2; Echo Place, June 7; Camsville, June 8; Langford, June 9; Middleport, June 10; Onondaga, June 11; Carleton Place, June 14; Glanford, June 15; Mount Hamilton, June 16; Binbrook, June 17; Blackheath, June 18; Lyons, June 21; Springfield, June 22; Stratfordville, June 23; Lakeview, June 24; Tillsonburg, June 25; Maple Grove, June 28; Mount Elm, June 29; Springfield, June 30; Otterville, July 2; Norwich, July 3; Beaconsfield, July 5.

#### Division 3

Kelvin, June 1; Woodhouse, June 2; Port Dover, June 3; Walsh, June 4; Forestville, June 5; St. Williams, June 7; Goshen, June 8; Delhi, June 9; Lynedoch, June 10; Fairground, June 11; Freeton, June 14; Waterdown, June 15; Sheffield,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)



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# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONNTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

June 16; Millgrove, June 17; West Flamboro, June 18; Dundas, June 21; Drumbo, June 22; Bright, June 23; Hickson, June 24; Braemar, June 25; Embro, June 28; Harrington, June 29; Lakeside, June 30; Kintore, July 2; Thamesford, July 3.

## Division 4

Kingsville, June 1; Harrow, June 2; Malden, June 3; Wheatley, June 4; Port Alma, June 5; Valetta & Fletcher, June 7; South Raleigh, June 8; Cedar Springs, June 9; Guilds, June 10; Harwich East, June 11; Irwin, June 12; Thames River, June 14; Dover Centre, June 15; Thamesville, June 16; Ridgetown, June 17; Morpeth, June 18; Palmyra, June 19; Highgate, June 21; Muirkirk, June 22; Clachan, June 23; Rodney, June 24; Crinan, June 25; West Lorne, June 26; Wallace-town, June 28; Iona, June 29; Shedden, June 30; Fingal, July 2; Middlemarch, July 3.

## Division 5

Ailsa Craig, June 1; Clandeboye, June 2; Granton, June 3; Thorndale, June 4; Birr, June 7; Dorchester Station, June 8; Harrietsville, June 9; Belmont, June 10; Mt. Brydges, June 11; Appin, June 14; Middlemiss, June 15; Newbury, June 16; Napier, June 17; Farquhar, June 18; Hurondale, June 19; Exeter, June 21; Crediton, June 22; Zurich, June 23; Bluevale, June 24; Brussels, June 25; Walton, June 28; Ethel, June 29; Molesworth, June 30; Wroxeter, July 2.

## Division 6

Esquesing, June 1; Bannockburn, June 2; Georgetown, June 3; Omagh, June 7; Damascus, June 8; Conn, June 9; Cedarville, June 14; Mt. Forest, June 15; Ennotville, June 16; Speedside, June 17; Cum-nock, June 21; Ospringe, June 22; Coningsby, June 23; Erin, June 24; Hillsburg, June 25; Marsville, June 28; Riverside, June 29; Paisley Block, June 30; West End, July 2; Everton, July 3; Arkell, July 5.

## Division 7

Elia, June 1; Edgeley, June 2; Maple, June 3; Kleinburg, June 4; Port Credit, June 7; Clarkson, June 8; Dixie, June 10; Streetsville, June 11; Meadowvale, June 14; Cheltenham, June 15; Belfountain, June 16; Alton, June 17; Caledon, June 18; Brampton, June 19; Castlemore, June 21; Malton, June 22; Sandhill, June 23; Altona, June 24; Sandford, June 25; Sunderland, June 26; Cannington, June 28; Beaverton, June 29; Gamebridge, June 30; Brechin, July 2; Zephyr, July 3.

## Division 8

Haysville, June 1; New Dundee, June 2; Central Dumfries, June 3; Branchton, June 4; Whiteman's Creek, June 7; Bu-ford, June 8; Princeton-Woodbury, June 9; Mt. Peasant, June 10; Scotland, June 11; Oak Hill, June 14; Shakespeare, June 15; Milverton, June 16; Millbank, June 17; Listowel West, June 18; Sebringville, June 19; Mitchell, afternoon, June 21; Goulds, evening, June 21; Fullarton, June 22; Staffa, June 23; Kirkton, June 24; Tavistock, June 25; West Montrose, June 28; Linwood, June 29; Wellesley, June 30.

## Division 9

Durham, June 1; Hanover, June 2; Lamlash, June 3; Elmwood, June 4; Louise, June 5; Dornoch, June 7; Desboro, June 8; Chatsworth, June 9; Kilsyth, June 10; Salem, June 11; Rockford, June 12; Owen Sound, June 14; Shallow Lake, June 15; Clavering, June 16; Kemble, June 17; Annan, June 18; Bognor, June 19; Meaford, June 21; St. Vincent, June 22; Moorefield, June 23; Drayton, June 24; Glen Allan, June 25; Clifford, June 28.

## Division 10

Williscroft, June 1; Paisley, June 2; Narva, June 3; Walkerton, June 4; Belmore, June 5; Holyrood, June 7; Lucknow, June 8; Becher, June 9; Wilkesport, June 10; Sombra, June 11; Corunna, June 12; Collinsville, June 14; Providence, June 15; Bentpath, June 16; Florence, June 17; Shetland, June 18; Aughtim, June 19; Brooke, June 21; Watford, June 22; Warwick, June 23; Wardsville, June 24.

## Division 11

Priceville, June 1; Badjeros, June 2; Kimberley, June 3; Rocklyn, June 4; Walter's Falls, June 5; Strathaven, June 7; Parkhead, June 8; Hepworth, June 9; Wiarton, June 10; Mar, June 11; Colpoys Bay, June 14; Hope Bay, June 15; Lion's Head, June 16; Kintail, June 17; St. Helen's, June 18; St. Augustine, June 21; Dungannon, June 22; Goderich, June 23; Londesboro, June 24; Blyth, June 25; Wingham, June 28.

## Division 12

Dunroon, June 1; Stayner, June 2; Sunnidale Corners, June 3; New Lowell, June 4; Barrie, June 7; Thornton, June 8; Newton Robinson, June 9; James Mills, June 10; Ruskview, June 11; Corbetton, June 14; Shelburne, June 15; Horning's Mills, June 16; Laurel, June 17; Maples, June 18; Orangeville, June 21; Camilla, June 22; Blount, June 23; Waldemar, June 24; Colbeck, June 25.

## Division 13

Guthrie, June 1; Oro Station, June 2; Crown Hill, June 3; Orillia, June 4; Rugby, June 7; Harvie Settlement, June 8; Jarratt, June 9; Unthoff, June 11; Price's Corners, June 14; Rama, June 15; Severn Bridge, June 16; Ardrea, June 17; Mount St. Louis, June 18; Eady, June 21; North River, June 22; Coldwater, June 23; Waubausene, June 24; Victoria Harbour, June 25; Midland, June 28; Penetang, June 29; Elmvalle, June 30; Silver Maple, July 2; Allenwood, July 3; New Flos, July 5; Shanty Bay, July 6.

## Division 14

Agincourt, June 1; Unionville, June 2; Markham, June 3; Stouffville, June 4; Whitevale, June 7; Claremont, June 8;



### A WESTERN SECRETARY

Mrs. A. H. Rodgers, Fort Saskatchewan, Secretary of Alberta Women's Institute.



### AN ALBERTA SUPERINTENDENT

Miss Mary MacIsaac is an energetic and efficient officer.



### A DAIRY AUTHORITY

Mrs. W. F. Stephen, of Huntingdon, Que. (formerly Miss Laura Rose), author of "Farm Dairying," and lecturer throughout the Dominion of dairy topics.

Shirley, June 9; Brooklin, June 10; Whitby, June 11; Thornhill, June 14; Vandroff, June 15; Pine Orchard, June 16; Mt. Albert, June 17; Newmarket, June 18; Kettleby, June 21; Schomberg, June 22; King East, June 23; Laskay, June 24; Goodwood, June 25.

## Division 15

Starkville, June 1; Charlecote, June 2; Elizabethville, June 3; Garden Hall, June 4; Manvers, June 5; Bethany, June 7; Mount Pleasant, June 8; Fairmount, June 9; Millbrook, June 10; Bailieboro June 11; Cobourg, June 12; Elmview, June 14; Coldsprings, June 15; Harwood, June 16; Roseneath, June 17; Centreton, June 18; Baltimore, June 19; Grafton, June 21; Wicklow, June 22; Brighton, June 23; Smithfield, June 24; Stockdale, June 25; Wooler, June 26; Codrington, June 28; Hilton, June 29; Castleton, June 30; Seymour West, July 2.

## Division 16

Janetville, June 1; Valentia, June 2; Reaboro, June 3; Omemee, June 4; Cameron, June 7; Bobcaygeon, June 8; Fenelon Falls, June 9; Cobocok, June 10; Burnt River, June 11; Kinmount, June 12; Irondale, June 14; Minden, June 15; Haliburton, June 16; Preneveau, June 18; Norwood, June 19; Warsaw, June 21; Mount Julian, June 22; Springbrook, June 24; Stirling, June 25; Minto, June 26; Ivanhoe, June 28; Madoc, June 29; Marmora, June 30; Fort Stewart, July 2.

## Division 17

Collins' Bay, June 1; Stella, June 2; Conway, June 3; Adolphustown, June 4; Maple Leaf, June 5; Enterprise, June 7; Melrose, June 8; Phillipston, June 9; Roslin, June 10; Thomasburg, June 11; Scott's, June 12; Frankford, June 14; River Valley, June 15; Rednersville, June 16; Mountain View, June 17; Demorestville, June 18; Milford, June 19; East and West Lake, June 21; Cherry Valley, June 22; Wellington, June 23; Consecon, June 24; Bayside, June 25.

## Division 18

Phillipsville, June 1; Elgin, June 2; Morton, June 3; Westport, June 4; Newboro, June 5; Crosby, June 7; Portland, June 8; Finch, June 9; Martintown, June 11; Glen Brook, June 12; Williamstown, June 14; Picnic Grove, June 15; McCrimmon, June 16; Maxville, June 17; Kars, June 18; Lectrum, June 19; Stittsville, June 21; Dunrobin, June 22; Torbolton, June 23; Antrim, June 24; Fitzroy, June 25.

## Division 19

Perth, June 1; Maberley, June 2; Fallbrook, June 3; McDonald's Corners, June 4; Elphin, June 5; Lavant Station, June 7; Poland, June 8; Watson's Corners, June 9; Hopetown, June 10; Lanark, June 11; Drummond Centre, June 12; Carleton Place, June 15; Janey Canuck, June 16; Clayton, June 17; Clay Bank, June 18; White Lake, June 19; Pine Grove, June 21; Burnstown, June 22; Castleford, June 23; Lakeview, June 24; Queen's Line, June 25; Beachburg, June 28; Westmeath, June 29; Renfrew, June 30.

## Division 20

North Huntsville, June 3; Dwight, June 4; Dorset, June 5; Baysville, June 7; Macaulay South, June 8; Muskoka Falls, June 9; Gravenhurst, June 10; Port Carling, June 11; Carling, June 12; Orrville, June 14; Sprucedale, June 15; Doe Lake, June 16; Burk's Falls, June 17; Midlothian, June 18; Magnetawan, June 19; Sundridge, June 21; South River, June 22; Mecunoma, June 23; Trout Creek, June 24; Golden Valley, June 26; Loring, June 28; Arnstein, June 30; Restoule, July 2; Hotham, July 3; Powassan, July 5; Calvin, July 6; Feronia, July 7.

## Division 21

Sandfield, June 1; Tehkummah, June 2; South Baymouth, June 3; Big Lake, June 4; Rockville, June 5; Mindemoya, June 7; Carnarvon, June 8; Grimesthorpe, June 9; Billings, June 10; Kagawong, June 11; Ice Lake, June 12; Barrie Island, June 14; Gordon, June 15; Poplar, June 16; Elizabeth Bay, June 17; Silver Water, June 18; Sheheganing, June 19.

## Division 22

Carterton, June 22; Tenby Bay, June 23; Richard's Landing, June 24; A Line, June 25; Desbarats, June 28; McLennan, June 29; Echo Bay, June 30; Base Line, July 2; Goulais Bay, July 3; Tarentorus, July 5; West Korah, July 6; East Korah, July 7; Johnstone's, July 8; Cloudslee, July 9; Iron Bridge, July 10; Lee Valley, July 11.

## Division 23

Fort Francis, June 1; Crozier, June 2; Burriss, June 3; La Vallee, June 4; Devlin, June 5; Big Fork, June 7; Barnhart, June 8; Ermo, June 9; Lash, June 10; Barwick, June 11; Chapple, June 12; Shenston, June 14; Stratton, June 15; Pinewood, June 16; Rainy River, June 17; Kenora, June 21; Quibell, June 22; Ox-drift, June 23; Dryden, June 24; Bedworth, June 25; Cloud Bay, June 26; Fort William, June 28; McIntyre, June 29; South Neebing, June 30; Slate River, July 2; Blake, July 3; Carter's July 5; Murillo, July 6; Kakabeka Falls, July 7; O'Connor, July 8; Hymer's, July 9; South Gillies, July 10; Scoble West, July 12; Horn-payne, July 13.

NOTE.—Announcement regarding meetings in the Temiskaming District will be made later.

## FROM NOVA SCOTIA

It is most encouraging to see the progress of the Women's Institute in Nova Scotia. The women are gradually awakening to the great possibilities which lie in the organization, and are beginning to use the power which belongs to it.

A rather amusing incident occurred at a place where a newly organized Institute was discussing work. For some time the water supply at the school had been out of order and buckets of water standing in the hall had been the sole source of supply for drinking water for the pupils. Those in charge of repairing the water system had gone on the principle that "any time would do" for attending to the matter. When the Institute was organized, the ladies decided to take action. It is worthy of note that the matter was attended to at once by those

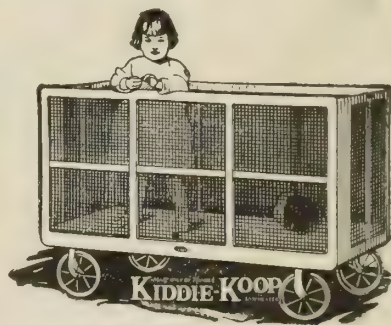
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



## Kiddie Clothes Get Hard Wear in Summer

Haugh Brand Kiddie Garments are protect ordinary clothes. Give perfect freedom. Save laundry work. Easy to slip on. Strong, durable. Wear like iron in garden play. Cover neck to toes. Children 2 to 7 years. Get the Haugh Brand Trade Mark on the pocket.

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### IF THIS WERE YOUR BABY

She'd be an outdoor baby, scandalously healthy, happy and safe in

## KIDDIE-KOOP

Think of the economy—of money, care, space—in this gleaming white nursery need! This bassinet, crib and play-pen combined for the price of a good crib alone. Shelters and protects baby day and night—indoors and out—at play or asleep—from birth through fourth year.

Safety screened—sanitary—wheels through doors—folds to carry—springs raise and lower with one motion.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate Kiddie-Koop, or write for free folder.

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# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

## MOIR'S Chocolates

THOUSANDS of men commenced to eat Moir's Chocolates while in service overseas. They loved the nourishing candy with the distinctive taste and wrote home for more Moir's.

Just as tea is now an afternoon beverage with service men, so have they become attached to the habit of eating Moir's Chocolates whenever that old trench craving for sweets comes upon them. They know Moir's Chocolates have a hundred or more varieties of fillings—and have found those that suit their taste.

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in authority, before the ladies had time to take any action in the matter.

Gardening has been a subject of interest to many Institutes during the spring months. One Institute organized a seed committee and ordered wholesale. In this way they secured good seed at wholesale rates, and a spirit of neighborliness and friendly competition has been introduced. They are looking forward to a Women's Institute exhibit of fruits and vegetables and canned goods at a Fall Fair.

Thrift as a patriotic measure has been before the Institute, and gardening has been urged as an opportunity to give assistance in this all-important campaign.

Moving pictures on gardening subjects and other subjects of great interest have been a feature at some of the Institute meetings this spring.

The school is of unfailing interest to the Nova Scotia Women's Institute. Gifts from the Institutes of new books and maps have been appreciated greatly. Cleaning, painting and general improvement campaigns have been in full swing, and now the school gardens are matters of great interest.

Bridgetown entertained the High School girls (about thirty in number) at one of their meetings. A special programme was put on for that day and dainty refreshments served.

Blockhouse hopes to obtain a Hall for the Institute and is working toward that end.

Barss Corner finds the study of citizenship has been of great interest at their meetings, also the work of the Institutes in other Provinces of our Dominion.

Carleton is working to erect a memorial to its soldiers.

Caledonia keeps up to the events of the day with its study of Immigration problems and of European conditions.

Deerfield and Pleasant Valley are becoming interested in local improvement.

Glance Bay has a newly organized Institute which has made plans to establish a Victorian Order nurse in their community. They have assumed the responsibility for her support.

Hantsport Institute has joined hands with the town council to beautify and improve the town, as well as the school. Assistance to the Children's Aid is also given by this busy Institute.

Kempt has bought a building to remodel as a hall. The Institute is interested in all Community work, and has always given support to the school children in their school fairs.

Paradise has taken steps to improve the water supply in the schools. "What other Institutes are doing" made an interesting roll call at a recent meeting.

Sheffield Mills believes in making the most of what is at hand. At a recent meeting of the Institute a demonstration and talk on "Different ways of using and cooking Apples" was of practical value. As Sheffield Mills is in the centre of a famous apple district, this is most practical.

A new Institute has been organized at Lovely Bear River, Digby County, which will do great things, judging by the interest and activity already shown.

Miss Stuart, our representative on the Dominion Federation, has organized an Institute at Gaspereaux, which has great plans made for the future.

### A WORD FROM TREHERNE.

THIS society is not a large one, but has done much work for the community. Since its formation it cleaned up the local cemetery, sent a good many dollars to Red Cross, adopted a war orphan, organized a fruit club, and is going to give two prizes at the local fair for the "best babies." So, by that it will introduce child welfare. The town also boasts of a big Boys' and Girls' Club. The society is badly handicapped in having no permanent meeting place, but hopes to secure one of its own soon.

### ONTARIO INSTITUTE NOTES.

Richmond Hill Institute gives books and prizes to the pupils of the school for punctuality and regular attendance.

Beaconsfield has placed wash basins in the local school and keeps the school supplied with paper towels.

Aurora Institute gives prizes at the School Children's Fair for home-made baking and canning of fruit.

At Slate River there is an old hall which is being moved on to a new site and the Institute purposes remodelling it and putting a library into it.

Thorndale Institute started a public library there and they keep adding new books each year.

Sheffield Institute donates a sum of money annually to the maintenance of the Galt Rest Room.

Howland No. 1 (near Little Current, on Manitoulin Island), is co-operating with the U.F.O. in buying a Community Hall.

Birkendale Institute is co-operating with the other Institutes in North Muskoka, in supporting a Rest Room at Huntsville, which is supplied with stove wood, chairs, lounge, trundle bed, toilet, etc.

Hope Bay and Hopeness (in Bruce County), supplied the two schools in their locality with wash basins, towels, soap dish, and soap.

A Junior Institute, formed at Maynard, meets with the Senior Institute every three months, besides holding regular meetings by themselves.

Barnhart Institute (in Rainy River District), has an Institute woman on the School Board, and has given prizes for efficiency to pupils.

Alford, Park and Governor's Road Institute interested the girls in their locality in a shower for the Children's Shelter in Brantford, to which they responded liberally.

Horning's Mills Institute repaired and enlarged the old Workman's Hall, and now have a nice comfortable hall suitable for a village.

Cherry Grove Institute (near Markdale), has helped the local school by introducing the hot lunch, providing for the painting and decorating of the interior of the school and are helping to the extent of \$100 in the building of a shed in the school yard. They purpose having a well on the school grounds.

### THANKS FROM THE C. N. I. B.

In a letter recently received by Mr. Putnam, Supt. of Ontario Institutes, from the Secretary of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, that official writes:

"In again bringing to your notice the work and aims of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, we take this opportunity to express to the Women's Institutes of Ontario, our keen appreciation of the great interest taken by them in the work for the amelioration of the blind and also to thank them for their splendid response to our appeals for funds."

## The Canadian Woman Citizen and the Dominion Government

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

of all voters in his sub-division, and as one comes to vote, he or his clerk hands him a ballot paper. As the ballot is secret, the voter goes into the booth alone and marks his cross opposite the name or names he wants to vote for. He comes out and hands his ballot to the deputy-returning officer, who removes the counterfoil and drops the ballot in the box. The poll clerk marks "voted" on the list after the voter's name. Any mark on the ballot more than the cross after the desired candidate's name ruins the ballot, and the vote is lost.

To guard against buying of votes, or other interference with the just con-

duct of elections, there is a heavy penalty imposed on anyone who offers, receives or asks for money, position, or other reward for a vote.

All campaign expenses must be borne by the candidate or his friends. He must have an agent who keeps account and pays all lawful expenses. After the election these expenses must be published in a newspaper of the constituency. A by-election must sometimes be held in a constituency owing to the seat becoming vacant by the death or resignation of a sitting member of the House. The same rules govern this as in a general election.

  
**PALL MALL**  
*Famous Cigarettes*

At the Tea Hour

*Cork Tips  
and  
Plain Ends.*

*1/3 in London,  
30¢ here.*



# Kellogg's WAXTITE



## Insist on the genuine WAXTITE Package

Only in the WAXTITE package can you get the big, crisp, delicious Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, with their wonderful *sugar-saving* flavor. Your grocer is glad to supply you with these tempting toasted corn flakes if you ask him for the WAXTITE package.

He will also supply you with Kellogg's Shredded Krumbles—the all-wheat, ready-to-eat food that gives you all the vital, nourishing elements nature puts in the wheat grain.

He also has Kellogg's Krumbled Bran for you—the new cereal bran food that overcomes constipation—the only bran that neither looks nor tastes like bran but is *all* bran. It makes the finest breads, muffins, etc., you ever tasted, and is also ready to eat as a cereal at breakfast.

All of these famous Kellogg products, made right here in Toronto, come to you with their oven-fresh goodness retained in the WAXTITE package and guaranteed by the signature of

*W.K. Kellogg*

# WAXTITE

—the Kellogg word for clean, fresh, appetizing cereal foods—means a dust-proof, damp-proof, odor-proof package, absolutely sealed. All Kellogg's foods are thus guarded till they reach your table. You will avoid disappointment if you select the genuine WAXTITE package, as inviting in its appearance as its contents are appetizing. For your sake and our sake, look for and get the WAXTITE package—its inimitable goodness of contents is your reward.

For "Goodness" sake — Get the WAXTITE package



# Columbia Grafonola

## "Now we can dance"

In thousands of pleasant vacation places this happy scene is repeated every year.

With this Vacation Model Columbia Grafonola you can dance to the very last note of every record.

Take it with you when you go away this season. There need be no dull moments—for not only dance tunes but the whole range of world-wide music will be at your command.

Sweet and clear of tone, light, compact and easily carried, this wonderful little Grafonola is a never-failing entertainer for vacation days.

*New Columbia Records are out the 10th and 20th of the month.*

*Columbia Grafonolas: Standard Models up to \$360.*

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**T**O observers of general conditions, it seems quite apparent that the opportunities which existed, to secure large speculative profits from stocks which developed extraordinary earnings, is over. The banks of Canada and the United States have adopted a loaning policy, which, if adhered to, means that conservative undertakings based on permanent lines will first be served with funds. The speculator must pick up money where he can, and at high rates of interest. This is in itself, sufficient in the way of guidance to the average man or woman who desires to do the right thing at the right time with his funds. Purchasers of securities from now until the period of world deflation is well advanced will apparently serve their own interests best by adopting a more or less conservative policy beforehand. Of course, my theory is that investment is investment all the time; that is to say, the best results in the long run will be obtained by the purchaser of securities of the first grade, because he is sure his capital is safe, and always liquid, and even if his annual return seems small compared to some speculative results, it actually is not small because it is continuous.

The person committed to speculation, that is, who is always endeavoring to so place his funds that he will get a return out of the ordinary, picks his plums, but has many a set back. In fact, the public would be surprised if they could go over the annual statements of a hundred speculators picked at random, and note what a small yearly return is shown on the entire capital invested. On the other hand, the policy of slow, steady accumulation, with practically no losses, produces surprising results.

To the buyers of the more solid securities, many opportunities offer. One may now take advantage of the high interest rate to lodge funds for a fairly long term in "Gilt-edge" bonds affording the greatest security with an ample income over a fixed term of years. For instance, I notice an issue of the Government of the Province of New Brunswick 6% coupon gold bonds. A coupon bond means that the holder detaches a perforated coupon from his bond, presents it at the bank on the due date, printed on the coupon, and is paid his interest money. The term "gold" means the principal of the bond, and usually the interest also, is payable in gold coin. But while it is usual to include the term "gold" in the clauses of a bond, it is not at all certain that a demand for gold will produce gold. In fact, there has been no gold paid out to the public as currency during the war period, or at present. These New Brunswick bonds carry interest at the

rate of six per cent. per annum. They are denominations of One Thousand dollars, are dated May 1, 1920, and mature May 1, 1930. Thus, the buyer of these bonds can lay out a thousand dollars to bring in a stated income for the fixed period of ten years. His return will be a little over six per cent., 6 1/4% to be exact, as the bonds are selling at 99.08.

When a Government bond is offered to yield a trifle over six per cent. it would naturally follow that securities rated not so highly by the banking and investment market would have to offer even a greater incentive in the way of interest return to cause the public to absorb them. A case in point exists in another new issue, the 6% bonds of Abitibi Power & Paper Company. These are General Mortgage (not First Mortgage) 6 per cent. bonds, which have forty years to run. They mature in 1940. The price is 92 1/2 and the yield is about 6.70 per cent. The student of investment, who may be in the early stages, will observe that there are all classes of bonds, with their points of strength and weakness, and that the best of them command the highest price, and the most uncertain of them have to be offered away under the market price of the best. The points to be watched in a bond purchase are many, and the subject will be taken up again.

The common mistake is, through lack of knowledge of what the different securities mean, to enter upon a speculation with the idea that it really is investment. To illustrate again: A widow, on the advice of a broker, put a large sum into common stock of Toronto Railway Company. She has lost two-thirds of her money already. This buyer assumed she was "investing" her funds. Any one thoroughly understanding investment would have advised her that she was speculating in a stock which was not then apparently worth its market price, and in so far as safety to capital was concerned, appeared to offer so little substantial backing as to render this common stock quite dangerous to buy.

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If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

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## PUT the BOYS And GIRLS

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What you would have to pay for a single pair of children's leather shoes will buy several pairs of Fleet Foot.

And Fleet Foot have many other advantages beside economy.

The rubber soles prevent slipping in play, and promote quietness in the house.

These shoes are easy on the feet—and so carefully made of such sturdy materials that they give excellent wear, even with children who are "hard on shoes."

Put the boys and girls in Fleet Foot this Summer and save money on their shoes.

There are Fleet Foot shoes in sizes for men, women and children.

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It gives the milk flavor

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is pure pasteurized separated milk in the most convenient and economical form in which you can buy it—a dry powder.

You can buy Klim from your nearest grocer. It is packed in handy blue and white striped tins in half pound, one pound and ten pound sizes.

Get a tin today. Read the directions. Lift off the cover. Scoop out eight level tablespoonfuls of Klim and place it on top of a pint of water in a bowl. Whip briskly until all is dissolved. It takes just a few seconds. Taste it. You'll be delighted with the natural flavor.

Klim makes delicious biscuits, cakes, sauces, and milk soups. Use it wherever you have been using liquid milk in cooking and baking and you'll be delighted with its convenience and economy. The small amount of fat in Klim powdered separated milk is not detrimental when it is used for cooking and baking, because it is more economical to use fat in the form of butter. It is the general custom for the housewife to use the balance of the milk for cooking after taking the top off the bottle for the table.

Klim remains fresh and sweet down to the bottom of the tin. Keep the cover on and tuck the tin away in the kitchen cabinet or wherever it is handy. No need to put it on ice. Hot weather does not affect its goodness. Go away over the week-end, or for a month; when you come home there's a supply of sweet separated milk all ready by adding the water.

For summer houses and for camping-out trips, take a generous supply of Klim along. It's light to carry. Clean to handle. Use as you need it. Always good.

KLIM (brand) Powdered Whole Milk contains all of the fat of the original rich whole milk from which it was made. Because of its richness in fat the product is not sold by grocers but is sold direct to the user. Clip out the order form below and send to our nearest office. You will receive by return parcel post a trial pound and a quarter tin with price list and free cook-book.

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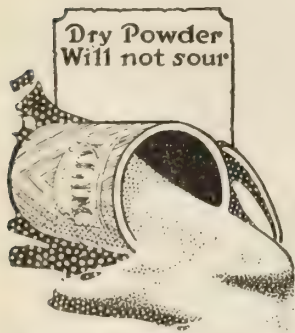
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## A Prima Donna in the Bud

Glimpses of the Childhood of Madame Albani, the First Eminent Canadian Singer

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE public career of the famous Canadian prima donna, Emma Albani, is part of the world's knowledge. It is permanently embodied in all biographical dictionaries which include the musical celebrities of the nineteenth century. This article, however, deals with that portion of her life which is of more intimate interest to her fellow countrymen—her childhood and girlhood in Chambly and Montreal. It is a tale that should be of interest to ambitious Canadian girls everywhere, though for but one in a million can destiny hold such blessings as it did for little Marie Cecile Emma Lajeunesse, daughter of the village organist of Chambly, an old settlement on the Richelieu River in southern Quebec.

First, one will summarize briefly the events that made her in the latter part of the nineteenth century one of the most renowned women of her time. She was born at Chambly on November 1st, 1852, and is now living in honored retirement in London. The beauty of her voice, and her talent as a musician, became known while she was a little child, and after the removal of her father to Albany while she was a girl in her teens, she developed such promise that in 1869 funds were raised to send her to Paris and Milan for study. She made such rapid progress that she was able to make her debut in grand opera at Messina, Sicily, in 1870, before her eighteenth birthday. The following year she won success at Florence, Italy, and Valetta, Malta, and her position was established from the night of her first appearance at Covent Garden, London, on April 2nd, 1872, as Amina, in Bellini's "La Sonnambula." Triumphs in Paris, St. Petersburg and many other centres followed, and for twenty years she was a great favorite with the British public, in operatic and oratorio roles, and became a close personal friend of the late Queen Victoria. She also received many orders, decorations, gifts and other marks of distinction from royal personages all over Europe. About twenty-five years ago she retired from the operatic stage, but continued to appear in concert, making several successful tours of Canada during the later nineties. Her farewell appearance was made at Albert Hall, London, in 1911, and she received a great ovation from a public which had held her in esteem for nearly forty years. In her long career she sang a great number of the leading soprano roles in opera, many of them (including the more important Wagnerian roles) for the first time in London. It is regrettable that, though she became famous at an earlier age than most prima donnas, the full quality of her voice commenced to wane shortly after her fortieth year. In the case of Melba, Patti, and several other prima donnas of the first rank, there has been phenomenal preservation of tone quality, which was denied her. Of

her greatness during the period covered by 1872-1895 there has never been any question. Her fine personal character and happy married life with her husband, the late Edward Gye, a noted impresario, whom she married in 1878, also helped to make her universally respected.

The story of her childhood is to be found in her autobiography, published in 1911, the year of her farewell to the public. Though most of her life had been spent in London, she still cherished precious memories of the sound of the rapids of the Richelieu

River, and the sight of old Fort Chambly, which had been familiar to her in babyhood. It is indeed one of the most beautiful spots in North America, whether in winter or summer. Her father, Joseph Lajeunesse, was a French-Canadian, of Breton descent, and a skilled performer on the organ, violin, harp and piano. Her mother, Melina Mignault, was of French and Scottish descent, and an excellent amateur musician as well. On her mother's side the tradition of the full quiver prevailed. Madame Lajeunesse was the eldest of twelve children, and little Emma played with aunts as young as herself, as well as with many family connections.

The musical training of the child was begun by her mother, when she was but four years old, and when she was five the father took her education in hand in a true professional spirit. Albani says: "The early days of my childhood were so taken up with study that I had little time to play, but I can well recall the occasion on which my childish mind woke up, as it were, to the extreme beauty of nature, and the lovely scenery

which surrounds my early home. It was once when I had been away for some time, and on my return I seemed suddenly to see and to feel the wonders of nature, and the marvellous beauty all around me. It spoke to me for the first time as music was speaking to me, and in every country where I have travelled since the beauty of nature speaks to me still."

Albani never had a doll, and even at the age of five worked at her music four hours a day. Her tasks seem cruel enough to-day, when thought is turned on the problem of making child life free of care, but she does not seem to have pined under it. The father was insistent on patience and exactitude in practice, and when friends protested that he was subjecting the child to a strain too severe for her years, his answer was a laugh. The daughter used to laugh too, in after years, when she found herself so thoroughly equipped for a career.

There was fun in her life also, for the home was a happy one, with plenty of juvenile society, and an aunt who used to devise little plays based on French-Canadian legends, which Emma and her little friends would act sometimes for the pleasure of the English residents of



ALBANI—DEBUTANTE AND PRIMA DONNA

The upper illustration shows the great singer at the time of her debut in Messina; the lower, in the maturity of her career.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)



## A Prima Donna in the Bud

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.)

Chambly. And even as a little tot the sweetness of her voice won local fame.

When she was in her eighth year the kind young mother died, and Emma was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Montreal, where her father was already a teacher of music. And in the love of the kindly old nuns she found recompense for the loss of her mother. Indeed it was to the good sense of the Mother Superior that she in part owed the direction which her ambitions took. When she first arrived at the Convent the good sisters were astonished to find that a child so young was so advanced in music. After the first term it was necessary in fairness to the other pupils, to debar her from competitions. A child who could read at sight almost all the works of the old masters assuredly placed her fellow pupils under an insurmountable handicap.

One compensation she had, however. She was permitted to play a small demon in one of the religious plays given at the Convent, and did so in such a spirit of earnest mischief that she at last gave way to excitement and had to be carried off to bed hysterically crying—an early exhibition of that dramatic temperament which in after years gave fervor to her stage creations. The Mother Superior of this Convent, an Italian lady of high education, seems to have been a wise and discerning woman. Emma's relatives had conceived the idea that she had a vocation for the religious life, and the girl assumed that a nun-nery was her destiny. The Mother Superior, whose musical enthusiasms were so strong that she used to shed tears of delight when her charge would sing noble compositions, urged strongly that a girl with so beautiful a voice owed it to the world to develop and use God's gift, but promised that, if at some future time she felt the need of the convent life, she would receive her. At the age of twelve the public appearance of the future prima donna began in Montreal, not only as a singer, but as a performer on piano and harp, and she speedily acquired a local celebrity.

At the age of fourteen her life as a Canadian school girl ended, with the removal of her father to Albany, N.Y., and from the time of her arrival there it was assumed that she was to adopt a professional career. She obtained employment as soprano soloist of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church of that city, where she sang the difficult masses of the great composers, and was in demand as a concert singer. Albani is emphatic that singing in public at this age does not injure a girl's voice if she has been properly taught how to use and not abuse the voice, but to my own way of thinking, this early experience may account for the comparatively early decline of her powers. If I mistake not, Patti was kept by her mother from public appearances during the period of adolescence, though as a child she had been a phenomenal singer, and astonished the world when she returned to the stage at the age of seventeen.

Her experience as a choir singer at Albany, however, had the fortunate result of interesting the diocesan Bishop, Mgr. Conroy, and through his influence funds were raised to send her to Europe for study. In Paris she came under fortunate auspices, for one of the nuns at the Sacred Heart Convent at Montreal had given her a letter of introduction to the Baroness de Lafitte. This noble lady nursed her through an attack of typhoid fever, which assailed her on her arrival in Paris, and on recovery introduced her to the leading musical and artistic circles of the French capital, then all unconscious of the doom that was to overtake the city and the brilliant reign of Napoleon III. Duprez, the great tenor, taught her, and through Madame de Lafitte the young Canadian girl was enabled to see the Empress Eugenie. "I was," says Albani, "invited to one of the last Imperial balls ever given at the Tuilleries, and I can well recall the extreme beauty of the Empress. I shall never forget her as she came in, dressed in pure white, with pearls and diamonds, and looking the true Queen of Beauty she actually was at that time."

In later years Albani was to know the Empress as an exile in England.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66.)

## The Economical Covering for Your Furniture is Craftsman Fabrikoid

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It will be conducted by judges who are specialists in Child Welfare work.

Send for entry form to-day.



## An English Garden in Northern Alberta

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

and they are doing splendidly. Crab apple seeds brought from Ottawa were planted eight years ago, and while the trees are growing, they have not borne fruit as yet. To England, Mrs. Thompson sent for foxgloves, and hollyhocks, without which no English-woman's garden would be complete, and the pinks, pansies and larkspurs also came from the home gardens.

**B**ORDERING the garden which is over an acre in size, is a splendid hedge of honeysuckle, pretty in flower, then when the flower has gone, it is still beautiful with its profusion of bright red berries. In addition to the apple trees, there are black, red and white currants of various sorts and varieties, one of the white currant bushes growing from seed sent from England; asparagus, rhubarb, strawberries of different varieties, saskatoons, cranberries, Russian pines, and various other varieties of local and transplanted trees.

While Mrs. Thompson got seed from England, from Eastern Canada and the States, she has also been quick to recognize the beauty of the local shrubs, such as the saskatoon, cranberry and blueberry and has added them to her collection. There are now good sized maples that were started from seed like everything else. So readily have the raspberry bushes, the currant bushes and others multiplied, that in addition to greatly enlarging her own garden, Mrs. Thompson has given a start to her two daughters, who are making gardens of their own, in practically the same neighborhood.

These daughters married since coming to Canada, and settled on farms near the mother's home. Like their mother, they are very happy in the Canadian home and have taken most readily to the different conditions. Two were left alone during the war and while Lieutenant Roberts, M.C., has been safely restored to his family, Captain Meade, M.C., will not return, and his young wife is bravely carrying on the farm. But she has her garden, and expects soon to be able to rival her mother's. Like her mother, she does the work of the garden herself. It is a picture to see the little white-haired mother, out planning, planting and weeding her garden. It is the actual work she does, not just seeing that some one else does it.

Behind a hedge of poplars, maples and saskatoon bushes which form a wind break, is Bear Lake, which has the distinction in addition to having the only English garden on its shores, of being the only lake in all that part to have fish.

## A Prima Donna in the Bud

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)

and many another crowned head beside—some of whom were destined in the late war to meet the same sorrows that came to Eugenie in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. During that conflict the young singer was fortunately in Italy, studying with Lamperti of Milan, to whom she attributes her artistic success. And it was through his kind offices that, when her money was running low, she obtained the engagement at Messina which led on to glory.

In ending the tale of her girlhood, it is worth while explaining why she took the name of Albani, which at one time was assumed to indicate a desire on her part to be known as an American, rather than a Canadian. When she was about to go to Messina it was decided that Lajeunesse was not an acceptable name for the Italian stage. Her elocution master promised to find her a good substitute, and hit upon the name of Albani, as one of an old Italian family, whose members, with the exception of an aged Cardinal, were all dead. He had never heard of such a city as Albany; but the happy coincidence impressed the girl as signifying luck, and forthwith she became Albani.



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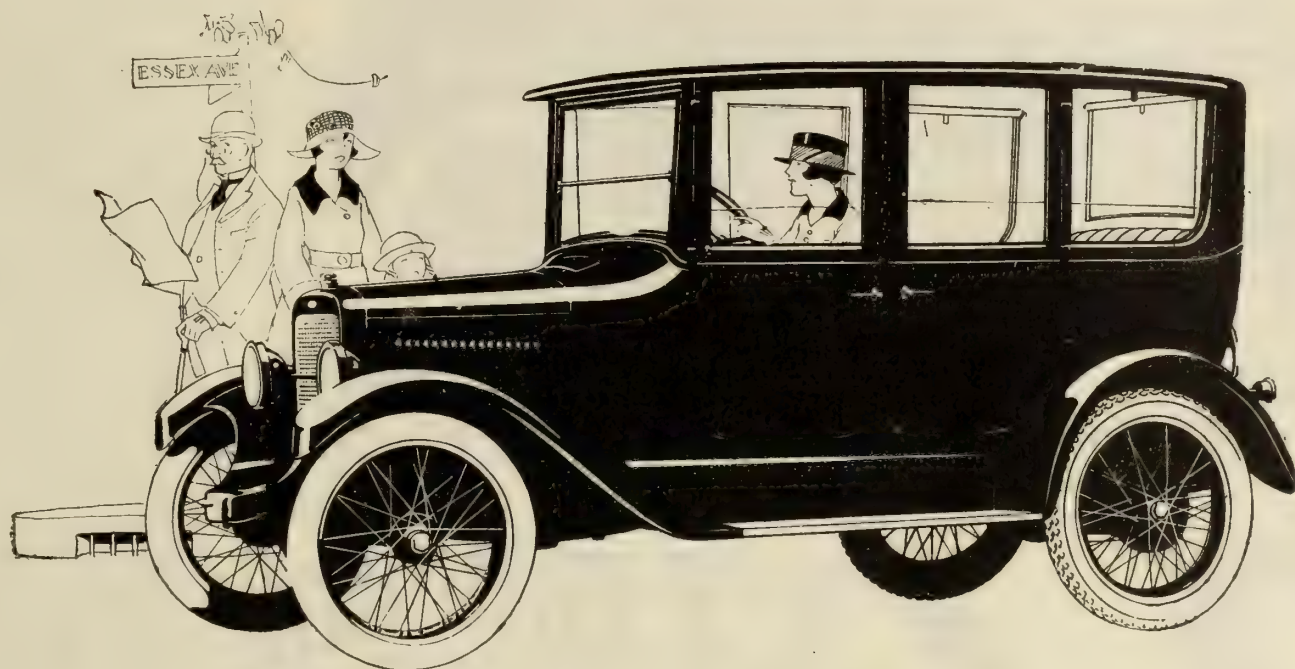
## Our New Serial

Be sure to read the early chapters of our new serial, "A Mail Order Bride," which begins its enlivening course in our July issue. It is the story of a Cupid Exchange in Vancouver and a Bachelor's Ranch in Northern British Columbia, which become involved in an alliance which adds to the mirth of the neighborhood.





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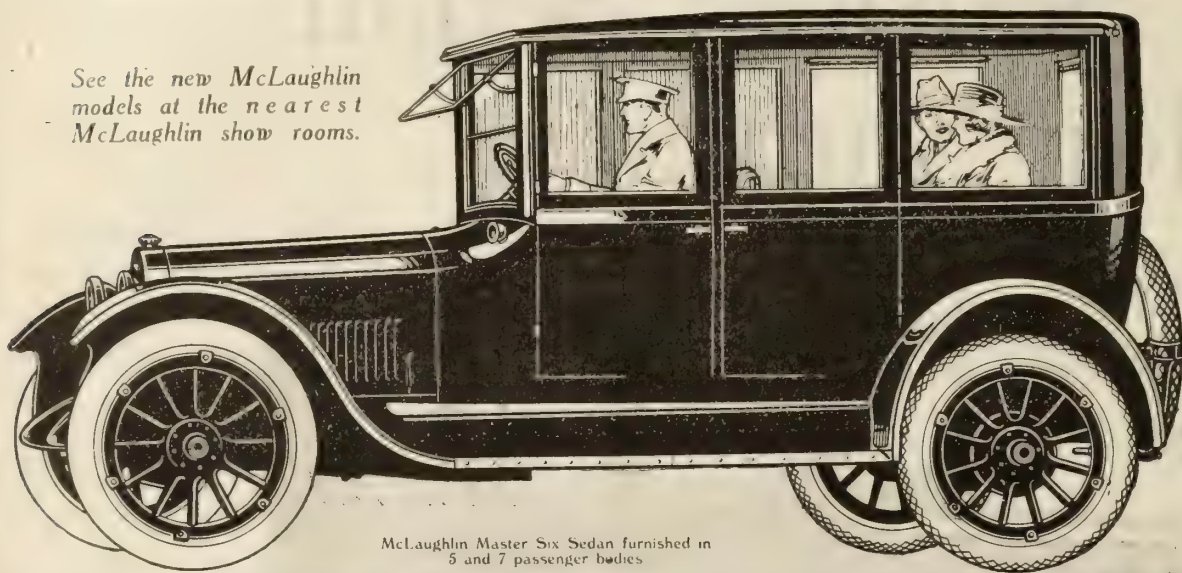
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## Evelina: the History of Her Heart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

reason why you shouldn't indulge your interest in Art."

"What about your own interest in Art?" I asked dryly.

"Me? Ah, I'm going to give up sketching. One must concentrate. From now on I think of nothing but amuseances. Besides—well, you always were a blind little bat, Lina."

I didn't enquire what she meant. I am not quite blind either—it's only that I am afraid. I don't want to see things that may not be there. And he went away without a word!

"Yes, he did," said Katherine, answering my thought in that uneasy way she has—but I had not lost these dear so much loved I not military regulations more? He's like that, you know, Lina, a man's man every inch. If you are anything to him you'd be a great deal, but you'll never be what Harold calls 'the whole cheese.'"

"Half a cheese—" I began, but the telephone bell interrupted me.

"Long distance—run!" said Katherine.

**I** DON'T know how Katherine guessed. But it was!

A moment before he had been so far away. Now he was in the very room. His voice spoke in my ear.

"Is it you, Lina?" I knew what it sounded so breathless. Mine was the same. I could hardly manage to stammer a faltering "yes."

"I couldn't see you before I left," the breathless voice went on, "but I thought you might understand. Do you?"

"N-no—I—y-yes."

"Good! You're a brick, Lina! Say, Lina, do you remember how I used to look at you in school?"

"You were—very rude."

"Then you did notice it! I never could feel sure. What I want to say is that I've never really looked at anyone else. You've always taken up all the sky line, Lina. Do I make it clear?"

"Y-yes."

"Couldn't you register a little more conviction?"

"Yes."

"Could you say 'Jim'?"

"Yes—Jim."

"You see I didn't allow for Harold. He was an accident and delayed things rather. But I felt it was only temporary."

"Oh!"

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Oh!'"

"But what does it mean in English?"

"It means that your modesty amazes me."

"Well—I say! I couldn't help seeing that you were bored to death, could I? Harold too?"

"Indeed!"

"Well—weren't you? Hello! Are you there? Lina—"

"Don't yell, Jim."

"Oh, dash it! This telephoning isn't nearly as simple as I thought. Lina, I'm going to get special leave—just a day. But I can't wait till then. Will you marry me, Lina? Hello! Hello! No, Central, I've not finished—get off the line! Hello! Lina—"

"Yes, Jim?"

"Does that mean you will?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Good! You really are a brick, Lina. I know I'm not doing it right. But I'll do it all over when I get there. This is just—just—"

"Just making sure of your option?" I suggested smoothly. (I was quite cool now.)

"Oh, I say, don't! A fellow can't get back through this hanged telephone—and there's the bugle! Of all the—I've got to stop. Lina!"

Even for the joy of teasing him I couldn't resist that note in his voice.

"It's all right, Jim," I said quietly.

The telephone clicked. He was gone—to answer the bugle.

I hung up the receiver thoughtfully. There would always be a bugle with Jim. I knew that. But there are women and women, and men and men—and somehow I like the man who hears the calling of bugles!

It was washing day and John had been kept from school to look after the baby. Mother sent them into the garden to play, but it was not long before cries disturbed her. "John, what is the matter with baby, now?" she inquired from the washtub. "I don't know what to do with him, mother," replied John; "he's dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house."

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Watch for our new department "Concerning Investments." See page 63 of this number.



## The House Between

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"if I could only see him, I would know him surely. I could tell his face—sharp and cold, like those scissors things he must use. But one wouldn't care about that. It is the brains behind the face that matter."

Alice Dickson laughed again.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Sure as a die," Jeanie affirmed.

"Why, one would know his face in a thousand. And if that failed, there would be the smell."

"The smell?"—in surprise.

"Yes—the human drug store, medicine chest, chloroform smell. But one wouldn't mind that either."

"I wish I could introduce you—but—"

"There is always a 'but,'" Jeanie frowned. "And it butts. It isn't so much missing him now, since my nose led me to you. Miss Cornelia Harding will be home in three days. How shall I explain?"

"I shall tell her I called."

"Yes—the next morning."

"And that is just the part I will not tell her."

"You are a dear," cried Jeanie Wren. "And I am going home right this minute to put another 'God bless you' into my prayers."

It was Tots, three years old, blissful, baby Tots, who came crawling through the hedge next morning, right into the back yard of Miss Cornelia Harding—novelist; and spying the one and only Human Story Lady in a far corner, he made a bee-line straight through the aster bed towards her.

"Bumper's comin'," he screamed in frantic delight. "Bumper's comin'."

Jeanie looked puzzled indeed.

"Bumper?" she questioned.

"Yep—Bumper—" breathlessly.

"When?"

"Now—right now"—he thrust out a letter. Jeanie took it dubiously.

"Mudder sended it," he told her.

So Jeanie Wren hastened to read, and this is just exactly what she read:

"Dear Human Story Lady:—Our dear family brother is arriving today. Please do come over for supper. It is the children's treat, and they want you."

ALICE D.

"Our dear family brother," she repeated. "Tots,"—she looked about quickly, but Tots was of the invisible. "Tots,"—she ran around to the hedge and caught him half way through the hole—"Tots—is he—the Bumper—your uncle?"

"Yes—he ain't," said Tots, squirming from her grasp.

"What's the hurry, Tots?" she called, watching him scurry away.

"Yes—it ain't," he yelled, never looking behind him.

Jeanie was sore puzzled.

"He must be some uncle to make Tots move," she thought. "I just bet he is there now."

MISS JEANIE WREN went moodily into the house, into the cool and dark recesses of the drawing-room. You see she was a little bit frightened of her own thoughts, and endeavored thus to hide them. She was worried—dismayed. This Bumper man must be quite a chap indeed to make Tots run away from her. And she didn't want to meet any big folks in there. The Dicksons were all so dear and friendly and human.

"It's the children's treat," she repeated. "And mine too, I guess. Two days of freedom, and then we begin—Miss Cornelia and the typewriter and I—Miss Sylvia's Romance." Oh, drat it anyway."

The Wren part came out victorious at length. She knew what she knew.

"If he is a snub, I'll be a snub too," she declared. "And if he takes the kiddies from me—I'll fight like a—like a cat for them. And if he is nice and decent and chummy—well—Jeanie Wren, do you know which is your best foot—to put it forward?"

It was four o'clock to the minute when Jeanie Wren, winsome and alluring, in her best white crepe de Chine, with the black velvet bands, made her way across the Dickson's side lawn to the verandah. Doris and a man were ascending the steps.

"Hello, you folks," she called. "Just a minute—I'm coming."

Instantly the man turned about.

"Are you the one and only Human Story Lady?" he hailed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)



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Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

THERE are certain Candies which have taken generations to produce and can never be successfully duplicated.

Such are "DELECTO" Chocolates—the supreme achievement in G. B. Chocolates—and the result of 50 years' experience in making fine Chocolates.

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## The House Between

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.)



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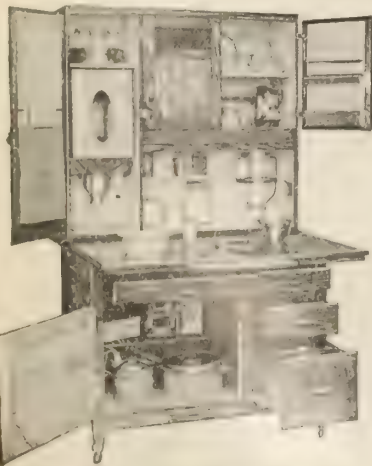
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"I am," was the quick response. "And you are—the Bumper." The children's treat it was indeed, and some grown-ups are forever children. They played on the lawn, they raced in the back yard, and at six they went in to supper. Jeanie Wren declared "It was all so right, it didn't seem it could be right." And after supper they sang in the softly lit drawing-room, with mother Dickson at the piano.

"It's just too lovely," Doris breathed ecstatically, when it came time for them to go up to bed—"It's just too lovely to stop it."

For compensation the Story Lady went up with them, trailing a long string of stories behind her. It would have been nice indeed—nice and proper and usual, had not Tots started the trouble.

"I wants the Bumper up here too," he pleaded, "to bump us on the beds."

"Maybe to-morrow night," Jeanie reasoned.

"No—now," he persisted. "I wanna bump now."

"But—"

Fred came manfully to the rescue.

"I'll get him," he yelled, and bolted for regions below. He came back presently—triumphantly—the Bumper with him.

And then the trouble began. He bumped them on the beds—he bumped them on the floor—he bumped them into the air—did this man. And such shrieks—such long, delicious howls—you never heard before. Jeanie watched near-by, helpless with laughter.

As quickly as the fun began, just as quickly did it cease. He bumped them with a last bump into their little white beds, and all became exceedingly quiet. The Story Lady knew her turn had arrived. She waited—just as long as she dared—for the Bumper to go down stairs. But he was a wise man. He went to Fred's bed and seated himself comfortably.

"Now for our story," he said.

"Tell us the one about the Fairy Happiness," Doris begged.

"Well, once upon a time," the Story Lady began bravely, and no one there knew how brave she was really trying to be—"Well, once upon a time there was a Little Fairy and she lived with all the other fairies in the dell of Make Believe. But the Little Fairy was not happy; she could not sing joyously as the others, nor could she dance so lightly. And when she worked her heart was heavy; sometimes she even cried. So one day she went to the Fairy Queen and begged:

"Please—please let me go away, where I can be happy."

"So the Fairy Queen smiled and gave her a little gold key.

"It unlocks the only door to Happiness," she said softly. "And when you come to the right door, the key will fit—the door will open."

"And the key was—" Doris suggested.

Jeanie Wren hugged her and smiled.

"And the key was Loving," she continued. "So the Little Fairy went out from the dell of Make Believe to the real world.

"Far she travelled, over the hills, and down into the valleys, and into the cities. And everywhere she went she could find no door for the key. At the houses where she danced with the real people, the locks were all too big; and where she worked sometimes, for she worked to earn her daily bread, there were no locks on the doors for her key. All the shop doors were bolted at nights with heavy iron bolts. Though the Little Fairy pretended all the day long that she was happy, she knew it was a lie, because happy people never, never, cry under the sheets at night, as the Little Fairy did.

"One day she could bear it no longer—she wanted to run back—all the way back—to her own people. So early one morning she started out for the dear dell of Make Believe. She was tired when she started, so tired at times, that she feared she could never return. But lo!—the nearer she drew to home, the better she felt—the happier. And when all the Fairies in the dell saw her coming from a long way off, they hastened about in all directions to prepare a welcome for her.

"There was feasting and much dancing and glorious singing, when the Little Fairy returned. Bless me—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71.)



# The House Between

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

she sang lovelier than any of them—and dance!—oh, how light and happy her step was! Then the Fairy Queen called for the little gold key.

"I could not find one door in all the world," said the Little Fairy sadly, as she gave it back.

"But the Queen smiled, for she was wise. She beckoned the Little Fairy to her. And the gold key of Loving fitted the lock of the Little Fairy's own heart.

"Now," spoke the Queen to the assembly, 'since her heart door is open to all the world, she shall be known as the Fairy Happiness.'

"Oh—" breathed Doris—"Oh,—and it means—don't forget that, Story Lady."

"It means," the Story Lady's voice was low—"that only within our hearts can we find our real happiness, in being good and kind and loving."

There was an intense silence.

"Gee," Fred suddenly ejaculated, "ain't she a squelcher?"

They looked to Tots for answer, but he was sound asleep, away in the dell of Make Believe.

THEY left them presently—the Bumper Man and the Story Lady, and went out to the real, real world. In the hall at the top of the stairs he paused. She paused too—because—well, I suppose her nose stopped leading her.

"Why don't you write stories like that instead of—instead of novels?" he asked.

"Because I don't write novels."

"But you live next door," he amended. "They told me so. Aren't you Miss Harding?"

Up went Jeanie Wren's hands in a gesture of dismay. "Call me any thing but that," she said.

"Then you are not?"—eagerly.

"Never was—never will be," she assured him. "Why, I am just her secretary—ordinary Jeanie Wren."

In the dim light he caught her hands.

"Say, but it's great," he exclaimed. "I didn't want you to write novels like hers and all the time I thought you were doing it anyway. Do you come over here often?"

"Every day—since nearly two weeks."

"Do you tell a story like that every night—in just that way?"

"Why—yes—" she nodded.

"Say," he asked—"are you coming to-morrow night?"

THE END.

## Judgment

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

again with words and theories. Could the man never be practical? Could he never learn of life as it was?

"I am only now beginning to know Lena," he said, breaking in upon my thoughts.

I glanced at him quickly. What did he mean? Had she come back then? Where was Lena? I had not seen her nor had he given me the faintest idea that she had returned.

"Where is she?" I asked, curiously. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he said dejectedly.

"I can't find a trace of her. Every clue ends in failure."

"But then—" I began.

"What I mean to say," he explained, "is that when I sit and think of her now, I no longer think of her actual features, of the colour of her hair, or the contour of her face . . . and I see the real beauty of Lena. It's something quite different," he went on, "the actual beauty of Lena is something which I can't talk about, something I know and feel, and yet can't find words to express. Oh God!" he said suddenly, and I noticed how his shoulders were bowed as beneath the weight of the whole world's woe. "Do you think I shall ever be able to find her?"

That was what I was beginning to wonder myself, as time went by.

He came in late one evening and sat down without lighting his pipe. To my offer of tobacco or cigarettes he shook his head.

"I just came over to say good-bye," he said. "I'm sailing in the morning."

"Sailing," I inquired, astonished.

"Yes," he said, "I have an idea that Lena has gone abroad. I am going to look for her until I find her."

THE END.

"Yes—I suppose so."

"Well—I am coming too."

"You silly man," she gasped—"You silly man."

And down the stairs she sped, all new laughter and dreaming. For she felt just as the Little Fairy felt, when the key of Loving opened the door of her heart.

Out on the verandah was Alice Dickson and father Dickson. They seemed to be laughing, and Jeanie wondered why father Dickson rose so suddenly and hurried away out upon the lawn. Jeanie Wren sank into his place. A long, long while of silence.

"Well," at length, for Alice. "Did you have a good time?"

"The children did,"—Jeanie snuggled down among the cushions—"Couldn't you hear them?"

The mother laughed.

"Hear them—I should say we did hear them. And you—didn't you like it too? Bumper is the limit sometimes."

"Yes,"—Jeanie reached her arms high above her head. "He is the limit. I am lots wiser now, than I was."

Alice started.

"You see," Jeanie went on, "I've learned that being somebody isn't the only thing. You know how wild I was just to look at that Dr. Kerby, with his sharp, scissory face, and his drug shop personality, when the world is truly filled with real people—all being somebody in their own way. Unless celebrities are first of all humans—they don't count much with me any more."

"What story did you tell—the Happiness one—did Doris ask you, and did Tots play his part well, too?"

Jeanie Wren sat up suddenly.

"Yes—Doris did ask," she admitted.

"How did you know? And Tots—what did he play?"

"Would you mind if I told you that all of us—all of the Dicksons only, planned just to-night?"

"Because—why?"

"Because of you—and—Dr. Bumper Kerby."

Another long silence.

"Glory—glory—was that him?" Jeanie's voice was very trembly.

"Yes—do you mind?"

"Mind—" there was low laughter—"Oh, mother Alice Dickson—I could just kiss you for doing it."

"And so could I," called the illustrious Dr. Kerby from the hallway.

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## A Sextette of Canadian Women Writers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

and "Rainbow Valley." Her books have sold into the tens of thousands and there is no more popular writer throughout the Dominion of Canada.

ONE of the best liked writers in Canada, Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, whose novels, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," "The Second Chance," "The Next of Kin," and "Three Times and Out," have been so widely read, declares that she has no particular method in writing. "I write," she told the writer, "when I feel like it and have never been able to 'grind it out.' It comes easy or it does not come at all. I have never made any study of the technique of story writing, my plan being to just listen and watch people and then write it down. I simply write about the people I meet and set down their stories as faithfully as I can."

Mrs. McClung's favorite authors are Charles Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson. "I do not like mystery stories or problem stories," was the emphatic statement of the western writer. "I like simple tales of real life, preferably those which end happily."

In answer to my query, Mrs. McClung stated that her hobbies were few. "I take an interest in sheep and collie dogs and general out-door life. One of the most attractive odors I know is the smell of bacon frying under the poplar trees. My personal history is just the same as ordinary folks'. My husband and I are always on speaking terms, I like all my relations, and while I am a Methodist in religion I am not real sure of my politics." Besides owning and managing her own sheep ranch, along with her literary activities, Mrs. McClung also successfully manages a pretty home on the outskirts of Edmonton where a husband and four children claim her first attention.

Among the writers who have secured a large and ever increasing reading public in recent years is Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, whose three novels, "The House of Windows," "Up the Hill and Over," and "Mist of Morning," have had a wide appeal. Mrs. Mackay wrote poetry before she wrote prose and it was poetry of a very high standard. Her book of child verse entitled "The Shining Ship," has been almost as popular as her novels. Mrs. Mackay tells me that her methods in writing are many and various. "I write when and where and in whatever manner I get the chance," she declares, "and such holidays as I am lucky to get are spent in camp, for I have found roughing it to be both restful and refreshing. I enjoy anything in modern literature that is well done, from an educational treatise by Wells to the style-marked fascination of Conrad."

MRS. EMILY F. MURPHY, known to the reading public as "Janey Canuck," is one of the outstanding names in present day Canadian literature. While she has written few books, "Janey Canuck in the West," "Open Trails," and "Seeds of Pine," these volumes have been published in Great Britain, Australia, and Canada, and have had a very wide sale. Quite recently "The London Bookman" declared that Mrs. Murphy's philosophy had "literally sung its way through the Dominions." "Her work," says "The Bookman," "is the song of the open road. The refrain of the wind-swept places is in her work. It is not style that matters in the work of Janey Canuck any more than it matters in the work of Walt Whitman—a kindred philosopher. She is a philosopher of gladness and content and common sense—a philosophy as durable as Bergsonism. 'The Open Trails' is a rubric—a book that makes you want to go and bury your face in the cool brooks, to hear blackbirds and robins piping against the clear skies; to be a brother to the wind, the lover of the stars; to breathe the freedom of sun-washed spaces and to follow the trail through the fragrant pine woods and winding mossy ways."

"My methods of working?" asked Mrs. Murphy in reply to my query. "Let me see. I am not sure but perhaps if you said I wrote in the present tense and in many moods you would come near it. I do not write if I am tired, annoyed, or laboring under a

sense of hurry. When I am thinking out my work I often play the piano, work in my garden, turn over some of my collections, or do some housework. I am a slow writer—at least I think I am—and keep continually amending my work, cutting out phrases, paragraphs, and often whole pages. I have found that to spare the pen is not necessarily to spoil the picture. It was Kipling, wasn't it, who said, 'Only the gods can do things in a hurry.' I am always proud of getting my writing done for to me it means I have successfully conquered many allurements of life out west."

"I prefer spending my holidays alone," continued Janey Canuck. "I do not mean in absolute solitude but with a congenial friend. St. Augustine expressed the idea I am trying to give you when he said, 'Alpheus accompanied me, for his presence did not destroy my solitude.' I prefer a holiday in the mountains, on the prairies, or by the seaside—any place with wide spaces and open trails. But let me tell you a secret. As the years go by I am learning to take every day for a holiday. Any woman can do this if she knows how and keeps on practicing. I am trying to take life genially; instead of looking for pleasures I let them come to me. They may come through a sense of adventure as to what side of the street I take and what happened through my decision. They may come from a ruffle of drums, the play of lights on a surface, a chord of music, a shapely tree, the flower-like face of a child, or a spread of vivid color. The beauty of this kind of holiday is that you are happy nearly all the time, and get refreshment every foot of your way."

"MY preference in modern literature is rather difficult to answer. I will say though," said Mrs. Murphy with a smile, "that when pulling a book down off the shelf I more frequently find I have a Russian or Irish book in my hand than any other—that is, if it is not George Borrow. I also like reading translations of Persian, Chinese, and Hindoo writers. To follow on the trail of a unique mind, or to consider unusual themes with an author of two or three thousand years ago is a rare and unending delight. Maybe this so-called 'old literature' is really the newest kind after all. Anything is modern if it is ancient enough."

"I have no hobbies at all although I have done almost everything else in the world except brewing and deep-sea fishing. I have operated a furnace, a sewing machine, a foreign hired girl, women's clubs, a typewriting machine, the church bell and organ, timber limits, farms, coal mines, a kodak, a Ford car, and a Colt gun. I have marketed grain, preached sermons, planted gardens, painted pictures, broken bronchos, and killed hens. I have been through a real-estate boom, been through four major operations, lost in forests any number of times, cooked thousands of dinners, and now I am a police magistrate, a mother-in-law, and a score of other things of varying use or uselessness."

Mrs. Murphy is president of the Canadian Women's Press Club and the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. For the past three years she has been police magistrate and Judge of the Juvenile Court of the Province of Alberta.

While Canadian writers of the sterner sex have enjoyed, and doubtless will continue to enjoy, a large demand for their work, the fact remains that in recent years feminine names on publishers' lists have been growing in number and at the present time there are a larger number of successful women novelists than there are men. Probably the answer to the situation is found in the fact that Canada is still busily engaged in developing her great natural resources. The present indications are that for some time to come women will play the preponderant part in any literature developed in the Dominion. At the present time "the opening up of the last frontier" seems to attract the vision of the male population and the writing of books by men is largely confined to professors or preachers.



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# The Lifted Hand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

realized that he had thought enough to die.

The only thing which disturbed him in the spectacle of the courthouse was the gaze of the foreman of the jury nearly always fixed upon him. He was a young man in his thirties, once an artist, they said, who had married for money, paying the usual price for it. He expected nothing from a man who had done a thing like that. And there was something rude, he felt, in staring even at a prisoner. In a measure it might have been the light where he sat, which formed a sort of halo about his head—but his glance seemed mostly in his direction; not inquisitive, but quiet, perhaps even lazy—yet so often that he resented it as intrusion of his mood.

HE wondered in a practical way if the man was trying hypnotism, if he thought by such method to make him confess. He preferred the judge who was tired of it all and merely rested. Like himself, this man knew exactly how it would end. The jury's business was to convict—it had no need to stare. Or, if they must, let them make a target of his young attorney who was a firebrand—an unavailing one in the present instance, but very relishable for all. Somehow he felt that this man and he could have been friends, could have run together mentally very well. There was something terrier-like in his yelping force and interest, something splendidly dog-like and fearless in his loyalty. Certainly he had little evidence to assist him.

Standing there, facing them all, the prisoner often speculated as to just what had happened in that room after he left and who had actually killed the man. His interview had been pleasant enough. While he had rejected his play, Travers had spoken of it as being good. There had been nothing to quarrel about in any sense. The note he had written the actor the day previous had been merely abrupt, expressing impatience at not having found him at appointed times. It was temperamental, maybe, but not angry, though the District Attorney's office had read it so. Yet there must have been resentment back of the actor's mind. After he had left, he had evidently taken out the critique which the prisoner had published months before, and which he had no idea the other had seen. Following this he could not imagine what happened. Perhaps some ancient enemy had done the deed.

THE last afternoon of the trial dragged slower even than days past. The assistant District Attorney was finishing his address to the jury. A woman entered the courtroom bringing a pang to it. She was still very beautiful and she wept, seeing him there. He wondered if it wouldn't have been better if he had forgiven her. After all a woman is only a woman. He had not seen her for two years till now. The spring swung back with a clutching softness at his throat—the stars and moon of summer that dwell beneath everything somewhere, sometime in every man's blood. A tear fell on the back of his hand—a raindrop wrought from a sky of drouth. He was glad

when she got up and left, apparently unable to stand it further. He could draw again about him the folds of life that no longer contained her. One cannot back past a tragedy if it has been one.

His eyes met the crowd again relieved. Then he saw another woman there he remembered—indistinctly at first, but it came to him suddenly. She had been the heroine of the play he had seen given at the society "benefit," the play Travers had told him he had begun to rehearse. He saw the foreman of the jury and this woman exchange a look—then he recognized the foreman as being the amateur who had played opposite her, endeavoring weakly to present a character too big for him. Instantly the whole scene flashed back to mind. He had forgotten almost plot and everything; even the actor telling him he had accepted the play had not caused him to recall it with any distinctness. Anyway he usually chose to remember only what pleased him, and this clouded effect, due to overworked emotions, had become a habitual curtain for many things in memory.

It came clear now though, startlingly clear—the third act; the tragedy so badly done yet with a suggestion of possibilities. Poor actors, both, the foreman of the jury and the lady! Casually, and despite the fact that it was a "benefit," he had slashed them in his little publication and spoken of unholy attempts at art when charity could get along as well by other means. Probably the foreman had read it—was that why he kept looking at him. It must have been at least eight months past.

THEN, he thought of a real actor in the part, the man who had been murdered, for instance. Why, it would be tremendous—a wonderful third act—he had not really looked into it before. No wonder Travers had chosen it to put on. With his art it would hit the height of the universe—that suicide scene which was the close. Good God! *that was it! The man had killed himself!* Every detail answered—the stiletto, how he was found! Upon his leaving he must have immediately started to rehearse. In the frenzy and art of the thing he had actually committed suicide. His intuitive grasp of character told him this was possible in such a nature. As he now remembered them the plea in the lines was soul-grIPPING. He rose to his feet white-faced, his hands uplifted. He felt the eyes of the foreman of the jury watching him. He faced him, his features convulsed with emotion, then succumbed. The judge, advising the jury, paused for a moment to regard him. Without further movement he sat with his head between his hands till the jury walked out to pass sentence upon him.

It was thirty-two hours before they came in. He waited this time numbly in his cell. Then he was led back to what he felt to be his last look on freedom. The same crowd seemed gathered but now like animals on edge for climax. He turned from them as one tired of them forever. The foreman arose addressing judge and courtroom.

"YOUR Honor," he stated, "there are eleven men for conviction. I, myself, stand alone for acquittal."

There was an instant buzz of speculative interest. An officer called out sharply for order. The judge sat regarding the foreman beneath frowning brows.

"Your stand as foreman against the other members of your jury is so unusual," he said, breaking the dramatic pause, "that I would be glad to have you state your reasons in court. It cannot affect the case in present status as the work of this jury is at an end."

"I am very glad, your Honor, to comply with your request. I shall do so in as few words as possible." Then with his audience grown strangely silent, he proceeded.

He told of appearing in the play which the actor had been rehearsing, of the sweeping power and influence of the climax; how the lines and terrible art of the thing sang itself into the blood of the man presenting it. He, himself, even as an amateur, had realized this power, though he knew that he had played the part poorly. A stiletto was the easiest way to suicide. It penetrated quickly, almost without pain. He knew Edmund Travers, had been a somewhat intimate friend. And his temperament was dramatic, yes, almost to frenzy. He could forget utterly, forget that he played. He had killed himself while rehearsing probably the greatest suicide ever written. This was the real solution of the tragedy. It was inspiration with him, let the evidence point to what it would—a blinding light that had broken over him and could not but be true. He felt that Providence was using his mind to protect the innocent, and he was certain of the prisoner's innocence as of his own. He knew that no ordinary jury would possibly acquit him, but he hoped that something would come up in the way of new evidence which would save the prisoner before another jury could pass verdict.

THE courtroom remained silent except for a woman sobbing her relief. Then restrained breathing broke to whispers in which some order of the judge was lost. The prisoner had listened, his senses swooning, his sight swept away in tears. He realized in that moment just how sweet life was. Then the soft, warm arms of the woman caressed him, holding him. And he grasped her hungrily as one grasps love and dawn out of Hell.

"No man or woman can live alone without bitterness," she breathed. "Through this awful trial Fate has brought me your forgiveness. It will never slay you now, dear; do not fear."

Her woman's intuition was entirely right. The maid who discovered the dead man had picked from the floor, with the idea of saving it from being blood-soiled, a newspaper that lay beneath his outstretched hand. Fortunately she had taken it to her own room and kept it, without thinking of it as part of the evidence. Later, when she examined it, she found scrawled in pencil indistinctly over the type—"I have killed myself accidentally—Travers."

## The Summer Session Student Sees It Through at the O. A. C.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

guaranteed to pass the most critical examination of the most skeptical entomologist.

Taking it as a whole, however, the second-year course is not so strenuous as the first, but it is much smellier. This adjective of doubtful savor applies to the entomological department in a comparative degree and to the chemistry in the superlative. Even now in writing, one's handkerchief instinctively goes to one's olfactory organ as memory brings back recollections of preserved grasshoppers and caterpillars that had been defunct many moons before we were ever called upon to disinter the remains.

IT was in the chemistry room where one student proved her patriotic fervor in falling in with the Government's slogan: "Waste not." She was discovered with a bottle in one hand and a foot stripped of its usual covering in the other. On being questioned as to what particular experiment she was carrying on, she replied: "I had this bit of iodine over and I hated to waste it, so I am putting it on my corn." Truly, economy works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

A subject closely associated with chemistry which, as a rule, does not appeal to the feminine mind is physics. In this department, a series of lectures illustrated by lantern slides were given on the hydraulic ram and other hopelessly complicated machinery. So instructive was this course that at its conclusion some of the men students seriously entertained the thought of leaving the poverty-stricken teaching profession for the more lucrative one of plumbing. The professor in physics was as a voice in the rural districts, pleading that the hydraulic ram and complete water-system be installed on every farm in Ontario. From his remarks we learned that the farmer's wife would be chiefly benefited by this innovation, so she should see to it that her husband is given no peace until it has been installed.

ANOTHER subject which can be written about very briefly for the excellent reason that the writer knows little about it, is the study of certain vicious creatures one-thousandth of an inch in diameter and a mile or so in

name. This is the unappetizing course in bacteriology, and those who are at all sensitive about eating millions of bugs with their daily food are not advised to attend the lectures; they were generally given the last hour before dinner—another instance of economy at the O.A.C.

But of all the lectures we were obliged to take in this upward climb towards the agricultural plum, there were none more popular than those on apiculture or the study of bees. Unfortunately, as the honeyflow had ceased before the session opened, the bees were hungry and consequently were in such an angry mood that all visitors to the apiary were apt to be received with stinging remarks. On this account it was not deemed advisable for us to obtain a knowledge of their habits from personal observations. But as the lecturers had devoted years to the study of these busy workers, we were perfectly willing to accept any statements they might make on the subject. One doubting Thomasina who went down to the apiary to do some investigating on her own

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)

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## The Summer Session Student Sees It Through at the O. A. C.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.)

account got badly stung and for two days and a night she bathed a swollen eyelid while she meditated on a new maxim that "not seeing is believing."

But on the whole the lecturers had reason to be greatly flattered by the splendid attention given them by the feminine portion of their audience. We all listened with wrapt interest to the words which dripped like honey from their lips—and well we might since we were learning things we had never learned before and which the lecturers, dear innocent creatures that they were, never dreamed they were teaching. For it was from them we discovered that in the hive of a bee woman suffrage reigns supreme and an ideal government is the result. What a revolution would be wrought in this man-governed world of ours if every hard-working woman who has a shiftless husband to support would follow the example of the bees in their treatment of the lazy, useless drone! In the words of Solomon one might say: "Go to the bee, thou woman-suffragist; learn of her ways and be wise."

**A**S each of the series of lectures was concluded, examinations were held in order to test the student's powers of absorption. These were really not intended to be taken seriously and the conscientious plodder who could not break off from the life-long habit of considering them the chief end of lectures was subjected to the friendly ridicule of her more adaptable friends. Thus it came about that no one could be found who would confess that she studied for them, and should one be caught in the act, she would feel as guilty as the small boy detected in the crime of reading "Tom Sawyer" concealed in his geography, and would hastily cover up her note-book or Bulletin No. 'nth and pretend to be deeply absorbed in some magazine. But as a rule, one's common-sense would carry one safely through an exam.—provided of course one had any. If not, a judicious amount of blarney tactfully administered might have the desired effect; for as one professor stated, "a little bit of soft soap goes a long way," and what examiner could resist this verse written at the conclusion of a paper:

And now I'm through, I hope that you  
For me some marks will find;  
You'll do your best at this request  
Because you look so kind!

**A**CLOSE observer at the O.A.C. might have been inclined to believe that the habit of grousing had been transferred from the overseas army to the soldiers of Agriculture, for everywhere were heard protests against the tyrannous time-table which took such heavy toll from our waking minutes. That no sympathy could be expected from the lecturers was revealed in the remark of one who said that if the course were made lighter we would be deprived of one of our greatest pleasures, as we got at least twenty-five dollars worth of grumble out of it. Be that as it may, there was one subject—the most strenuous one at that—for which no examination was held, of which no one was ever known to complain, and to which one

hastened with hurrying feet immediately after dinner, when by all the laws of good health one should refrain from violent exercise. This was the optional course in folk-dancing which had many earnest devotees. To such an extent did some of these enthusiasts carry their zeal, that they rose at six in the morning to practice their steps. Such industry is to be highly commended, and it is to be regretted that the indolent students in the rooms below did not take it in the right spirit, but objected strongly to having a dream of capturing beautiful butterflies changed into a nightmare of being caught in a terrible thunderstorm. This transition was invariably caused by the occupant of the room overhead practicing a dance to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman"! Next year an agitation will likely be on foot to have all the devotees of the terpsichorean art confined to the ground floor where they may dance to the contentment of the heart and the destruction of the sole.

**A**NOTHER innovation of last year which it is hoped, will be made a permanent institution of the Summer Course was "Stunt Night," valuable for the revelation it gave of the superior dramatic talent which lies hidden and unsuspected in the bosom of the teaching profession. Our performance consisted of three distinct programmes as the First and Second Year Students were each responsible for one, while the Intermediates joined their forces to provide the third. As a prize of a huge box of chocolates was to be given for the best programme there was keen competition. No admission being charged, the audience was immense. So was the performance, it started at eight and ended at half-past eleven. No form of entertainment ever invented for the stage was omitted, although the tragedy was unintentional.

In spite of the fact that all the practicing had to be done in our leisure hours, those mythical leisure hours, the programmes were excellent, especially the second-year elementary's, which carried off the prize—a sweet triumph. Should the "Teachers' Wanted" columns be unusually long this summer, turn to the page on Music and Drama; there in the higher class of performance offered you will find the reason—the result of Stunt Night at the O.A.C.

Thus with its work and play, its hardships and pleasures, the weeks sped on until it was with a shock that we realized the end had come and we must say good-bye to friends we had known intimately for a few short weeks and whom, in all likelihood, we would never see again.

And now I am home once more. The ladder has been climbed, the plum has been plucked; I am the possessor of a Certificate in Agriculture and an incurable desire to pull up every weed I see, to name every tree that gives me shelter and to rub the seeds from every pod I brush against. Should an insect cross my path, my first impulse is to stoop and pick it up, but I restrain myself as I regretfully think: what a perfectly good bug going to waste!

## A Bachelor's Summer Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

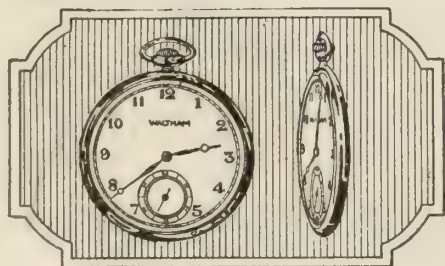
very simple but satisfactory fireplace where had stood the old base-burner. This connected with a chimney in the attic. Several layers of paper, the accumulation of years, were scraped off and replaced by a buff-colored ingrain. Imitation oak disappeared under several applications of flat white, and the floor was treated to a deep wine-color. For thirteen dollars another local personage made me a very attractive corner cabinet with diamond panes which I also painted white. I had secured some satisfactory chintz for curtains, bright birds and foliage on a black ground.

Two of the bedrooms had paper that would at least not disturb one's slumbers by their racket, so this was left on as I had a very limited amount to expend. The third was a menace to any decent neighborhood, so I scraped it off and gave the walls a coating of tan tinting. In the attic I had found a quaint little bed which I bought for one dollar. It was of the old rope variety, but was made very comfy with

modern springs. In the village I picked up two others of cottage type, one for \$1.25, the other for \$2. For sixty-five cents I bought a graceful little washstand. A chest of drawers of excellent design was procured for three dollars, and after an application of paint-and-varnish remover stood revealed as a really beautiful piece of wood and workmanship. I gave it several applications of linseed oil and turpentine, and it has been greatly admired. For five dollars each I secured two others which were in such good condition that nothing had to be done to them.

With some things that I had in my rooms at college I now had enough to go on with. A friend had given me six very good walnut chairs for the dining-room, and my local man made me a substantial table for four dollars. This, with the shelves he had made for my china, I stained walnut. In this room I had knocked down a flimsy and useless partition which left a room of unusual size with three deep windows.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75.)



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# A Bachelor's Summer Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74.)

The walls I papered blue, a color which harmonized with the wood-work. By some mistake this had been painted a delicate French grey by the former owner. Blue chintz curtains and my cheap but effective willow china completed the color scheme. I discovered a seat made out of an old walnut bed. I bought this for one dollar and it was quite transformed by blue chintz coverings and valance.

MY carpenter placed some shelves in the living-room. These I painted white and completed with curtains of habitant homespun purchased in Quebec. I also had temporary shelves put up in the bedrooms where I had no washstands.

Since buying the house I have picked up a number of useful old things—a walnut book-case which is to replace the shelves in the living-room; a clock over a hundred years old which I got for two dollars and a half; a small occasional table for one dollar; an engraving of Sir Walter Scott in his study, charmingly framed, for a dollar and twenty-five cents, and one of Mary Stuart for six-fifty. My andirons I bought for six dollars in an antique shop in Toronto, and my heart was gladdened this summer by the gift of an old fire-screen beautifully worked on moire silk by my friend's grandmother. It is handsomely framed in walnut and on a pedestal of exquisite design.

While I am still on the hunt for more furniture—a sofa, chairs, tables, etc.—the house is now very habitable and cosy, and I am going to expend my energies on the grounds. These have wondrous possibilities.

I have already established beds of hardy perennials in front of the house. Hollyhocks, foxglove, larkspur, Canterbury bells, and other favorites keep a succession of bloom during my vacation. As I am unable to open the house until June and have to leave it in September, I cannot do much in the way of annuals.

I had the barn removed, as it blotted out one of my finest views. The place is a bird-paradise. Robins, cat-birds, wrens, wild canaries, vireos, song-sparrows and many of the other small fry have built in my trees and bushes. During the past summer I was greeted every morning by a stately crane—not a stork, for as I have already said, I am a respectable bachelor—which paraded in front of my dining-room windows in search of his breakfast in the mill-race. Musk rats swim along the banks, and the deep cry of the bittern can be heard towards evening as he forages for his supper. Kingfishers shriek as they plunge after minnows, and phlegmatic turtles float languidly past my dwelling. We hailed one of the latter as he drifted by and he made excellent soup.

HERE with my friends and relatives we fleet the time carelessly for three blissful months. I have no servants at Glen Lodge, for life is simply camping out under a roof. We eat when we please, and do not have to consider daylight-saving or any other invention of fantastic minds. We are three miles from the nearest station and six from the nearest town. My house is, however, within three minutes' walk of the village store where all the essentials may be purchased. A little Menonite woman supplies me with cream and most delicious butter, so house-keeping cares are reduced to a minimum. As in all country places the meat question is the most serious, but a fisherman comes once a week with excellent fish fresh from the Great Lakes.

I have said nothing about my kitchen, which is a large one and in which my house-parties turn loose their talents and energy. I cook on an oil-heater, which gives wonderful satisfaction. My kettle boils as cheerily and with as much gusto as that in the most up-to-date establishment presided over by a Chinese chef. The cellar is of good size, brick-paved, and so cool that I never have to buy ice.

This is a meagre account of a little home (minus a presiding goddess, to be sure) created with a moderate amount of ingenuity and on an income that would perhaps astonish you were I to tell you how really small it is. But I have a good time myself and incidentally manage to give some fun to my friends who always enjoy the country with its freedom from restraint and convention. My story may impel some other man similarly situated to go and do likewise, and judging from my own experience, I do not think he will ever regret it. Try and see!



## Chateau Lake Louise



### Beautiful Lake Louise

Where every window frames a million dollar picture, is the gem of the Canadian Pacific Rockies. You who think you should know Canada better—who are wondering where you should seek this year's vacation—why not visit this, the most magnificent mountain region in the world?

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And this Mountain Garden of Giants is so easy to reach by

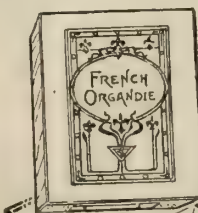
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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Vol. 17 No. 3

JULY, 1920

Toronto



JULY 1920  
Price 20 Cents





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THE constant effort of manufacturers to improve their products and reach the highest point of perfection entitles them to your consideration, and while, for selfish motives there may be forces working to belittle such commendable efforts, the ultimate results are sooner or later bound to be recognized and appreciated by the thoughtful and intelligent individual. The success of

any of the well-known articles that have come to be looked upon as the standard articles of their kind, is invariably followed by the attempt of envious imitators to benefit by another's success, basing their claims for recognition on the unsubstantial statement of "just as good." Such claim is of itself a recognition of superiority of the article imitated.

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IF the future of a people is mainly the business and responsibility of its mothers, that of Canada should be one of the brightest. Canada has many products and many resources, but not one of which she can be so justly proud, as of her young womanhood. In physique, comeliness, capacity, character and intelligence the Canadian girl is a splendid evolution of type. Some fruits ripen to greatest perfection in the North. The flavor is improved by conditions not too easy and favorable. Perhaps our Canadian girl has profited by the same experience. Certainly for several generations her life was far from one of luxury. Canada was long poor. For many a decade after wealth and comfort had become a common portion on the other side of the line, Canadian social conditions remained small and narrow.

The daughters of the land, both in town and country, lived very different lives from those of their descendants of to-day. Bath-rooms and furnaces were amenities of hotels, or of the few rich dwellers in cities. You performed your ablutions in your bedroom, whatever their extent, and were not seldom confronted on a winter morning with a water-jug frozen solid. The upper part of the house might be warmed by a "drum" from a stove below. Stove pipes, from the same source, were also thought to have a moderating influence. They did sometimes feel warm to the touch. Sanitary arrangements were in the back yard, pumps in the kitchen with cisterns, inviting typhoid fever, often successfully. Perhaps more servants were available than there are to-day, but there was no money to pay them. I remember when six dollars a month was thought high wages. The laundry had not arrived—all washing was done at home, even the lace curtains, pinned on stretchers to dry, a spring proceeding of great importance and anxiety. Preserves were naturally put up in the kitchen, and the self-sealer was unknown; you covered your garry-pot with paper. The grocer had no tempting rows of bottled fruit, fair and round and whole, to tempt you from your cooking stove withal. Your stove, that stood well out in the middle of the kitchen, with a lofty stove-pipe elbow, and a movable boiler for washing days—and burned wood. "Cord-wood" that was stacked green in the back yard, to be split up as required. And the ashes went into the vat for some mysterious purpose connected with the yearly making of soft soap for the scrubbing of floors and tables—a generous provision in a barrel, out of which you dipped with a saucer, holding your nose.

NO, those were not luxurious days. Socially, too, they were barren times compared with these. Most small towns had their whist club, but it was apt to consist of seniors, not necessarily grave and reverend, but very different from the bridge fours of to-day. Dances were few and far between, and a far larger proportion of the community disapproved of them than take that view now-a-days. The theatre hardly existed outside the larger cities and precariously there. No automobiles and no cinemas, few journeys and short ones, plain fare and a new "best" dress and hat twice a year—the grandmothers of our girls might find some difficulty in explaining how they managed to enjoy life at all in the conditions of their youth.

Of course they did enjoy it, and the church social and the bob-sleigh party and the spelling-bee were just as exciting in their time as the more sophisticated entertainments. The point is that out of her long deprivation, the Canadian girl

has probably emerged, on the one hand, more keen and eager for the more modern banquet of life, and on the other, more modest and disciplined in the enjoyment of it. That is how her attitude and the explanation of it occurs to one at least of her admirers.

Canadian girls have never lacked the cherishing and protecting which is the lot of women in new countries, but they do not seem to have taken advantage of it to the extent one notices among their American sisters. I find them more the comrades of their men folk, and less inclined to occupy the pedestal so widely tenanted by the ladies of the neighboring Republic. Perhaps the Canadian's sense of humour keeps her off it, perhaps her unselfishness, perhaps just her com-

motto is "Make the best of it." She is candid, frank and sincere, notably free of affectation. Her manners have less finish than those of English girls, but you feel that her deference comes from the heart, her kindness is charming and her enthusiasm delightful. The war brought her less into public life and left her less restless than girls in England, but she took it in her stride, so to speak, and the men who won it know that she did her part. Perhaps her most marked characteristic is her resourcefulness, her independence of circumstances. Left penniless, she takes to the nearest job as naturally as the English-woman takes to the nearest relation.

Girls in Canada are still wholesomely and happily girls—satisfied with the lot that is theirs—and indeed it is enviable enough—just living as girls live, waiting for the hour and the mate. As young married women wider interests claim them—social, political, imperial. No feature of modern life in this country is more interesting or more significant than the almost universal formation of Women's Canadian Clubs. They stand for the breaking down of the old narrow domestic limitations and the fresh values in women's lives produced by their participation in the wider movements of the life about them. The modern Canadian woman is being more and more of a politician, an economist, a sociologist. More and more the great griefs of humanity are touching them to response. They are bringing their hands and their influence to the righting of wrongs, the helping of the weak, the fairer distribution of the burdens of the world, as these things are open to them. There is a wonderful difference in their talk, their interests, their reading, in the last couple of decades.

THE question as to the typical Canadian woman is sometimes raised, and the discussion thereon invariably leads to perplexity. For, in the ancient province of Quebec, there are hundreds of thousands of French-Canadian maids and matrons who might be sisters to Evangeline in their demureness and devotion. Their early marriages and consequent absorption in family cares at an age when most Ontario girls are still at college, gives a distinctively old-world touch to the rural homes of Quebec, which might yet be called Old France. The vivacity and courtesy of the French element gives a piquant aspect to the feminine population of the Dominion, which is appreciated by the observing visitor. It may be noted, too, that from Quebec have come the Canadian singers who have won international fame in the cities of Europe.

A sympathetic observer of Canadian communities, who has recently made the tour of the nine provinces has declared that he noticed in Canadian women, whether in the Island of Cape Breton or Vancouver, kindness and resourcefulness.

Of course the Canadian girl has the defects of her qualities. Her sturdy independence and straightforwardness leave sometimes a little lack of dignity and grace. Her very attractive diffidence is a little apologetic and self-conscious, and her intense patriotism hardly concedes enough to the standards of older civilizations. In spite of her splendid athletics, she does not always stand or sit or walk well. She has not yet had time to think of these things. Meanwhile she drives an even more expensive car, seeks like the honey bee, further and further afield for sources of culture and of charm, finds ever wider walks of influence and occupation—and remains, with every opportunity of being spoiled, a perfect and unquenchable Dear.



#### THEIR NAME LIVETH FOREVERMORE

The citizens of Westmount have voted \$40,000 to commemorate her lads who gave their lives in the Great War, which is to be expended in a magnificent memorial. The design is by Mr. George Hill, R.C.A., Sculptor.

mon sense. At all events, she is far less exacting and more disposed to share her husband's burdens than to ignore them. In this respect, she occupies a just and admirable mean between the indulged and petted American, and the English-woman who is too apt to do the indulging and petting herself. Canadian husbands are neither slaves nor tyrants, and these exemptions do not come by nature or by grace, but simply by the character and disposition of the women of the nation.

THE Canadian girl is essentially healthy-minded. I doubt if the morbid modern idea of sex war would find so much as patient discussion, much less toleration or approval, in any representative gathering from Halifax to Vancouver. Her views of life are sane and straight, and her

#### OUR AIM

- To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.
- To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome and truthful.
- To be a leader in thought and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.
- To publish as far as possible, and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature and their own country with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.







# The Possibilities in every Woman's Face

**T**HE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—*of course*, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired.

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You *can* make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Examine your skin closely in a strong light before a hand mirror. Does it look dull and sallow? Does it lack the soft, lovely color you admire in other girls?

Don't let a condition like this, which you can easily overcome, destroy your skin's possibilities of loveliness and charm.

If your skin is pale, sallow, lifeless, it is not in a normal condition. The little blood vessels are inactive, and should be stimulated. The delicate pores need to be thoroughly cleansed and invigorated.

## How to give your skin new life and color

You can rouse your skin to color and life by giving it this special steam treatment:

One or two nights a week fill your wash bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.



Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap, and with this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion.

Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

## You can feel how much good this treatment is doing your skin

The very first time you use this new steam treatment you will notice that it leaves your face with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments, this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge so soft, so glowing with life and color, that you will realize how much good this treatment is doing you.

Repeat the treatment once or twice a week until your skin has recovered the soft, clear color and radiance it should have. Then continue to use Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet, in order to keep your skin in an active, healthy condition.

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. You will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake to-day—begin, to-night, the treatment *your skin* needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

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A beautiful little set of the Woodbury's skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week*.

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# Read the Opening Chapters of Our Thrilling New Serial

## CHAPTER ONE.

### "WHILE THE BANNOCK BAKES."

"JACK of all Trades and Master of Many." So Frank Hayes had described himself in the Dominion Government schedule sent out to gather data for a Blue Book, to be duly published by a methodical Government when the information was comfortably out of date. A dreary red-taped clerk at Ottawa had frowned at the flippancy, and entered Hayes in the "Homesteader" column—which, after all, was very much the same thing.

Just now Hayes was a solo cook. Ten minutes ago he had been a stableman, after a short spell as a woodsman. Earlier in the day he had been a teamster, a road builder, a bridge constructor, a saddler, a veterinary surgeon, a prospector, and an orator, working up to a brilliant climax when his team hesitated in climbing the steep grades that led to the Fir Ridge.

Though there had been a saddle-horse trail over the mountain for some years, Hayes was the first man to bring a wagon to the Fir Ridge. It was not a great journey in actual distance—barely twelve miles. On a good road an automobile would make it in twelve minutes; but Hayes had been nearly twelve hours fighting his way up the steep hills with his team.

At last, with the early spring day nearly spent, Hayes reached the Fir Ridge, tired, but triumphant. For it is no small matter to be the first man to break a road in a new country; it is a feat to be remembered for a generation.

Well pleased with his exploit, Hayes squatted in front of his camp fire, baking a bannock for his evening meal. As he watched the dancing flames, he idly marvelled that he, of all men, should know how to swing an axe or handle a team, or build a fire by which a bannock might be cooked—the acid test of efficiency in the catechism of things the pioneer must know.

Hayes was not of those designed by nature to be avant-coureurs of civilization. Fair of hair and blue of eye, tall and slim, with a mobility of feature that denoted a nervous temperament, in spite of his rough clothes and primeval surroundings, he still retained much of the indelible stamp of the city man. Years of exposure to biting cold and blinding heat had deeply tanned a once-clear skin, but through it all Hayes somehow suggested an ascetic wanderer engaged in menial penance.

It was not always so! Time was when those calloused fingers—not calloused then—had toyed with an instrument infinitely more potent than axe or mattock.

A curious smile spread over the features of the frontiersman as he watched the bannock slowly browning in the frying pan. Only a hungry, healthy man can truly appreciate a bannock, and Hayes could not but be amused as he contrasted this rude meal with tempting repasts which had been spread before him in the past, many of which he had pushed away untasted.

When, eight years earlier, Hayes had drifted into this re-

mote part of the Quesnel Lake district, in the northern interior of British Columbia, his coming had not been entirely a matter of choice. He had travelled up the historic Cariboo road from Ashcroft to Soda Creek as swamper to an Ashcroft teamster, to whom he had been worse than useless, though with the redeeming possession of an alcoholic thirst which it took two to assuage, all at Hayes' expense.

At Soda Creek, Hayes had exchanged his remaining capital for more liquor and poker chips, and played against professional tinhorns. For two days and two nights he had been "a dead game sport," then by a natural transition he had become a "dead beat." Thereafter he lived as do most dipsomaniacs who are penniless in a strange place, on the generosity of men in a hurry to have what they call "a good time before beating it back to the jungles."

One night Hayes crawled under a canvas stretched over a settler's wagon load of supplies. When he awoke next morning Soda Creek was miles away. He felt stiff and cold. Sharp corners of boxes were bruising him as the wagon lumbered along over a decidedly rough road. He had slept until then, he learned later, because this was the first bad stretch on the Quesnel Lake road.

Hayes squirmed and wriggled his way out from under the canvas, finally emerging under the driver's seat. To Hayes' amazement the driver did not seem at all concerned over the commotion the stowaway was causing, apparently devoting all his attention to guiding his team.

Strong in the consciousness of the absence of any ulterior motive, Hayes apologized for his presence under the canvas, and was proceeding to go into details when the rancher interrupted with:

"That's all right. Take a seat here. You can tell me if you like, but I ain't curious by nature."

"Curiosity in this case would certainly be legitimate," laughed Hayes. "You don't usually find a stranger sleeping among your supplies, I take it?"

"I've got a pretty good team here," remarked the other man, flicking the off horse with the lines.

Hayes knew nothing about horses, nor could

he see any relation between question and answer until the rancher added:

"... a pretty good team, but if I'd been heavily loaded I'd have thrown you out of the wagon before leaving Soda Creek."

"Of course," said Hayes, with a slightly cynical smile. "I believe I've heard of you. You're James J. Jeffries, are you not?"

"No," came the reply, so simply that Hayes could not believe the shot had gone over his companion's head. "That's not my name—I'm Cory Harrigan."

The stowaway looked at him curiously. He had heard of Cory Harrigan during his trip up the Cariboo road with the freighter, and so knew him to be quite a character even in that country where there are so many queer types. Hayes had not believed many of the tales told him of Harrigan, but now that he was face to face with the man they did not seem to be so very improbable after all.

Harrigan asked no questions, not even his companion's name or intentions. His team could pull the load—what else mattered?

At noon Harrigan told Hayes to build a fire while he attended to the horses. Hayes was still vainly trying to get a blaze started when the rancher, his horses unhitched and fed, took over the job in a most matter-of-fact way. When Hayes, in answer to the question "Can you cook?" answered "I don't know, I never tried," Harrigan quite cheerfully said "Then you can't!" and took over that task also.

At the evening halt, when the team was being unharnessed and turned out to graze, Hayes succeeded in building a fire without too much difficulty. He also did his best in the cooking line, which was bad enough, Harrigan said. After supper the two men smoked and talked for an hour or so before rolling in the blankets under the wagon for the night.

Though Harrigan had not directly volunteered any information concerning himself, he had answered all Hayes' questions readily enough. In fact, Hayes later decided that he had used a lot of unnecessary finesse in ascertaining that Harrigan lived alone, had about three hundred head of



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inquiry would have brought the same result in much shorter time.

a tramp, and booked Harrigan as a "loose, idle and disorderly person, having no visible means of subsistence, and failing to give a good account of himself."

worn it to go fishing; to Cory it was just getting comfortable. By the end of the third year a railway construction Bohunk would have passed it

Hayes had put in his improvements on his first homesteads by fencing, plowing, building a barn and corrals, and two small shacks in which he had technically lived for six months of each year while performing his duties. In point of fact Hayes had not slept half a dozen nights on his homesteads in the six years, but the fiction of actual residence had to be established before he could secure a crown grant, hence the building of two unnecessary shacks.

On his new place, Hayes had built a more substantial house, and it was to get "shakes" for the roof that he had made the arduous journey to the Fir Ridge. On the morrow he would cut down a straight-grained tree, saw it up into suitable lengths, and split it into shakes.

When a man builds for himself a substantial house, it is fairly conclusive evidence that he has decided to be a permanent resident of that district. Hayes moralized on this as he broke his bannock in the cheery glow of the camp fire on the lonely mountain ridge where he had come for material for his roof. He had the true Briton's passion for a home and, in Cory Harrigan's opinion, had been unnecessarily elaborate in the building of his new place. Hayes smiled as he recalled this, his pardonable pride in the house, and some of his youthful ideas of what his particular castle should be like.

"Eight years here is a long, long time," he murmured, as he finished his simple supper and prepared to enjoy a post-prandial smoke. His cigarette papers and matches were in his shirt pocket, his plug of tobacco was—home, twelve miles away. He faced the unpleasantness of two or three days without tobacco.

But not without a smoke! Master of many trades, he was equal to the emergency. Kanick-kanick berries reddened the earth all around, fir trees were bearded with moss, and timothy hay littered the bottom of the wagon box. A few kanick-kanick leaves, a very little moss, and enough timothy seeds to give the necessary bite, and Hayes had a tobacco substitute which was, he assured himself, fully equal to the best imported mixtures, only of course not so widely advertised.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### CORY HARRIGAN AND HIS PANTS.

THE most curious trait about Cory Harrigan was his utter lack of curiosity. Changes he abhorred, and avoided whenever possible. Without being knowingly discourteous, other people's opinions and feelings weighed not the slightest against his own inclinations. Cory lived up to his perversion of the Golden Rule: "Do Unto Yourself as You Would Others Did Unto You."

This possibly explains why, at thirty-two, Cory had \$1,000.00 in the bank, 400 head of cattle, 26 horses, and all the machinery that goes to make up a Western stock ranch. All of these Cory had amassed by his thrift, industry and dogged determination since he was twenty-one, when all he had in the world was a virgin homestead and a legacy of ten thousand dollars.

In matters beyond the limits of his ranch and range, Harrigan never showed the slightest interest. He had not read a newspaper for years, and for all he knew or cared Sir Wilfrid Laurier might still be Premier of Canada. Political changes meant no more to him than does an election promise to the unsuccessful candidate the day after the votes are counted.

As to Cory's physical appearance, there can be no better guide than this extract from the Ashcroft police blotter, where a circus policeman once decided that no tramp could look so much like

ago." And he wore the same clothes, or rather his clothes still looked the same.

For Cory Harrigan's clothes did not wear out in the ordinary sense of the word. They eroded. No cloth has yet been manufactured that will forever stand the hard work of a rancher's day. In time it will rip, tear and ravel. But good cloth will not rot in a lifetime, if worn continuously.

Once upon a time Cory had bought a brand new suit of working clothes. He had selected it with care, testing every seam, gouging every button-hole with his jack-knife, and tugging at every button with his teeth. He had stood with both feet on one leg of the pants, thrown the other over his shoulder and tugged with all his might to make sure they would not split at the crotch. He had put the coat sleeves to the same test. He had taken the waistcoat to a water tap and turned a stream on it to assure himself the cloth was water-resisting. And then, satisfied, he had paid the trembling storekeeper forty dollars, retired to the rear of the store and encased himself in his new cocoon.

That was many years ago, but Cory still wore what was left of that suit. Within a year it had reached the stage at which a city man would have discarded it; to Cory it had hardly been worn. Inside two years a very poor man might have

## Morning in the North-West

By Arthur Stringer

Grey countries and grim empires pass away,  
And all the pomp and glory of citted towers  
Goes down to dust, as Youth itself shall age.  
But O the splendour of this autumn dawn—  
This passes not away! This dew-drenched Range,  
This infinite great width of open space,  
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's own breath  
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the blood,  
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,  
This virginal vast dome of opal air—  
These, these endure, and greater are than grief!  
Still there is strength: and life, oh, life is good!  
Still the horizon lures, the morrow calls,  
Still hearts adventurous seek outward trails,  
Still life holds up its tattered hope!

### For here

Is goodly air, and God's own greenness spread.  
Here youth audacious fronts the coming day  
And age on life ne'er mountainously lies.  
Here are no huddled cities old in sin,  
Where coil in tangled languors all the pale  
Envenomed mirths that poisoned men of old,  
Where peering out with ever-narrowing eyes  
Reptilious Ease unwinds its golden scales  
And slimes with ugliness the thing it eats.  
Here life takes on a glory and a strength  
Of things still primal, and goes plunging on.  
And what care I of time-encrusted tombs,  
What care I here for all the ceaseless drip  
Of tears in countries old in tragedy?  
What care I here for all Earth's creeds outworn.  
The dreams outlived, the hopes to ashes turned,  
In that old East so dark with rain and doubt?  
Here life swings glad and free and rude, and I  
Shall drink it to the full, and go content!

not noid stitches, Cory doggedly squeezed another two months' wear by driving holes all around the sole and lacing it over the vamp with baling wire.

Cory's hat had once been a soft black felt, but countless showers and bleachings had faded the black to a dull grey-green, though the original color still showed faintly where the ribbon had clung over the brim for many seasons. The crown had been cut and slashed one day in the hayfield because Cory felt oppressively hot. As this drastic proceeding not only spoiled the shape of the hat but would tend to shorten its usefulness, Cory had bunched the ends together and tied them with twine.

It must not be supposed that Harrigan was miserly, parsimonious, or even close. When he bought, the best was barely good enough. He lived well, so far as his limitations permitted. It was the idea of change that was foreign to his nature; he preferred to make things do until the things demonstrated their material nature by passing away.

Cory sought permanence in all things, and probably came as near finding it as any active man living. Every time some change was forced into his surroundings, Cory felt sad. And just now he was brooding over a great impending change. Frank Hayes, his hired man and companion for eight years, was about to leave him, and he would be alone, as he had been during the first few years of his homesteading.

Harrigan had brooded over his coming loneliness for several days before the Great Idea struck him.

"Like this," he said to Hayes as they lay in bed that evening. "I've been thinking hard about it, and all of a sudden, out of nowhere, I got the scheme. When you go away, I'm going to get married."

Hayes sat up in bed, fumbled for the matches and struck a light. He looked steadily at Harrigan's unblinking face. Then, without a word, he got out of bed and returned with a bottle of brandy.

"Here, drink this," he said, "it's good for fever, delirium tremens, brainstorm, softening of the brain, madness, senile decay, or whatever ails you. Take a long pull at it and go to sleep. You'll be all right to-morrow."

Cory pushed back the bottle. "I'm not sick," he said. "And I'm going to get married as soon as you go."

"Hear him rave! You marry! Man, you're crazy to think of it. Why, what girl do you suppose would have you?"

"The question is," corrected Cory, "what girl will I have? I've never seen any girl good enough for me to marry, but I suppose there's one somewhere that would suit. How long will it take you to find her?"

"Me!" fairly shouted Hayes.

"Certainly, you. You know just what kind of a woman I need here. If she isn't the right kind I'll drive her back to Soda Creek inside a week and get another."

"Oh, cut out that talk about marriage. Cory. You're not meant for double harness. Get a Chinaman, if you want a cook as well as a hired man."

"No. They tell me a Chink always goes back to China every ten years, and I'd never have the same one for any length of time. A wife'd have to stay till I die."

"Unless, of course, she dies first," said Hayes.

"That would be a nuisance," grumbled Cory.

"Believe me, she'd die first, and quick," snapped Hayes. "A woman wouldn't last six months in this junk shop of yours. Don't think because we endure pigging it in here that a woman could stand it, even if you could induce one to come into this jungle. In a week she'd be as crazy as you are this minute. Forget it, Cory, forget it."



## A Story Proving that the Female of the Species is More Subtle Than the Male

## A BIT OF MANAGING

By EVAH MCKOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LONG

THE smartly tailored young woman who drew up her small runabout under the chestnuts that bordered the sidewalk in front of the home and office of Doctor Moore, was a stranger to the housewives of Merlinville, who watched from behind their geraniums. Odder still, she was a stranger to Anne Munroe, the maid of long standing who answered the newcomer's resolute ring of the office door bell.

"Doctor Moore is out of town,"—Anne knew that people always asked for Doctor Moore first; "but you might see Doctor Dehart."

"It is Doctor Dehart that I wish to see," the caller said. Whereupon, she was ushered into the bright waiting room.

"It will probably be some minutes. It really isn't office hours yet," Anne told her, the while she appraisingly sized up the caller to see whether she was of the conversational type. Many a bit of news had Anne picked up from the waiting patrons in the doctor's offices as she plied a duster, that was always ready, on furniture that was always dusted.

But as the stranger had merely nodded in answer to her remark and had at once busied herself with entries in a notebook, Anne replaced the duster and withdrew to duties in her rear.

The wait of several minutes did not surprise the visitor who felt sure that, just as she had driven up, she had caught a glimpse of the object of her quest, encased in teddy overalls and deep in the intricacies of the engine of a car that stood in the side yard of Doctor Moore's home.

But he stood at last in the doorway, very spick and span and carrying a breath of recent antiseptics. There was a gleam of satisfaction in the caller's eyes as she noticed that he was an extraordinarily presentable young man.

Very professionally and without an answering gleam of admiration—although such might easily have been justified—he ushered her into his office. She sat before him very straight-backed and resolute.

"Anything said will be treated confidentially, of course," she began.

"Of course."

"Then, I have come to see if you will make three calls in Brentwood."

"Er—well—"

"And, as I want this to be a strictly business transaction, I am making the rather odd request that you allow me to pay you in advance. Will you tell me what the fee will be?"

"Brentwood is Drayton's territory. We've never gone there."

"I know. I am Doctor Drayton's daughter; so that objection is removed. I might add that with the munition plants running full blast and the new hospital almost ready to open, Dad's practice has increased so that he is looking for a partner. It is an excellent opening. I understand that Doctor Moore has not taken you in here. Dad is particular, but it wouldn't do you any harm to have done his daughter a favor."

She watched narrowly to see if this bait was seasonable but, while she felt sure that there was a gleam of amusement in his eyes, his expression remained inscrutable.

"You are a truly remarkable young person," he said at last. "I gather that what I can do for you is to be a combination of professional call, business transaction and personal favor."

"Yes, practically. Will you tell me what three calls in Brentwood, spaced about a week apart, will cost me? As I said, I want to be strictly businesslike and pay in advance."

"Is that being businesslike?"

"Will you not answer my question?"

"But how can I? It might depend on the nature of the calls."

"Say an average call—to last three or four hours."

"H'm. Brentwood is—"

"Twenty-five miles. I did it in thirty-nine minutes."

"We—ell. Possibly ten to fifteen dollars."

"Forty-five dollars," she said, counting out the bills and laying them on a corner of his desk. He did not glance at them but waited for her to speak.

"And this is the situation," she began, trying with rather poor success to keep her color from rising: "In Brentwood there is a young man,—a very estimable and charming young man, but one who has been taking too much for granted. I've known him always as he is the son of my father's oldest friend. Neither his parents nor mine have made any secret of the fact that it is their dearest wish—and all that sort of thing. As a boy this young man was very jealous of my other playmates, always demanding that I give him my whole time and since coming home from college he has simply appropriated my society, taking for granted a right that he has not thought it worth his while to ask for.

"You can see what a position I am in. Of course, I can and do refuse to go with him sometimes, but it simply means that I stay at home instead. No one else asks me to go places. At the same time he is free to take some one else whenever he wishes. He has done so on a few occasions when interesting strangers turned up, with the result that, as you can imagine, I was very generally pitied by everyone. So you can see—"

"I see. He needs a bit of disciplining."

"That was my idea, or—well, not mine exactly, although the method is absolutely original. But I live in a home with a mother, a widowed aunt and a grandmother, all of whom wonder—audibly and otherwise—why Ronald has not come to the point. I don't know whether you can imagine my feelings—"

He gave a nod of sympathetic encouragement.

"Aunt Bess," she went on, "has received scores



The smartly-tailored young woman was a stranger.

of proposals in her day; does so occasionally yet. She asks me what I can expect when I have no more tact than to beat Ron at tennis. And Gran says that men find nothing alluring about girls who are too independent and straightforward; that in her day girls used their eyes more and tongues less.

"But the climax came when my poor dear mother sighed and said that Ronald was as devoted as any girl could wish, and that all he requires is a little managing. So that is what I am up to—a bit of managing."

"You—er—care for the young man?" Then; "Of course. I beg your pardon. You are not after his money."

"How do you know that he has money?"

"Everyone knows that Ronald Braithwaite has more than he knows what to do with."

"Yes," she sighed, "he has. I wish he hadn't. Not only do I get sick of hearing my family singing his eligibility but, if he were poor, other people would mind their own business better."

"And—pardon this—are you sure that he cares for you?"

Miss Drayton began a blush that ended in a dimple.

"I am betting forty-five dollars on it," she laughed. "At any rate, I think the treatment will either kill or cure."

"H'm. What do you want me to do?"

"Just come to call on me. I have discovered that Ron has still his old-time streak of jealousy, although almost rusted from long disuse. Of course, I've no chance to try this plan with home talent. He has all the Brentwood boys buffaloed. Not a soul comes near me except Ronald Braithwaite—when he chooses. So you see—"

"I see. And I think that the idea does you credit. When shall the treatment begin?"

"Could you come Monday evening—or, no; come Sunday evening for dinner. You've got to eat somewhere, so it won't waste so much of your time. I'll fix it with mother."

"Then, they are opening the new Aeolian Hall with a *The Dansant* on Monday week; you might take me to that. Thirdly, you might take me for a drive on the following Sunday afternoon. We could go to the fish-hatcheries out by Fenelon Falls. Everyone goes there."

She did not add: "Everyone in love. The sensible people prefer the lake road."

"But," he said incredulously, "Are you actually asking me to take money for a programme like that? Or what can you be thinking?"

"Oh, well, then," she said with a sigh of finality as she reached for the money. "I had hoped that you would be sensible. Otherwise, the deal is most certainly off. I came to you because I knew of no one else who could put a value on a call and so make it a matter of business. Also, of course, doctors get into the way of keeping secrets. I'm sorry" she finished, rising.

"Hold on," he begged. "Sure I'll come. But—why not pay for just the first now. Perhaps the others will not be necessary. And ten dollars is plenty—far too much."

"Very well," she said after some thought. "I'll pay for the first now and let you know about the others during next week. And, needless to say, if my family suspect this I will be slain bodily,—although few actions of mine would surprise them."

"No one shall hear of it from me," he said, escorting her to the door "And good luck to the venture."

At just fifteen minutes to five on the following Sunday afternoon, a smart roadster rolled into Brentwood and swung to the gate of Doctor Drayton's comfortable home.

The occupant of this, when he mounted the broad steps of the Drayton porch, was observed to carry something seldom seen in the economical precincts of Brentwood—a bunch of hot-house roses gleaming frostily pink through their waxed paper wrapping.

Elaine Drayton met him at the door with a smile of almost boyish camaraderie.

"Couldn't have been better," she told him. "You met him at the corner."

"The tall, intellectual looking chap with glasses?"

"Yes, that is Ronald Braithwaite. How lovely the roses are! That is a touch that I would not have thought of."

"The roses are for your mother. I don't like the deal she is getting out of this," he said, shaking himself out of his tweed coat.

"Mother? Oh, she's always delighted to have a stranger come. I told her that I had met you in Merlinville and that you were ignorant of the beauties of Brentwood and all that. She will be down in a minute. Come in and meet Grandmother."

Doctor Dehart sensed that the little grandmother who sat straight-backed by the living-room fire was the family autocrat. She trained a gold-mounted lorgnette on him and he was not sure but that there was suspicion in her glance.

He found the aunt to be a person of eyes and over-dressed hair, clothed in studied black and white. Elaine's mother he mentally characterized as a tramp; her boundless hospitality put him at his ease at once.

The old Doctor came in and added to her welcome his warm handshake. After which he sank on the davenport and drummed impatiently with his hands as he watched the clock. Plainly, he was a man who favored punctuality—in some one.

"Wasn't that the dinner gong, mother?" the daughter asked, making ready to rise.

"Ronald isn't coming?" challenged Mrs. Drayton, senior, bending her sharp glance full on her grand-daughter.

"I forgot to tell you mother. Ronald is not coming. It is too bad. Doctor Dehart wants to meet him."

She turned her eyes full on the visitor who caught his cue adroitly.



"I do indeed. I have often heard of him, and Miss Drayton talked of no one else."

Whereupon he rose with the others and, offering his arm to the grandmother, escorted her to the dining-room with all the gallantry of a Chesterfield. He seated her carefully and devoted himself to her indefatigably both during the meal and the remainder of the evening.

Her discovery that his father had once toured Japan with her late husband and that the young man liked the works of William Morris kept the two talking almost continually until the visitor rose and declared that he had had a singularly enjoyable evening.

Doctor Drayton's warm invitation to come again was seconded heartily by the pleased old lady.

"Is it a dress affair on Monday night?" he asked Elaine, in the hall.

"No, flannels. But I'll let you know during the week whether we are to go."

But I thought—

"I'd better try out this much first. That was your idea, you know."

"But surely so pleasant a thing as this can't end this way—I beg your pardon. I will remember my part of the bargain. Just let me know."

"Not a bad chap at all," her father said, when she returned to the living-room. "How did he manage to get an invitation out of you, Elaine? Has he got wind of the fact that I want a partner?"

"Goodness, Dad! You're not even sure yourself that you do."

Then, hiding her eyes from her grandmother, she added:

"I thought him rather dull."

"Dull, child," exclaimed that lady, tartly. "He is rarely interesting. You don't know how to talk to a man. Why, I can give you fifty years and beat you at your own game."

ON Thursday of the following week a note in the bold handwriting of Elaine Drayton put new life and zest into the person of one Doctor Dehart—new life and zest where, for the early part of the week there had been a dreary sense of deflation.

"Dear Rescuer," it read. "A second treatment seems to be necessary. At present I am being disciplined for the incident of Sunday night, and no invitation has been forthcoming for the dance, although I have been guilty of opportunities. But, for the first time in my life, I feel independent. You'll come?"

"Elaine."

The gleaming floor of the Aeolian Hall was well filled when Elaine Drayton and her escort entered on the night of the dance. Most of the flower-trimmed booths that bordered the hall were already occupied and, as they searched for a vacant table, a hush of curiosity fell on the room; the swish of Elaine's silken ruffles and the click of her French heels were the only sounds heard.

"Were you ever so rubbered at?" she asked, as the band relieved the tension by striking up a lively fox-trot. Then:

"Oh, I forgot. Gran says that men do not like slangy girls. Is that true? I've always wanted to ask someone."

"Why don't you ask Braithwaite?"

"Because I know he doesn't. I'm never slangy when he is around."

"I shouldn't wonder," he said severely, "if your grandmother is right."

Whereupon he proceeded to disprove his words by an attitude of devotion that could not possibly have been excelled by any of grandmother's beaux in the days when coquetry was in flower. He ate his ice cream without taking his eyes from her face. Three dances passed without their so much as glancing at the dancers.

"I'm wondering," Elaine mused, "Where you got your technique. Really, it's flawless!"

"Comes to me naturally, although I never was aware of it before. Shall we dance?"

They rose at the opening bars of a waltz and drifted away in perfect unison. Seemingly all ears for his partner's chatter, Doctor Dehart was doing some rapid thinking. He had caught a lonesome expression on the face of his patient, Ronald Braithwaite, notwithstanding the fact that that immaculate young man was accompanied by a very young and very dashing widow from a near-by city, and was also quite surrounded by a bevy of local silken butterflies in whom interest was rapidly reviving.

"Wouldn't the effect be rather—er—what we want, if we were to beat it after this dance?" he ventured.

And Elaine, who had caught a look of absolute rapacity in the eyes of some detached butterflies, and knew that they certainly intended to meet her partner by force or otherwise, as soon as the dance was finished, raised him to the seventh heaven by answering:

"Yes. Let's do."

They were beside the broad entrance when the last bars of the old Blue Danube died away. They seemed simply to drift out with the last sounds.



He ate his ice cream without taking his eyes from her face.

Elaine still carried her scarf about her shoulders. He adjusted it to meet the cool of the late May evening.

"My hat is still inside," he said with satisfaction. "Some one is sure to note that I forgot it. It should make quite an impression. There really is quite a lot of business in acting when one gets going."

They turned at the top of the street and, through the brightly lighted windows, watched the crowd revolving in a circle two-step.

"I had counted on this dance for two months," Elaine laughed, as they resumed their way.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men," he quoted. "But do I have to go home now?"

"No. We'll go back and talk to Gran. She will think that you would rather do that than dance, although we had better not be there in less than an hour. She is of a suspecting nature; it was bad enough explaining why Ron was not taking me."

So they strolled home the long way round; over the stone bridge on the Brent Pike; through the miniature park, where the air was adream with the odour of lilacs and the stars a silver galaxy overhead.

It was a silent walk. The girl was busy with thoughts of her own which her companion respected. On his part, he seemed unable to open

any subject that did not lead into paths forbidden by their present situation.

His parrying of the home questions when at last they arrived, was nothing short of marvelous.

"What a lawyer he would be!" Elaine thought.

The compliments he paid to the charming young women of Brentwood—Elaine wondered when he had taken the time to look at them—so disarmed and charmed Mrs. Drayton, senior, that she opened one of her cherished bottles of blackberry wine to grace the occasion. This, the visitor praised to the right degree of nicety.

Was it the hand of a capricious fate that Ronald Braithwaite had never cared for blackberry wine?

Later, Elaine stood with him on the porch steps. "What a gorgeous night," she exclaimed. "Let us hope that we will have as nice a Sunday."

Then, at his continued silence:

"You're coming Sunday, aren't you?"

It was some moments before he answered. She noticed by the light that shone through the living room window that his face was not so boyish as she had thought it.

"Do you think I'd better?" he asked

"Well," she said, misreading his meaning, "It seems so. Anyhow, you will not regret it. Fenelon Falls is a charming spot. Shall we start at two?"

SUNDAY proved to be as sunny and smiling, as balmy and full of the songs of birds as any pair who ever travelled the fragrant, shaded road to Fenelon Falls could wish.

Once out of the village, Ellmore Dehart tossed his cap at his feet and abandoned himself to the joy of living. Whereupon his companion took off her hat and followed suit, the summer breezes tossing her chestnut hair at will.

It was said by one of the sensible ones who drove on the lake road that day that they had met every soul in Brentwood. Be that, as it may, Fenelon Falls was all but deserted. Any publicity the plotters had desired was doomed to disappointment.

But the spirit of youth is undaunted. Failing publicity to enjoy, they enjoyed the privacy. Together they roamed through the shaded park like two happy children: climbed to the top of the falls and walked along the flume that carried Brentwood's water supply;

wandered by the miniature brooks where baby salmon and trout disported themselves in millions; crossed absurd little bridges or, failing these, used stepping stones in the brook where the water was shallow.

It was at one of these spots that Elaine slipped on a rounded stone and, before her companion could rescue her, had one dainty, white-shod foot in several inches of chilly water.

She found herself deposited on a bank of moss and violets, bounded on the west by the rippling brook that seemed to laugh at its merry prank, and on the north, east and south by alders and weeping willows. Here, Elaine was ordered to take off her shoe and dry her foot—ordered in a tone that she obeyed without question. Then, when the white buckskin Oxford hung in a sunny spot with a silken white stocking drying beside it—he had brusquely insisted on that too—he lay on the moss with his back turned so that when the unfortunate foot got tired of being sat on it might come out for a change without embarrassment.

"Look here," Elaine said, after a long silence. "If you can't be sensible for the next five minutes, I shall feel cheap for the rest of my life. You remember our bargain. And of course you understand that I cannot send a cheque as I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)



# HELP WANTED— FEMALE

By WILL BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. McELROY

## HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HAVE two novels ready to type. Want to marry stenographer who will live with me long enough to do the work. Apply by letter, stating qualifications and enclosing photograph. No references required. Photographs of unsuccessful applicants will be returned. Bartholomew Barrett, 419 10th St.

IN the morning "World" appeared the above ad. At five o'clock that evening Mr. Barrett suppressed a yawn, slammed his writing pad in a drawer, arose and entered his kitchen to light the gas range. He set the tea kettle on the flame, and stepped out on the porch to bring in his mail box. He had rigged up an empty box to serve in this capacity, for Bartholomew Barrett was a young writer upon whose work editors had not as yet concentrated sufficiently to discover merit. Mr. Barrett rolled the box within, and went back for the overflow, which the postman had carelessly heaped about the old porch rocker.

Then he went through the mass, tossing manuscripts into a corner. They need not concern him now, for the first of the month and his usual stipend were still a week distant; and there is no credit business at the stamp window. The rest of the mail he piled in the centre of the room for later attention, and returned to make his tea.

Having refreshed himself lightly with tea and lady-fingers, he seized a pair of scissors and began. The photographs he set up side by side in long rows along the book shelves which ran around the room, taking pains to lay each letter by the picture to which it pertained. When the space was all occupied he placed a row along the base-boards in the two bedrooms and the hall, and then was able to find room for the remainder on his big reading table.

Having thus disposed the lot so that all were accessible to his eye without touching them, he spent the rest of the evening looking them over, making little mental comparisons as he passed from one to the other. The homeliest one was at last found. "This one ought to stick," muttered Bartholomew. He now read her letter:

"... A pretty and refined young woman of twenty-three, unattached and heart-whole. If the novels are short, I might take on the job. Hoping for an interview, I am for the present,

"Sophia Bartle,

"28 B St.

"P.S.—My phone is 1012J."

Mr. Barrett rapidly replaced the photographs, each with its respective unread letter. "I'll let her return them."

He got Miss Bartle on the phone, and made an appointment for ten o'clock the next morning.

"I shall come, then, at ten," he said; "and, by the way, please let me have your full name and a few particulars that I must know in order to get the license."

"The license! Why—ah—you haven't seen me yet."

"I have seen your picture. It is sufficient. I chose you instantly out of some hundreds."

"But I—I haven't seen you yet."

"I am ninety-one, and ugly as a Beaver Indian. Money enough to live on by using great care. I'll bring the license with me to save time."

"Yes, I suppose you would hate to waste any at that age."

"HAVE you been married before? You see, I must know for the license clerk, otherwise it's immaterial."

"No, I haven't," she snapped, "and I don't think I will be now."

"Then, you're wasting my time; good-bye."

"Wait! You can get the license; but I don't promise for sure till I see you."

"That's fair enough. Ten o'clock sharp I'll be around to your place."

No. 28 B. Street proved to be one of those cheap boarding houses where toilers betake themselves out of the way of the rest of the world while recouping for another day of usefulness to other people. Sophia was waiting for him in the hall. He recognized her at once; but—well—there were some things the picture hadn't shown: the alert, trim, graceful little figure; the slim, muscular, well-turned ankles; the look of cleanness and confident capacity. Altogether it was a charming little person who met him in the hall. And this man of twenty-five, who was really sixteen and thought himself a hundred, felt a mischievous, sudden stirring amid his internal mechanism, whose serenity had already been disturbed by the poisonous coffee he had brewed that morning.

"Miss—Miss Bartle?" he stammered.

"You?" said Sophia, with lightening eyes.

"Ah, wait a moment, Miss Bartle, while I call a taxi. I—I have forgotten it. It's quite a distance around to my place."

While he was out Sophia took a careful look at herself in the hall mirror. A bit of colour had come to her face and a happy little glow of expectancy to her eyes.

"Maybe it's going to be all right. Oh, if it only could be!"

When he led her into the vine-covered old cottage and showed her the bright, big kitchen and



He showed her the bright, big kitchen.

and even jewelers. Bartholomew grew younger every day.

There was a little squabble about the cooking. Bartholomew had insisted upon doing it himself or having Mrs. Kelly brought in. He had maintained that Sophia's job was typing.

"But I am going to cook. After marrying a man of ninety-one just to get his support, do you think I'm going to let the old fool poison himself with his own cooking? And as for Mrs. Kelly, she doesn't set foot in this house again. It's a lovely old place, Bartholomew. Listen to the Burnet children playing out there in the backyard! They come through where the palings are loose, and hold high jinks. Their mother can't see them in our yard, and they love to play here. Yesterday little Teena had a nest made in the willow tree, and the boy was bringing her bugs to eat. They are stealing our cherries, too, I'm afraid."

"Let 'em steal," said Bartholomew. Then, shyly, "did they get away with all the cookies you baked yesterday?"

She flushed. "If you'd rather I wouldn't—" "I love you for it," he said. Then they both flushed. Bartholomew turned awkwardly away to his desk, and she commenced to pound the typewriter with a vigor which carried her far along that day into the first novel.



He laid a big, white, muscular hand on her little brown one.

the two dainty bedrooms, the long book-filled living-room, where a well-fed cat basked in the sun on a window seat, wide enough and long enough to hold six kiddies at once while they listened entranced to the tales a yarn-spinning mother could tell—then Sophia's eyes suddenly filled with tears and she flushed with shame.

"Ah! if it only could be," she thought; "but we went about it so awfully!"

"Would you prefer to have it here, or somewhere else?" asked Bartholomew, who was finding it constantly harder to be a hundred years old.

"Here, I think," faintly.

"I'll phone the minister and have Mrs. Kelly and her husband over for witnesses. Unless you have someone else you'd like to have come?"

"No, I have no one. I'd rather get it over with at once."

And so it was done, and the larder filled with good things, for grocers, happily for many, do a considerable credit business, as also do clothiers,

THE girl's efficiency about the housework was a continual marvel to Bartholomew. She slapped it through in no time, and went whistling about the kitchen concocting mysterious dishes, the like of which he had never known. The meal hour, which had been for him a thing of dread, often postponed, and always tolerated by necessity, was become a time of gladness, eagerly anticipated, and yielding joy in retrospection. When she bade him come to breakfast in dressing gown and slippers, as his mother used to permit, then was his cup of comfort full.

Bartholomew began to get fat, and he began to do much better work. He was still aged, however, and the graceful, alert little person who greeted him so eagerly in the morning and presided so charmingly at breakfast would droop a bit when he had gone in to his desk and gaze wistfully after his departing figure. But the wistfulness was always succeeded by a glint of determination and an angry little toss of the head.

Poor old Bartholomew didn't guess what a stout little halter was being woven for him. He was being made over by the lovely girlish presence in the house. If she didn't appear at her table by ten o'clock he was fidgety and couldn't work, and would come poking out into the kitchen on some pretext or other. But if he discovered her in her own room he would retreat hastily in confusion, and wait in disconsolate idleness till she appeared. If she left the house for more than ten minutes he was sure to be pacing the front porch when she returned.

The silly boob actually commenced to inflict his rejected manuscripts upon her for approval, and when she enthusiastically proclaimed his own secret conviction that they were gems of the literary art, it was but a lagging recollection of his own cold temper and the platonic nature of their association that kept him from clasping her to his bosom.

"But why don't they sell?" he asked.

"Why, that's plain as day. The foolish editors don't know good stuff when they read it, that's all."

At this additional confirmation of his own thought only the peal of the door-bell saved her from his ravishing arms.

Bartholomew was ashamed of himself. This would never do. Such impulses were disgraceful. If she should suspect that he felt that way, she would leave at once. He pulled himself together and went doggedly to work. It must have been that Sophia had suspected he felt that way, for

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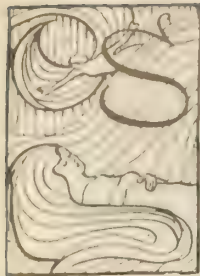
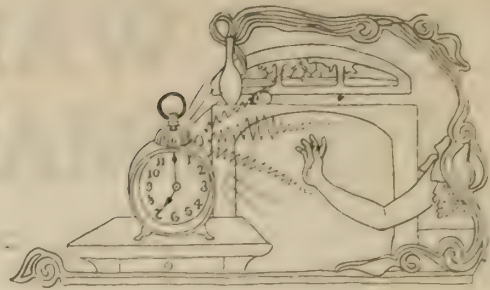


# The Story of a Day's Work in the Big Shop

## COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

By B1, No. 415.00

ILLUSTRATED BY GUINEVERE PARTRIDGE



Five o'clock. — and your alarm clock reverberates through the sleepy halls. Without opening your eyes, you reach out an avenging arm and bestow upon the hapless time-piece a tweak which gives it the quietus, for the time being, at least.

You hear the girl in the next room stretching and yawning peevishly, and you know she must be getting up, but then, she always

takes longer with her hair than you do. You make one feeble effort at waking, but, failing in it, you sink blissfully into a doze again. One by one, the girls along the hall plump out on to the floor; the girl next door has on her shoes now; you promise yourself that you also will plump out, but you allow yourself to close one eye for a moment, just to rest it a little. Below you, in the dining room, the maids are pegging around at an amazing clip, in their high-heeled shoes, laying breakfast. Girls, in dressing gowns are whisking past your door with soap and towels. They thump on your door and toss in a warning gibe as they pass. A door closes with a bang of finality, — an early bird gone down to breakfast. Yes, you certainly must get up at once. You turn over on your side; that will be a start, at least. A girl out in the hall is curling her hair at the gas-jet, a whiff of singeing hair floats in your door and wakens you again. The air is heavy with the perfume of talcum powder; the girl next door must have reached the final stages. Oh, well, you have all your clothes just where you can jump into them. It won't take you long.

Below stairs, chairs begin to scrape back; someone is through her breakfast. Somebody else will get your slice of bacon if you are not there to claim it. This disturbing thought brings you finally to your feet, and lends speed to the dressing process. You take a flying wash, whisk into your clothes, dexterously puff your hair into the prevailing mode, dab your nose with powder and fly down to breakfast. Yes, your worst fears are realized; someone has eaten your bacon; the girl next to you is wearing a satisfied air. You gulp down what remains, snatch up your hat and bag, and speed forth, pulling on gloves as you go.

You have not hastened far on your way before you fall in with one or two friends, and you all scuttle along together, taking little time for the genial flow of conversation. By the time you have reached your place of business, the army of fellow-workers has swelled to such proportions that

you are jostled badly. You are jostled still more as the crowd seethes into the side street, and crams itself into the employees' entrance of the store. You have learned, however, that by scouting along close to the wall, you can dodge the gouging elbows more easily, and you finally reach your own locker, jerk off hat and coat, snap up your time-card, elbow your way through the "ringing-in" process, and pass the time-office. The manager of the time-office, Mr. Collins by name, but respectfully referred to as Papa Collins, stands at the door of the time office, like a statue of avenging justice, bristling down upon the passing throng. If you manage to pass the time-office unscathed, you join the marshalled forces teeming through the subway which leads to the store proper. The girls are all engaged in putting their hair to rights; you of course, are no exception to the general rule.

Promptness is rigidly enforced, so there is always a frenzied rush of late-comers on the eleva-



"He saw you! Isn't he the old shark?"

tors and stairs. You must be in your own "circle"—the shop-name for the counter at which you work—at ten minutes before the time for opening the store, so, when you reach your own floor, you do a regular Marathon for your own department, glancing over your shoulder at the big clock in the centre of the store. If it tells the sad truth, you cast your eye about for the manager, to make sure that he has not seen you. This

however, is labor lost; he may be leaning ever so absent-mindedly against the counter, and you may approach behind him, ever so strategically, and whisk in, much to the stifled excitement of the other girls who have the gate open for you, but he never fails to glance up just as you frisk surreptitiously through the gateway, and the girls groan, "Aw! he saw you. Isn't he the old shark? There's another half-dollar off your bonus."

You take on an air of unconcern. What is a half-dollar to you anyway? You slide back one of the panels which form the back of the counter, and fling your bag into the aperture within, known as the "bunk," and from it you haul your apron, with its scissors, pencil and tape-line dangling from it, and proceed to don this indispensable garment.

THIS arranged, you grope about in the bunk until you chance upon a duster and set to work at the boxes on the counter, removing lids, arranging the goods, setting up tickets and dusting as you go. At least you perform these offices unless you have arrived sufficiently late to have it all finished before you arrive. In that case there is no hard feeling whatever in the matter; there is a splendid spirit among shop-girls, especially among those of your own circle, that is hard to find elsewhere.

When all has been made ready for the day's work, your pencils sharpened, fresh tally-cards in your cheque-book, and the goods and counter ready for business, all the girls compose themselves along the counter to await the first rush of custom.

You can see the restless mob of bargain-seekers thronged at all the street doors, the doors flung open to the morning air and but one lone man posted at each door to hold the crowd at bay, until the opening gong shall sound. Eight-thirty strikes, the dignified officer beats a retreat just a trifle too swift for dignity, and, inside of two minutes, the great store is seething with customers, pouring in from all sides, scurrying and jostling.

With the first onslaught, you stiffen your back for the fray. A great many women shoot past, always pausing long enough in their flight to snatch up four or five gloves and drop them again on the wrong piles, as they hasten away. Very few stop long enough to really buy anything at this first rush hour, in the fear lest other bargains may be falling to some one else, somewhere else, while they linger.

By the time that the eager ones have scouted around the entire store and taken a general survey, the selling for the day actually begins, but the eight-thirty-bargain spirit seems to inspire the shoppers for the first hour or two. If three or four women cluster about some article on the counter, in three minutes it will have attracted such a swarm of customers, clutching, pushing and pleading with you to wait on them, that you are almost overwhelmed. The busier you become, the more girls the manager sends in from other circles, and the more violent waxes the struggle to move about behind the counter.

The sale fever abates, however, as the morning advances, and although we have always with us the eager shoppers inquiring, "Any sales on to-day?" "Have you any long silks, reduced?" or "Oh, is this just the regular price?" still our mornings settle down to a comparative calm, when the customers happen along one-by-one, and you have some spare time for ticketing. This is sewing a price-ticket on each pair of gloves, and it is a proceeding which occupies a good deal of your mornings, since it is simple

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)



"You condescend to enter into a discussion with him."



"A girl out in the hall is curling her hair."





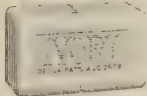
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that which she has sought

-a soap as pure and clean, in itself, as  
the water in which it floats.

-a delight to the softest, tenderest skin  
because of its whiteness, its mildness,  
its delicate fragrance, and its bubbling,  
velvety, easy-rinsing lather.

What soap can this be, but **IVORY**?

IVORY SOAP . . . . .  . . . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE

IT FLOATS





It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of

*Bouril*

On sale at all Druggists and Stores.

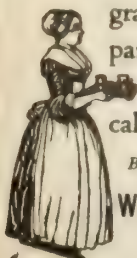


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The Ideal Drink for the Children

PURE AND WHOLESOME

It has a delicious flavor and an attractive aroma of which no one tires, because it is the natural flavor and aroma of high-grade cocoa beans prepared by a mechanical process. No chemicals used.

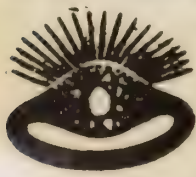


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Build Your Own Dog House and Make One of Your Best Friends Happy

# HOME-MADE FURNITURE

THE SECOND ARTICLE

THE first article of this series set forth the need of a work bench and tool chest, and also gave instructions as to the making of a bird house, one of the simplest structures known, and one which is growing in popularity for Canadian gardens. With each article, a design is given and also a mill bill for lumber, so that the home worker may have the necessary instructions and guidance.

At the outset of the series, says the writer, I wish to speak of a variety of things, in order to appeal to a wider audience, and to broaden the scope, as much as possible, within the necessary limits. My purpose is to lay the foundation for an all-round equipment that can be utilized to suit the requirements of individual aims and capacity, whether limited to the building of a dove cote, a piece of fine interior work or a house-boat. In each case the structural qualities will be prominently brought out, as the importance of these must be realized.

In the choice of woods it is important that we select the kind best suited to the requirements of the piece we are to make. If our article is to be plain and primitive in construction, as, for example, a child's chair, woods should be chosen that have a texture and color quality, like the oak, chestnut, and brown ash, which, when properly finished, will be found to add much to the satisfying quality of the piece and make up for many seeming defects.

If the piece is to be exposed to the weather, as in the case of the bird house or dog kennel, cypress, spruce, California red wood and white cedar give the most pleasing effects when finished with the well known "shingle stains" or with linseed oil, to which the desired color has been added, and then left to weather.

This simple process of treating surfaces can be developed to a high degree of artistic tone and texture, and later in these talks we hope to tell you something about how to

select special woods for special purposes, and how to treat the surfaces in order to bring out all the natural beauty of the grain without destroying it with varnish, or hiding it under a coat of paint.

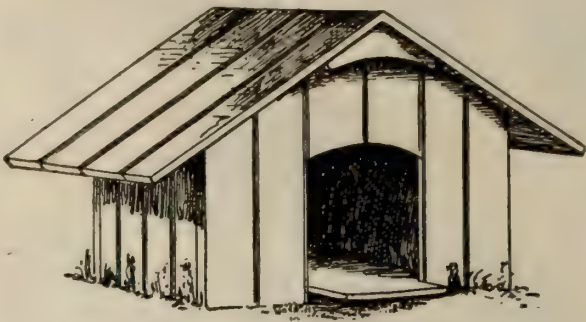
WHILE these are to be practical lessons in actual wood-working I deem it of the highest practical importance, even thus early in the series, to give a few suggestions on "Individualism in Design." It is well for the beginner to work from good models designed for him, and to do his work thoroughly and well. But it is equally good for him—and far more important in the end—that he begin to look around at the source of all inspiration, Nature, and think for himself to the end that he create his own designs. A copyist can never be a real artist, no matter what the field

in which he works. He may have the greatest ability in the world to alter and change and combine, but if he seeks for his inspiration solely from what someone else has done, he is a copyist and not an artist. It is what we do ourselves, of our own impelling, that is of value to us.

In cabinet making I would suggest the fullest exercise of this free spirit. Think for yourself. Design to meet your own demands. Work out problems of your own. Don't do things in a certain way because other people do them, but because you have decided that that is the best possible way. If you can see a better way go ahead and try it.

Yet here it is essential that one most important principle be not overlooked. Remember this. Never do a thing unless something definite justifies it. Don't follow your own whims, any more than you follow those of other people. Do things because they need to be done. Let your design grow out of necessity. Many of the most strikingly artistic and beautiful things that have come down to us out of the past were made simply because the creators met each difficulty in a masterly way as it arose.

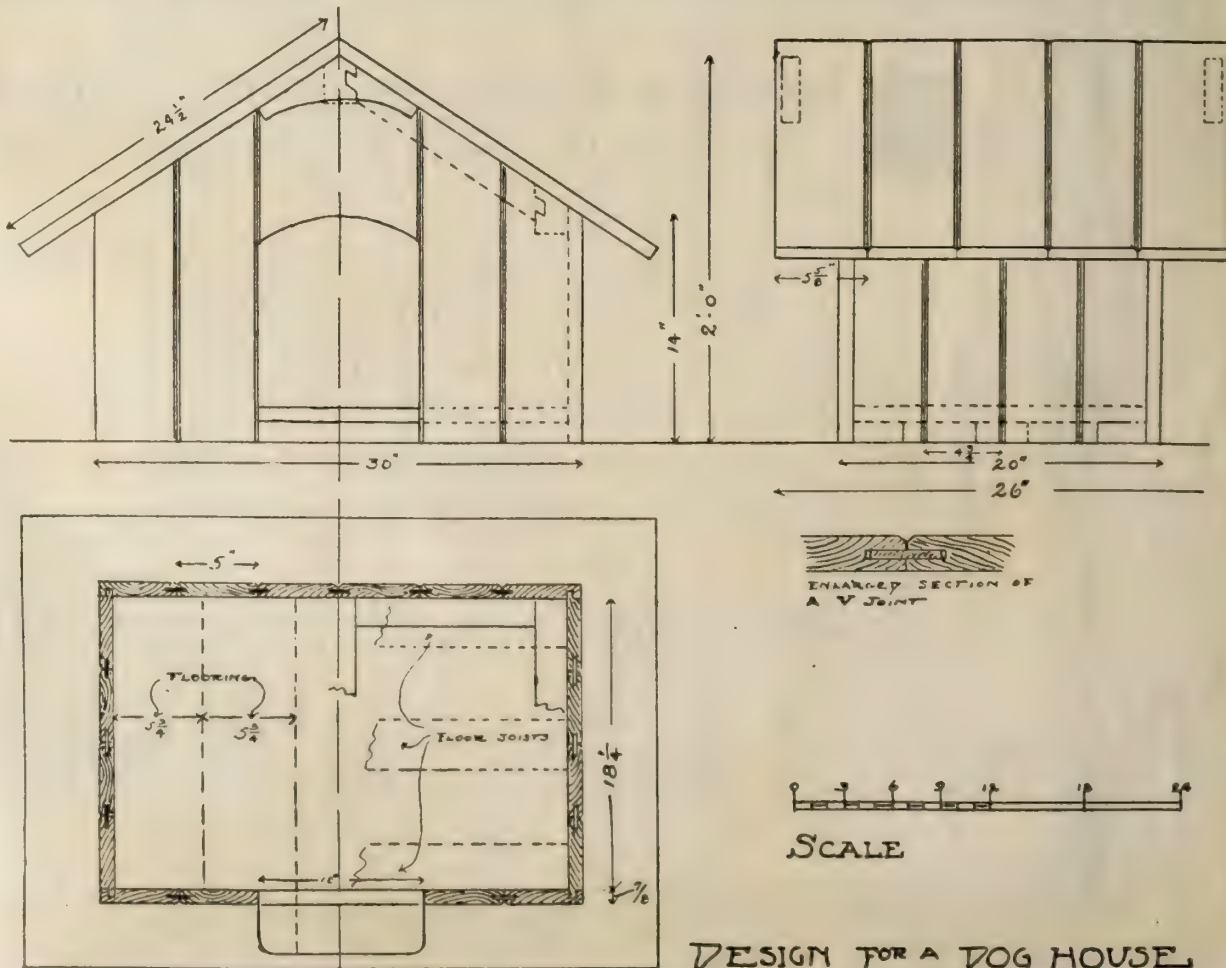
It must also be distinctly understood that the proper preparation for this freedom can only come to full fruition by compelling your hands to obey you in doing whatever you have undertaken. Bliss Carman never wrote a truer thing than when he said: "I have an idea that evil came on earth when the first man or woman said, 'That isn't the best I can do, but it is well enough.' In that sentence the primitive curse was pronounced, and until we banish it from the world again, we shall be doomed to inefficiency, sickness and unhappiness. In nature nothing is slighted, but the least and the greatest of tasks are performed with equal care, and diligence. . . . We should never stop short of an utmost effort toward perfection, so long as there is a breath in our body."



IN building the dog house, first lay down the floor joists and on them nail the floor—then put on the sides, ridge beam and rafters, which have been framed together, and the roof goes on last of all—glue and nail the parts together well, so that the house will be strong.

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR DOG HOUSE

|                  |        |        | ROUGH     |           | FINISH    |           |
|------------------|--------|--------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
|                  | Pieces | Long   | Wide      | Thick     | Wide      | Thick     |
| Roof             | 10     | 26 in. | 5 1/2 in. | 1 in.     | 5 1/2 in. | 3/4 in.   |
| F. and B. siding | 12     | 23 in. | 5 1/2 in. | 1 in.     | 5 in.     | 3/4 in.   |
| Side siding      | 8      | 15 in. | 5 in.     | 1 in.     | 4 1/2 in. | 3/4 in.   |
| Floor            | 5      | 22 in. | 6 in.     | 1 in.     | 5 1/2 in. | 3/4 in.   |
| Floor joists     | 3      | 29 in. | 2 1/2 in. | 1 1/2 in. | 2 1/2 in. | 1 1/2 in. |
| Ridge beams      | 3      | 20 in. | 3 in.     | 2 in.     | pattern   | 1 1/2 in. |
| Rafters          | 4      | 18 in. | 2 1/2 in. | 1 1/2 in. | 2 in.     | 1 1/2 in. |
| Brackets         | 2      | 12 in. | 5 in.     | 1 in.     | pattern   | 3/4 in.   |



DESIGN FOR A DOG HOUSE



PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

# MAVIS

*Irresistible!*



## The Wondrous Mavis Fragrance—

—the fairy, clinging fineness of the face powders  
—the luxurious softness of the talc—the beautiful  
smoothness of the cream—have made Mavis the  
preference of Canada's women.

Whether it be talc, cream, toilet water, or  
rouge, Mavis products are always ready to give  
you comfort and enhance your beauty. For  
sale at most druggists.





# The Modern Way

## Is *Lemon* with the Tea

IN the famous restaurants and hotels the world over—lemon juice is fast displacing cream in tea. People seldom serve tea now without a “dash of lemon” in it. And it isn’t merely “fashion” that has made this almost universal custom.

That incomparable tang that *lemons* add to scores of foods especially enhances the flavor of the finest teas.

And lemon juice is a rare appetizer—a digestive aid—due to the valuable salts and acids it contains.

So here are two reasons, besides the mere question of fashion, that should decide you to serve lemons with your tea.

Tea is better, and is better for you, when you have learned to “prefer a slice of lemon.”



To Relieve and Prevent Colds

Hot lemonade, sweetened with sugar, is a most refreshing drink. It is also a good stopping-off for a hot bath and before retiring. Drink the hot lemonade, get into bed, and you will feel better and cover well on your perspire toils.

CALIFORNIA  
**Sunkist**

Uniformly Good Lemons

Ask for California Lemons. They are uniformly good. They come to you clean and bright. They are practically seedless, juicy, tart and are sold at all first class dealers in Canada, so they are easy to secure. They cost the same as other lemons.

**California Fruit Growers Exchange**  
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers  
Section 811, Los Angeles, California  
Offices at  
Toronto Regina Montreal Calgary  
Winnipeg Vancouver

Mail this with 12c

Send 12c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in color. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe card box.

For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 23 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost \$1.25 in retail stores. Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins.

( ) 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards 12c to points in Canada  
( ) Complete Box and File 75c to points in Canada

Address **California Fruit Growers Exchange**  
Section 811, Los Angeles, Calif.

Name .....

Address .....

Also distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade.



# The "Little Sister" and her Place in the Social Service Scheme

By  
Mona H. Coxwell

NOT more than a hundred years ago it is recorded that a boy was hanged in England for stealing sheep. The impossibility of such a miscarriage of justice occurring to-day sheds light upon the progress that has been made during the last century in meting punishment that is comparatively proportionate to the crime. To-day, happily, there are separate courts for children, where the youth, inexperience and undeveloped judgment of the offender is balanced against the weight of the offence committed. Indeed, the juvenile courts to-day do even more than apprehend and punish for a crime committed; they not only by investigation discover whether, as is often the case, the parents of the child are themselves contributing to its delinquency and therefore equally culpable, but they throw a cordon of protection about their proteges by putting them under the supervision of a probation officer, whose duty it is to keep in touch with the children and assume a certain amount of the responsibility for their good behavior.

Some years ago in the city of New York it was found advisable to supplement the work of the trained probation officers with assistance from private individuals who would be willing to take over cases ready for discharge and carry on the work of supervision. It was for this purpose that a number of public-spirited citizens formed themselves into what was known as the Big Brother Association, and that later the Big Sister Association came into being.

The need for such an association had been felt in Toronto for some years when, in 1913, Commissioner Starr, of the Juvenile Court, appealed to the Local Council of Women for assistance in providing the ill-privileged, overworked and badly-housed girls of the community with wholesome interests and entertainment that would safeguard them against the evils which lead directly or indirectly to the city court. The response from the Local Council was immediate, and a "Big Sister" committee was formed. There is nothing more appealing to women than the suffering or unhappiness of children, and therefore the sympathy and enthusiasm was unbounded that the members of the committee brought into the work which they had undertaken. Within three years their activities had outgrown mere committee work, and it was found necessary to form what was henceforth known as "The Big Sister Association," thus establishing the first, and as yet the only, organization of its kind in Canada. Miss Hilda Burns was elected first president of the new organization, and in the following year was succeeded by Mrs. Franklin Johnson. Under both these capable officers the association broadened the scope of its work, laid plans for future activities and steadily grew in value to the community.

Preventive social work is the chief aim of the Big Sister Association. It interests itself mainly with the girl who is in need of friendship, of wholesome recreation—not especially of "uplift," but of a lift upward. It has no desire to patronize, but rather seeks to help to its own level someone who through an accident of birth and circumstances has been deprived of the sweeter things of life. It offers friendship and deep personal interest and asks in return confidence and loyalty to the ideals for which it stands.

AS the Association becomes better known—and here we might say that its only advertising medium is through its members and those whom it has helped—applications for assistance become more frequent. Perhaps it is a mother who asks for advice in guiding a headstrong daughter; perhaps it is a teacher who seeks co-operation in dealing with a refractory child. But one of the greatest and most pathetic evidences of the need which it fills is the fact that the girls apply themselves for help and friendship, and these, one may well believe, are never refused them. To what proportion the work has grown may be judged by the fact that the Association has at the present time, besides the general secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Laughton, B.A.,



MRS. SIDNEY SMALL  
President of Big Sister Association.  
—Photograph by Minna Keene, F.R.P.S.



MISS MARY POWER  
President of Catholic Big Sister Association.



MISS HILDA BURNS  
First President of Big Sister Association.

"Lord, let me live while I can see  
The beauty in the blossoming tree.  
The message in the wayside flower,  
And love it for its one short hour;  
While morning song of lark and jay,  
Can scatter all my doubts away,  
And lift my poor heart from the sod,  
And tell them I am born of God;  
While I can feel I'm linked with all  
The burdened ones who halt and fall,  
While I can feel my share of blame  
In every cheek that's dyed with shame,  
While I can feel life's burdens sweep  
Across my heart and drive out sleep,  
While I can suffer, hunger, strive,  
Lord, let me live  
—for I'm alive.

But if the time should come when I  
Forget to lift my eyes on high,  
Forget to seek for love divine,  
Or seek it but for me and mine;  
When my dim eyes shall fail to trace  
Thy image in each human face,  
When lulled by comfort, ease and pride,  
I find my soul is satisfied  
To build its house of wood and hay,  
Letting the old world go its way,  
Content to preen before a glass  
Where wounded ones barefooted pass,  
Easing my conscience if I must  
By throwing hungry dogs a crust,  
Then, Lord, Thy crowning mercy shed  
And let me die  
—for I am dead." —Selected.

three field secretaries who cover the city in divided districts, and that within a short time it will be necessary to add again to the staff.

Since no sound institution entrusts its management to the hands of inexperienced directors, so the Big Sister Association recognized the need of trained social workers to deal with the investigation of cases and to ascertain the requirements of its proteges. Under their advice, clothing, money or food may be given to a girl should she require them. A situation may be found for her, or if her health requires attention, she is accompanied to a hospital and the necessary arrangements for medical treatment are made. Legal advice is given free to girls, and adults who have harmed them are brought to justice. Recently a scholarship fund has been established to enable ambitious girls to continue their schooling who would otherwise be forced by family circumstances to begin the battle of life unprepared by education. It is after they have passed through the hands of the trained worker that the volunteer "Big Sister" finds her share of work to be done, and it is then her duty to see the child each week and to maintain a kindly and persistent supervision. Just what vistas of happiness the friendship of a fine and wholesome girl or woman who has it in her means to show kindness to a child who has been denied all the luxuries of life can scarcely be estimated, but the thought will bear dwelling on, and may be the cause of inspiring more workers to enter this worthy field.

SINCE the Association had no desire to be a one-sided affair and deal only with the practical and work-a-day side of life, it originated plans for a club-house, a recreation centre where it would have something tangible to offer the girls in the way of comfort, entertainment and sociability. A Big Sister Conference Club, consisting of active members, was formed in January of 1918, and though it was thought almost an impossibility on account of the financial strain resulting from the war, sufficient funds were acquired within a few months to undertake the rental of a delightful residence on Carlton street for a clubhouse. This was opened on December fourteenth for public inspection, and two days later placed at the disposal of the girls.

My first introduction to the Girls' Club was a few weeks ago, when I called in the afternoon on the resident worker, Miss A. Hodgkins, and talked to her in her big, sunny office and learned a great deal I had not known before about the Girls' Club. Miss Hodgkins first showed me the little card that for the sum of twenty-five cents made any girl a member. There are a hundred and fifty members already, and there is never a night that does not bring its certain little group of visitors, looking for the entertainment that is always arranged for them. There are no rules—no regulations—none are needed. The girls are happy, and therefore they require no discipline. We strolled about the club. A big, bright front room is a library and a billiard room—the girls brought the billiard table themselves—a shining new beauty—and I was told they are exceedingly proud of it. There are sewing machines in an alcove of the room, too, always ready for any member to use. The guest room was charming—white enamel furniture, frilly white muslin curtains, a pretty sofa, a comfortable bed. No one who needs shelter is ever refused that dainty little room. The club had a guest that very day—a little girl of twelve whose story made you glad to think that there were big sisters to care for the little ones.

Downstairs there is a spacious drawing-room charmingly furnished with that indefinable air of "being lived in" about it, that always gives character to a room. The centre table held a bowl of fruit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)





## The woman of refinement

Uses a Talcum Powder which harmonizes with her dainty personality.

She does not desire one with a perfume too pronounced and which attracts unwelcome attention.

For such dainty women the Mennen Company have produced a range of exquisite Talcum Powders, delicately perfumed—the ideal Talcums for women of taste.

All Mennen Talcums are compounded on the same basis and with the same care as the famous Mennen Borated Talcum Powder used so successfully for 40 years for babies' tender skin. That in itself guarantees the quality—silky and soft, delicate and fragrant.

*Mennen Violet Talcum* is quiet and refreshing, with an old-world perfume of dew-crystallized violets—a perfume which has been the favorite of many generations of well-bred people.

*Mennen Sen Yang* has a perfume new to this continent. It is an elusive Oriental perfume, rapidly becoming a great favorite. The Mennen Company also, after long experiment, have produced two Talcum Powders which give perfect "complexion" satisfaction. One is *Flesh Tint*—the first *Flesh Tint Talcum* and the other *Cream Tint*, for those who find a white Talcum unbecoming.

**The Mennen Company**  
Factory: Montreal

Sales Office  
**Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited**  
10 McCaul St. Toronto

# MENNEN

## TALCUM POWDERS



## A Perfect Day For The Baby Open Eyes To Baby's Needs

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON

A HOMELY saying with which we are all familiar is: "There are none so blind as those who won't see." Another version is: "Eyes have they and they see not, ears and hear not, hearts have they and they will not understand." This the negative while the positive is: "What we look for we find," and "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

All nature is spread out before us like an open book, yet the standard of true education is so low that only a few have learned to read. I am not referring wholly to city-bound people now, but to thousands living daily among Nature's lessons and yet whose eyes are so bound that they cannot see. It was in the heart of the country that I was walking one evening,

most misunderstood and stupidly treated.

All animals were originally created for out-of-door life. A few species e.g., men and moles, have become house-bound. The mole has thereby lost his eyesight, and man his health and vitality. All were likewise created naked, except such as had coats growing upon them. The clothing of these becomes thicker in cold weather or climates, and correspondingly thin in warm places. Some animals hide in burrows during the winter, which is equivalent to thicker clothing or housing. Man alone hangs clothing upon his body at all times and seasons with apparently little respect to climate or temperature. I refer of course to that section of



PRINCESS MARY ADMIRING THE BABIES

This photograph was taken as Princess Mary was inspecting St. Pancras Division of the Red Cross Society at Mornington Crescent.

with a little river babbling at my side and lofty hills on either hand while the sun set slowly, gorgeously, the long rays of light slanting down, and athwart the valley and tinting the autumn foliage with exquisite coloring. It was almost oppressively beautiful, when I was roused out of my dream of color and light by a grunted "Evenin'" at my side. Turning, I saw an old, bent woman, dressed in rusty black, her eyes shaded by a broad hat, and her head bent down as she hobbled along. Returning her greeting, I said: "Isn't it beautiful? Do you know that the scenery in this valley has been compared to far famed Switzerland?" "I've lived here all my life," she said crossly, "an' I never seen nothin' beautiful about it." And she hobbled on toward the setting sun with her eyes bent always to the stepping of her own poor tired old feet.

All around in this spring time of the year Nature is bringing forth her babies. So many babies of so many different colors and shapes and voices. Yet in every phase of this baby life we may learn some lesson if we will that will help us to interpret the wonderful requirements of the most wonderful baby of them all—baby man.

Of all the babies, baby man is the most helpless, the most beautiful, and the most marvellously adjustable to climate and circumstances. Probably this last is what makes it possible to add that he likewise appears to be

humanity, which is called civilized or Christianized.

Some animals are carnivorous, some herbivorous, some omnivorous. Man belongs to the latter class. But for the first six to nine months of his life he is exclusively carnivorous. A knowledge of this fact by his worthy parents might save him and them much trouble. Be it noted, too, that the first teeth he gets are not such as belong to herbivorous, or wholly vegetable eating animals. But sharp little biting and tearing teeth, the flat grinders coming a good deal later. Digestive juices corresponding with the class of teeth cut are produced about the same time as the different kinds of teeth.

Milk is a wholly animal or proteid food, and upon his mother's milk only should baby man be fed until after several teeth have been erupted. And then he should not be dosed with soft stuff and "slops" alone. Imagine a baby tiger or lion, or monkey or chicken fed only soft stuff! They bite and chew and pick from the commencement. They are following Nature's guidance wholly. And in their native states they require no castor oil nor calomel, nor do they languish nor suffer from rickets, or other diseases of nutrition.

Nor are Nature's babies tied up in tight bands "to support them," nor shut out from air and sunshine behind closed doors and windows in artificially heated rooms. And they do not "catch cold" or have pneumonia, or eczema, or a score of other ills with which the "higher race" is tormented.



## A happy Baby

This baby never cries because of chafes, as so many babies do.

Mother dusts the delicate skin with

# MENNEN

## KORA-KONIA

which prevents chafing.

## MOTHERS

Do your babies cry in this hot weather? Are they fretful, with legs and backs all red and raw?

Hot weather is trying to the sensitive skins of babies. They perspire very easily. Their tender skins become so soft that the least rubbing almost tears. A too-tight binder or the edge of a diaper may easily be torment to them.

Look at baby after being undressed, and if diaper rash is evident or redness shows that clothes have chafed—dust at once with

# MENNEN

## KORA-KONIA

and see that baby gets relief. But prevention is better than cure. If your baby is all right now—avoid future trouble of this kind by using

# MENNEN

## KORA-KONIA

for it prevents as well as heals.

It is a soft, silky, medicated powder, specially prepared to comfort and soothe the tender skin of babies. It is made by Mennen, who has been making the famous Borated Talcum Powder for babies for 40 years. KORA-KONIA is more than a Talcum Powder. It has medicinal ingredients which heal as well as soothe. It forms a thin protective film over the tender places and guards from rubbing whilst it helps Nature to heal.

**The Mennen Company**

Factory: Montreal

Sales Office  
**Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited**  
10 McCaul Street  
Toronto





# A Variety of Pretty Cookery Cases

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

ONE of the prettiest features in modern cookery is the use of all kinds of dainty cases made of various materials, and used as receptacles for fillings of different sorts.

These little cases are suited either for high-class cookery or for use in the home, where the housewife receives no assistance, and consequently cannot devote a great amount of time to the dressing and decoration of her dishes. They offer special advantages in the latter event, as by their aid it is so easy to produce a good effect with a minimum of trouble, while they may, as a rule, be prepared beforehand (at least as far as the cases themselves are concerned), leaving only the filling to be attended to at the last moment.

Perhaps the simplest illustration of the idea is the potato, hominy or corn meal cassiolette. These are exceedingly easy to make and they may be filled with small, cooked vegetables, or a savory mince, or ragout, of fish, meat or poultry, according to taste and convenience. These cassiolettes may be made very small and used as a garnish for serving round some other dish.

Highly useful little cases may also be made from fried bread, and may be filled with sweet or savory mixtures.

Again, for the serving of ice cream, the little ready-made cones and the cases which can be made with wafers or crackers present simple ways of dispensing ices at entertainments, or otherwise.

Still another type of case is made by removing the interior of small or large cakes and filling these with ices, custards or fruits.

It will thus be seen that the subject of cases is no brief one, even without touching on the claims of the ever useful paper cases, now to be seen in such immense variety, and which are such an invaluable aid to neat and dainty service.

**Nouille Cases With Creamed Fish.**—Make a stiff paste with one cupful of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two yolks of eggs and a little milk. Roll this pastry out as thin as a wafer, and line some small tins with it, pressing it well into the tins to prevent air bubbles. Bake for ten or fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Fill with creamed fish and serve hot.

These nouille cases may be filled with cheese soufflé made as follows: In a small saucepan over the fire, blend two tablespoonfuls of butter and four tablespoonfuls of flour, add one-half cupful each of milk and cream, and stir until boiling, season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika, add the yolks of three eggs, one-half cupful of grated cheese and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake some nouille cases for a few minutes, fill each one-half full with the mixture and bake till well puffed up and lightly browned. Serve immediately.

**Meringue Cases With Apple Sauce.**—Make some meringue mixture, allowing two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each white of egg. Beat up the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, then add the sugar lightly and quickly. Cut some narrow strips of white paper, and fasten the ends together with a little white of egg to form rings about the size of a napkin ring. Put the meringue into a forcing bag with a small tube and pipe it round the paper ring to form a case. Dry in a very moderate oven until beginning to color.

When they are crisp the paper will be quite easily detachable from the inside of the cases, but it must be removed with care. Stand each case on a thin round of cake. At serving time fill the centres with thick apple sauce and heap whipped and sweetened cream on the top. These little meringue cases may be used for various purposes; they may be filled with ice cream and the top sprinkled with chopped nuts, or fresh fruit may be used instead of a sauce.

**Potato Cases Filled With Peas.**—Beat one and one-half pounds of boiled potatoes until quite smooth and light, season to taste with pepper and powdered nutmeg, add two tablespoonfuls of

butter, and the yolks of two eggs, and beat until these ingredients are well blended. When cool roll out, using just sufficient flour to make this possible, to the thickness of about two inches. Cut out into rounds the size of a tumbler, and with a smaller cutter remove a piece from the



Timbale Cases with Fruit.

top of each as though making pastry patties. Brush them over with beaten egg, toss them in fine bread crumbs, place in a frying basket and fry to a light brown in hot fat. Fill the cavities with nicely seasoned cooked peas, and place the piece removed from the centre on top of the peas



Stewed Cherries in Puff Paste Cases.

to form a lid. This dish should be served hot.

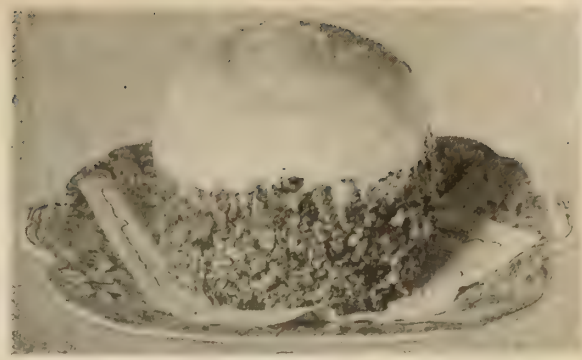
**Sponge Cake Cases Filled With Berries.**—Make some sponge cake by any approved recipe and bake in individual moulds. When cold cut a piece from the centre of each. Fill the cavity thus made with ripe, sweetened berries. Pipe a little whip-



Nouille Cases with Creamed Fish.

ped and sweetened cream around them, and cut strips of candied peel to form handles. These may be varied by using different fruits according to the season.

**Stewed Cherries in Puff Paste Cases.**—Roll out puff pastry to rather more than one-fourth inch in thickness. Let it rest for a few minutes to allow for shrinking, and cut into rounds with a plain or fluted cutter two and one-half inches in diameter. Moisten the edges of the whole rounds with water, and lay the rings on the top. Place the cases on a baking tin, and prick the centres with a fork and put in a small round piece of stale bread to prevent them rising. Brush over with beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. On another tin put the small rounds cut from the centres of the rings, brush



Peach Gâteau en Surprise.

them over with beaten egg, and bake for ten minutes. These serve for covers. When the patties are ready allow to cool and fill with stewed cherries. Top with whipped and sweetened cream and preserved cherries.

A great variety of mixtures may be made for filling the puff paste cases. A good sauce, with or without cream, forms the foundation of these mixtures. Small tasty pieces of meat, game, fish, vegetables, and eggs can all be utilized for the purpose.

**Timbale Cases With Creamed Peas.**—Three-fourths cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of milk, one egg, and one tablespoonful of olive oil. Sift the flour and the salt together, add the milk and eggs, well beaten, gradually, then stir in the olive oil. Put a timbale iron into hot fat, deep enough to cover it and let it get hot. Pour the batter into a cup, lower the hot iron into the cup to about three-fourths its depth. Then immerse the iron in the hot fat again, the mixture will rise to the top and when brown and crisp, it will slip off easily. If the case is not crisp, it is because the batter is too thick. In that case thin with milk. Fill with creamed peas and serve hot.

These cases may also be filled with sweet mixtures. Choose ripe fruit, pick it, and put it into a bowl. Put one-half cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of water into a saucepan, and boil to a thick syrup, but do not let them color. Add a little fruit syrup or extract to flavor. Pour this syrup over the fruit, and stand in a warm place for forty minutes. Then lift out the fruit carefully, place it in the cases, and pour two teaspoonfuls of the syrup over. Serve either hot or cold. A spoonful of whipped and sweetened cream may be put on the top of each just before serving. Stoned cherries, strawberries or raspberries may be used.

**Little Ginger Soufflés.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan over the fire, add one-half cupful of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and stir over hot water until thick and smooth. Remove the pan from the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth cupful of ginger syrup and four tablespoonfuls of chopped ginger. Mix well, add the yolks of two eggs one at a time, beating well between each, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Grease small paper cases, three-fourths fill them with the mixture, and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

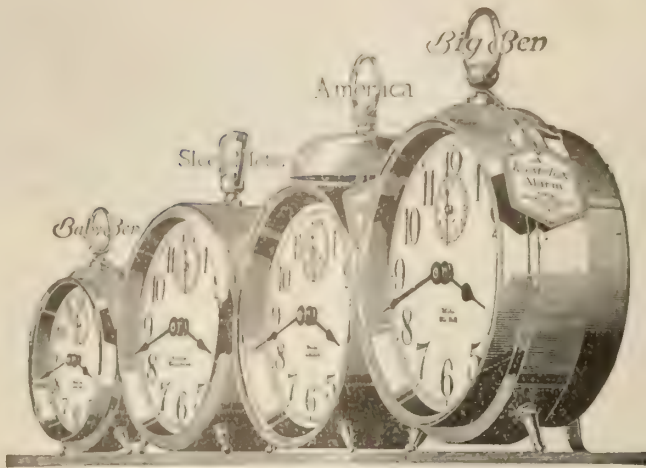
Top with the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and chopped preserved ginger. Serve hot.

**Cream Puffs.**—Into a saucepan put one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of water, bring to boiling point, add quickly one cupful of sifted flour and stir well with a wooden spoon until the dough leaves the sides of the pan. Cool slightly, add a pinch of salt and four eggs one by one, beating each one in thoroughly. Bake in greased muffin rings and when cold fill with either whipped cream flavored and sweetened to taste; or a custard made with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four eggs and four cupfuls of milk. Decorate with whipped and sweetened cream and chopped nut meats.

**Peach Gâteau En Surprise.**—Bake a plain sponge cake in a round tin. When cold scoop out the centre, fill with stewed or canned peaches and pile on the top with meringue. Brown lightly in the oven. Brush the sides of the cake with warm jelly and cover with chopped nut meats. Serve with cream or a sweet white sauce.

**Olives in Egg Cases.**—Make some cases of hard-cooked white of egg. Pour one teaspoonful of liquid aspic jelly into each and allow to partly set. Allow an olive for each case. Soak in water and stone. Pound yolks with some chopped cooked ham, and rub through a sieve. Put mixture into a forcing bag with small tube, force some into each olive, and stand them in the aspic. Serve garnished with parsley.





## Four well-known Westclox

**Y**OU like an honest clock for the same reason you like an honest man. You can depend on what it says.

Westclox alarms make and hold so many friends because they run and ring *on time*.

The secret of their dependability is inside the case—Westclox construction.

The wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is greatly reduced; the clock runs more smoothly and gives you longer service.

Big Ben, America, Sleep-Meter and Baby Ben are the four top-notchers of the Westclox line. But all Westclox alarms have this same construction. The men who make Big Ben take pride in making every Westclox right.

It will pay you to look for the Westclox mark of good timekeeping on the dial and tag of the clock you buy. Then you will have a timekeeper that you can depend on for honest, faithful service.

Western Clock Co., Ltd., makers of Westclox  
Peterborough, Ontario

## Refreshing Yet Nourishing Dishes

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "ECONOMICAL COOKERY."

**W**ITH the arrival of warm weather, comes the demand for tempting dishes that are refreshing and yet nourishing. Meats come under a class covered by the second term, for they are without doubt one of the most nutritious foods that exist, but they can hardly be called refreshing, for they give more heat than the body requires in the summer time. Therefore many people endeavor to abstain from the use of meats during the warm months, basing their diets, rather, on such substitutes for meats as salad, eggs, cheese savories and other dishes like those given below.

**Rice Timbale.**—Wash and dry one-half pound of rice, put it into a saucepan with four cupfuls of cold water and bring to boiling point; then take from the fire and drain. Wash out the saucepan and put back the rice, adding six cupfuls of hot milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Place this over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, cover and let it simmer on the back of the range for forty minutes without stirring. Then add one-half cupful of sugar or honey and let the mixture stand for ten minutes more without cooking. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of cream and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and mix with the rice. When partly cool, add one cupful of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, and fold it in lightly. Now grease a mould and put in it alternate layers of rice and peach or orange marmalade, having the top layer of rice. Chill thoroughly for four hours, then turn out and decorate with fresh fruit.

**Nasturtium Salad.**—This is a delightful, spicy salad and most decorative for the Sunday or company dinner. Pick a number of leaves and blossoms of nasturtiums, wash well in cold water and shake dry. Arrange in a shallow glass dish, leaves and flowers forming a border and stems running to the centre of the dish. Take three cold boiled potatoes and slice very thin. Peel an equal quantity of tomatoes and slice thin. Then arrange potatoes and tomatoes in alternate circles, covering the stems of the flowers, and sprinkle with a little chopped onion and parsley. Pour over French dressing and serve when thoroughly chilled.

**Panned Tomatoes.**—Wash good sized firm tomatoes and cut in halves. Put skin side downwards in a greased fireproof dish. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter on each tomato, sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika, then bake until soft but not broken. Have in readiness as many slices of buttered toast as you have tomatoes, and lift the tomatoes on to the toast. Make a gravy in the usual way, pour over the tomatoes and toast and serve hot.

**Clabber.**—This is thickened milk. This dish is perfection in the summer when milk sours and thickens quickly. Serve it very cold. A good way is to pour the milk, before it thickens, into the glass dish it is to be served in; when thickened set it on ice for an hour or so. Serve on small plates with grated maple sugar, and a little powdered nutmeg, if desired.

**Stuffed Carrots.**—Wash and scrape ten carrots, put them into a saucepan of boiling salted water, and cook them for ten minutes. Drain and allow to cool, then hollow out the centre of each. Cook sufficient peas to make one-half cupful of purée. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, put in the purée of peas, stir until mixed, season with salt, pepper and paprika, and stir in the beaten yolk of one egg. Mix thoroughly and allow to cool. Put this mixture into a forcing bag with a tube attached, and fill the centres of the carrots with it. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, put in the stuffed carrots, cover with the lid of the pan, and cook gently for five minutes, then add one cupful of stock or gravy, and

simmer until the carrots are tender. Dish up in a pile, or in a circle, on a hot dish, remove the fat from the liquor in the pan, and pour it round the carrots. Serve hot.

**Corn Chowder.**—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add two sliced onions and cook until slightly browned. Parboil one cupful of sliced potatoes for five minutes, drain and add to onion, then add one can of corn and three cupfuls of water and cook for thirty minutes. Blend one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour with two and one-half cupfuls of milk, and cook until smooth and thick. Combine mixtures, add one-half cupful of cracker crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and serve.

**Eggs, Asparagus and Cheese Sauce.**—Boil four eggs hard, then place them in cold water to chill thoroughly; peel and cut them into quarters, lengthwise. Cut the crusts from eight pieces of buttered toast, and arrange the bread on a hot platter. Set two pieces of egg on each piece of toast, and in the centre of the dish place a bunch of hot, boiled asparagus tips. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, pour in one cupful of milk and stir until it boils. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add one cupful of grated cheese and allow it to melt. Pour part of this sauce over the eggs and asparagus, and serve the remainder separately, to be used as wanted.

**Sardines in Batter.**—Wipe and skin eight sardines. Dip the sardines into batter, drop them into smoking hot fat, and fry until crisp and a golden brown. Dish them in a pile on a hot dish, sprinkle over some grated cheese, and garnish with parsley. To make the batter, sift one cupful of flour into a bowl, add a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of olive oil, one beaten egg, and one-half cupful of milk, and beat until smooth and glossy. Allow to stand in a cool place for thirty minutes, then add one teaspoonful of baking powder and use.

**Potatoes With Beets.**—Peel and wash eight potatoes, put them into a saucepan, cover with cold water, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and cook until half done. They should not be quite cooked for this dish. Let the potatoes cool, then cut them in thick slices. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, when hot, put in the potatoes, and fry lightly, then add four cooked and sliced beets, two chopped onions, one cupful of stock or water, the strained juice of one-half lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for twenty minutes. Arrange on a hot dish and serve.

**Macaroni With Tomato Sauce.**—Boil one-half of a package of macaroni in boiling salted water for thirty minutes, then drain and keep hot. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, and when melted stir in one chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika. Cook together for eight minutes, then add one tablespoonful of flour mixed with one cupful of stewed or canned tomatoes, and stir and cook for eight minutes longer. Butter a baking dish, put a layer of macaroni in it, then a layer of sauce, and so on until the dish is full; let the last layer be of macaroni. Bake in the oven for ten minutes and serve hot.

**Moulded Salad.**—Pour liquid aspic jelly into small wet individual charlotte russe moulds, and turn out at serving time on to small serving plates. Fill with cooked peas and garnish with shredded lettuce or watercress and fancy cut lemons. Serve with mayonnaise dressing to which has been added one-half cupful of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. The jelly may be molded in cups, and the centres removed with a warm spoon.

## —and Seal Brand Coffee—

### Nothing else will do

No other can compare with Seal Brand. Made only from the finest mountain-grown beans, which have developed slowly, absorbing goodness from the air, the sun and the luxurious soil of the cool wonderful Tropic Uplands.

Perfectly Blended and Roasted, the rich aroma and rare flavour sealed into the Tins.

In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2-lb. sizes. Whole, ground, and fine-ground. At all good grocers. Write for "Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made", Mailed free on request.

**CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.**



## A Most Attractive Skin

is only maintained by careful daily care. Neglect is as bad as abuse. Spend a little time daily with Princess Preparations and your skin will be admired. The dust and sun of Summer will play havoc with your complexion—if you let it. Any of the famous Princess Preparations will be sent, with complete instructions for home use, on receipt of price. Write us about any skin trouble you may have. We treat any skin trouble that is of a non-infectious nature.

|                                |       |        |
|--------------------------------|-------|--------|
| Princess Complexion Purifier   | ..... | \$1.50 |
| Princess Skin Food             | ..... | 1.50   |
| Princess Hair Rejuvenator      | ..... | 1.50   |
| Princess Cinderella Cold Cream | ..... | .75    |
| Princess Face Powder           | ..... | .75    |



**The Hiscott Institute, Limited**  
61F College Street - Toronto



5.00

ig Glass  
a Sunshine  
XION

**M**OTORING weather has arrived—of course all weather is motoring weather, but for thorough enjoyment of a drive, give me the sunshiny days and warm evenings with purple, crimson and gold sunsets, and mornings, if you are of the early bird variety, when the breeze is warm upon your cheeks. Days when we reap the reward of patiently enduring work and stormy weather and may, with a clear conscience, toss our hat in the air and shout: "Hip, hurrah, for the Holidays!" Glorious days, but hark you, dangerous days to the complexion. Not even now may we relax our vigilance upon the skin that we have gently and perseveringly cared for in the shut-in weather, lest the elements play havoc with it. Never must we go a-motoring without a careful thought of the effect of wind and sun and dust upon the rose-leaf texture of our complexion. Rose-leaf, you say—save the mark!—but if not, why not, dear ladies? As I have told you many a time and oft, it is a simple thing to cultivate a lovely skin.

Whether or not our complexion is such as to cause us vanity, it is no more than sensible to protect it to a certain extent from the ravages of summer weather. If it were only to prevent the unpleasantness of sunburn, it would be wise. Even in my very young and foolish days, I never was in sympathy with the summer girls who deliberately set out to acquire a coat of tan, and vied with one another as to the deepest burning of face and neck and arms. Perhaps it was because sunburn was to me such an unhappy thing; I have a recollection of a summer when the pain of a blistered nose and cheeks, kept me awake three long and restless nights and made me an unholy object to look upon. Even to this day I have a feeling of deep faith in carron oil which was the first remedy to bring me relief and to reduce the swelling.

Suppose now that you are contemplating a motor journey of some length, and that the matter of compact luggage is something that must be considered. Whatever must be omitted let nothing prevent you taking a few of those preparations necessary to complexion comfort. For instance, there must be included a large pot of cleansing and healing cream. This will be needed sadly at the end of each day to remove the dust that has accumulated in the pores. It is not wise to wash the face, even with the best of soap, at the end of a dusty journey without first applying a generous quantity of cleansing cream and removing the outside dirt with a soft cloth. After that, the soap and warm water, and if you are then retiring for the night,

the further application of a skin-food or an antiseptic cream would be advisable. In the morning bathe the face first with clear warm water and then with cold to close the pores. A good foundation cream comes next, lightly rubbed into the skin and then a dusting with powder. These two make an excellent protection against the effect of wind and sunshine, but you must not depend upon them alone. A further shading must be provided by a brimmed hat—not necessarily wide-brimmed, but broad enough to cast a shadow and to save the eyes from the glare of the road. Sun-burn in the eyes, as anyone who has experienced it will tell you, is exceedingly painful, and I should advise those who contemplate a motor journey of length, to provide themselves with

glasses of a brown or blue or green shade. They are far from being an affectation, as I have heard them branded.

Speaking of the eyes, our motor toilet kit should not be without an eye cup and a bottle of boracic acid diluted with water. With this it is well to wash out the eyes at the end of every day's journey. It is one of the best preventives of headache and relief from unnatural strain on the eyesight.

The hair, too, should be given especial care during the night stops for rest and refreshment.

While one's hat protects it to a certain extent, there is an accumulation of dust that must be given a stiff brushing to dislodge. There is also an erroneous opinion that some people hold, that any old gloves will do to drive in, but this is not the case, unless one is none too particular about the condition of hands and nails. Old gloves are as a rule, thin or holey gloves and in that case the dust of the road has little trouble in sifting through them and collecting in the pores of the hands or in the cuticle of the nails. And this grime is difficult to displace, even with the most efficient of nail brushes. Therefore, it is an excellent thing to provide oneself with a pair of gloves that are new or at least intact.

After all, with a little extra precaution, there is no reason why the toilet made upon each fresh beginning of a motor journey should not be just as successful as one made in the sanctuary of one's own boudoir. The well-cared-for appearance not only adds to one's personal contentment but it is a delightful sop to the vanity to have someone exclaim: "My, how fresh and charming you look—not a bit dragged after your long journey."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

E. M.—I can't imagine what effect the mixture you suggest would have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

#### THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



THE SPIRIT OF THE DANCE

Miss Josephine Hodgson was a solo danseuse at the Kermesse d'ete at the Women's Art Association, Toronto.



## Clean, healthy Teeth

Every woman wants them—for herself and her children. True refinement has no surer sign than healthy well-kept teeth. Next in importance after the Dentist's duty comes

## ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE

It is the best and purest dentifrice that scientists can devise. Free from fads and fancies—made only from the highest grade materials.

All good druggists and stores sell  
Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste.

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## The Beauty of Youth

While you have the healthy vigorous Beauty of youth you should constantly preserve and protect it for the years to come. Neglect has caused many women to look far older than they should. A little attention paid to the skin and complexion now by the use of



121

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

will be amply repaid by your Youthful Beauty in later years. It not only protects and preserves the complexion for the future but greatly improves your appearance now. Conceals facial blemishes. In use 70 years.

Send 15c. for Trial Size

## Gouraud's Medicated Soap

To keep the skin and complexion in a healthy condition you must use a Soap that will thoroughly clear the skin of dust, dirt and impurities. The ordinary complexion soaps are not adequate. Gouraud's Medicated Soap has been guarding complexions for over seventy years. Use it constantly, it is your protection against infection. Successfully used for skin troubles. Ideal for preparing the skin before using Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 15c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON  
W. St. Paul St., Montreal





## A Bucket of Sunlight

to Brighten the  
Vacation Evenings

**N**O matter where you pitch your tent, the new Columbia Hot Shot will be the life of the party.

Or if you are to spend the happy hours in shack or summer cottage, you will still need this Columbia Hot Shot radiance, ready to be turned on in an instant.

### A Single Dry Battery—4 to 12 Cellpower

A solid unit—no joints—just the two binding posts. In a jiffy you can string a couple of common bell wires, hang the bulb where you want it, put any kind of switch wherever handiest—and the place is set for a good time. The Columbia Hot Shot Dry Battery is safe. . . . At electrical, hardware, auto, and general stores—garages—hardware, auto supply, and electrical departments.

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Toronto, Canada

Canadian Made for Canadian Trade

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Dry and  
Storage Batteries



Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts without extra charge on Columbia No. 6 for doorbells and buzzers

121320



Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful, dependable "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair, also double it's beauty. Try "Danderine" and see!

### The Best Washer You Ever Met!

Never gets tired or cross! Never "kinks." Handles light or heavy goods—blankets, table cloths, or handkerchiefs—a full tub or a few articles equally well. Doesn't wear or tear the most delicate fabrics, and only takes half the time! Isn't that the kind of a washer to have in your home? Then go to your dealer's to-day and meet the

**Maxwell**

"Home" Washer

—a ball-bearing washer—light, noiseless, easy-running—of handsomely-finished cypress. Specially-designed dasher makes it best for washing everything. Enclosed gears mean safety. Write us for booklet—FREE.

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. 1 St. Marys, Ont. 36



### To The Club Members:

There is an announcement to be made this month which will mean parting with an old friend and finding a new one. The leadership of the club is passing from Ethel Bain, who has so ably conducted it for some time, and in future will belong to Bertha E. Green, whose work is already known to many Canadian readers, and who will make her first appearance as conductor of the club in our August issue. Hence all members, new and old, are asked to write to Bertha E. Green that a new club register may be formed. Mrs. Green has written many original sketches for the Journal and is known also as the writer of "The Day Dodgers," which have appeared in a well-known weekly. So, please send us your stories and photographs just as soon as you have made up your mind to try for a prize or a place in the columns.

EDITOR,  
CANADIAN HOME  
JOURNAL.

### Prize List for May.

1. "Fifty Thousand and Dollars." Awarded to Wilfred I. Clark, age 12, Southend P.O., Ontario.
2. Camera Contest. Awarded to Ida McCrindle, Kincardine, Ontario, R.R. No. 2.
3. "The Woodpecker." Mary E. Jackson, age 11, Malton, Ontario, R.R. No. 1.

### New Members.

Althea McLean, 72 Chesterfield Ave., Westmount, Quebec.  
Olive Nightingale, Rossmore, Ontario.

### PRIZE LETTER

"Fifty Thousand Dollars," by Wilfred I. Clark, age 12, Southend P. O., Ontario.

**H**EIR to fifty thousand dollars—I? Wonders will never cease. Who left this generous amount to me? That is more than I can answer—but here it is—fifty thousand dollars in real bills. What shall I do with it? Various ways of spending it flashed through my mind but I decided to ask my parents' advice before I did anything definite.

They immediately advised me to put four-fifths of it in the bank. Even

that would leave ten thousand! Now, let's see—my shoes are getting old and I need a new suit—so does mother. All right!

I immediately bought the suits and shoes and (being fond of the movies) decided to visit them. I took my mother with me and we visited the best in town. Having enjoyed ourselves in that way we decided to take lunch in the city (as my father and brother were both away on business.)

After filling our capacities to a great extent, a thought suddenly took

birth in the vicinity of my head—a trip to Niagara Falls—that would be splendid! Off we went, bought our tickets and took the next train to that place. We arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon and decided to go to it and enjoy ourselves as much as possible.

We took a trip on the Gorge car, stopping off at the Aerial Car Station, the Whirlpool, The Glen and the Devil's Hole, not to mention Brock's Monument, in turn spoken, arriving back at the Queen Victoria Park, five hours later. When night dreamily drifted upon us we made our way back to our hotel, as the trip was telling on our appetites.

The next day marked our return journey. My father and brother were glad to see us back.

Counting my money I still had ten thousand dollars, minus ten, left. I pondered upon what to do next—Oh! wonderful thought—a trip to England—wouldn't that be great?

I immediately announced to the family what I intended to do, to which they agreed with hearty enthusiasm.

Time flies as it always does and now comes the day upon which we return to our homeland.

We arrive at Victoria in British Columbia and make a straight-of-way to our home-town. On the train, we first came into contact with the fresh air of the mountains, then the smell of the prairie with its endless fields of wheat and ah—at last—the odour of blossoms—our own village. We are welcomed with hearty friendliness and settle down in our new twelve thousand dollar home! No more dishes for mother to wash. No more coal for me to carry. No more

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



Canadian School Children in Folk Lore Dance on Empire Day.



# A Story for the Small Person

## The Land of P'raps

By BETH SADLEIR

THE travellers had just passed the flag that marked the first of the July road. At each side of the highway there were trumpet-flowers that played gay tunes, with noisy fire-cracker plants, and snapdragons that popped. It was a noisy thoroughfare, and a gay one, too, for all the brightest colored flowers were there, and every one in bloom.

It was a bright and happy journey along this first part of the July way. All of the wood-men had vanished. Diddy Happen and Dedder Naherrin walked side by side, the Tick-Tock brothers followed, while the little If walked between them, as if he were afraid of all the noise. It grew quieter, however, warmer and sunnier, as they walked onward. It grew hotter still, which was most unfortunate, for Tick and Tock. Their shiny cardboard suits began to crack and curl

out of shape, and the yellow and blue paint blistered and peeled. So it was with much relief that Diddy and his friends saw in front of them a broad blue lake, with little cream-puff waves upon it. Even old Dedder Naherrin quickened his steps, while the If galloped madly toward the water, his tiny alarm clock clanging loudly as it swung from the tip of his curly tail.

Diddy was soon knee-deep in the cool waters. Old Dedder Naherrin stopped to take off his shoes, and the If swam around, blowing and puffing.

The Tick-Tock brothers rushed into the lake, without stopping to leave their clocks on dry land. This was disastrous, for their cardboard suits could not keep out the water, but soaked right through, softened, and then fell off.

It was then that Diddy and Dedder noticed Tick and Tock, who now came back to the shore again. They had the same faces, and they still carried their clocks, but otherwise they would never look the same again. The Tick-Tock brothers without their shiny suits were, Diddy saw, but two word-men.

As Diddy watched them, each of the brothers shrank until he became smaller than the clock he had been

carrying. When each one was only as tall as a match, he opened a door in the back of his clock and stepped inside. Then Diddy knew that the clocks were the homes of the Tick-Tock brothers, and he could hear them busy in their houses.

So Diddy, Dedder, and the If were once more alone, and, moving the Tick-Tock houses to the side of the road, they continued their journey, but not far. The lake was in front of them, and there was no boat, or Pink Star, or June-Bug, to carry them across.

While they were wondering how they would ever get across, countless small creatures rose to the surface of the water. They all had little hooked arms, which they immediately used to lock themselves together. This was the way to cross the lake, for the little creatures had made a floating bridge for the travellers to walk upon.

"They're handy and obliging chaps are the Ands," said Dedder Naherrin. "They are always joining things, and, luckily for us, they join this shore and the far one."

As they stepped on dry land again, the Ands disappeared as quickly as they had come; and none too soon, for a great many odd birds were swooping down.

"Why, they are the flying words!" exclaimed Diddy.

"Of course," said Dedder, "they are the Buts. Ands and Buts do not agree at all."

They climbed a hill, and at the very top of it found a letter-man sitting in the middle of the road, weeping bitterly. He stood up as they approached, and Diddy saw that his name was Down.

"Why are you crying?" asked Diddy.

"Because I have no right here, for the top of the hill belongs to the Ups."

"How did you ever get here?" asked Diddy.

"The wind caught me, carried me high, and dropped me on this hill-top," said the Down.

"Well, you don't need to stay here if you don't want to," said Dedder Naherrin.

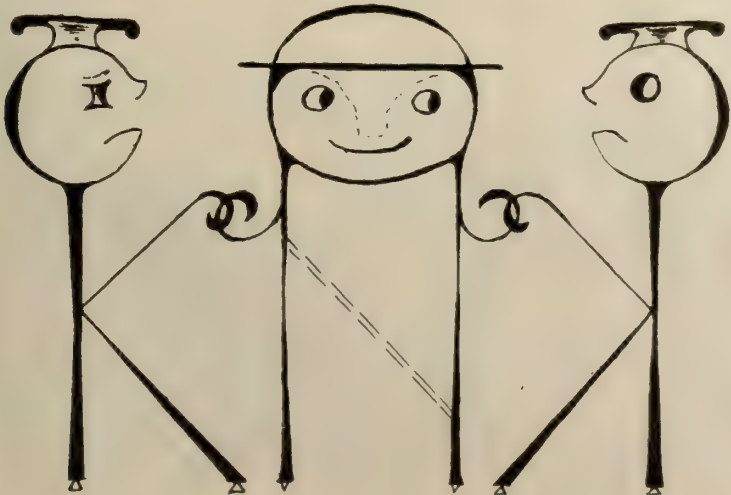
"That's so," said the letter-man, "I never thought of that."



*the Down they found on the hilltop*



*ONE of the flying BUTS*



## CANADA'S SUMMER GIRL

GOES TO

MUSKOKA

LA BAIE DE CHALEUR

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

ST. JOHN RIVER VALLEY

NOVA SCOTIA - BY -

THE SEA



Via



OR  
NIPIGON  
QUETICO  
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OUT OF DOOR  
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE AND  
MARITIME PROVINCES.  
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76

# PURITY OATS

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)





## A Story Worth \$3000<sup>00</sup> to YOU-Hidden Here!

JUST think of getting \$3000.00 in cash—all at one time—for just a few minutes' thought and absolutely no work—no obligation.

You can win it. Send in the best answer to the Eveready Daylo \$10,000.00 Picture Contest and the \$3000.00 is yours. For the next best answer the prize is \$1000.00. 102 other prizes \$500.00 to \$10.00 all to be paid in cash.

On June 1st go to the store of a Daylo dealer. See the picture in the window. Study it—let it tell you a story. Secure a Contest Blank from the dealer, write your answer and send it in. If your answer is the best you get the \$3000.00. Nothing could be simpler.

Start on the first day of the contest. Send in as many answers as you wish. Go after that \$3000.00 hard.

### List of Prizes

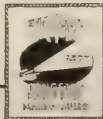
|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1 First Prize  | \$3000          |
| 1 Second Prize | 1000            |
| 3 Prizes       | \$500 each 1500 |
| 4 Prizes       | \$250 each 1000 |
| 5 Prizes       | \$200 each 1000 |
| 10 Prizes      | \$100 each 1000 |
| 10 Prizes      | \$ 50 each 500  |
| 20 Prizes      | \$ 25 each 500  |
| 50 Prizes      | \$ 10 each 500  |
| 104 Prizes     | Total \$10,000  |

Complete Contest Rules are Printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo Dealers for Them.



### Contest Conditions

Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each. Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmark will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.



A-3117

Look for this Sign on

Daylo Dealer's Windows

# The Journal Puzzle for July

By TOM WOOD

915.8

Guess what each of these little pictures represents. If correct, the initials spell the name of the flower for July, and the finals spell what we expect the Summer holidays to be.



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by July 20th to be included.

### Correct Solution of the May Puzzle.

|               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| Montreal      | Newcastle    |
| St. Hyacinthe | Moncton      |
| Fraserville   | Sackville    |
| Rimouski      | Amherst      |
| Father Point  | Bedford      |
| Campbellton   | Halifax      |
| Dalhousie     | FLORAL DISCS |
| Bathurst      | Arbutus      |
| Beaver Brook  | Twinflower   |

First prize awarded to Winnifred M. Chute, Bear River, N. S.; second to Mary A. Durkee, Hebron, N. S.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

## Shining Silver

Amongst table fittings, your silver is given pride of place; preserve its beauty with

## Ideal Silver Cream

the perfect silver polish. It contains neither grit nor acids to scratch or stain. It will not stick in the chasing, and gives a beautiful, lasting polish to your gold and silver ware. It also cleans cut glass, mirrors, brasses and statuary. A cream you may safely use in cleaning your finest possessions.

Ask your dealer for a jar.

CANADIAN POLISHES, LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

# DOMINION EXPRESS

## MONEY ORDERS

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.  
On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.





Chief Gun present-  
ing Pipe & Peace  
to Sir Robert  
Kindersley.



The runner of the  
past and the  
flier of the  
future



Indians dance after presentation



Mr. P.H. Godsell  
official in charge of Fur Brigade

*Picturesque Scenes in West-  
ern Canada at the Celebration  
of the Two Hundred and  
Fiftieth Anniversary of the  
Founding of the Hudson's Bay  
Company.*



Hudson's Bay Celebrations  
Flotilla of Canoes ready  
to start off.



General view of Indian Tepees



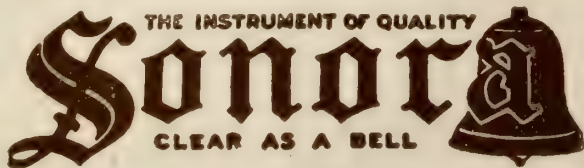




## Enchanting— On Long Summer Evenings

If you are a trained musician, you will be most exacting as to tone quality when you select your phonograph.

If you, yourself, are not particularly critical, you will still wish to have the best—a phonograph you will feel proud to have your musical friends hear.



The Sonora is the leader in the phonograph world. It has won this supremacy because of its matchless tone—sweet, clear, true and incomparably lovely.

The Sonora received at the Panama-Pacific Exposition a higher marking for tone quality than that given any other phonograph.

The Sonora plays all records. Its cabinets are wonderfully beautiful—the finest examples of the woodworker's art.

Hear a piano record—the critical test of a phonograph—on the Sonora.

Nearly all Sonora Models are now made entirely in Canada.

### I. Montagnes & Company

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

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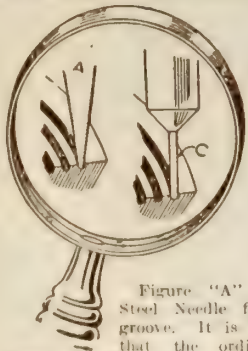


Figure "A" — Ordinary Steel Needle fitting record groove. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engagement point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and

thus tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C" — Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

## Sonora Needles

Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

I. MONTAGNES & CO.

Wholesale Distributors, Dept. "C," RYRIE BLDG., TORONTO

### SEE OUR INSTITUTE PRIZES

Members of the Women's Institutes should read our offer on page 54 of prizes for photographs of samplers and quilts. In your homes are specimens of the sampler art of our grandmothers and many a quilt which shows the handiwork of the old times. Send us the photographs with the stories by November 1st, 1920.



By NORMAN HARRIS

44 15.00

**A**DVICE on a subject in which we are vitally interested, when it comes from an expert, is always eagerly and gratefully received. As a general thing it is rather difficult to find one so well versed in his field that what he tells us is not subject to argument and perhaps to successful contradiction. The position now surrounding us is that every expert on finance who deals with the matter at all, is advising the purchase of Canadian Victory Bonds. In financial matters it is not safe to lay down any cut and dried prophecy, no matter how strongly the facts at hand appear to bolster up the prediction.

**E**VERY man or woman who has money to invest should realize that investment is an expert science, and he who has not learned it must step warily until experience has matured his judgment and taught him what to avoid. I think one should form investment habits; that the older people should teach the younger ones what is good and what is bad, to the end that when the young married man comes to the point of finding lodgment for the first hundred or thousand dollars he has saved, or when the widow finds herself in possession of quite a large fund of money, either will have some proper idea of what is best to do. In this connection I would point out the importance of realizing the fact that there are in existence business organizations of reputation whose sole activity is in furnishing investment securities to those who are in the market to buy. The young or inexperienced person with capital, either large or small, has the option of putting himself in touch with one or more of these houses, or of ignoring them. If he ignores them, he is depriving himself of facilities which he simply cannot replace, and which will be freely placed at his disposal for the mere asking.

As an illustration, let us suppose that Mrs. Mary Jones finds herself a widow, and in the course of a short time is in receipt of a cheque for five thousand dollars from a life insurance corporation. Financial matters are more or less Greek to her. She finds the talk of "security," "interest," "dividends," "good collateral," "first mortgage gold bonds," and other common brokerage terms quite confusing. She has always trusted the banks until now, when she realizes she has not only a large sum of money at her disposal, but a fund also upon which she knows she must rely in part for her future means. She hesitates to place the entire amount in any bank. She timidly asks her lawyer what she shall do with the money. What does her lawyer know about investment? He has only a superficial knowledge. In many instances the lawyer is in the position that he will secure a commission for himself if he causes his client to invest in a mortgage. A mortgage is a very good type of security, but it is questionable whether it is the form of purchase for a woman in the condition we have imagined. She decides not to buy a mortgage, and asks Uncle John. Uncle John tells her he has drawn ten per cent. dividends for six years from a certain industrial stock. Of course, there may be some little risk in it, but on the whole he thinks if she can get her income from the insurance money up to five hundred dollars per annum, everything should be all right. Perhaps she still does not purchase, and then by degrees those persons who make a business of smelling out where the money is, learn of her funds. There then begins a bombardment of this widow by mail and in person. She is promised the most "absolute safety" coupled with a return of from ten to thirty per cent. per annum. If she can withstand the appeals and arguments of the magnetic individuals who are after her money, she has more good sense and hardihood than the average person.

Now, what I am getting at is that in none of the circumstances outlined

above is there any certainty that the investor will place her money where she will still have possession of it; in other words, where her capital will be safe. If she buys Uncle John's common stock, with its ten per cent. dividends, she has parted with her money for good and all. She has "purchased" the common stock. Common stock promises her nothing. Common stock is not redeemable. True, if the company remains prosperous, and if there is a wide market for the stock, she can take advantage of the situation and sell her stock to another buyer. But, if business becomes bad, and the ten per cent. dividend is cut to five, or is dropped altogether, she has her common stock, but she has no claim on the company for anything. If the dividends are not earned, she is not entitled to any profits. She has not the right to say to the company: "I invested trust funds in your enterprise; you took my five thousand dollars; I desire to have it back now!" She does not possess this right, simply because the securities she acquired give her no such legal or other privilege. A broker of questionable reputation may, at one fell swoop, pounce upon this five thousand dollars, induce the owner to sign a paper, and the money will be lost to her forever. She may take a week, a month or a year to realize that she has been swindled. But the truth will come to her sooner or later. Just such things are happening every day.

**S**UPPOSE the owner of this five thousand dollars approached her banker for investment advice, or assume that she merely notices the advertisement in a newspaper or magazine of an investment house. If she forwards her name and address, one may say her troubles are over. Her money is practically safe from then on. She can let Uncle John and all her relatives and friends alone. She does not need their suggestions. She has put herself above and beyond them. What kind of investment house is this that is suggested?

What I have in mind is the corporation which deals exclusively in bonds of the best type, and which does not handle bonds or any other securities on a commission basis, but has adopted a procedure which is its own best protection and also that of the client. Such a house is amply supplied with capital. It buys outright with its own funds any bond issue it subsequently handles. It will not lend its name and its capital to securities without a most searching investigation. Having demonstrated to its own satisfaction that a block of say a million dollars' worth of securities is satisfactory for its purposes, it buys the entire issue, and pays its good money.

The clients of such a house are not speculators. They are the real investors, and the real investor is the man or woman who has learned that the most important thing for him is to keep his money, and next to receive some return on it, and third, to get the best return he can compatible with safety. Through this simple process of selecting the right people to deal with at the beginning, the inexperienced man or woman can be sure that he will not be swindled, that his funds will be secure, that there will be a good market for what he purchases, and that his income is assured.

### Information Coupon

July, 1920.

If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

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THE owner of a Willys-Knight always knows what to expect from his sleeve-valve motor. Instead of deteriorating it *improves with use*. Its *only* change is a change for the *better*.

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Owners of Willys-Knight cars naturally place a high valuation upon the fine coach work and luxurious appointments—but, more on the extraordinary advantage of owning cars that run *better the longer* they are driven.

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## The Sweater May Introduce a Color Accent or Harmonious Touch



The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 177, 20 cents. An adorable slip-on sweater of fine zephyr wool with contrasting color Angora edging the square neck and the fashionably short sleeves.



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 176, 25 cents. Styles in sweaters may come and go but the Tuxedo model seems to retain a firm hold. This is of Shetland zephyr wool with revers of brushed wool.



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 178, 20 cents. One might call this a glorified sweater, a slip-over model of gray Shetland and white Angora the combination proving very effective.



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 613 and 615, 15 cents each. Two charming sweaters are illustrated above for big and little sister. Shetland or brushed wool may be used for making either one or both.



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 612, 20 cents. For cool Summer days nothing is more convenient than these shawlettes or wide scarfs. This is of brown teazel yarn with a border of tan and brown blocks.



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 179, 20 cents. A very good-looking sweater of Shetland wool in the fashionable henna shade. It is a charming variation of the fashionable Tuxedo model.

## A Greeting to the I.O.D.E.

AT the annual meeting of the I.O.D.E., held in Calgary, during the last week of May, the President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, gave an address of greeting, welcoming the delegates in hearty and eloquent language, to the effect:

In carrying the greetings of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada to the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, now in conference, I feel myself to be both happy and honored.

As a usual thing, in Canada, our patriotic and philanthropic organizations have come to us from other lands after proving their worth elsewhere. These two sister organizations, however, have the unique distinction of native birth, having arisen to other portions of the Empire when similar needs arose.

When immigrants began to pour into this Dominion from foreign countries, certain wise Canadian women began to realize that to preserve our national heritage of the centuries we

The Women's Institutes arose out of the needs of lonely women on isolated farms. These women desired to meet at stated periods for the exchange of counsel and amenities, to say nothing of the opportunity of exchanging recipes, dress patterns, and community news. Many and remarkable have been the results which arose therefrom. One of the most valuable of these has been to stay the townward trend which was so sadly impoverishing the life of the country.

Another was that it taught the "home-tied woman" that she could profitably co-operate with the state—that "eternal feminine" was not to be eternal after all, any more than the "silent power" was to be silent. In a word, the Women's Institutes enabled the rural woman to find herself.

It has also taught her to become a producer in a very real and material manner. This was why, when it seemed during the war period that the British Empire might be disrupt-



### AN INTERESTING GROUP

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, President Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, (left); Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, famous English speaker; Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Past President of the I.O.D.E.; and Mrs. J. F. Price, Convener Publicity Committee, Federated Women's Institutes of Canada; taken at Calgary on the occasion when Mrs. Murphy presented greetings from the F.W.I. to the I.O.D.E. Convention held in that city, and made a plea that both organizations work together in the great problems of immigration, the combating of the propaganda now being disseminated to disrupt the friendly relations between the United States and the British Empire. "Germany may do in peace-time," said Mrs. Murphy, "what she did not do in war-time," and she urged that everything be done to preserve the unity of the English-speaking nations.

must very definitely instruct our people in the history of our race; in the Anglo-Saxon ideal, and in all that is symbolized in our Color Standard. Moreover, these women felt the need of giving to our people the imperial outlook and all that it stands for. To this end, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has not only been well established in Canada, but has extended its operations until it includes Australia, Bermuda, New Zealand, Newfoundland and the Bahamas.

In a word, it has become from a small Chapter of Canadian city women, one of the most powerful, impressive and prosperous organizations in the British Empire.

Madame President, on behalf of the officers and members of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, I salute you.

And what about the other native-born organization? It has come up from a small Institute of country women to be the largest single organization of women in the world, embracing in Canada alone approximately one hundred thousand members.

Like many other good things, both these organizations had their inception in the Province of Ontario. A Westerner has been aptly defined as "a person who does not believe in Ottawa." Sometimes here in the West, when we would be inordinately impudent we say that after a while we will get nothing from the East but the sun-shine. But as I said, this is when we are impudent. For all time, we who are women, must acknowledge with gratitude that both these organizations came from the East. For our part, ah well! we intend to give them quite a lift out here on the hither side of the Great Lakes.

ed for lack of food supplies, certain members of the Canadian Women's Institutes were called upon to organize a branch in Great Britain in order that both the civilian populace and armies might be fed—that the food production might be vastly increased and steadily maintained. The women of the British Isles were not only left at home in charge of the stuff, but charged with the duty of getting the stuff together.

And so the rural movement which started so modestly in a little village near Hamilton, Ontario, spread to Great Britain where, at present they have over one thousand branches.

In Canada each Provincial Institute has its headquarters at the capital building, it being a branch of the Department of Agriculture. The Canadian Federal body was organized at Winnipeg in February, 1919. In Great Britain the headquarters are at Westminster, Lady Denman being the President.

Madame President and members of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, I am not telling you these things of the Institutes in a boastful spirit, (indeed, in belonging to both the I.O.D.E. and the Women's Institutes, I feel myself doubly fortunate in this behalf) but I am inviting you to consider with me the duty of these two largest organizations of women in the Dominion and to decide upon what share they must have not only in the destiny of the British Empire but in the maintenance of the peace of the world.

The motto of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire is "One Flag, One Throne, One Empire," while the Institutes claim a shorter but no less significant one—"For Home and Country."



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

In his dreams that night he rode his roan horse through thousands of young women packed in an immense corral, seeking in vain to cut out the girl who could meet Harrigan's requirements. Perched on the top corral rail was a fat, middle-aged woman, shrieking poetical directions to the girls. And not one of the bunch would suit. In the distance he could hear Cory sawing wood.

Harrigan was snoring in his sleep.

#### CHAPTER FOUR.

##### THE CUPID EXCHANGE.

TWO weeks later the Cupid Exchange, alias Mollie Aiken, walked along Hastings street, Vancouver. Once she halted her westward progress to turn into a confectionery store, there to exchange a dime for candies and a few words with the salesgirl.

"How's business, Mollie?" asked she of the sweetshop.

"Poor to worse, Bessie. I'm barely making enough to pay for the ads. If it doesn't improve I may have to go back to work. I'm going to the post-office now to see if there's any fish in the net. I'd like to get hold of some big fish, if only to see if I could play it."

"For yourself, Mollie?" tantalized the clerk.

"No, for you, dear," flashed back Mollie as she took leave of her friend and confidante.

At the post-office Box X448 yielded its treasure of four letters, including one bearing postmarks denoting it had travelled from Khakala to Soda Creek, from Soda Creek to Ashcroft, and from Ashcroft to Vancouver. Miss Aiken placed the letters in her purse and walked out to catch a car bound for Grandview, where she had her home and the Cupid Exchange its headquarters—the home in a cheerful front bedroom and the headquarters in a cupboard (where her typewriter reposed) and a trunk (where her correspondence lay secure under lock and key).

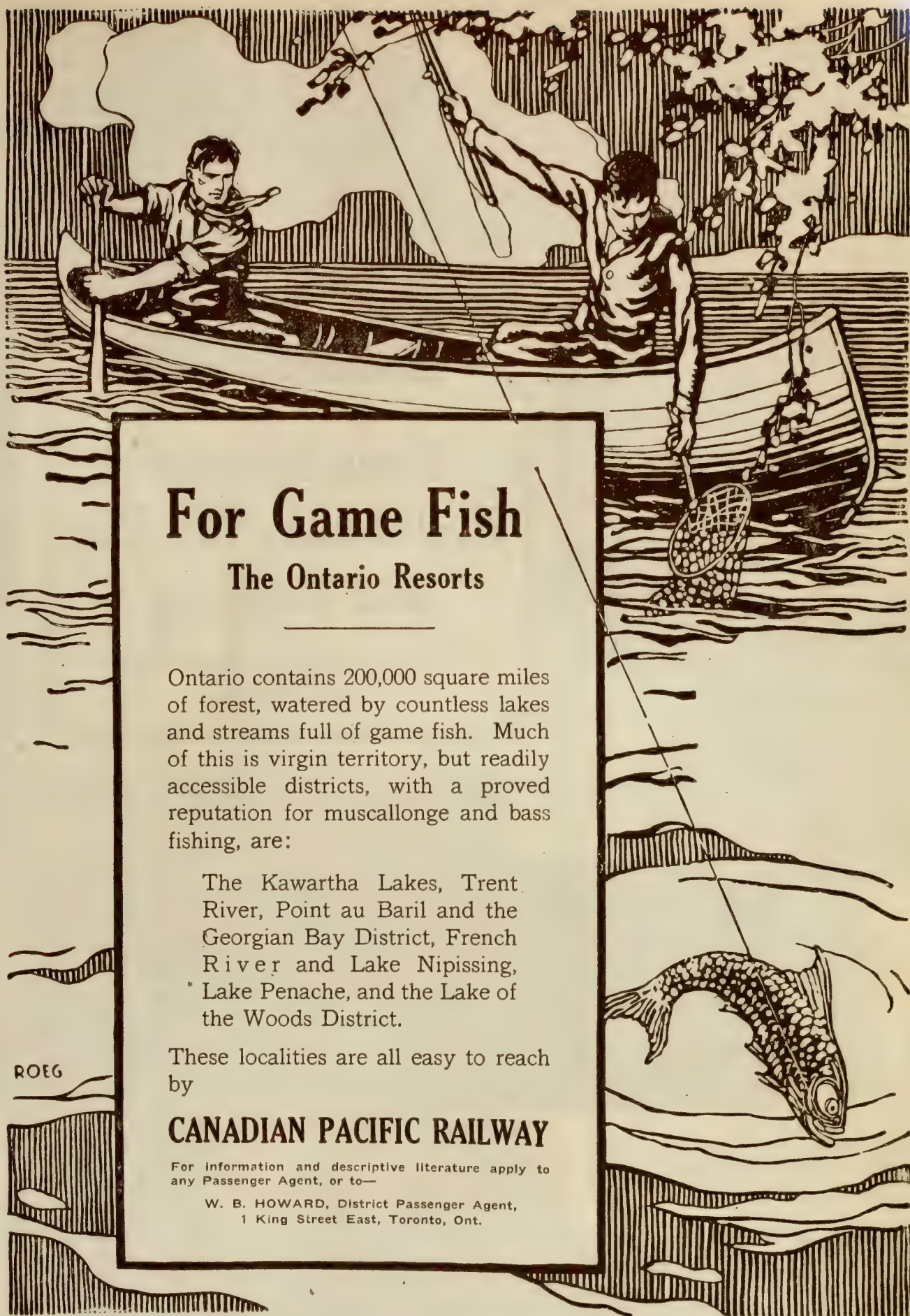
After supper, in the privacy of her bedroom-office, Mollie Aiken opened her letters. Two were evidently from adolescents and yielded nothing better than self-addressed envelopes and requests for matrimonial data. The third rejoiced Mollie's heart; it contained the dollar introduction fee so eagerly desired. The Cupid Exchange had a few simple rules for these introductions, rules based on the common-sense reasoning that the smaller the chance of meeting between the parties immediately concerned, the smaller the chance of trouble for the Cupid Exchange, and the greater the revenue for that same institution. For practical Miss Aiken never gave a correspondent the address of another; all letters had to be forwarded through Cupid Exchange headquarters (fee, ten cents, to defray postage and incidental expenses). Mollie reasoned that four or five letters would be exchanged before the correspondents gave each other their correct names, or tired of the game. In either case their amatory amusement would have enriched the Cupid Exchange by a round three dollars.

Unfortunately for the enterprising proprietor and manager, the preponderance of young ladies among the clientele meant that much of the correspondence yielded a revenue on incoming letters only. And this department of the business gave Miss Aiken most of her work for, lacking men, Mollie stepped into the breach, or the breeches, if you like, and became Charlie McL. to Daisy, Fred F. to the Rose of Kelowna, the Baseball Pitcher to Katie, Sober Working Man to Mother of Three—a demure miss who hoped to enter High School next year—Sam to Miss C. E. F., and so on.

Mollie had a lively imagination, and her letters were really masterpieces, and managed to hold the interest of the other party for a considerable time. She maintained, and rightly, that she gave them more than a dime's worth in each letter, even if it took her only five minutes to pound it out on the typewriter and file the carbon copy for future reference. For Miss Aiken was methodical, careful and prudent, if not scrupulously honest. But then she needed the money.

"Ashcroft—yes, that's somewhere on the C.P.R.," she mused as she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)



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that gives you lines and wrinkles before you know it. CREME ELCAYA is the ideal treatment for your skin during the day. It is non-greasy—just a harmless cream that the hungry skin absorbs.

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11900

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11900, blue or yellow, 20 cents. A charming design of 36 rose sprays, suitable for blouses and frocks.



11904

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11904, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Thirty-six attractive sprays supplied to be carried out in colored floss.



11124

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As a Trimming for Smart Frocks  
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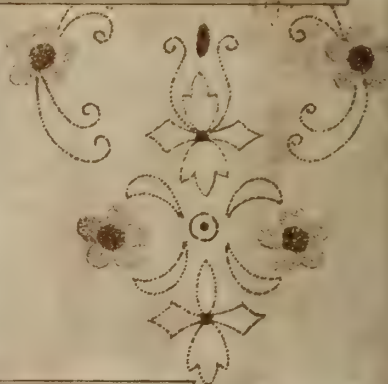
12457

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12457, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Illustrated above are dainty sprays which are ideal for blouses.



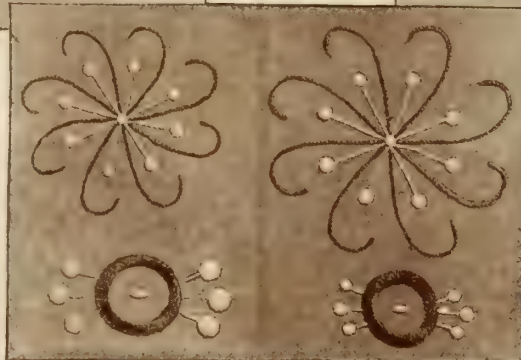
11905

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11905, blue, 20 cents. Six graceful tiger lily sprays ranging from 7 1/2 to 11 inches are provided.



11573

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11573, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Three large and three small sprays are provided to be worked out in silk, wool, or beads.



11572



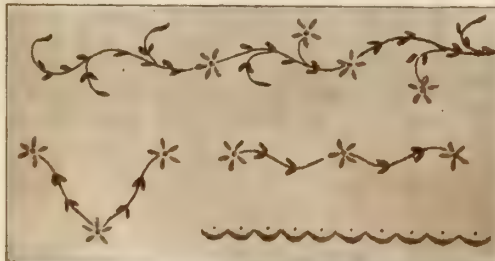
11554

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11554, blue or yellow, 20 cents. In the design which is illustrated above 12 motifs are provided suitable for beading or embroidery.



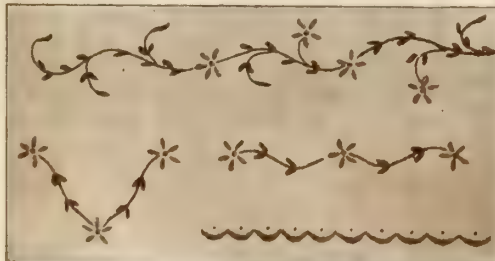
12137

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12137, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Four each of the round motifs 5 1/2 and 7 inches in diameter, as well as 4 of the oblong ones that are 4 and 5 inches long supplied.



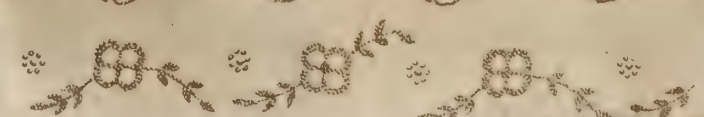
11751

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11751, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Six sprays and 1 1/4 yard of dotted scalloping.



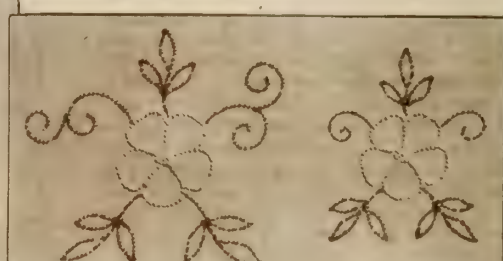
12175

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12175, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Provided in this design are 40 motifs suitable for embroidering on frocks, blouses, lingerie, and children's dresses. The motifs may be worked out in a variety of simple stitches.



12572

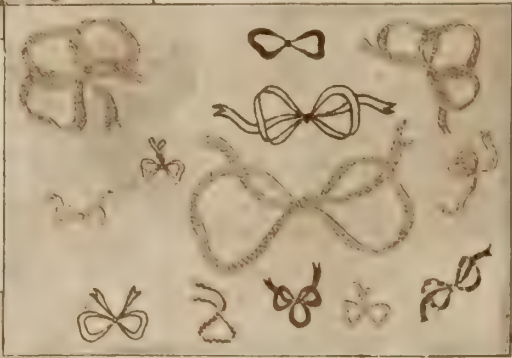
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 12572, blue or yellow, 25 cents. Four each of the motifs and 3 1/2 yards border supplied.



11977

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11124, blue, 15 cents. For the Summer frocks nothing could be prettier. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11572, blue or yellow, 20 cents. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11977, blue or yellow, 25 cents. This supplies 2 1/2 yards each of 4 borders, 2, 2 1/2, 3, and 4 inches respectively.

11355



11902

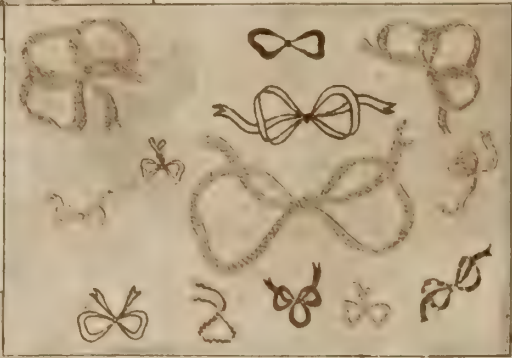
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11902, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Twenty-five butterflies of varied sizes are included. They are suitable for household linens as well as blouse decorations.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11355, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Five sprays and 2 yards of 3/4-inch scalloping provided.



11901

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Pattern 11901, blue or yellow, 10 cents. For the lover of bow-knots this is an ideal design as 31 bow-knot motifs are provided in a great variety of sizes and shapes. They range in size from 1 1/4 to 6 inches and may be worked in outline, raised satin, or chain stitch. They make the daintiest sort of decoration for blouses, frocks, and lingerie.





(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

picked up the last letter, "Soda Creek must be north of that—um—five days north by the postmark; Khakala—funny name, that—another five days away. How's Father Christmas and all the folks at the North Pole, little letter? Let's see what you've got to say anyway."

In another moment she was acquainting herself with the contents of Frank Hayes' letter. Mollie read it through once, then again, and yet a third time before making any comment. Then she murmured very softly:

"The big fish! A whale of a big fish!"

Then she read the last paragraph over again:

"No money whatever will be paid to any person until the young lady reaches Soda Creek. That is final, and I would strongly advise that you read that statement over and over until you firmly believe it."

"But he's no fool, or if he is his friendly secretary stands between him and this matrimonial shark. Oh, how I need that hundred."

FOR the next hour Miss Aiken was busy absorbing knowledge with the help of a C.P.R. timetable, a tape measure and the house telephone. The timetable showed her that Ashcroft was on the main line of the C.P.R. She finally discovered Soda Creek, a little circle near the top of the map. With her tape measure she made it one and three-eighths inches from Ashcroft, or, multiplied by the scale, 175 miles, which was within a few miles of the actual distance. Khakala she could not locate—"probably," she said, "it's one of those boom real estate towns that's sprung up since they made this map."

Finally the Cupid Exchange hit upon a happy expedient. Going downstairs to the house telephone, Miss Aiken called up the post office. In dulcet tones she told the clerk that she wished to send a parcel to Khakala—what was the rate, please?

"Twelve cents per pound straight. You see it's on a hundred mile stage route," explained the clerk. "Anything else I could find out for you?" It was not a busy hour at the post office, and the voice sounded really nice.

"Oh, please. If you could tell me just where Khakala is. I know it's near Soda Creek, and I think it's north. If you had a map you could tell, couldn't you?"

"Certainly, oh certainly, Miss—" "Bloomfield," fibbed Mollie promptly.

"I'll find out for you in just a minute, Miss Bloomfield. You just hang on to the 'phone, will you?"

As if Mollie wasn't doing that already. Soon the clerk returned.

"Hello."  
"Yes."  
"Miss Bloomfield?"  
"Yes."

"Khakala is forty-seven miles south east of Soda Creek. Mail service twice a month. The postmaster is G. Laflamme. I think that's all the information we have in this office, Miss Bloomfield."

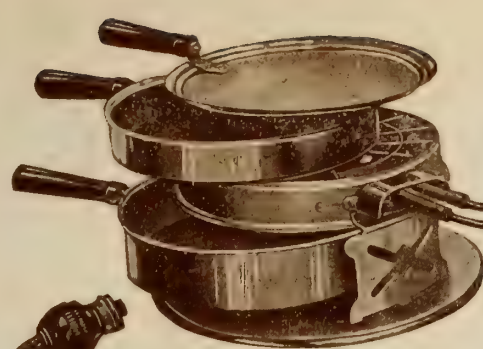
"Thank you ever so much for your trouble."

"No trouble at all, Miss Bloomfield, no trouble—Aw, shucks, she's hung up."

When Mollie started to classify Harrigan, according to the regular Cupid Exchange System, she discovered that the amanuensis F. H. had not devoted much time to describing his employer and friend. The main idea, apparently, was that Harrigan wanted a wife, not that a wife wanted Harrigan.

"But somebody's got to take him, for I need that hundred," Miss Aiken repeated to herself for the tenth time. "Saturday I start advertising for a future Mrs. Harrigan. Meanwhile we'll write him a cordial letter, just to let him see that the Cupid Exchange is right on the job. And we'll ask him a few questions, too. And," she nodded her head sagely, "we'll be very, very wise with this big fish. Not a word about the dollar introduction fee. And we'll be wise with ourselves, too. To-morrow we will find out if that's so about Account H842, Bank of British North America, Ashcroft. If my Dun and Bradstreet say that's so, I'll take the rest for granted—for the present."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Embroidery  
12270



7728—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 7 3/4 yards 32-inch check gingham—3/4 yard 36-inch white linen for collar and trimming. A jumper section trimmed with pearl buttons and white linen is arranged over the simple blouse.

8930—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 40-inch voile—6 yards white organdy plaiting—3 yards velvet ribbon. The fashion for things Oriental has brought in its train the long waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.

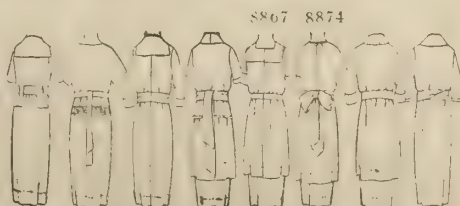
Dress  
8930



Dress  
7728

Tunic Blouse 8867  
Skirt 8295  
Embroidery 11660

Tunic Blouse  
8874  
Skirt 8295



Dress 8251

Dress 8484

Dress 8500  
Applique  
12564

Dress 8493  
Embroidery  
12377

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# The Summer Frock Comes into Its Own

8881—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8876—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7¼ yards 28-inch challis—1¼ yard 40-inch white organdy—2½ yards narrow velvet ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The month of May is apt to cut short all our sentimentalizing about it by presenting us with a few chilly days which are as unexpected as they are disconcerting. One simply refuses to go back to the heavier garments of March, and yet the airy frocks of Summer seem absurdly unsubstantial. A most satisfactory solution to the problem is a frock of printed challis. This fabric is as light in weight as the thinnest of Summer materials, but it attains an added warmth by being made of wool. As for its charming prettiness, the frock at the right provides conclusive evidence. The blouse, in addition to the becoming surplice closing, has a large white organdy collar, and cuffs of the same material finish the short set-in sleeves. Over a straight-line skirt, there is a gathered tunic, and organdy frills, such as those which edge the collar and cuffs, are used in double rows down each side of the overskirt. The sash is a narrow velvet ribbon which falls into a cascade of loops at the side.

Three Patterns Free with a subscription at \$2 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.



Blouse 8846  
Skirt 8295

Dress 8834

8846—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 40-inch dotted organdy—2½ yards plain organdy—2½ yards fillet lace—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Amid the general renaissance of textiles which is characteristic of 1920 fashions, it is gratifying to note that the humbler materials have not been forgotten. The lavish gorgeousness of brocades, the dashing gaiety of the sports silks, have not been able to eclipse from view the stuffs that belong peculiarly to Summer—the voiles, ginghams, and organdies.

In the latter especially there are some noteworthy innovations. Organdy is now to be had in all the delicate pastel shades, and very often it is sprinkled with large dots in white, black and white, or contrasting colors. What effective use can be made of this material is evinced by this charming model. Both the bodice and the tucked tunic are of dotted organdy, while the underskirt is of plain organdy. The vest which matches the underskirt in fabric and the tunic in tucking, has a U-shaped neck which will be found very becoming. Long bands of fillet lace outline the neck and vest, and appear again on the three-quarter sleeves, and a narrow ribbon sash slips under the lace and ties at the side in a bow with long ends. This dress is illustrated again on the page.

Blouse 8881  
Skirt 8876

Blouse 8846  
Skirt 8295

Dress 8860  
Embroidery 12561

bow. The skirt is gathered, and has a series of trimming-bands set at intervals along its length. These bands are a good excuse for tassels, and since the latter are one of the smartest forms of trimming, it is well to avail oneself of the opportunity offered.

8846—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch voile—3½ yards grosgrain ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. One of the most pleasing versions of the perennial voile frock has a becoming square-necked blouse, joined to a skirt and full gathered tunic by a shirred girdle of the same material. Horizontal tucks appear on the vest and tunics and embroidery does the rest. A grosgrain ribbon sash ties at the side-front.

8860—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—15½ yards grosgrain ribbon for trimming-bands—2½ yards wide ribbon for sash. All the charm of this Georgette crêpe frock is in its grace of line and softness of texture. The round-necked blouse has vertical tucks at each side and kimono sleeves that reach just below the elbow. Bands of grosgrain ribbon make an interesting decoration on blouse and skirt, and a touch of embroidery is carried out in design 12561.



8295

8876

8295





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Boys' Military Suit 7391

Child's Dress 8634



Boys' Suit 6350



Child's Dress 7972  
Cross-stitch 12560

8772—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch figured voile—2½ yards grosgrain ribbon. Figured voile in an attractive flowered pattern makes this rippling frock. Plaited frills of unpatterned voile are sure to delight a little girl's heart, and the grosgrain ribbon sash will disarm the most determined fastidiousness. Design 12567 is suggested as a guide for the large scallops.

8845—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¼ yard 40-inch white organdy for plaiting and girdle. Plaid gingham is a material particularly devoted to children, and when it is used in such a frock as this, the result is certain to be all that one expects. Plaited frills form the trimming on the neck-line, turn-back cuffs, and pockets.



Child's Dress 8772  
Scallops 12567

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8845



Girls' and Juniors' Coat 8849

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8850

Child's Coat 8798

Juniors' Coat 8839

8850—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white linen. Scotch gingham and white linen make an appealing play frock.

8839—Juniors' Coat. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Because even the littlest one must be smart, there has been designed this modish coat of blue serge.



Boys' Suit 8684

Child's Dress 8444

Child's Rompers 8742

Child's Dress 8448

Child's Dress 8863

Boys' Suit 8754

Girls' Dress 8750

8444—Child's Yoke Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards 36-inch ratiné.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.

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# Frocks and Blouses Share the Lovely Materials of the Season

8857—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and cuffs. The glorification of Scotch gingham is complete, when it can be used to fashion a frock of such unquestioned charm. The collar is of white organdy, bordered with a band of the gingham, and a similar effect is obtained on the cuffs. A satin ribbon and a leather belt are the only accessories.

8838—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards 32-inch plaid gingham— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch white lawn for vest, collar, and cuffs. A frock of uncompromisingly straight lines is developed in plaid gingham with a vest, long shawl collar, and interesting cuffs of white lawn embroidered in design 12559. Large patch pockets are convenient details, and a leather belt gives an air of trimness. A ruffle of Valenciennes lace edges the collar.

8758—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch poplin— $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 32-inch plaid gingham for trimming. Gingham has become so popular this season, that even where it does not make the entire dress, it is frequently used, as here, for collar, cuffs, and pockets. The frock itself is of poplin, embroidered at the neck in design 12509, and girded round with a belt of patent leather.



Dress 8857

Dress 8838  
Embroidery 12559Dress 8758  
Embroidery 12509

Dress 8523

8685—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. This simple crêpe de Chine blouse achieves distinction by the use of embroidery in design 12570. Stitching outlines yoke and sleeves, while a more elaborate design brightens the lower edge of the bodice, which ends in a wide sash.

Blouse 8685  
Embroidery 12570

Dress 8744

Dress 8818

8834—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch gingham—1 yard 36-inch white handkerchief linen for collar, vest, and cuffs— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A simply cut frock of check gingham achieves contrast by the use of white handkerchief linen for vest, oval collar, and cuffs upon which a braided design carried out in 11290 serves for further emphasis. A bias band of gingham makes the belt, and slit pockets are both smart and practical.

Blouse 8740  
Embroidery 12561

Blouse 8890

8744—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 32-inch plaid gingham— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard plain gingham for trimming. A frock of plaid gingham wisely chooses to be simple. It is cut on straight lines, and the sole trimming consists of bands of solid color which edge the round neck and short set-in sleeves, and appear again to bind the pockets and make the long panels on the skirt. A crushed sash ties behind.

8818—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 32-inch plaid gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch white organdy. A frock of large check gingham uses white organdy to make the cuffs and becoming collar, which are trimmed with flutings of their own material. Buttons outline the neck and also the large patch pockets.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.

Blouse 8699  
Embroidery 12510



## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

on the complexion for I never heard of anyone using it. Do not let me into the secret! What result would you hope for from its application? I have heard of people eating yeast for indigestion, but personally I would much rather have the indigestion if I were given a chance. But mixed with milk for the complexion is a new idea to me. If I knew what defect you hoped to remedy by its use, I might suggest a substitute, but, dear all, you have left me in the dark.

D. G. R. It is quite likely that the preparation you ask about may be obtained in Winnipeg, now, as I understand the toilet goods made by this specialist are finding favor all over the Dominion and are being shipped far and wide from Toronto, where they are made. However, I shall only be too glad to give you the name of the rose pink bottle and tell you where it may be procured. I have found it excellent not only for the hands, but sometimes for the face, especially in the warm weather when a cold cream seems almost too heavy to use.

MRS. W. M.—There is no preparation that I could especially recommend for the matter you describe, unless it would be cocoa-butter which, if rubbed in each night before retiring, persistently, will have the effect of filling out the spot on which it is applied. You probably have heard of its value—it is often successful in removing scars left by cuts in the skin. The only remedy for the hip is exercise, or electric treatment. As you live in a small town, which probably does not contain a "beauty specialist," you are not in a position to take electric treatments, but you might try the exercise of standing erect and bending over to touch your toes with the tips of your fingers half a dozen times each day. Another good exercise for your complaint is to lie flat on the back with the hands at the sides and raise your two feet in the air and back in an endeavor to touch the floor behind your head. You will be surprised how easy this exercise, which seems so difficult at first, becomes after a few attempts.

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

wood for my brother to chop and my father is now a broker. All are miracles.

This is what fifty thousand dollars did for us—helped us in every way. Oh! if I could only find him and thank him—and readers, if you ever meet him extend him my heartiest thanks and good wishes. But, he may have departed to his heavenly home as all of us must when our time comes. God Bless This Miracle Man!

### PRIZE LETTER

"The Woodpecker," by Mary E. Jackson, age 11, Malton, Ontario.

THERE are nine species of woodpeckers in Ontario. The best known are the Hairy, Downy, Sapsucker, Red-headed and Golden-winged.

Both Hairy and Downy are very good carpenters and surely we have all heard the long rat-a-tat-tat of these two busy little workers. Some think that this is a signal to the animals that danger is near—but, it is only the woodpeckers getting their meal of grubs and insects.

These cousins are very much alike. Both are dressed in black and white, with a scarlet patch on the back of the neck. Hairy, however, is nine inches long, and has white feathers on the outside of his tail, while Downy is six inches long and has black and white tail-feathers.

The Golden-winged woodpecker has an ashy gray crest, with a scarlet band on the back of its neck. Its tail-feathers are yellow, tipped with black. This bird is often found on the ground destroying vast quantities of ants.

The head, neck and breast of the Red-headed woodpecker are of a deep

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

## To Heighten the Fun of Play Hours

Child's Rompers 8915  
Embroidery 12362



8934



Blouse 8934

8934—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36-inch voile—5 yards edging or plaiting for trimming. Very convenient are these little blouses to be worn with separate gathered or plaited skirts.

8915—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch kindergarten cloth. For the funny little fowl that seems to be feeding on the yoke, design 12362 is used. The embroidery is worked out in colored cross-stitch.

8900—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch percale— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch white voile for collar and cuffs. A cunning feature of these rompers is the fichu-like collar that crosses in front and buttons onto the rompers.

8903—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 27-inch rep— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 32-inch check gingham for collar and cuffs. Here is a smart little suit for the wee man that offers many possibilities of attractive contrast. Instead of the rep and gingham as illustrated, two shades of linen or kindergarten cloth could be used.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.



Girls' and Juniors' Blouse 8929  
Girls' Skirt 8937



8922

Girls' Dress 8922



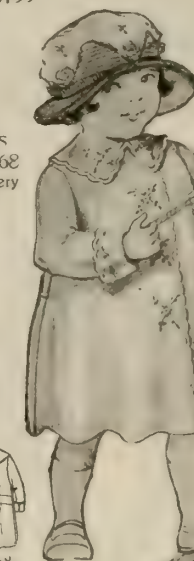
8940

Child's Coat 8940



8945

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8945



Child's Coat 8168  
Embroidery 11339

Infants' and Child's Coat 7808  
Embroidery 12239



Child's Coat 7850  
Embroidery 12510



7850



8945

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8945



Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8780  
Embroidery 12564

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# Charming Bathing Suits and Delightful Piazza Dresses

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

4715.00

NEXT to the joy of a well-planned vacation is that of a well-planned wardrobe to go with it; not too much and not too little, and just the right things for the prospective vacation, whatever its nature. It was this we were thinking, when a voice over the telephone announced: "We're going to have a mannequin parade of piazza dresses and bathing suits," and asked if we didn't want to come to see it. Of course we did, and of course we went, and while it may be all very well for the fashion romancer to sing of the bathing suits and piazza dresses they are making in far-away Paris, unless we are very much mistaken, what the "Journal" readers want to hear about are the things they can buy and wear and not merely read about. So, what we shall write about to-day, are things that can be procured in Canadian shops—very likely the shops in your very own town.

Piazza dresses used to be porch dresses, and if you are athletically inclined, you call them sport dresses and play tennis or croquet in them; or, if you happen to be the careful housewife, so practical are they that you may wear them to market. Concerning them, one may well ask: What's in a name?

Because cartridge cloth is so new, and has been diverted from its gruesome mission to one of peace and feminine adornment, we shall give it the place of honor, mentioning it first. As you know—or perhaps you don't happen to know—when the armistice was signed, the different warring countries had great quantities of war materials on hand and among them was an abundance of cloth used in the making of cartridges. What to do with it was a question. Someone tried an experiment and the next thing we heard, the manufacturers were making it up into blouses and dresses, and while we sat in a comfy arm chair watching the mannequins meandering up and down the promenade, along came one wearing a pretty pale blue cartridge cloth frock with a cross-tucked white silk vest that extended below the belt like a diminutive tea apron and a ruffle of the blue around the neck and down the front. Cartridge cloth is all silk and has a surface finish like ratine, a weave, by the way, that is very fashionable this summer. Picture yourself, Little Miss Canada, sauntering up and down the promenade on a summer's day, in such a frock, wearing a white fibre sport hat embroidered with blue wool and a cheery-looking sunshade with a Persian centre and a black and white border.

A WHITE English gabardine dress with organdy girdle looked as cool and refreshing as an ice cream

cone, and hardly less so was a pink stripe pique with white pique trimmings, simply made with straight lines, a tuck from the shoulder on either side of the front, elbow sleeves and a belt that could be raised or lowered to suit the figure wearing it.

Of more pretentious design was a Japanese foulard with blue coin spot and another in pink pongee made like a coat dress. These are but a few of the dainty piazza frocks shown, for we must hasten on to the bathing suits, which these bright, warm days remind us will soon be required.

Bathing suits—or do you prefer to call them beach suits?—have risen to great importance in the vacation wardrobe, if Muskoka, the St. Lawrence or any place where there is water, be one's objective. As a mermaid it is important that one should be picturesque. The vogue of things knitted has somewhat diverted attention from fancy silk and practical serges to the knitted bathing suits, than which there is nothing much more convenient. The most popular type is a tunic with knickers attached below the waist, and is really a one-piece suit. They are made in almost every color from black to bright rose, but popular colors are black, navy and emerald, with striped border, or perhaps a binding such as two seen in the parade. There were two alike save for the color; one was black and the other emerald, and each had a binding of white around the bottom of the tunic, around the neck and abbreviated sleeves. They were slashed at the sides and strapped with self color, and were constructed on the step-in principle and buttoned on the shoulder.

There were others of taffeta—what



THE SUMMER GIRL

This is a charming and seasonable suit of navy blue surf satin with red binding.

a ubiquitous material this is getting to be; one finds it everywhere, bathing suits, blouses, frocks, sunshades, hats, etc. A navy blue taffeta tunic with a cluster of roses painted on the body and repeated on the side of the tunic—we almost gasped at the boldness of the idea of putting hand painting on a bathing suit, but on closer investigation found that they had been cut out of silk and appliqued on.

And ruffles! The organdie frock ruffled to within an inch of its life has nothing on some of these bathing suits. A regular step-in combination and never mind the tunic (quite all right and modest we assure you), was ruffled from knee to shoulders at intervals of five or six inches—you know those quaint Victorian ruffles frayed at the edges and stitched through the centre. It gathered in at the knees with elastic shirrings, and again at the waist, where ended two rows of small coral buttons that suggested it might be unbuttoned to

the waist when one wanted to emerge from it. Besides the shoulder piece, there was an under-arm shield with a band around the arm, so cut as to leave a diamond-shaped opening between it and the silk on the shoulder. This style of sleeve seemed to be quite a favorite with the designer of these bathing suits and offered the only hope there was of concealing vaccination marks.

DAUNTLESS as a "painted ship upon a painted ocean" was an emerald green shot satin, made very much after the same fashion, only with distended sides and inset pockets which were edged with prim little pleatings. Then back to blue, for fashion seems to have contracted an

absorbing fit of blues; we find one ruffled and sashed with Roman striped silk and another of English lustre with rows of American Beauty satin ribbon around the bottom of the tunic and a narrow patent leather belt encircling the waist. Surely those who go down to the sea—not in ships, but in bathing suits—this summer, will present a fascinating picture.

One sees some very fantastic bathing caps and hats made of rubber in all the colors of the rainbow, but something close-fitting, and if possible, with a visor or brim to shade the eyes, is much more apt to appeal to the Canadian, and of these there is ample choice, wherever bathing accessories are to be found.

And almost as interesting as the bathing suits, are the sunshades one is sure to see on the beach during the holiday season. It is quite a long time since we have had really novel sunshades. For the past few years we have had to content ourselves with colored silk umbrellas, equally at home in rain or shine. But this year marks a return of the glorified sunshade in a diversity of styles. One we saw at the races the other day, was a regular Japanese design, and the stubby end is quite a feature to be reckoned with when selecting your sunshade.

And speaking of sunshades, brings us very close to the matter of hats, which this year are so different, that we feel they are worthy of further comment, although we have discussed them in previous issues. To think of fashion discarding all traditions of her trade and offering us fabric hats for summer is certainly a departure. One of the newest things we have seen is organdie. Accompanying a canary colored, orchid trimmed frock was a soft brimmed sailor-shape of canary organdie, also orchid trimmed. For sports wear there are little taffeta shapes with brims that roll up or down at will, with perhaps a few rows of fancy straw, their only trimming. Shirring and hemstitching as well as pleatings, have their place on these chic little hats that come out as fresh as ever after being packed away tightly among one's belongings in trunk or bag, a quality that recommends them very highly to her who would a-travelling go.

Closely clipped chrysanthemum straw is having quite a vogue for sports wear. It is especially pretty in white and sand, and by the way, white sport hats, whether of straw or fabric, are predicted for midsummer favorites.

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

crimson. He feeds on insects, and likes ripe cherries.

The Sapsucker has a red cap and bib, with a yellow breast. He gets his name from his habit of boring holes in trees and drinking the sap. He does this when it is too early to find grubs. Very often the insects are attracted to the sweet sap, and thus he finds food more easily.

Woodpeckers are very useful to farmers, because they destroy the insects and grubs that live in orchard trees. The Hairy and the Downy stay with us all year, but the Sapsucker is here only in summer. No woodpecker seen in winter should be destroyed.

### THE FIRE BIRD.

BY ETHEL BAIN.

THE sun blazed down on the dusty streets of the city. People scarcely lingered as with lagging footsteps they dragged along to the cool retreat of house or doorway.

Across the unshaded windows of

the bird store crawled lazy flies, the gold fish in their glass bowls swam round and round in endless circles, the rabbits in their wire cage nibbled at a faded cabbage leaf whilst two sleepy Pomeranian puppies curled themselves up into soft silky balls of black fur. The water snake glided in and out among the weeds in its glass house and in a large cage a family of tiny marmosets kept up an endless chatter.

In the centre of the window stood a gilded cage and in the cage a bird hopped restlessly from perch to perch, its bright eyes watching all that passed. From time to time it paused and uttered a plaintive whistle and seemed to listen for a reply. When none came it started hopping backwards and forwards again. Head, throat and upper part of its back shone a glossy black. White markings stood out sharply on the black wings, whilst black tail quills but intensified the yellow color of the rest of the tail

feathers. Everywhere else it was a vivid orange and as the sun poured down on to it, the bird looked as if it was bathed in fire.

"Ain't he a beauty?" said one half clothed urchin to another munching a rosy cheeked apple, as they stopped outside the store.

"He sure is," replied the other between mouthfuls of juicy fruit.

"Guess he'd cost a lot to buy."

"Let's ask," suggested the apple eater.

So into the store they went, their bare feet making no sound on the wooden floor. Down past the monkey cage they wandered, past the sleepy parrot on its stand, pausing a moment to watch the water snails as they slowly crawled up the glass sides of their prison, until they came to the storekeeper dozing in his chair in the mid-day heat.

"Say, Mister."

The man jumped and stared at the intruders. "What y'want?"

"How much is that there bird in the window, Mister, the one in the gold cage?" asked the older boy, pointing backwards with his grimy finger.

"Gold cage?" repeated the man. "There ain't no gold cage in my window. That's brass, boy, brass."

"But the bird, Mister?"

"Ten dollars m'lud."

The boys' faces showed dismay. They'd never owned ten dollars. One hundred cents was all they had ever saved. Without a word they turned away, slowly making their way to the door. The bird uttered its plaintive cry as they neared it and they stopped to get a closer view of the golden treasure. The apple eater looked at the core in his hand, then at the bird. Glancing hastily over his shoulder, he saw the store keeper nodding in his chair again, so he pushed the remains of the fruit through the bars of the cage. The bird began to peck at the morsel and glanced up at the boys as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



# McClary's

**Make good stoves and  
Cooking utensils.**

"NICE  
to Take"



The  
**CANDY**  
Cathartic

## Nature Helps All Who Help Themselves

and the best help comes from Beecham's Pills. Who can do full duty in this world if hampered by ill-health? The failures are those whose ambition or power to work has been destroyed by sickness. Take a proper pride in your physical welfare, and you will be a success. The race is to the swift, the prize to the able. Any derangement of stomach or liver interferes with your well being and happiness, and makes your day's work distasteful.

## TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS

when you feel out-of-sorts. They make all the difference. They cleanse the blood, tone the system, strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, and change the fear of failure into the certainty of success. For seventy years Beecham's Pills have been the favorite remedy for all disorders of the digestive organs. They are good not only where a specific remedy is required, but are also an excellent tonic for the general health. Get a box at once and keep them on hand. Try them when you feel out-of-sorts.

**And Give Nature  
a Chance**

In Boxes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

Sold  
Everywhere  
in  
Canada

## The July Patterns and Their Prices

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

Dress 7728, 25 cents.  
Dress 8930, 35 cents.  
Blouse 8773, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12140, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8939, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 11813, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 7937, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12270, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8251, 25 cents.  
Dress 8484, 25 cents.  
Tunic Blouse 8867, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8295, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 11660, blue, 20 cents.  
Tunic Blouse 8874, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8295, 20 cents.  
Dress 8500, 25 cents.  
Applique 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents.  
Dress 8493, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12377, blue or yellow, 35 cents.

8773—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Embroidered in design 12140.

8939—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch tricolet. Embroidered in design 11813.

7937—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Embroidered in design 12270.

8251—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 34-inch check gingham—½ yard 40-inch voile.

8484—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch gingham—¾ yard 44-inch white organdy.

8867—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 32-inch gingham—1 yard 44-inch white organdy—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Embroidered in design 11660.

8874—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard organdy.

8500—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white voile for collar, cuffs, and vest—3 yards velvet ribbon—17½ yard 36-inch lining. The design is 12564.

8493—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Lower edge width 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—1¼ yard 44-inch white organdy—¾ yard 36-inch lining. Embroidered in design 12377.

(From page 36.)

Blouse 8846, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8295, 20 cents.  
Dress 8834, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8881, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8876, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8846, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8295, 20 cents.  
Dress 8860, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12561, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

(From page 38.)

Boys' Military Suit 7391, 20 cents.  
Dress 8634, 20 cents.  
Dress 8772, 20 cents.  
Scallop 12567, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8845, 20 cents.  
Suit 6350, 20 cents.  
Dress 7972, 20 cents.  
Cross-stitch 12460, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8850, 25 cents.  
Coat 8798, 25 cents.  
Coat 8839, 25 cents.  
Coat 8849, 25 cents.  
Suit 8684, 25 cents.  
Dress 8444, 20 cents.  
Rompers 8742, 20 cents.  
Dress 8448, 20 cents.  
Dress 8863, 25 cents.  
Suit 8754, 20 cents.  
Dress 8750, 25 cents.

7391—Boys' Military Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 5 yards 27-inch drill.

8634—Child's Dress and Hat. Designed for 4 to 8 years. Size 6 requires for dress 2¼ yards 36-inch flowered voile—10 yards edging to trim—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

6350—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen.

7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 28-inch challis—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and trimming. For the cross-stitch, design 12460 may be used.

8798—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tricolet—1¾ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining.

8849—Girls' and Juniors' Long Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch polo cloth—3½ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

8684—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch chambray.

8742—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch chambray.

8448—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch white linen—½ yard 32-inch gingham.

8863—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 2¾ yards 28-inch challis.

8754—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen.

8750—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white voile.

(From page 39.)

Dress 8857, 25 cents.  
Dress 8838, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12559, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8758, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12509, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8523, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8699, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8685, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12570, blue or yellow, 30 cents.  
Dress 8744, 25 cents.  
Dress 8818, 25 cents.  
Dress 8834, 25 cents.  
Braiding 11299, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8740, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12561, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8890, 25 cents.

8699—Ladies' Long-waisted Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch tricolet. This much-favored blouse of bright or dark colored tricolet is simply cut, and depends for distinction on embroidery in design 12510.

8523—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch plain voile—1¾ yard 36-inch plaid voile. A very summery frock—has a long-waisted bodice of white voile and a skirt of flounces of plaid voile. The closing is at the side-front and the short sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs of the plaid.

8740—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin. Heavy, lustrous satin shows to best advantage in a long kimono-cut blouse, generously embroidered in design 12561. A double row of stitching outlines neck and sleeves.

8890—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch figured silk. Figured silk is used to make a square-necked overblouse with set-in sleeves reaching to the elbow.

(From page 40.)

Rompers 8915, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12362, blue, 20 cents.  
Rompers 8900, 25 cents.  
Boy's Suit 8903, 25 cents.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)





# Pompeian Fragrance a Talc

*"Its Fragrance Brings You Instant Charm"*

WHEN you are hot and tired, Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum) will fall upon your grateful skin with all the refreshing coolness of a meadow-sweeping breeze. The odor carries your fancy to an old-fashioned garden, for it lends to your person the delicately blended perfumes of favorite flowers. There are several times a day when an active person can wisely use a dash of Pompeian Fragrance. At all toilet counters, 30c.

**Special Offer—Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can**

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half-box of 60c Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For 15c you get both. (BEAUTY Powder offer is good only in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY

3 Wyandotte Ave., Walkerville, Ontario, Can.



*"Don't  
Envy Beauty—  
Use  
Pompeian"*

THE POMPEIAN CO., 3 Wyandotte Ave.,  
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

Send this coupon to above address. Enclose 10c (dime)  
for half-box Pompeian Beauty Powder. Or 5c (nickel)  
for the handy can of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum). Or  
15c (dime and nickel) for both packages.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Province .....

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.



# Kellogg's

## TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Come in the

# WAXTITE

## Package



The WAXTITE  
package makes you sure

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—made right here in Toronto, famous in every part of Canada for their rich quality and delicious flavor—are put into the genuine WAXTITE package when they are fresh from our big ovens, so that all their inimitable flavor and superior quality is held at its best for you.

Each genuine WAXTITE package is guaranteed by this signature

*H.K. Kellogg*



# WAXTITE

For "Goodness" sake — Get the WAXTITE package

—the Kellogg word for clean, fresh, appetizing cereal foods—means a dust-proof, damp-proof, odor-proof package, absolutely sealed. All Kellogg's foods are thus guarded till they reach your table. You will avoid disappointment if you select the genuine WAXTITE package, as inviting in its appearance as its contents are appetizing. For your sake and our sake, look for and get the WAXTITE package—its inimitable goodness of contents is your reward.



## A Bit of Managing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

should do. My father is much too sharp eyed."

"Elaine Drayton!" he exclaimed, sitting up and facing her. "If you so much as mention paying me for the delightful visits I have had in Brentwood, I will drown you right in this brook—with one shoe off."

"I felt sure I should have done it in advance," she said, "But—"

"I simply refuse to discuss it," he said, reaching for the little silver purse she held and throwing it beyond her reach.

"I'm piqued at your lack of curiosity over the success of your treatment," she ventured later.

Instantly he turned and faced her. "He has spoken?" he asked.

"Last night."

"Then—" Dazedly he looked about to see if the sun had gone under a cloud, "You are to be congratulated."

"Suitable," she laughed. "But not usually put that way."

"I mean—he is, of course."

"That's as may be."

Slowly he turned from her, pulled his cap over his eyes and endeavored to put his world back into the very satisfactory place that it had occupied three short weeks ago. Reclining thus, it was impossible for him to see that the young woman behind him was regarding him with unsympathetic mischief in her eyes.

And she, on her part was musing on the probable method by which her grandmother would have proceeded "in her day."

"How," she wondered, "would one use their eyes on a young man who persisted in turning his back?"

Her final decision was that, for a modern and straightforward young woman, modern and straightforward speech was the best medium.

"Penny for your thoughts," she began.

He shook his head but did not turn. He would not let her see the misery in his eyes.

"Let's see," she murmured dreamily, addressing an inquisitive squirrel in a near-by alder. "Where were we when this conversation halted? Oh, yes, I was saying that Ronald Braithwaite had asked me to marry him."

Three pebbles were tossed into the limpid brown water, then:

"Well?" he asked.

"Well. I—I didn't accept him."

"WILL your mother be disappointed?" he asked after a short lapse of about two hours and a half.

"Mother? Oh, I'm sure you are solid there. I think she fell for the roses at the beginning. And the way you have ensnared Grandmother has been nothing short of a miracle!"

"How about your father? Is he home? Can I see him to-night?"

"Oh, that reminds me," Elaine Drayton exclaimed, searching everywhere for a silver purse that had certainly been in her belt when she started out. "Dad said at noon that he wished to see you before you leave to-night."

## Counter Attractions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

work and no one keeps account of how many you do. Many a jovial half-hour you manage to spend with two or three special friends clustered along the counter with a dozen or two gloves to be ticketed.

It is at these least busy times, that the customers get the poorest service. If a lady chances to be looking askance at the long silks you drop your needle and hasten to do her bidding, with a view to expanding your tally, but, if you espy down the counter a customer turning over the thirty-five-cent lises, you at once discover a refractory knot in your thread which demands all your attention, in the forlorn hope that one of the others will make the extra effort required to sell those thirty-five-cent lises. However, with the manager's resounding "Forward One!"—the derivation of which has never yet been revealed—you look up in surprise,—genuine surprise, you really had no idea that the manager had his eye on you—and rush forward, all eagerness to make yourself useful.

On the whole, though, the forenoons pass very pleasantly. Even



© B & B 1920

## A mere touch will end it— So with corns

A spot on your hand is ended with a touch of soap. You don't cover it and keep it.

A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn, as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

Millions of people nowadays end all corns in this way:

They drop on liquid Blue-jay or apply a Blue-jay plaster.

The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfort-

able. And shortly the entire corn loosens and comes out.

The method was perfected in this world-famed laboratory. It is gentle, scientific, sure. It is now the recognized, the model way of dealing with a corn.

It means to those who know it a lifetime without corns.

It you let corns spoil happy hours, you should learn the folly of it. Try Blue-jay tonight. Your druggist sells it.

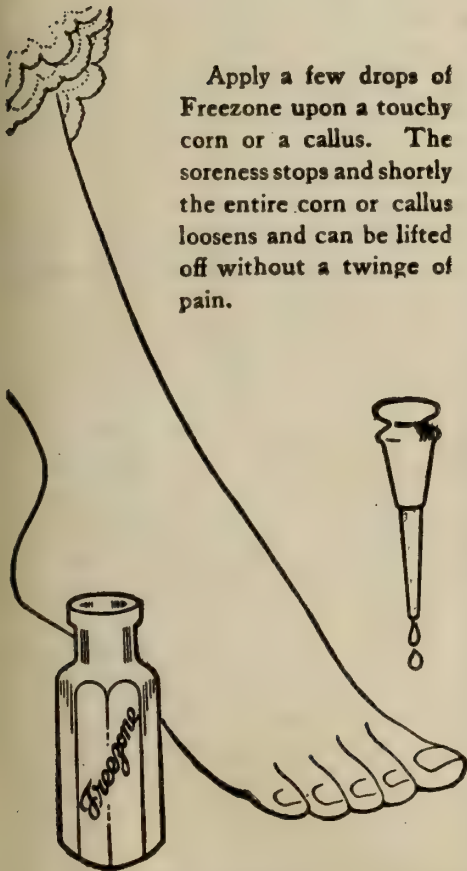
## Blue-jay Plaster or Liquid The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

## Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.



Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

By Appointment

### Ask the Cook to Use Lea & Perrins' as a seasoning

A few drops of this genuine and original Worcestershire will impart a new and fascinating flavor to Soups, Stews, Gravies, Meats, Fish, etc.

LEA & PERRINS' is acknowledged the world's greatest condiment—a seasoning as necessary as salt.

## "When you eat let it be the Best"

### WAGSTAFFE'S

Pineapple Marmalade  
Celebrated Bramble Jelly  
Ginger Marmalade  
ARE GREAT APPETIZERS

BOILED IN SILVER PANS

Ask Your Grocer for Them



Made in Canada

# Floglaze

"The finish that endures"

Finishes and Renews  
WOODWORK,  
STAIRS, FLOORS,  
or  
FURNITURE



**HOME COMFORTS**  
Depend largely on the appearance and upkeep of woodwork, stairs, floors and furniture. There is a Floglaze shade for the decoration and protection of all these surfaces.

**"Save the Surface and you save all"** *Paint & Varnish*

**The Highest Class White Enamel Finish**  
Can be obtained on woodwork or furniture with Floglaze White. Floglaze Art Shades also are especially adapted to all interior decoration. These produce delicate shades and give long wearing service for either woodwork or furniture.

**Complete Finishing and Renewing Can Be Done With**  
*For Interior Decoration* **Floglaze** *"The finish that endures"*

With Floglaze you can finish in either solid color, Lac Shades, Whites or natural finish. Floglaze keeps the home homelike, sanitary and cosy. Apply it to-day and prolong the service of your woodwork or furniture.

Complete Floglaze Color Card sent on request. Let us tell you about Floglaze for other purposes.

**THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER  
CANADA

Our booklet "How to Finish and Refinish with Floglaze" will be sent on request made through your dealer or direct to us.

though you cannot contrive to drop out of action with a box or two of gloves to be ticketed, you manage to introduce many little breaks in the monotonous routine of existence. There are always chocolates to be nibbled behind the manager's back, or under the friendly shelter of the counter, and there are many trips out of the department on errands of various purport, one of the favorites being a jaunt to the fifth floor, to return laden with a bag of apples or Chelsea buns, which you dexterously convert into the semblance of a dry-goods parcel and carry lightly under your arm, as you trip innocently past your manager, tossing it carelessly into the bunk from which it is snatched as soon as all suspicion has subsided.

Then, if your counter chances to be situated next the wall, so that one of the show galleries is suspended above your head, you have many a crisp and enlivening conversation with any window-trimming youth, who ventures to intrude himself upon your company in order to ascend to decorate the gallery above you. The ladder, upon which he reaches the gallery, has to be taken down while he is aloft, so, when he finally completes his work above and is prepared to descend, loud and long is the hammering and shouting he has to resort to, before you condescend to enter into a discussion with him, the length of which depends solely upon the meekness of the victim, as he leans from his lonely eyrie. You finally haul the ladder out from its resting place and permit him to descend to earth, upon which his meekness falls from him like a garment, and a nimble exchange of compliments ensues. The youth usually beats a retreat, vanquished either by the keenness of the feminine tongue or by a suspicious interest on the part of the manager.

THEN, of course, you have occasional calls from your various acquaintances. And you pull out a case of embroidered silks and turn them over animatedly, while the manager is glancing your way. Then, if your caller happens to be a man, the girls buzz around you after his departure to inquire who "your friend" is, where you met him, what he does, and if you see him often. You, of course, allow your departed acquaintance to lose nothing of sentimental interest in your replies to all these inquiries. Then if the same friend has been noticed poring over the same silk gloves too often and too long to escape the manager's eagle eye, the manager also visits you with a few inquiries, less sentimental but more to the point. In this respect, though, as in bringing refreshments into the department, he is often strangely unobservant. Sometimes you have lurking suspicions that the manager may be human, too.

There are so many of these little diversions that the morning is gone before you know it, and the girls who have been allotted the same hour for lunch stand, bag in hand, waiting for their gong to sound, and ready to bounce forth at its welcome note. Lunch hour is a joy forever. After ringing-out, you link up with a party of intimates and go out for lunch, after which you stroll out into the bustling mid-day street. You always stroll farther than you had intended and your walk frequently terminates in a chase round by the employees' entrance, through the ringing-in process and past Papa Collins and a scuffle through the store, dodging floor-walkers and bumping into customers.

If your party should decide to take lunch in the store as you frequently do, you always try to turn back again through the subway instead of passing on out with the crowd. You may never have succeeded in getting away with this performance, but you always make one try at it, at least. If you march boldly past Mr. Collins with innocence writ large upon your fair young face, you stand a slight chance of success, but, as sure as you attempt to slip stealthily along, keeping the time-clocks between yourself and the all-seeing eye, you no sooner reach the head of the subway stairs, than a resounding "SAY!" shakes the building to its very foundations. It is a volume of wrath and avenging justice that can be put into that monosyllable, and Mr. Collins' rendering of it is such as to give you pause, indeed. "You can't go back there!" he thunders. "Go out the RIGHT way!" And

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.)

## ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" is the thumb-print of genuine Aspirin. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package

of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceteneester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



**KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT**

# 2 IN 1

## White Shoe Dressing

**WHITE LIQUID** **WHITE CAKE**

For Men's Women's and Children's Shoes

THE F.R. BALLEE CORPORATION LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

INSIST ON BEING SHOWN THE GENUINE

# CREX

GRASS RUGS

THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND

WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

SINCE 1870

# SHILOH

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS



July, Nineteen-Twenty

# Help Wanted—Female

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

after getting rid of the canvasser at the door she came racing back with an expectant glow in her eyes, which died a pitiful death when she noted Bartholomew's unemotional workaday aspect.

Sophia pulled him away from his work a good many times that summer; and though he always thought he was going to the shows and amusement parks just to please his wife, who was a giddy young thing, and needed diversion, it was amazing what pocketfuls of dimes the merry-go-rounds and the loop-the-loops picked off him that season.

But he didn't dare go out in a boat alone with Sophia. He tried it once, and came near disgracing himself again. He decided the peculiar motion of the boat was to blame, and thereafter steadfastly ignored any hints of hers about the delights of rowing by moonlight.

Sophia just made him learn about baseball. The poor simp had never seen a game, and he felt himself a martyr of heroic dimensions the first Saturday she dragged him to the field. To leave his masterly portrayal of American life for anything so unintellectual, puerile and utterly futile as a ball game was a wicked waste of the power vouchsafed to him in trust for the enrichment of literature. But he liked little Sophia, and hated to hurt her feelings when she begged him to take her—and at bedtime on the second Saturday she discovered him at the kitchen sink, sheepishly concocting a gargle for his sore throat.

"It does seem a little strange, Sophia, when I think about it, that I never saw a ball game before. But I was always reading when I was a boy, or studying. If I ever got to frolicking around much there in the back yard where the Burnet kids play, my mother would call me in, 'to get my lesson.' And I liked to study. I really enjoyed it. It seemed a waste of time to be running and jumping about when I could be reading and learning things out of books. I never went to school at all till I started in the High School. I learned at home. And novels! Why I read thousands of them before I was ten years old—mostly pretty good ones, too. Even then, I had no patience with the really trashy stuff. Bulwer Lytton was my text book when I was eight; Earnest Maltravers my idol. And Macaulay's sonorous periods were a delight to me. I read his 'History of England' till at one time, actually, I believe I could have repeated the three volumes with but an occasional prompting. My mother didn't much like me to be with other boys, and I didn't care for it, either, and so, of course, they didn't. Even in the High School I sat at my desk and studied during the noon hour, and never appeared on the playgrounds. I thought that was such a sensible way of doing, and wondered how some of the boys who were really bright fellows could waste their time as they did.

"But maybe I was wrong," he went on, thoughtfully. "Maybe I ought to have been kicked out among them. I guess I'm queer. I don't seem to get on with people. Maybe it's keeping to myself that way and gobbling fiction all my youth that's queerer me. People just don't like me. I've tried to be nice to 'em, but they just don't like me, and it has hurt. Oh, it's hurt awfully sometimes, especially since mother died."

The big fellow gulped, and his shoulders heaved. Sophia's little hand went out involuntarily toward him, and Sophia's arms ached to creep around his neck, which she figured was just about the right height for her to reach comfortably.

"And since you've come, Sophia, you've been so friendly and nice, just as if I weren't different, and we've seemed to get on so well that—that it's been heavenly. I've been woefully afraid you'd quit. Oh, Sophia, if you feel it coming on that you can't stand me any more, just please tell me and I'll keep out of your way for a while till you get over it a little."

"Go to bed, big boy," said Sophia, with a curious throatiness in her voice. "I like you because you are you, and not a bit queer." She risked an affectionate pat on his shoulder, and then scurried off to her room.

IT was an amazing revelation to Bartholomew that the more he gadded about with Sophia to the haunts of the giddy, the more work he did and the better its quality became. He knew it was better, and he began to have less respect for the old stuff. And along in August one of his stories was published. Not all his satisfaction in this event was removed by his later discovery that the editor had mistaken the nature of Bartholomew's purpose in offering it, and had accepted it in a friendly way as an unpaid contribution.

Sophia was boiling when she read the letter. "The thieving hound!" she exploded; "as if you were aching for a chance to give away your splendid things! And that rotten, paltry, little pamphlet that's too cheap even to have a girl on the cover! Why, I'd sue him, Bartholomew. I'd have him arrested for stealing. That's what it is, just plain stealing. Just as if there weren't plenty of magazines that'd jump at a chance to get your stuff, if they only had some readers with education enough to tell literature from drivel."

"Well, Sophia, I guess it won't break me up to lose that one. I seem to have plenty more in stock." He glanced ruefully at the heap yielded by the piano box.

Sophia had assumed the task of sending out again the rejected manuscripts, and to-day she broached, in what she considered a skillful, roundabout way, a matter that had long lain next her heart.

"These are neatly typed, Bartholomew; very nice work, indeed. Who did them?"

"Oh, I had 'em done," uninterestingly.

"Naturally. Done here, were they?"

"Mostly."

Poor Sophia paled. "They—they're not all by one typist."

"No."

"Then you had—different ones here?"

He looked up. "What are you driving at, Sophia? I should say I did have different ones."

"Here, like us?" she persisted bravely, with pain in her eyes.

Then the big man rose, with the flaming face of a boy. "Sophia Bartle, shame on you!" he cried, and strode from the room.

But Sophia wasn't a bit ashamed.

"The big dear," she murmured happily. She was sure now.

HE was stiff with her for a day or two, but she never alluded to the subject again, and the charm of her presence soon won him back into the same easy comradeship.

One evening after supper he was lying loosely in a rocker, with closed eyes, letting a story seethe through his brain. Sophia was sitting across the table with a bit of mending in her hand, and the man in her eye.

"Bartholomew," said she; "did any girl ever tell you that you are a very beautiful young man?"

"No girl has," he repeated, opening his eyes. "I had begun to think the girls have as little judgment as the editors."

"Well, you are," said Sophia, with a little flush. "I'm telling you for your own good. It'll give you more confidence, maybe. A little more 'pep' wouldn't hurt you any, Bartholomew."

"One girl did say something like that," said he, reminiscently, "but she added an invidious comparison. She said: 'So is the Apollo Belvidere beautiful—and almost as human.'"

"One of those?" asked Sophia, indicating the bunch of formerly typed manuscripts.

"Yes."

"What became of her?"

"She quit in a huff because I told her I wanted the work copied, not edited. They seem to think they can improve on the paragraphing and the punctuation, and doubtless they can; but we've all a sneaking fondness for our own ideas, you know. I don't blame the poor things for quitting. I wasn't paying them much, and they disliked me. We couldn't understand each other. They looked at me sometimes as if I were a curious specimen of a newly-discovered race. Yet I wanted them to like me, and it hurt when they quit."

"Did you tell them so?"



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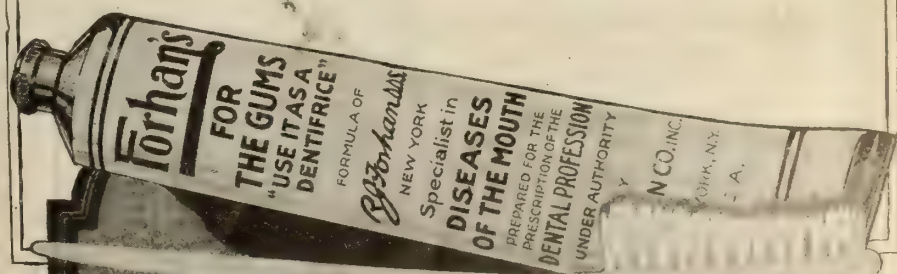
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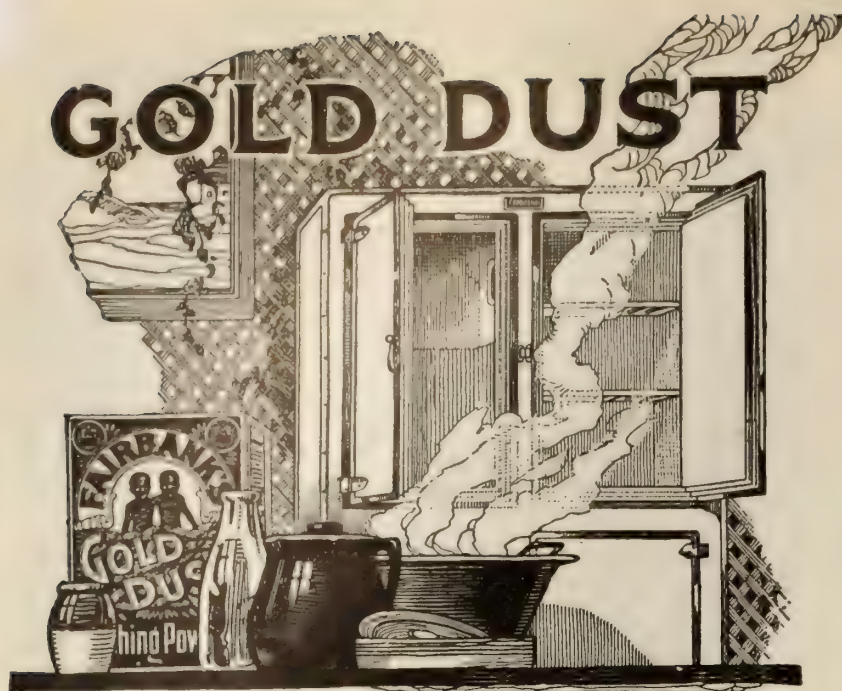
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"Of course not," opening his eyes. "I wasn't running after people to beg for the crumbs of their affection. I could see they didn't like me, and were uneasy with me and wanted to get away, so I just flinched back into my shell, no matter how much I wanted to come out, and told them to go."

"You told them to go?"

"Generally, yes. I could see they didn't want to stay and were going to quit, and that gets on my nerves, and I beat them to it."

"You're a funny, funny little boy —" She checked herself sharply, at the pained look in his eyes.

"There, what did I tell you. You feel it, too, Sophia, though you've pretended not. I'm queer, and I can't tell what it is. I can't help it."

"I can tell you, Bartholomew. You've never had your growing-up. You're just a learned little boy. And a mighty sweet boy at that," she added, blushing at her own boldness.

"Sophia," he returned gratefully, "you are like a lovely little mother. You always seem to understand and to care. You're the only one I ever could stay friendly with. You don't change my punctuation, either," he added, as an after-thought.

"It does not need changing, Bartholomew; it's perfect."

"Can anything so delightful really last, I wonder. When I wake in the morning I hold my breath till I can hear you in the kitchen."

He laid a big, white, muscular hand on her little brown one and patted hers caressingly. Perhaps it was a way he had had with his mother. There was a dreamy, tender note in his voice when he said: "It's so like it used to be with mamma." Sophia sighed.

One morning, after putting the roast in the oven, Sophia went in to her machine and found Bartholomew frowning over some bills. He looked so fierce she faltered in alarm. She'd tried so hard to keep everything down, but maybe he had expected them to be less. If he should scold she knew she couldn't stand it. It's bad enough, when you are dead in love with a man and serve his slightest whim with humble devotion for weeks, to have him pat your hand and say you remind him of mother. But if he should scold! She knew she'd go to pieces, and maybe he'd find out how gone she was on him, and that would be awful. She blushed at the very thought. She waited like a timid, affectionate child, craving praise and fearing a blow.

"When I told you, Sophia," he said, sternly, "that we had to be careful, I didn't mean that you were to do without clothes or go hatless and barefoot. This bill at Lewis' is only forty-four dollars. Now, how can a young woman with your—ah—exquisite figure dress herself on forty-four dollars a month?"

Sophia, with memories of the hall bedroom at 28 B Street, the fifteen-cent lunch and the precarious ten dollars which had made Saturday always a red-letter day, suspected irony.

"Oh, Bartholomew, I never mean to spend forty-four dollars every month. That will last for at least four months. I told you," she went on tearfully, in a desperate appeal for justice, "that—that I was short so many things, and would have to spend a lot at first. I think you might consider how little I had."

The graceful brown head was bowed, and the tears were starting down her cheeks. She dabbed them away inelegantly with the back of a little hand which had been white, and now was stained and roughened from drudging in his kitchen.

It was too much for Bartholomew. He swept her into his arms, and for a second held her clear off the floor, with her feet dangling ungracefully. But he set her down almost instantly and backed off.

"There, there, little girl; what do you think I am. A hog, a dog, a goat, a gorilla, a graceless hound? To let you come in here and make life a little heaven on earth for me, and then to kick about your buying a few clothes! Why, child, if you don't know how to spend more than forty-four dollars in four months, I've got an aunt can show you. I'm not so hard up as that, Sophia. In fact, I'm not hard up at all. I'm just naturally a little tight, that's all, and keep my income pretty well absorbed by investments. You're Mrs. Bartholomew

Barrett, and you're the prettiest girl in the world. Now, you go down there and blow yourself. If you don't know how, Aunt Emma can help."

"I think I can do it, Bartholomew," she answered, faintly, with a twinkle in her eye. "I've always imagined I could if I ever had the chance."

It was remarkable how much prettier she had become all at once, just since Bartholomew had picked her up in that rough, impulsive way.

"By George, you are the prettiest girl in the world. I wasn't lying."

"Nonsense," she said, looking still prettier. "Don't try to fool me, Bartholomew. I know why you chose me. I looked all those photographs over. But," she continued, as if with a belated determination to do herself justice, "half of them weren't genuine—were pictures of movie actresses and stars. The bold things thought they could trap you with a star's picture into giving them an interview, when they hoped to be able to do the rest."

"Thank God, I did choose you!" was all he said, as he went back to his desk.

**S**UMMER slipped away, and September's school took the Burnet children out of the yard. Sophia missed them, and so, occasionally, did Bartholomew, who was now absorbed in composing a third novel. Before four o'clock in the afternoon, however, Sophia always had her bait out on the back steps in a tin cake box.

It was a happy summer for Sophia, mostly because she thought she saw her way clear to a much greater happiness. But Bartholomew continued as blind as the cop in a dry town. One day on the street she met a man for whom she had occasionally done extra work, a writer. He asked if she wanted to type a novel for him. She didn't want to, of course, and let it be known, with great secret satisfaction, that she was married and such humiliating necessities as seeking employment were long behind her.

That afternoon she pounded the typewriter furiously and constantly. Bartholomew finally noticed it.

"What's your rush to-day?"

"It's the last chapter. I'm trying to get done."

"I've finished fifteen chapters of 'The Height of Folly.' You can begin on it whenever you want."

"I—I've promised to do some other work, Bartholomew."

"What?" said he, jumping from his chair.

"I promised Mr. Hazel, over on Laurel Avenue, to type a novel for him."

Bartholomew went white, and drooped back into his chair with such a stricken face that she almost relented.

"I knew it," he mumbled wanly; "I knew it couldn't last." Then, looking at her beseechingly, "You're not going? You're not?"

"Oh, but I am. Mr. Hazel wants me, and I promised."

"You're married to me. You belong here."

She checked him with upraised hand. "The marriage was but a form to protect us from the tongues of gossip. The real contract was the typing of two novels, in return for your support and name. The novels are done, the contract performed. It is entirely optional with us now whether we continue the association. Mr. Hazel wants me, and I have promised."

"Tim Hazel!" he blazed. "I beat him once in debate at college. I'll beat him again with my fists. I'll tear his heart out—and feed it to the cat," he raged, horribly. "You go to Tim Hazel! You! You belong here. You'll stay here." He crushed her roughly against his breast. "Do you hear?" he shouted. "You'll stay here. I want you here."

"Why?" her voice rang out clear and sharp.

His jaw dropped, and he stared stupidly at her. Then a whimsical little grin crinkled his eyes.

"I guess it's because I love you, you darling, soft, little girly-mother of a wife. You outside, touts!"

He jumped. "Who's that on the porch?"

She held on tight. "You needn't be so scared," she murmured, plaintively. "I'm married to you. It's only the Burnet children, anyway, come for their cake. What was that you were saying, Bartholomew?"



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## Counter Attractions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

you waste no time in carrying out his mandate.

Lunch hour passes all too quickly, the steady flow of afternoon trade begins, and you settle down with a will to accumulating all the sales possible on your tally-card for the day, for your daily sales must show up reasonably well, or you run a chance of being asked the reason why. The customers come thick and fast, nice, fat, old ladies who tell you all about their grandchildren while you are fitting them, simpering girls who show you their diamond ring, tired women with hot babies, bustling women who ask for your number in closing the sale, irascible women who ask why you do not carry a larger range of goods and upon being advised that you personally do not do the buying for the department also ask for your number and give you a menacing glance, flashy women who offer you tips, Salvation Army women who ask you if your soul is saved, tawdry women who ask for something inexpensive "for my maid" or for "use in the machine," real gentlewomen who buy something cheap without any apology, haughty women with thin, cold hands, genial women fitting out their growing daughters,—on they come, in endless stream and in endless variety.

You warm to your work as it goes on, scurrying up and down, pulling out everything that might be of interest, explaining and suggesting. If you are not well informed as to the merits and demerits of the goods you are selling, the more adroitness you must employ in order to convince your customer of your reliability and judgment.

**Y**OU are thoroughly foot-sore and weary by four-thirty when preparations for closing commence, but you revive somewhat as the closing hour draws nearer. You tidy up the counter, fold the extra gloves away in their drawers, count up your tally and dispose as hastily as possible of the five-o'clock-rush of customers. Everyone is inquiring of everyone else, "What have you on?" which, being interpreted, is "What is the total amount of your sales for to-day?" and is a never failing source of interest, as your monthly bonus depends to a certain extent upon your sales.

It is just at this juncture that the carriers for the department come around with your fresh stock in their not altogether romantic carts, and you are never too busy to exchange a few jovial words with them as they trundle their chariots past.

With the five-o'clock gong, you snatch up the box-lids and jam them on and slam the ticket-stands down on their faces, and the luckless customer who ventures into your domain after this, receives scant courtesy.

Five-ten sounds, and you fling the dust-covers over the goods, jerk off your apron and stuff it into the bunk, breaking the point off your pencil as you do so. After considerable search you find your bag. It yields up a few left-over chocolates, which are divided up and eaten, and all line up for the five-fifteen bell with its sweet song of work ended.

You swarm out at its call. Everyone from the various circles is bumping into you and you are bumping into them, as everybody is trying to walk in parties of three or four with arms entwined. You know it cannot be done, but you always do it. You jostle on gaily, down the stairs and through the subway.

Or, if you happen to be out of luck, and some late-faring customer has coerced you as you were about to flee, you stay and go through the same old formula, while the rest of the girls call their sympathy to you as they fly. Then, when you finish, you wearily gather up your belongings and tramp through the great, almost deserted store.

Your day's work is over.

Six hours later, you will be winding up your unloved but indispensable alarm clock, and setting out your clothes so that you can jump into them at a moment's notice if necessary, and flinging up your window, and switching off your light, and—

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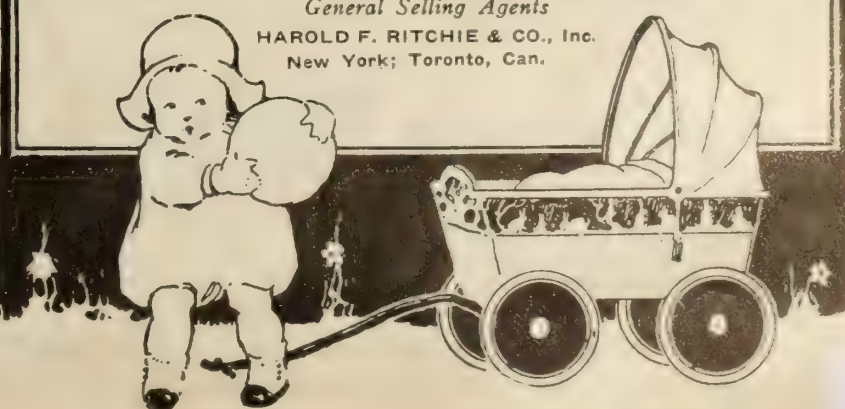
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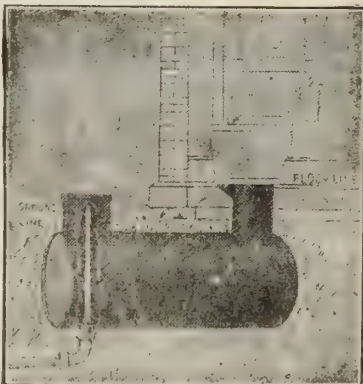
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## As Between Friends

By Anne Elizabeth Melvin

Once More—The Good Old  
Summer Time

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**O**NE hears a great deal about spring fever and its consequences, how it creeps insidiously into one's system creating a distaste for work and urging one to drop everything and revel in a grand orgy of idleness. But there is likewise the summer fever, less insistent, perhaps, but capable of working havoc in one's cosmic scheme. It is to a large extent a holiday time and from the beginning of July our friends in office, school, or ware-room are beginning to take the fortnight or more that is allotted them in which to rest from their labors. The yearly question arises: "Where shall I spend my vacation?" For some there is the fashionable hotel by lake or sea; others prefer the quietness of some sequestered farm where they may enjoy a respite from social demands and stiff collars; still others turn to the great out-of-doors to revel in the wildness of lake and wood, where they can paddle about in a canoe or boat or tempt the wary bass from its cool retreat. Well, it is every man to his fancy and what one would enjoy would bore another to extinction.

The kiddies are now much in evidence. When one is the proud possessor of six sons ranging from thirteen to two with the regularity of ladder rungs, one is prepared to speak as one having authority. I speak from the heights. It is mighty comfortable to think of them safely housed at school under the wise direction of some of those good men and women whose lives are given up to what must sometimes seem a thankless job. But it is also distinctly cheerful to hear their care-free voices about the house, to have them rushing in at unexpected moments for bits of string, old corks, tape-measures, the kitchen tray, one's garden trowel, and all the other accessories that seem to fill the play hours of the average boy. It is very sweet to have them tearing in, breathless and impatient, for a piece of bread and jam, their faces aglow with health and happiness. A hug of gratitude, a moist kiss, a cheery smile, and they are off again to their outdoor joys, and one turns to one's task with misty eyes and a heart full of thankfulness. What would the world be without them? What is a home without them? Can't you just imagine the desolation and loneliness of the quiet town of Hamelin, after the Pied Piper had by his magic flute led away the dancing, laughing children to the mountain fastnesses?

**T**HEIR vacation is a serious matter. It is a recognized truth that no child is the same at the end of a long vacation as at the beginning. This is especially true of older children who are not under such constant supervision. They are freer from parental control; there is less restraint put upon them because it is their holiday; they are out more because it is summer. They make new friends; they exchange visits of greater or less duration with these young associates. They are out of one's sight a great deal, and in these days of freedom they are apt to run into dangers of which the average parent knows little and apparently cares less. There is the freedom of the summer resort, the wide range of the farm, the informality of motoring and picnicking in out of the way places. One can't be with them every minute, but one should keep a closer watch upon their actions. One must keep in touch with them and the best way of all is to be their confidante. Get their confidence. Make them feel assured of your interest. Induce them to tell you about their friends and their doings. If they happen to be out a little late, have them come to you and tell of the evening's happenings. Don't be too busy to lend a listening ear. Never be too absorbed to show a deep interest in their affairs no matter how trivial. The thought of Friend-Mother or Friend-Father has kept many a boy and girl straight. The thought that his day's outing is to be

gone over in detail to an interested mother before he goes to bed at night will keep a boy straight and honest and clean when nothing else will. I try to be to my boys what my dear Mother was to me. "No matter how late we came home from a dance she was always awake to hear about our partners, the dresses, the music, and everything else that had made for us a thrilling evening. Much of the happiness of my childhood and youth was due to the fact that Mother shared in that joy. Young people were always welcome at the house and she enjoyed them as much as we did. She is still as young as any of us, and when I think of a very youthful-looking person who to-day welcomes her children's friends as her own and is herself the life of many a jolly party of young people, I make to myself a little prayer that the good Mother who has been spared to see her family grow up may live for many years to enjoy the companionship with which they surround her. After all, home is where the Mother is, and though one may have other abiding-places which claim most of one's time, the real home is the one sanctified by that sweet and pervading personality. God bless the Mothers—every one of them!

This month will see the closing of many schools. Thousands of boys and girls will rejoice in the freedom of a long, health-giving holiday and rest. But it is a time when parents should be very much awake and unusually watchful. Let us watch their associates, let us plan to be with them whenever possible. Ask their friends to visit them, for so we may study at closer range the influences that form so great a part of their impressionable young lives. Very often we may steer them clear of undesirable friendships that may, if unchecked, mar their lives. Good wholesome companionship means much at this time. A natural association between boys and girls is normal and good for all concerned, but let them be friends before everything else. Do not set the boy to thinking of any one girl as his "girl." Do not let the girls indulge in foolish romanticism that is going to deprive them of half of the fun of their lives by making them self-conscious and sex-conscious. There will be plenty of time for the consideration of that relationship a little later when pigtailed are a thing of the past and when "longs" have taken the place of knickers. Let them be boys and girls together, healthy normal children in whom is centred the future of our nation.

There never were as many opportunities for the boys of our country to earn good salaries as exist to-day, and with this possibility comes a great temptation to those young men who are chafing under school discipline to give up the grind and routine of the class-room for the broader fields that lie so temptingly before them. They forget that the choice which they now make must stand good for the rest of their lives—that if they once leave school to embark on some commercial enterprise, they will never return. It is very nice to feel one's own money jingling in one's pockets, to feel independent of the father's purse-strings, but if that same father is willing and able to keep his boy at school a year or so longer and further equip him for the battle of life, let him think twice before throwing aside such an opportunity for the more tempting but much more temporal advantages of a good position. The drudgery of school will not last forever—it is over all too soon, and the boy who sticks it out is much better equipped for the duties that will come later.

**A**ND one's thoughts turn from the happy cared-for child to that great number of little ones who like Topsy, just "grow" without any assistance or interest from outside sources. To those whose horizon is not hemmed in by brick walls and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)



# Sugar From the Douglas Fir

By FRANCIS DICKIE

THAT sugar would be found to be produced on the foliage of a tree such as the Douglas fir of British Columbia, a coniferous tree reaching great dimensions, and for many years a valuable producer of lumber and some of the tallest flag-poles in the world, would seem a most unbelievable thing. Yet, nevertheless, it is true as has been just recently brought to light by the research and investigation of Professor John Davidson, F.L.S., F.B.S.E., a well known botanist of British Columbia, the result of whose labors in observing the sugar fir are herewith set forth for the first time to the general reading public.

Yet, though the discovery has just recently been made, it is not a new thing for the Douglas fir to produce sugar. For centuries in certain districts of British Columbia the fir has been yielding sugar, which was gathered by the Indians, but which evidently escaped the attention of the early white explorers and missionaries, as I have been unable to find any mention of it after searching many chronicles of olden days.

The sugar by the fir produced is, too, of a very rare kind, producing a tri-saccharide of unique quality in greater abundance than any other plant as yet known to man. The following story of the sugar fir and how it comes to produce so strange a thing upon its foliage is herewith set down from scientific data gathered by Professor Davidson who travelled throughout the region where it grows, and spent some time in a thorough investigation of the habitat of the trees, the atmospheric conditions and other things which he found played a part in bringing about this strange phenomenon in the plant world.

The sugar producing fir is found chiefly in the dry belt of British Columbia, in the interior of British Columbia, between parallels 50 and 51, and longitude 121-122. It is also reported in the eastern portion of the State of Washington. As seen in the accompanying photograph of the fir branch, placed beside a foot rule to give some conception of dimensions, the sugar forms in irregular masses, and also in white flakes. The masses are from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter. The sugar is exceedingly sweet to the taste, giving a flavor like a very good quality of ordinary refined sugar. On first being taken into the mouth it goes momentarily into a sticky paste, which, quickly and entirely becomes dissolved.

The investigator, after much research, careful investigation and covering a good deal of country in the dry-belt, found that trees growing on northern and eastern slopes in this region were the chief bearers of sugar. Trees on the southern and western slope, where the trees were greatly exposed to the heat of the sun, and where the soil was much drier, did not generally yield sugar. Neither those in the dense fir forests of the coastal regions were found to bear sugar. The explanation of the sugar's appearance proved to be a phenomenon largely depending on atmospheric and soil conditions. The trees on these northern and eastern slopes were fairly well apart, so that a great portion of their leaves received sun. There was also a better air circulation than trees get in heavily-forested areas, and the ground

could get warmth from the sun. Trees exposed to a good supply of sunlight gather on their leaves carbohydrates. Ordinarily, these are taken into the plant at night to supply tissue and storage cells. In the dry belt, however, an abnormal amount of carbohydrates was accumulated. At the same time the soil warmed by the sun increased the root activity so much that it was carried on into the night in this region, where the nights were warm and dry and very short.

As a result of the greatly heightened root pressure and the cessation of transpiration, the leaves became gorged with water. This water presently exuded out of the leaf tips. The water contained a certain portion of sugar, resulting from the

conversion of starch into sugar. As the water emerged into the hot, dry night air existing in this dry-belt region, it quickly evaporated, and the sugar was left in drops at the leaf tips, where they hung singly, or fell to form the masses shown in the photograph. But the sugar by reason of its depending so largely on atmospheric conditions of a certain nature for its production, is not something that can be relied on to yield a yearly harvest. For in the hot season the occurrence of a few dull days enables the trees to use much of the excess sugar, or store it as starch as a

food reserve. The cooling of the air also checks the activity of the sugar forming cells in the leaves, and also the roots become less active as the ground lessens in warmth.

Thus to-day, the Indians accept the sugar yield as something to take advantage of in the good years, but as something which they cannot look forward to with any degree of assurance, though they do get a good deal on the average. Analysis made both at the chemistry laboratories at Ottawa, Canada, and Washington, D.C., show the sugar to have a high degree of constancy of composition. The fact that it yields a pure and rare tri-saccharide, which was formerly only obtained from a shrub in Turk-estan and Persia, and that the fir sugar contains nearly fifty per cent. of this in its make-up, or more than any other plant as yet known to man, is of great interest. While the sugar will never be used as food by the white man, there is every possibility it may prove valuable for use in chemistry and medicine. These facts now remain to be brought to light as a result of this recent rare discovery.

## As Between Friends

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

smelly pavements the hot days of July and August are not the nightmare that they are to many who have to bake daily in small houses where the only breeze that blows is scented with the fetid odors of the street or the adjoining alley.

There are many organizations which plan to give a week or so to those poor children who would otherwise spend the hottest weeks amid the squalor and discomfort of surroundings that have become horribly familiar. Surely there is no more worthy object upon which we may expend a few dollars than in contributing to one of these societies.



## An invention which has revolutionized July

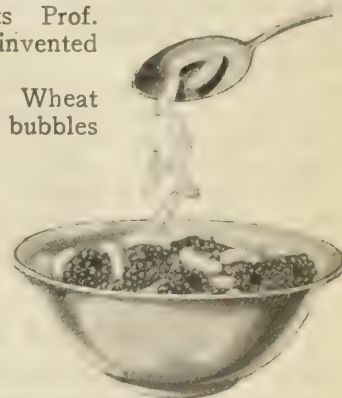
Think how many new delights Prof. Anderson gave summer when he invented Puffed Grains.

The milk dish now has Puffed Wheat floating in it—thin, flimsy, toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Breakfast brings the choice of two Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.

Puffed Rice now adds to berries what crust adds to a shortcake. Or a nut-like garnish to ice cream. And between meals hungry children get some Puffed Grain crisped and buttered.

Every day in summer, millions of people now enjoy these supreme food delights.



Now berries  
Have Puffed Rice mixed in  
to form a delightful blend.

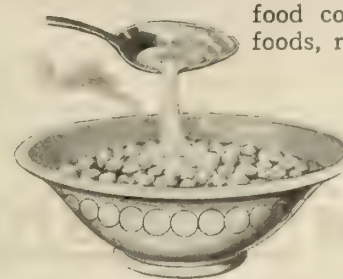
## But don't treat them like mere tidbits

These flaky, flavory bubble grains seem like food confections. But they are whole-grain foods, remember, and are scientific.

They are made by steam explosion. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals so ideally fitted to digest.

They are all-hour foods. They make whole-grain foods tempting. Let children find them handy, morning, noon and night.

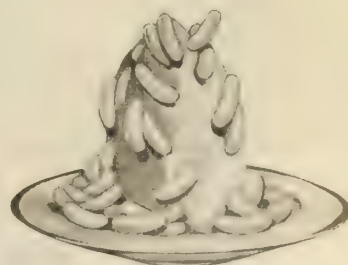


In afternoons  
Children get Puffed Grains  
doused with melted butter  
to eat like confections.

## Puffed Wheat

## Puffed Rice

Both bubble grains  
Puffed by steam explosions to 8  
times normal size



Now ice cream  
Is garnished with these  
airy, nut-like bubbles.

## The supreme morning dainties



Puffed Grains form the finest cereal dishes ever served at breakfast. No grain foods compare with them in texture or in taste. And never were grain foods so fitted to digest.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada  
3412





## A woman's charm

### See how white teeth enhance it

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

### The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors—

### Sent to all who ask

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube to-day.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a

not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

### Now a new method

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

10-Day Tube Free <sup>395</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 631, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

## The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

New Clothes For Old—At Least That Is  
What it Meant to Elsie Fergus

By BETTY O'HARA

**E**LSIE shut the door with a bang. It was the same old story, another invitation sent to all her friends and she had been left out. It was the last dance before the holidays, and was given by one of the girls into whose house she had once been a frequent visitor and a welcome one; but time had changed all that. Since that memorable day two years ago when in answer to a curt summons from the family doctor, she had between sobs and sad good-byes packed her trunk and said farewell to her college days forever, the road had been anything but smooth, for the once athletic class favorite.

In fact so depleted had become the family fortunes after the father's death, that Elsie not only had to buckle down to earn her own living but found it now necessary to give part of her weekly pay envelope to replenish the family larder.

**T**HE dreams

of her college days proved to be castles in Spain. Her wanderings and calculations in the land of studios where colors ran riot, her platform career, alas before she started it, tumbled about her ears. But all that was over now, the art to which she had looked forward had been rudely snatched from her uplifted hand; and now the most she could hope to accomplish was to step on the lowest rung on the ladder of commercial art. Not a very high goal for the girl who had had such boundless ambition. Ambition—what right had she

to ambition, when she could hardly make enough money to pay her weekly bills?

And for clothes, she had turned her skirt inside out; she had pressed her suit coat to give it a semblance of its once prosperous days, her hat she had worn for two years, and the fact that two or three storms had wreaked their vengeance on it, did not tend to improve its appearance.

**B**UT this was the last straw, to be cold shouldered by her once intimate friend; and the mirror opposite reflected a worried, hopeless girl. What a different tale that old mirror had to tell to the one it reflected a couple of years ago, when the smiling, dancing figure of Elsie Fergus tripped in and out with her beautiful gowns and entrancing ways. Now it still beckoned her in its old friendly way, but only served to emphasize her misfortune.

"You see me as others see me, old pal," she said in a coaxing tone, "come let's find out just what is the matter with me anyway. The trouble is with myself or my appearance I know, for what do the people outside know of our struggles and heartaches? We try hard to hide them, don't we?" and she sat down and looked into the brown eyes that looked back at her from the mirror depths. "Now you tell me the truth just like you used to do, although it isn't a very gratifying truth in these days, is it?"

**W**ELL I can see for myself that I have accomplished the art of doing my hair in the most homely

way; it used to look really becoming when I parted it at the side and fluffed it out at the ears, but somehow every morning time seems so short until I go to work that I just have to fix it anyway, so long as I get it neat. But from now on, oh hear my vow, between the two of us we are going to make the best of what we have, even if it does take a little more energy.

**"T**HEN just look at that wrinkle in my forehead. We will have to stop its most provoking habit of appearing every few minutes. I'll just give it a rub out every day, that will scare it into oblivion—just see if I don't! And have you noticed lately, how my lips have taken a downward droop? It's enough to make any one look 'down in the mouth' the way things have been going, but other people don't know that, just you and I, and they don't make allowances; and anyway no one ever did gain anything by being a perpetual grouch. And then with a brush of the eyebrows I think I will be fairly presentable. You know a rub here and a brush there doesn't cost anything, and it helps a lot. We're strong on the something for nothing idea aren't we?"

"Then there are my clothes, oh, these terrible 'duds'; they do take the heart out of me. It was only last night I saw Jack Moore down town and walked across the street rather than speak to him just because this old suit is

such a disgrace that I did not want him to see me in it. It is bad enough to be down on your luck, but to be so far down that you are ashamed to meet your friends on account of your clothes—well, it cannot be tolerated, that's the end of it. It's a new suit, a new hat, and a pair of shoes I need and I am going to have them. This waist will do, it will not be seen when I am on the street.

"But how are we going to go about it? We won't be able to add that much to the weekly pay envelope all at one blow, so it will have to be some money making scheme that I can carry on independent of the office," and the puzzled eyes looked back at her from the mirror. "Oh, I have it," and the mirror lady hopped around her chair once for luck; "the 'Carry On Club' in the 'Canadian Home Journal'—the very thing! I can make extra money, and still keep on with my position to get necessities just the same. It looks good in print so off goes a letter to-night."

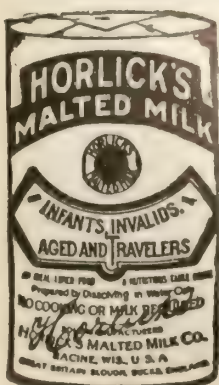
And the letter came and with it the story I have just told you. Two months have passed, and a few days ago I sent a bonus check which is large enough to buy the much needed suit even in these days of the high cost of living.

There are many girls who find themselves in the position of this girl. The "Carry On" Club will send you a bonus check, too, if you will write to BETTY O'HARA, Manager of the "Girls' Carry On Club," Canadian Home Journal, and she will tell you how the girls make their money.



IN DAINTY ATTIRE

The Japanese sleeves add a little Oriental atmosphere that is quite the rage abroad this year.



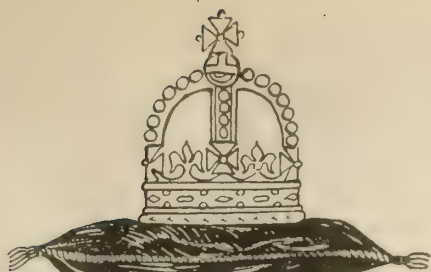
## Horlick's Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly 1/2 century  
Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.  
The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.  
Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.  
Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's And Get The Original

2519





ESTABLISHED 1695

WARING & GILLOW  
LTD  
LONDON ENGLAND



*An Adam interior designed and executed by us.*

We invite correspondence concerning  
Interior Decorating    Period Furniture  
Wall Paper                      Draperies                      Rugs

394-PHILLIPS PLACE - MONTREAL

ONCE upon a time there was an advertiser who got his copy in ahead of closing dates; he gave the publisher time for careful composition; making of cuts was never left until the "last gun," with the printer holding the presses and running up the publisher's bill. The advertiser always had plenty of time to make corrections and get exactly what he wanted in set-ups. There were no disputes about typographical errors and inadvertent insertions. When he O.K.'d a final proof, it was final. And the advertiser was always pleased with the attention and service the publisher gave him.

MORAL: No publisher can give an advertiser proper service unless copy is received early.





# Schools & Colleges

**Moulton College**  
 24 Bloor Street East, Toronto  
 Reopens September 14th, 1920  
 Calendar sent on application Ernestine R. Whiteside, B.A., Principal.

**Toronto Bible College**  
 Interdenominational — Biblical — Missionary  
 Twenty-seventh session commences September 21, 1920.  
 Three years' course in English Bible, Systematic and Biblical Theology, Church History, Pastoral Theology, Missions, with New Testament Greek, Psychology, Medical Studies, Sunday School and Young People's Work.  
 Apply for Calendar to Herbert L. Troyer, Registrar, 110 College Street, Toronto.

**Bishop Strachan School**  
 College Heights, Toronto  
 A Church, Residential and Day School for Girls.  
 Established over fifty years.  
 All Departments from Kindergarten to University Matriculation.  
 PRINCIPAL:  
 MISS WALSH, M.A., Dublin. Teacher's Certificate, University of Cambridge, England.  
 For Calendar apply to the Bursar.

**ALBERT COLLEGE**  
 FOR BOYS AND GIRLS  
 THOROUGHNESS  
 Thoroughness is the foundation of success—and is the principle that dominates every course taught at  
**ALBERT COLLEGE**  
 BELLEVILLE, ONT.  
 When a boy or girl completes a business course at Albert College, they have a great asset—namely, a thorough knowledge of modern business, its practices and requirements. Trained boys and girls are the great need in the modern business world. Albert College offers the dual advantages obtained from college life and special business training.  
 School Re-opens September 7th, 1920

**ALMA COLLEGE St. Thomas, Ont.**  
 Residential School for Girls with well organized courses, preparing for University Matriculation and Diplomas in Literature, Business, Expression, Art, Household Science.  
 Excellent music department prepares pupils for Conservatory of Toronto Examinations.  
 Improved equipment includes gymnasium, hospital and larger grounds.  
 New session opens September thirteenth. For calendar write to  
 P. S. DOBSON, M.A., (Oxon), Principal.  
 R. I. WARNER, D.D., Principal Emeritus.

**St. Andrew's College**  
 Toronto Canada  
 A Residential and Day School FOR BOYS  
 UPPER SCHOOL, LOWER SCHOOL  
 Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.  
 Autumn Term Commences on September 14th, 1920.  
 REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.  
 Calendar Sent on Application. Headmaster

**ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE**  
 TORONTO CANADA  
 A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
 FULL ACADEMIC COURSE, FROM PREPARATORY TO HONOUR  
 MATRICULATION FULL COMMERCIAL COURSE—MUSIC—ART—  
 HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL EDUCATION—GAMES—SWIMMING  
 Mrs. George Dickson, President  
 Miss Florence H. M. Macdonald, B.A., Principal  
 Calendar sent on application.

**Trinity College School**  
 RESIDENTIAL CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
 PORT HOPE ONTARIO  
 FOUNDED 1865  
 Beautiful, healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario. 20 acres of playing fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent Chapel. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training. For prospectus apply to the Headmaster, Rev. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A. (Camb.), D.  
 SUCCESSSES 1918: R.M.C. 1st Place—8 Passed. R.N.C.—3 Passed. 1919: R.M.C.—2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th and 13th Places R.N.C.—4 Passed. Next Term Commences September

## A Royal Lover of Music

Queen Victoria's Passion for Good Singing and Charming Melody as Revealed by Her Contemporaries

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

815.00

LAST month in writing of the early career of Madame Albani, I casually mentioned her later acquaintance with Queen Victoria, which really became a friendship. The close relations that arose between them were born of the sincere musical enthusiasm which characterized the temperament of Her Majesty from girlhood, until extreme old age. The musical reminiscences which cling around her name reveal an intimate side entirely different from the august associations that attach to her as the central figure of a great Empire. They also dispense certain misapprehensions with regard to her which have arisen since her death. It has been carelessly assumed that she was German of the Germans, but her musical enthusiasms show that in a time when the Germans were asserting their claim to be the musical over-lords of the universe, her musical sympathies remained to the end, French, Italian and British as they had been in her girlhood. Though devotedly attached to her husband, Prince Albert, one of the champions of the German school, she did not follow him in this. She was herself excellently trained in music, and it was generally known in musical circles forty years ago that at least one of her children,—her second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha,—was so gifted as a violinist that, born in a humbler sphere, he would have become renowned as a virtuoso.

### QUEEN VICTORIA AS A YOUNG MATRON

This photograph is from a picture of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in 1843, by F. Winterhalter, at Windsor Castle.



As a child at Claremont, she was trained to play the piano under the supervision of her governess, Louise Lehzen, who though the daughter of a Hanoverian Lutheran pastor, exercised a greater control over her than her own mother. Subsequently when she was a queen and a bride she took some lessons on the same instrument from Mendelssohn, a friend of Prince Albert. She left on record in her diary, her nervousness when she first played for this celebrity; and her pleasure when he discovered in her real talent. Her chief musical ambition, however, was to sing, and good singing was with her a life-long passion, though for years during her widowhood she deliberately denied herself indulgence in this harmless pleasure.

HER letters indicate that she acquired this taste from her mother's brother, Leopold, First King of the Belgians, an uncle who had an intense affection for her and superintended her education for the cares of sovereignty. He was himself an amateur singer of merit and in her correspondence with him she liked to discuss music with him. From allusions therein, it is clear that as a little girl she used to sing with him. Later when she was in her teens, she took lessons from Luigi Lablache, an Italian-Frenchman of enormous physique, who was the greatest basso of his time, and for whom she conceived real affection. He was born at Naples in 1794, and was therefore twenty-four years her senior. From 1830 onward he was a very popular figure in London and Paris, and in 1836, when she was approaching her sixteenth birthday, the Princess Victoria commenced to study with

him. In that year he gave her twenty-six lessons before leaving England to fulfil other engagements and she wrote to her uncle of her regret that she must drop them, and of her resolve to resume study the following spring. A few months later she wrote again of her delight at the thought of resuming singing lessons with Lablache, but her plans were interrupted for a few months by her unexpected accession to the throne. So soon as she could arrange it, she reverted to the plan and in August of 1837, wrote to King Leopold: "I have resumed my singing lessons with Lablache twice a week, which form an agreeable recreation in the midst of all the business I have to do. He is such a good old soul, and greatly pleased that I go on with him." (Here the young girl speaks; Lablache was but forty-three at the time and very well preserved). "I admire the music of Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots' very much but do not sing it, as I prefer Italian to French for singing greatly. I have been learning in the beginning of the season many of your old favorites, which I hope to sing with you when we meet. I wish I could keep Lablache to sing with us, but he will be gone by that time I think."

It is clear from her letters that Prince Albert who had in the interim been sent to England to make her acquaintance, had not impressed her by his attempts to sing, but she expressed the belief that the dear boy would improve in time, especially if he took lessons from Lablache.

In the same letter in which she makes this confession, she says: "I sing regularly every evening as I think it better to do so every day to keep the voice manageable. O! my beloved Uncle, could you join us, how delightful that would be. How I should delight in singing with you all our favorite things," and she goes on to specify a number of Italian operas, mostly forgotten.

Her coronation and marriage put an end to the singing lessons, but with her new freedom she became an ardent opera and concert-goer, whenever circumstances would permit, and a very appreciative one. Occasionally she found time to write a bit of musical gossip to the aging uncle, especially when a new star loomed up on the horizon. Thus in June, 1847, she writes: "To-night I am going to the opera in state, and will hear and see Jenny Lind, (who is perfection), in 'Norma,' which is considered one of her best parts. Poor Grisi is quite going off and after the pure, angelic voice and extremely quiet and perfect acting of J. Lind she seems quite passe. The poor thing is furious about it and was excessively impertinent to J. Lind."

Again in 1850, she writes to tell him of an opera, then new, "The Prophet," by Meyerbeer, which she had just heard and says he would take especial delight in the coronation music. She is especially enthusiastic about the great tenor Mario, who in her opinion sings and acts with perfection. "He improves every year," she says, "and I really think his voice is the finest tenor I ever heard, and he sings and acts with such intense feeling."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



Miss W. Brodie 10.00

SOME ONTARIO FEDERATION  
PLANS.

THE programme of the Standing Committees of the Ontario Federation of Women's Institutes is an ambitious one, which may be outlined, as some of the plans for work. In Agriculture, convener, Mrs. R. G. Leggett, the plans are:

Education:

1. Ask the Branch Institutes to petition their school boards to provide a plot of ground suitable for school gardening.
2. Encourage teachers to qualify themselves to direct the pupils in planting and caring for the garden.
3. Work for the improvement of school grounds and establishment of recreation centres.

Practical Work:

1. Encourage women to become gardeners, small fruit growers, poultry raisers, and bee keepers.
  2. To create market centres for the collecting and disposing of these products.
  3. Promote a general interest in the care and beautifying of Canadian homes by removing rubbish, levelling and mowing lawns, planting trees, shrubs and flowers.
- This programme is being submitted for consideration at the district annual meetings throughout the province and we trust that Institute committees will be formed in many branches to carry on the work.

In Home Economics, with convener, Miss M. U. Watson, Guelph, the plans are:

- To advise the Department as to lines of work to be included in the Demonstration-Lecture Courses;
  - To advise as to lines which could be dealt with to advantage when the instructor is able to deliver only one lecture at each place visited;
  - To recommend list of books for study and reference by the Women's Institute members;
  - To suggest lines of investigation for the Dominion Federation Committee or for the Department of Health being established at Ottawa, and which should include Home Economics, Labor Saving Devices and Methods; Remodelling of Houses; Household Equipment.
- Miss Watson has not yet completed her programme, and will no doubt have much to add to the above, and will submit a more complete programme to the district officers at an early date.

In Immigration, convener, Miss D. M. Sutherland, Toronto, the plans are:

- To secure as full information as possible of immigrant families settling in Ontario, or girls or women employed as Domestic, etc., in homes throughout the Province, from:
  1. The Colonization Department of the Ontario Government.
  2. The Employment Labor Bureau.
  3. The Soldiers' Settlement Board.
- To secure as full information as possible re children being placed in Ontario homes from:
  1. The Children's Aid Society.
  2. The Barnardo Homes.
  3. The Salvation Army, etc.
- The Branches will be notified from time to time as to the placing of the newcomers, with a view to having the Institute members give them a welcome and inviting them to take part in the work of the Institutes and other local activities.
- To have Branch officers forward as full information as possible re the situation in their localities as to the number of newcomers, how they are placed, what is being done for the Children's Aid Society, etc., to the member of the Committee on Immigration for their respective subdivisions.

- To educate through articles written and through lectures etc., the importance of getting in touch with the newcomers and leading them to realize that they have a part to play in advancing community interests.
- To see that the children of immigrant families or those placed in homes by the Children's Aid Society, or the Barnardo Homes attend school regularly.
- To report all cases of cruelty, overwork, etc., on the part of those employing help to the proper authorities.
- To report all cases of children or parents suffering from contagious or infectious diseases or who are mental-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)

Woodstock College

An Academic Department  
of McMaster University

Lower School: Separate residence for boys within one year of High School.

Upper School: Boys and Young Men prepared for Arts and Science Matriculation, Senior and Junior. Two Commercial Courses. Personal attention by efficient and sympathetic teachers; beautiful countryside, commodious campus, gymnasium, swimming tank; comfortable residence accommodation, good meals; Christian atmosphere maintained in college life; the place for your boy to get a sterling education in a sane, religious environment. For Calendar write,

Principal Wearing, M.A., Ph.D.  
Founded 1857. Woodstock, Ont.

Loretto Abbey

403 Wellington St. W.  
Residential School for Girls.

HAVERGAL COLLEGE

Main School

354 Jarvis St.

Honor  
Matriculation  
Art  
Music  
Junior School  
Kindergarten

Coverley House

372 Jarvis St.

Domestic  
Science  
and  
Travel  
Course

The Hill School

51 St. Clair Ave. W.

Boarding  
and Day  
School  
Large  
Grounds  
Games  
Kindergarten

Junior School

186 St. George St.

Preparatory  
and  
Kindergarten  
for  
Boys and Girls

MISS KNOX, Principal, TORONTO. Term Opens Sept. 16th.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, ONT.

School Re-opens Sept. 14, 1920

Public school to Second Year University, Household Science, Music: Instrumental and Vocal, Commercial, Elocution, Art, Civic and Parliamentary Studies, Gymnasium Work and Swimming.

For Calendar apply to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal.

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

OSHAWA, ONT.

Under the direction of the  
SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

The Sisters will undertake the care of children during the months of July and August. Boys under eight years of age included. For particulars apply to The Sister in Charge, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa. Phone 173, or to The Mother Superior, St. John's Hospital, 28 Major Street, Toronto. Phone Coll. 1042.

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or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

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KITCHENER, - CANADA



A Summer Necessity  
KLIM

The Pure Powdered Separated Milk

convenient and always ready for use. It will not sour in hot weather, and remains fresh and sweet until the last particle is used from the tin.

With a supply of Klim in the house this summer, you will not have to worry about your milk supply.

The bright, clean, KLIM Plants are located in the centres of rich dairy districts. Klim is made daily from fresh separated milk by the wonderful "Spray" process which removes only the water, and dries the milk solids into a fine white powder.

Try Klim for cakes, pies and for all cooking and baking, and in coffee and cocoa.

It is only by using Klim, that you can learn of its wonderful convenience and natural milk flavor. Order a supply from your grocer to-day. You can get it in the blue-and-white striped tins in 1/2 pound, 1 pound, or the 10 pound tins. One pound will make four quarts of pure liquid separated milk.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED

10-12 St. Patrick St., TORONTO.

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KLIM  
POWDERED WHOLE MILK

contains all of the fat of the original rich whole milk from which it is made. It is the rich, creamy milk that comes from the finest dairy farms, and water only is removed. Because of its richness in fat, it is not sold through grocery stores, but is sold direct by mail to you. Sign the order form, attach one dollar, and mail to our nearest office. You will receive a trial pound and a quarter tin with price list and free Cook Book.

Order your tin to-day and learn how convenient and good Powdered Whole Milk is.

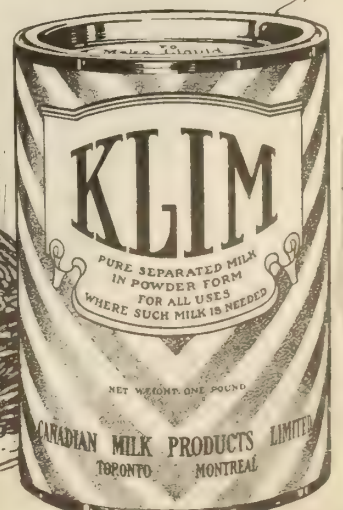
CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED  
(Address our nearest office.)

Please mail a pound and a quarter tin of Klim Brand Powdered Whole Milk. Price List and Cook Book. Enclosed is One Dollar. 9-102

Name .....

Address .....

(Print your name and address for clearness)







## Those dainty Summer repasts that everyone enjoys



**I**T may be the full-spread luncheon table in city home or vacation cottage—tea on the lawn or in camp—or the picnic hamper, opened beneath the shadowed fringe of highway or river—wherever it is, Swift's Premium Ham, always adaptable, provides delicious menus suited to every summer occasion.

Of course, you can buy Swift's Premium Ham sliced, but there is a big advantage in buying a *whole* ham—for then you obtain a variety of dishes: you can bake the butt, boil the shank, and fry the centre slices, and never lack a "meat course" as long as a vestige remains.

The careful selection and exclusive, mild cure of

## Swift's Premium Ham

make it unique in flavor and excellence. It is particularly adapted to summer use, because it keeps so well under conditions when fresh meat is impracticable.

*Order from your Butcher or Grocer.*



Swift Canadian Co.  
Limited

Toronto

Winnipeg

Edmonton



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

ly deficient to the proper authorities, and where necessary take any other action thought advisable.

To co-operate with the Children's Aid Society in securing good homes for the children for adoption, and to take an active interest in supporting local Children's Shelters.

To co-operate with the Girls' Camps in their social activities and to see that no camp is started without a permit from the Government Employment Labor Bureau.

To familiarize all with the Immigration Laws.

The members of the Committee should forward reports of the work done along immigration lines in their respective sub-divisions to the Convener, for publicity and other purposes.

In Education and Better Schools, convener, Miss E. F. McIntosh, Brampton, the plans are:

1. Co-operation through Institutes and schools by means of Home and School Clubs

2. School Improvement—

1. Of buildings now in existence.
2. To see that schools being built conform to all requirements for health and education.
3. To give attention to consolidation.

3. Education—

1. For retarded children.
2. Illiterate.
3. Non-English speaking.

4. School attendance up to 14 years at least of—

1. Children of resident parents.
2. Of "home" girls and boys.
3. Truancy.

5. Competent teaching—

1. Necessary school work.
2. Of Agriculture, Household Science and Manual Training.

6. Teachers' salaries.

The study of school architecture, building, heating and lighting, and the study of grounds, gardens, out-houses and sanitation and recreation, study of equipment, material of all kinds; the use of the school as a community centre and how the Women's Institutes may help teachers, will all come under consideration.

In Public Health and Child Welfare, convener, Mrs. Wilson, Parkhill, the report is:

Mrs. Wilson has not yet her prepared programme beyond the lines indicated in the report of lectures of Conference as found in extracts from address by Dr. Patterson. The work of this Committee is considered of the greatest importance and full particulars as to plans and co-operation with the Institutes will be sent to all concerned at the earliest date possible.

In the meantime, Mrs. Wilson is endeavoring, through her Committee, to find out:

1. The needs of each district.
2. What is being done to meet these needs: (a) By the Government, through public service; Medical Inspection of Schools; Child Welfare Exhibits; Institute lectures, etc.; (b) By voluntary organizations.

When this survey is completed, the convener will be in a position to suggest ways by which the Institutes can co-operate with all agencies in meeting these needs.

The programme of the Committee on Publicity, convener, Miss E. M. Chapman, Toronto, shall be:

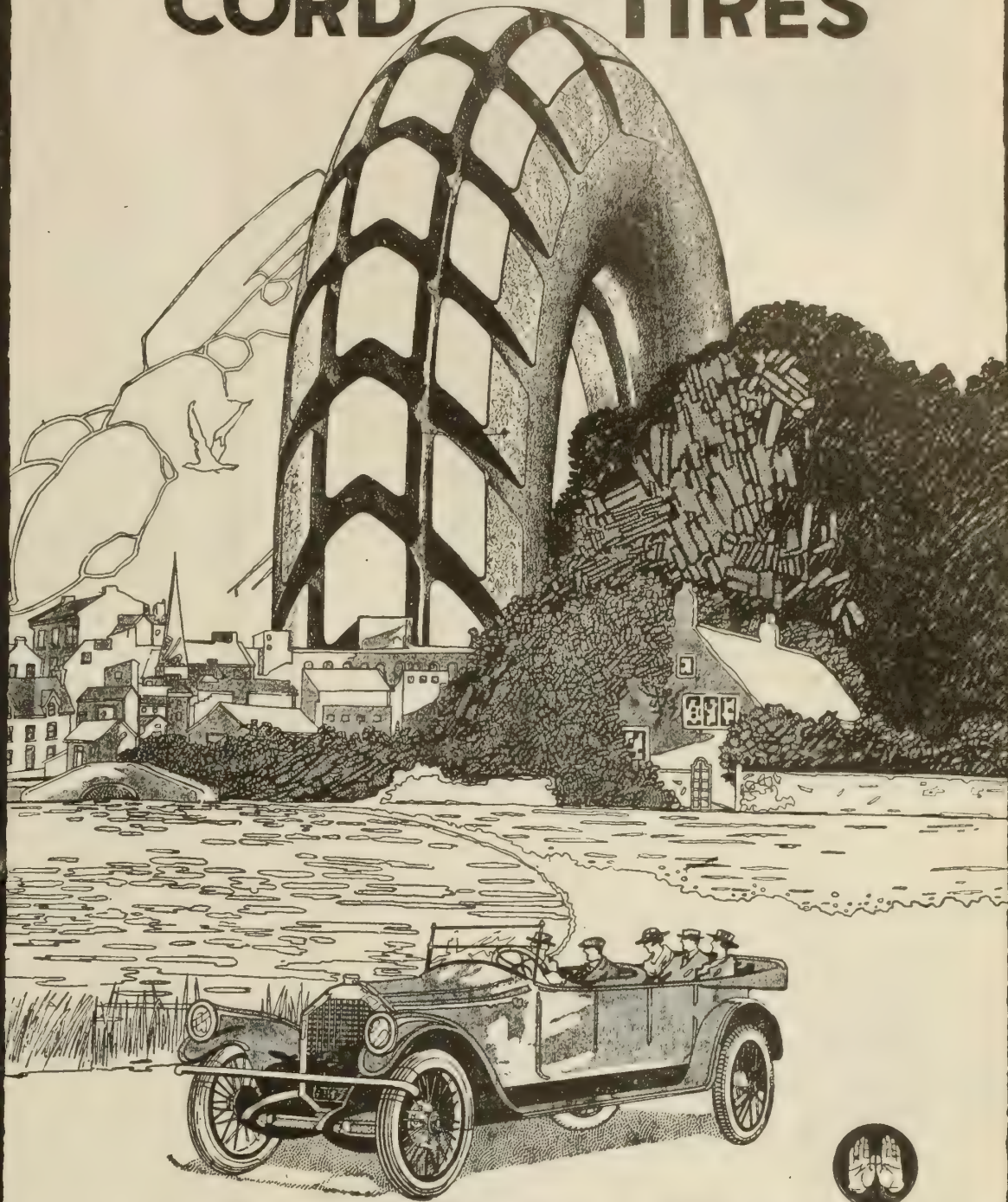
1. To try to influence secretaries of Branch Institutes to give as much publicity as possible to the work their Institute is doing by announcing meetings and reporting meetings, programmes, and special features of work to the local papers. This will help to stimulate local interest and a full attendance.

2. To get secretaries or other members of Institutes, or lecturers and demonstrators to report either to the Department of Agriculture, or the Convener of the Publicity Committee, any news of province-wide interest, that it may be circulated through the "Home Journal" and the farm papers of the province. Any special feature of work done by any one Institute should be an inspiration to others.

3. News of any good community or public benefit effort should be sent to the editors of the Women's Section of the city daily papers. The knowledge that the rural women and the city

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)

# - DUNLOP - CORD TIRES



The Dignified, Long-Mileage, Low-Upkeep Tires

## ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE MONTREAL

A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR  
WOMEN STUDENTS ATTENDING  
McGILL UNIVERSITY

(Founded and endowed by the late Rt. Hon.  
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Courses leading to degrees in Arts, separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions; and to degrees in music.

Applications for residence should be made early, as accommodation in the College is limited.

For prospectus and information apply to The Warden.

## LORETTO ACADEMY

Is Ideally Situated

overlooking Niagara Falls. Primary, High School, and Commercial Courses. Matriculates at University of Toronto; Music in affiliation with same University. Apply Mother Superior.

## Of Interest to Institutes

There is a revived interest in an "art" of the past—the making of samplers—which is resulting in many an old sampler being given an impressive setting in a frame.

We wish to secure photographs of these, and for this purpose are offering a prize of fifteen dollars for the best photograph of an old-time sampler, with its story—the latter not to exceed eight hundred words.

We also wish to have photographs of historic or unusual quilts, with story attached—limit of eight hundred words in length. Prize, fifteen dollars.

Photographs and stories must be sent by November 1st, 1920. Competitors must be subscribers to this journal and also members of the Women's Institute. Mention branch of Institute when writing. The stories should be written on one side of the paper. Photographs will not be returned. Address "Institutes," Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto.



I'm the Magic  
Figure 8

An  
Important  
Figure  
on  
Washday—

because the magic figure eight will do your washing, without bother or fuss, and in half the time it ordinarily takes. This figure is an exclusive feature of the

## 1900 CATARACT ELECTRIC WASHER

The hot, soapy water swirls through the clothes in a figure eight movement ten times as often as in the ordinary washer. And the wringer works electrically too. There are no parts to rub the clothes in this machine, and no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean after washing is finished. Costs about 2c an hour to operate.

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

It is likely that we have a dealer in your vicinity. If you will write us and ask for a copy of our new booklet entitled, "George Brinton's Wife" we will send on the name of the 1900 dealer near you, and information about our free trial offer.

The Nineteen-Hundred Washer Co.  
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## ST-STU-T-T-TERING

and STAMMERING cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 737 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.



## A Royal Lover of Music

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)



## Ul-Ik-It Sun Burn Lotion

Is cooling, soothing. Gives immediate relief to the smart and pain of irritated skin.

Apply freely and let remain on skin a few minutes, then wash off. It is a sure cure for sunburn; five minutes' application will take all the heat away.

### MARJANEH WRINKLE CREAM

(Mar-shan-eh)

It is absolutely the only vanishing cream on the market. Is a centuries old, delicately scented Arabian nut oil lotion. It tones up the tiny glands beneath the outer skin, thereby erasing lines, rounding out the face, imparting attractive color that radiates health and loveliness.

Positively does not grow hair. Money refunded if noticeable improvement is not seen within a reasonable time. Get some MARJANEH to-day. For sale by Robt. Simpson Co., Toronto, and all high-class druggists.

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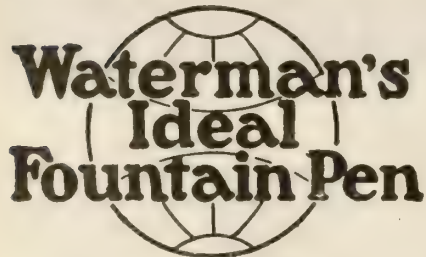
Manufacturers of the famous USIT FACE PREPARATIONS  
The only toilet goods that are connected with a patent in the United States, England and Canada



1920



1910



The three-story, concrete building standing at the St. Lambert end of the great Victoria Jubilee Bridge, which crosses the St. Lawrence at Montreal, is devoted exclusively to the making of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens and Ink—50,000 feet of floor space!

## Canadian Factory Tripled!

**N**OW we can keep up with the demand! For months past, people called for more Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens than we could make.

To-day we have tripled the factory facilities—the finest and most complete factory of its kind in the world! Truly a remarkable growth for ten years.

From this wonderful plant, the famous pen and Waterman's Ideal Ink, will go to supply the whole of the British Empire—always remembering the needs of Canada first!

In this all-Canadian factory, skilled Canadian workers produce the pen that signs bank notes, stock certificates, and a large proportion of the world's correspondence.

A Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen that just suits your hand is awaiting you at all good dealers, for from \$2.50 up

## L. E. Waterman Co. Limited

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NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

Those familiar with her story know that after the death of the Prince Consort, in 1861, she denied herself all enjoyment. Public appearance at concerts or operas ceased for nearly thirty years, and it was more than a decade before she commenced to rouse herself to a renewed interest in music as a private recreation. Thus she did not hear Patti until that singer had long been recognized as "the divine." It was really Emma Albani, who won her back to enthusiasm. In 1874, when the Canadian prima donna was in her twenty-second year, she was the rage of the London season both in opera and concert, and the Queen, perhaps because she was one of her French Canadian subjects, decided to hear her. Albani was summoned to Windsor Castle and there commenced a friendship which only terminated with Victoria's death. At this first audience she sang the lovely melody "Caro Nome," from Verdi's "Rigoletto," Gounod's "Ave Maria," "Robin Adair" and "Home Sweet Home." The Queen praised her voice and method, and told her in so doing, that she herself was thoroughly acquainted with the art of singing. This mutual interest was a link and Albani says: "That she loved music, it is scarcely necessary to say. Almost every school appeared to appeal to Queen Victoria. Sometimes she would ask me to sing two or three or more little French songs. Then she would suggest something by Brahms, or perhaps Grieg, or possibly Handel or Mendelssohn; and often I have concluded with some simple song I knew she was fond of. Scotch songs in particular appealed to her very strongly. She never grew tired of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' which she generally spoke of as 'that Highland Laddie song.' Other Scotch songs of which she was very fond were 'Annie Laurie' and 'Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town.' On other occasions she would ask me to sing for an hour or more nothing but Mendelssohn. Prince Albert had always maintained a very high opinion of Mendelssohn and I am inclined to think that my singing sometimes recalled to the Queen pleasant recollections of the years that had fled. Number after number of Mendelssohn's oratorios she would listen to with rapt attention, and often when I stopped singing she would remain for some moments in a sort of reverie."

**T**HE Queen also loved to hear the music of "Faust," although it was years before she saw the opera, which had first been produced in England shortly after the Prince Consort's death. Albani really induced her to appear in public once more by singing to her some passages from Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," in which she sang at the original presentation in Leeds in the later eighties. The Queen one day expressed eagerness to hear the new work in public performance, but later dropped the subject. Then one morning, to Albani's great surprise, she announced her intention of attending a presentation of the work advertised to be given in Albert Hall, London. "The day arrived," says the prima donna, "and when I came forward to sing my first solo and saw

the Queen occupying the Royal box, I think I felt more delighted than I had ever felt in my life before."

Naturally the return of the Queen to a musical function after a seclusion covering nearly three decades aroused great public attention. She had for some years previously, however, after the breaking of the ice in 1874, habituated herself to receiving artists in private. Thus in 1886, she summoned the aged pianist, Franz Liszt, to Windsor and told him she cherished vivid recollections of his playing in London in 1841. Earlier still, Rubinstein had received a similar command in company with Georg Henschel, the basso. Henschel tells a delightful story of her tact. Rubinstein's first numbers had been quiet and tender, and she had drawn her chair near to the piano which had its top raised. Later he began to thunder as no pianist before or since has thundered, and Her Majesty became very uncomfortable. Rather than interrupt the musician, she gradually edged her chair away to a safe distance and then a charming smile of relief and pleasure stole over her countenance.

Among her later enthusiasms were Patti and the two De Reszkes, Jean and Edouard, all of whom received decorations from her. She told the tenor, Jean De Reszke, that his voice reminded her of Mario, only that it had more power. The tenor says that she spoke French like a Parisian, and was "a genuine lover of music, as one could easily see by her eyes and in the movements of the head with which she emphasized the chief passages." Six months before her death, in 1900, she summoned the two brothers and a company of distinguished artists to give a performance of her favorite "Faust." Jean was too ill to appear and Saleza was substituted, and after hearing Edouard as Mephisto, she decorated him. Her declining health was apparent to all but she would not forego a reception to the artists after the performance. Another great favorite of hers was "Cavalleria Rusticana," and when Mascagni, its composer, came to England, in 1893, she sent for him, praised his music, and presented him with an autograph portrait in a silver frame. Indeed the Queen loved to bestow souvenirs on musical celebrities and many other composers and singers knew her favor during the last decade of her life. As a noted London musical authority has said, "The Queen's love for music was at no period more strongly evinced than during the last few years of her life. She turned to it for solace and comfort in her old age and derived the keenest pleasure from the performances of the various artists who were invited in quick succession to labor for her enjoyment. Her devoted daughters, Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, were ever on the alert to procure talent for this purpose. Scarcely a week passed but that some artist of note played or sang in the Royal drawing rooms at Windsor, Osborne or Balmoral. Lengthy, indeed, must be the list of those, from the diva downward, who can point to their jeweled brooch or pin bearing the familiar monogram "V.R.I.," while many too can display even costlier gifts as tokens of her Majesty's grateful appreciation."

## Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

women are working along similar philanthropic lines will do something to create a better understanding between the city and the country.

4. To impress every Institute member with the publicity value of photographs of Institute gatherings, demonstration lecture classes, school clinics, or any Institute undertaking for the school. Editors are always glad to publish good photographs and the picture often makes an impression which an article would not make.

5. Institutes that have any very special thing which would make a good moving picture, like a school clinic, a baby clinic, a school fete arranged by the Institute, might let Mr. Putnam know, and possibly the Government moving picture men could go and get the film. Moving pictures give the best possible kind of publicity.

### NATIONAL NOTES.

The Saskatchewan Homemakers' clubs are holding their annual convention in June, at the University of Saskatchewan for four days. A splendid programme has been arranged, the speakers being, Miss Abbie Delury, the superintendent, Mrs. W. E. Cameron, the recording secretary of the F.W.I., Dr. Murray of the University; Miss Esther Thompson, secretary of the Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs; Mrs. Schneidel, Miss Margaret MacKillop, Miss MacLachlan, Judge of the Juvenile Court, Regina; Miss Campbell, sup't. city hospital, Saskatoon; Mrs. Dayton, President Manitoba H.M.C.; Miss Isabel Noble, President Alberta Women's Institutes; Dr. Wilson and Dean Rutherford, University of Saskatchewan, and Mrs. Rodgers, Quill Lake.



## The July Fashions and Their Prices

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

Child's Coat and Bonnet 5799, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12077, blue, 25 cents.  
Infant's and Child's Coat 7808, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12239, blue, 25 cents.  
Child's Coat 7595, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8934, 25 cents.  
Child's Coat 8168, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 11339, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Child's Coat 7850, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8929, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8937, 20 cents.  
Girls' Dress 8922, 25 cents.  
Child's Coat 8940, 25 cents.  
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8945, 25 cents.  
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8780, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

7808—Infants' and Child's Coat. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 3 requires 3 yards 27-inch piqué. The collar and cuffs are prettily embroidered in design 12239.

7595—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 44-inch shepherd check cloth.

5799—Child's Coat and Bonnet. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 2 re-

quires 2½ yards 27-inch cotton poplin for coat—¾ yard 27-inch poplin for bonnet. Embroidered in design 12077.

8168—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. Embroidered in design 11339.

7850—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch camel's hair—¾ yards 36-inch lining. Embroidered in design 12510.

8929—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch organdy. No.

8937—Girls' Skirt. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check.

8922—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 32-inch gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy.

8940—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yard taffeta.

8945—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch gingham.

8780—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 32-inch gingham. Embroidered in design 12564.

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

they too shared its delight at the tit-bit.

A shadow fell across the window and the boys looked up to see a man watching them.

"Like birds?"

"Sure, Mister."

"Ain't he the beauty though?" chimed in the younger boy. "Wonder what he's called."

"I know what I'd call him," said his companion.

"What?" eagerly asked the other. "The fire bird. He's just like fire, ain't he Mister?"

"You're right, boy," answered the stranger. "He's like a flame but he's really a Baltimore Oriole. It's cruel to keep him there, he should be free."

"Why?" queried the boys.

"Well, just think how you'd feel if you were locked up in a cage. Not able to run about as you wanted to and away from everything you liked the best. Like the idea?"

"Gee, what a shame," exclaimed the older boy, "but Bill, we could never buy him, never."

"I'll buy him," said the stranger.

Outside, the boys saw the fire bird transferred from the gilded cage to a cardboard box. Eagerly they waited the stranger and as he came out, they asked breathlessly, "Got him, Mister?"

"Surely. Here he is."

"And are you going to let him fly now?"

"Not here, boy. I'm going to take him to where I live, outside the city. Wouldn't you like to come, too? How about asking your parents?"

The older boy put his arm about the younger one's shoulder. "Bill and I ain't got nobody to ask. I sell papers and he helps me, so it don't matter to no one where we go."

The stranger looked at the boys thoughtfully. "I think I'll have some more happiness then," he said. "Come along. You can come back when you're tired." He led the way and hailed the first street car in sight. The boys hung back, but as the door was about to close on the stranger and the

fire bird, they climbed aboard and sat down beside their new friend. When they arrived at the car terminal, they found themselves in a new country. A dusty road greeted them with cool green woodlands on each side.

"Tired?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir."

"We'll soon be there," he said as he walked on down the road. Half a mile and then he turned off and entered a path leading through the wood. The boys followed wondering what they would see. A thick hedge barred their way but the stranger found a gate and opening it, stood aside. "Welcome," he said smiling. At the end of a flower bordered path they saw a large vine-covered log house.

In the house the stranger put the oriole into a large cage and gave it food. Later when he and his guests had eaten, he took the cage and bidding them follow, led the way to the orchard. Once there, he set the cage on the top of a high block of wood and opened the door. Softly he stepped backwards and resting a hand on each of the boys, whispered to them not to move. For a minute or two the fire bird looked bewildered. He uttered his plaintive call and to his surprise there came a reply. Again he called and then through the leafy green of the tree above, came a flash of fire as it were, and another oriole alighted nearby. The prisoner in the cage became excited and hopping about, found the open door. Out he stepped. This way and that he looked then the man whistled in the insistent manner common to the oriole family. Both birds peered up and down. The new arrival flew up into the tree. The next moment the fire bird spread its wings and followed and as it vanished, there came down to the waiting trio a song so rich, so full of joy, that the man looking down at the two upturned faces, vowed that they too, should be freed from the city's dusty streets and learn to sing the song of freedom the same as his feathered friends.

### CONTESTS FOR JULY


- 1—Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Write an original story of 500 words about "An Old Umbrella Tells a Story."
- 2—Camera Contest. Subject, "My Favorite Spot in the Woods."
- 3—Boys and girls up to 12 years. Not more than 300 words about "A Day By the Lake."

### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry.  
Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.  
Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs.  
Closing date, the 24th of July.  
Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

# BALLANTYNE

## Young Men's Pullovers



The Right Style the Right Weight, the Right Quality

THESE smart Summer knitted jackets for men are made by Ballantyne in both V neck and roll neck styles. Most good dealers sell them.

R. M. BALLANTYNE, Limited, Stratford, Canada



## A Natural and Pleasant Way to Health

TEST it for yourself! Take ENO'S Fruit Salt when you are "below par," and notice how it improves your health and spirits and brightens your whole outlook on life.

# ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Prepared only by  
J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works  
London, England  
Sole Agents for North America:  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.  
10 McCaul St., Toronto



## The "Little Sister" and Her Place in the Social Service Scheme

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

the loveliest trilliums I have ever seen. You were told that on stormy winter nights the empty fire-place glowed with embers, and the luscious smell of toasting marshmallows floated in the air while a circle of enchanted young people sat about the hearth, and made merry in the candle light.

French windows led from the dining-room to a splendid garden, where preparations were already on the way for an open air fete, the proceeds of which were to supplement funds already on hand for a summer camp which the Club is establishing at Newcastle. The making of garden hats, aprons and all the paraphernalia for a summer sale was at that time occupying the minds of the members to the exclusion of all other interests.

WE cannot dismiss the Girls' Club without mention of the light that burns every night and all night in the window, a symbol of the persistent hospitality which the Club offers to any girl who needs its shelter at any hour of the day or night. This friendly beacon has been the



THE GIRLS' CLUB

The cheery home, Carlton Street, Toronto, established by the Big Sister Association.

The growing importance of the Association and the rapid realization of many of its hopes and desires are tribute to the progressive and efficient methods of operation which have existed under Mrs. Small's regime.

In March, 1919 there was established at Toronto what is known as the Catholic Big Sister Association composed entirely of volunteer officers and members. Under the presidency of Miss Mary Power, excellent work was

accomplished by this branch with members of its own faith and so rapid was the application of Little Sisters and so great the need of visiting and investigating cases, that it was soon found necessary to secure offices and the services of a permanent secretary. The next step was the establishing of a club-room and the Catholic Association now has pretty and comfortable quarters at 80 Bond Street where the Little Sisters and Big Sisters meet and where delightful evenings of entertainment are arranged by the members for their youthful proteges.

Within the last few weeks a Jewish branch has also come into existence.



Living room in Girls' Club, Toronto.

means of bringing many unhappy wanderers to a haven of security.

Proper care of the feeble-minded, better housing conditions, a living wage for girls and shorter working hours—these are a part of the platform adopted by the Association. Through the efforts of Mrs. Sidney Small, who is in the third term of her presidency, splendid efforts have been made to bring about better conditions in the lives of the girls of the community. Mrs. Small's untiring energy, her inspiring enthusiasm and her clear conception of the particular share of work which the Big Sister Association is called upon to accomplish in the scheme of community service, make her an ideal director of the destinies of such an organization.

of which Miss Kate Josephi is the president and though the matter of its organization is hardly yet complete it is certain that it will not be long before its influence for good will be felt in the community.

As Mrs. Small in a statement contained in an annual report has said: "No appeal has a more reasonable or more urgent claim on the public. Work that tends to protect young girls from evil influence and wrongdoing is a thousand times more valuable and less expensive to Society than measures afterwards made necessary in an effort to piece together the shattered wrecks of human lives, who have found their way into hospitals, asylums and reformatories."

## The Land of P'raps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

The Down took himself apart, and into his round head he packed all the rest of himself. Then, after rocking back and forth two or three times, he started rolling down the hill, and was soon lost in the distance.

"I wish I could do that," sighed Dedder Naherrin.

As he said this, he stepped to the side of the road on to a narrow, smooth little sidewalk that led down the hill. Dedder Naherrin's feet slipped from under him; he sat down, and started sliding swiftly down the hill.

Diddy could not help laughing as he looked closely at the sidewalk. The shining pavement was made of square blocks, in the centre of which were frozen three black letters—ICE.

Sitting down on the sidewalk carefully, for he did not like to slide on

his bare feet, Diddy started downward too.

The little If came after, now sliding on his nose, now on his back, his silver bell and his alarm clock rattling and banging loudly.

One after another they reached the bottom of the hill with a bump. A high wall, clear as glass, stretched across the roadway. It was the end of the July road, and as they looked about for a gateway, a rope-ladder was let down from the top of the wall, and they heard voices singing:

Land of summer breezes straying,  
Land of golden sunbeams playing,  
Shadowed winter days delaying.

Here amidst the flowers,  
Harvest joy, nor e'er remember  
August fades into September—  
Summer flame to Autumn ember

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Take two tablespoonfuls of Lux, put into a gallon and a half of boiling water and stir with a wooden spoon or stick until the Lux flakes are completely dissolved. Add cold water until the mixture has become quite tepid. Into the foaming lather dip your underwear or stockings and work them about, squeezing the water through the soiled parts—do not wring.

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## COLGATE & CO.,

137 McGill Street, Montreal

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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Vol. 17 No. 4

August 1920 Toronto

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MONTREAL







THE civilized world is still in the flood-tide of democracy. Russia's experience of the thing itself, without the neutralizing circumstances that modify its effect elsewhere, is not yet sufficiently realized or understood outside of that unhappy country, to damage the credit of the modern doctrine. Everywhere mass control and mass direction are more and more helplessly accepted, with a tendency to the assumption that the lower the degree of intelligence, capacity and class consciousness brought to the business of governing, the more ideal the results are likely to be. To outward seeming, Canada has subscribed to the popular creed in large letters. It is everywhere reflected in the life of the people, education is based on it, the newspapers trumpet it every day, and Parliament has embalmed it in a monumental resolution. We have even shared, and are now sharing, the actual extremes, imported from Europe, the predatory ambition of the Soviet. Heedless and impatient and absorbed in our suddenly vast business of national exploitation as we are, the activities in Winnipeg last year gave us pause.

There is at present no other than the democratic choice. Perhaps there will never be. It depends upon the interpretation. Control of national affairs implies the power to wield it, and if that power remains guarded by the intelligence, industry and probity of the people, a people's government is simply the best that can be had. If it escapes into the teeth and claws of the brute which nature has given us to develop our civilization out of, we get at least temporary disaster and future reaction.

Canada is, of course, evolving her own social and political fate, but it is interesting to note her advantages of observation and of criticism in this matter of the democratic ideal. They are about as complete as they could be. Across the sea the old Mother of human liberties and of the race that achieved the Republic of the United States, is facing the practical possibility of a Labor government, and learning through the public prints, whether the particular body of workers who handle the coal out-put will please to adopt "direct" or "constitutional" methods of compelling the rest of the community to accede to their demands. To the south of us, where surely the unimpeded control by the people of their own affairs is celebrated, if anywhere, we saw a President indicating to Europe an American line of policy and action for which he is responsible apparently only to himself. These are anomalies and it is perhaps easy to pick anomalies out of any system, but the fact remains that young-eyed Canada has a good deal to consider in the diurnal swing of her sister democracies, based as they are on the same antecedents, the same laws and language, religion and literature as herself.

DEMOCRATIC feeling, democratic theory, we have in plenty of our own. It has been a very natural evolution. Almost all Canadians have escaped from the social tyranny of caste elsewhere. A few brought the tradition with them, not only to Quebec, but to the settlement of Upper Canada. And we have our aristocracy—of the best patent—of United Empire Loyalists. But the bulk of Canada's early population came in emigrant ships from Great Britain, to strike a hardy root in the new land—and to enjoy among its hard won rewards, that of being entirely free from the social claims of the squire and his relations. It was a quiescent sort of satisfaction,—I doubt if it was much talked about. For one thing, too much vaunting of the new condition

might have smacked of disloyalty to the ways of the "Old Country," and the Old Country was still very dear. Perhaps theories of equality which made so much noise in the United States helped to prescribe discretion to us. At all events we won our way from our early colonial status to our present completely democratic institutions without any remarkable convulsions. The defeat of the Family Compact took some searching of heart but no blood-shed. Feudal privilege in Quebec gave way gradually. We have grown up a democracy because those clothes fitted us best, we have not jumped into them like the actors in a comedy of costume.



A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN GOLFER  
This shows Miss Ada Mackenzie, Canada's Champion Woman Golfer, playing at Newcastle, Ireland.

Nor, until lately, have we committed ourselves to any repudiation of the picturesque acquiescences that hang like old inherited garments, rich in history, about the shoulders of the vigorous commonwealth of Great Britain, in the shape of titles and decorations. The democratic condition in Canada is so essential and so unescapable that no sort of knighthood would avail to set a man apart from his fellows or, apart from a natural, negligible, and entirely private swelling of the chest, make him different from other men. Besides, for many years, such recognitions from the Throne were not too common in Canada. Compared to the crop that went to India twice annually—on the Sovereign's Birthday and New Year's Day—the self-governing colonies appeared for many a decade to dwell but in the suburbs of the royal favor. Ottawa was practically the only

place where you could find a gentleman wearing anything about his neck or on his coat that had been sent him from Buckingham Palace; and even there the exhibition could not be considered either large or exhaustive.

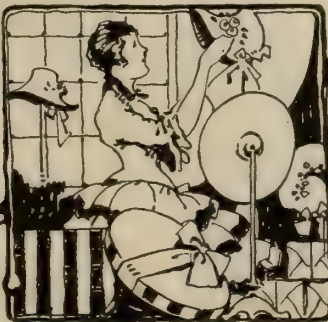
Then came the war and our part in it. England began to decorate us as if she loved us, as she did, and as perhaps if we may say it with modesty, she might. Honors fell thick and fast, not always with that nice discrimination which a public which knew a good deal more about the recipients than the king did, would have liked to see. A was sometimes decorated when B was the worthier fellow. It could hardly be avoided.

England was too busy waging war to scrutinize very closely the comparative deserts of those who bulked large in helping. The same thing was occurring at home. Unluckily we were presently thought suitable for permanent elevation, and baronetcies and a peerage or two crossed the Atlantic to adorn large bank accounts and rub shoulders with ordinary people, strap-hanging in the street cars. This struck a number of plain M.P.'s as going a great deal too far. They called upon the democratic spirit of Parliament to resist this subtle introduction of the aristocratic system to Canada, and Parliament honored the draft.

The people too, had a healthy feeling that inherited rank was illogical and undesirable as a social feature, and that Canada had no use for it. Had we simply registered our objection to the hereditary principle our position would have been both justified and dignified, but that peculiar form of democratic fury which cannot endure to see the bestowal of distinction, however well deserved, took possession of the requisite number of our Parliamentarians, and the country went on record as undesirous of further honors to civilians of any sort. It was a painful and little-minded exhibition, of small gratitude and smaller grace, and the best hope for it is that it may be one day quietly ignored and forgotten; but it is useful as indicating the militancy of the particular brand of democracy that is Canada's.

On the other hand the love of the Royal House and the general tradition of the monarchy is probably stronger in Canada than in any part of the Empire. It is the romance of our political history. Unlike the Americans, our democracy is not based on racial repudiations so easy to justify, so difficult to sustain. The progress of the fair haired boy who walked smilingly on our hearts from the Atlantic to the Pacific last summer, showed the world something of Canada's feeling about the Sovereign and those who stand nearest him as the symbols of all that the Empire means. Nor is there any noticeable impatience with the mild and somewhat archaic satrapy that still survives at Rideau Hall.

We appear to like our Governor-General just as well as if we elected him, perhaps better. The etiquette of a Vice-regal court in no way offends us; our democratic instincts to the contrary, we are entirely pleased with an invitation to dinner. No tongue halts to pronounce "Your Excellency," at least once during the conversation. Military secretaries and A.D.C.'s are tolerated, even admired. The fact is that like our British relatives, we are quite capable of thriving in an atmosphere of political paradox. Canada's democracy is a growth too strong and sturdy to be hampered by picturesque survivals. Nevertheless it develops under their shelter, and their influence upon social theories of the extreme sort is by no means negligible.



### OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome and truthful.

To be a leader in thought and a fearless speaker on all vital questions.

To publish as far as possible, and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature and their own country with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.







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You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. Every night use the following treatment:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear, cool water, and dry carefully.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United

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## CHAPTER V.

### SALESMANSHIP IN STANLEY PARK.

"BESSIE INGRAHAM, I don't wonder you're tired of it all, cooped up all day in that sticky, smelly store, smiling and smirking at everyone who comes in with a worn-out nickel to buy a stick of gum. And always poking among candies, and chocolates, and bonbons, and sweets and stuff. Why, girl, you're no better than a fly."

Mollie Aiken delivered this tirade at her friend as they were sitting in a quiet corner of Stanley Park on a Sunday morning. Bessie had received a "call-down" the previous evening, and all the world looked blue.

As a Job's comforter, Miss Aiken was certainly in her element that morning.

"You stand in there all day long, just like the kangaroos in the zoo over there, hopping from one counter to the other, dishing out sweets all the time. No wonder you're sick of it all; so much sweetness would drive anyone crazy. Get out and do something else."

"But what, Mollie? It's almost impossible to get anything to do now at living wages, or I'd have quit the Nectar long ago. What can I do?"

"Housework," said Mollie crisply.

"Thanks, no. There are enough Chinamen here to go round, without my competing against them for housework. Not for me!"

"I've never done much housework," murmured Mollie, gazing down the long, leafy avenue, "but mother did a lot, and she liked it. And your mother is still cheerfully doing her housework over there in Nottingham, isn't she?"

"Oh, that's very different, Mollie. Your mother had a home of her own, and my mother still has hers. That's not a bit the same."

"How did they get those homes?" inquired Mollie so blandly that her friend began to suspect something.

"Why, of course, they got those homes when they married, and—say, you're not thinking you can palm off any of your Cupid customers on to me? Because if you are—"

Mollie ignored the implied threat.

"Listen, honey," she said. "You ought to know better than that. I only make from one to five dollars from each client, and I care no more for a dollar than I do for my little finger. You don't really suppose I'd even try to palm you off on any ordinary matrimonial agency patron. Why, Bessie, you hurt me." Mollie's voice sounded as if the tears were welling up.

"Aw, there, now, dear, forget it, will you. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings about your old agency," consoled the sweet girl.

"I don't mind what you say about the agency, seeing that you loaned me twenty-five dollars to start it going. It's insinuating I'm a cheat that hurts."

Bessie sat bolt upright.

"Say, are you going to start all over again?" she snapped. "What do you mean? Because if you mean what you said you didn't—"

"Now listen to me for a minute, Bessie. I want to talk to you seriously. You're a pretty fair looking, but not quite in the magazine-cover class. You've got a nice disposition, a fair figure, no prospects. You're twenty-eight."

"Twenty-five," interrupted Bessie.

"Twenty-eight years of age," continued Mollie.

"I corrected you once," broke in Miss Ingraham sharply; "twenty-five is right."

"Just as you like, dear. You're twenty-eight, and you're looking—"

"Twenty-five—"

"Now please don't interrupt me, Bessie. This is awfully serious, and

I want you to answer a few questions. Are you a good cook?"

"No." The answer was almost surly.

"Well, are you a fair to middling cook?"

"Not even that."

"Then you're a poor cook. Well, that's good enough. Is there anything you can cook well?"

"You ought to know. I can make fudge that just melts in your mouth."

"Fudge! Fudge for a cattle baron!"

Bessie became suspicious. "What do you mean, cattle baron?" she demanded.

Mollie continued placidly: "You're healthy enough; you like outdoor life; you're not nervous—oh, honey, I do hope he'll decide on you."

"If you're going to keep on talking like a lunatic, I'm going home. You're pushing a joke too far." And Miss Ingraham rose from the seat and prepared to leave.

But her friend pulled her back.

"You've just got to listen, Bessie," she said. "And don't get excited like that. Now then, sit down."

To emphasize the request, Miss Aiken dexterously poked the ferrule of a sunshade under the arm of the seat, effectively holding her friend captive.

"I'll break your sunshade if you don't let me go," warned the angry young woman.

"Don't, honey. It isn't mine, it's yours. Mine's over here by—"

"Say, ladies," a gruff voice broke in from behind, "couldn't you do your quarrelling a little more quietly?"

The two girls were startled. Bessie's first impulse was to run away, but the sunshade (cost five dollars) held her back. Mollie held her ground. She had to, to hold Bessie.

"If you don't go away, I'll call a policeman," she said. "And we're not quarrelling; we're—we're discussing a problem in algebra. Now that your curiosity is satisfied," she continued, turning to face the intruder. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she finished lamely.

MISS INGRAHAM looked behind her at the change in her friend's voice. There stood a big policeman, his jovial Irish face wreathed in smiles. He seemed to enjoy the situation immensely.

"That's all right," he chuckled; "if you ladies will get back to your algebra quietly, I'll get this rascal out of the way." And with this, seizing his left arm with his right hand, he declared himself under arrest, and marched solemnly away.

There was silence on the bench for an appreciable

time. Mollie was serious; she was not making the progress she had hoped for. And the big policeman had somehow made her feel like a very small girl, when she wanted to feel like a master salesman, for she knew she had a stiff proposition to sell. If Bessie only would be sensible!

Which was just what Bessie decided to be. She felt no desire for another scene, with perhaps a score of spectators. So she said:

"Mollie, I'm going to listen to your fool scheme, whatever it may be. I won't run away, or even argue. I'll just tell you what I think of it when you get through."

Mollie needed no further encouragement. She plunged headlong into the subject; how the big fish had caught the bait at the end of her line; how she was playing him; what a splendid fellow he was; how he reigned a veritable king over an immense domain; how he had great herds of cattle like—like those old Israelites in the Bible, you know; how he had enough horses for a regiment of infantry; and everything, and all sorts of paraphernalia, and, oh, yes, of course, a substantial bank account—"more money, Bessie, than you or I could ever earn if we worked ever so hard until we were so old we'd even tell the truth about our ages."

Bessie shuddered.

"And just to think, honey, Mr. Harrigan sends me such a delicate pen-picture of the kind of wife he wants, and I've looked and looked, and thought and thought, and there isn't a girl in the wide world that's so perfectly his ideal as Bessie Ingraham."

"How much money did you say there was in his bank account?" asked the mercenary Bessie. She had been all attention as the tale of great wealth was gradually unfolded.

"It isn't so much what he has in the bank, dear, though that's thousands of dollars. I've got a report on that, through Teddy Bacon. It's his herds, and his flocks, and his cattle and his horses, and his lands and his ranges and his leases, and his—"

Bessie interrupted. "Is he a millionaire?"

Mollie tried hard to be truthful and enthusiastic at the same time.

"He may be many times a millionaire, for all I know. But I should think he'd be at least once a millionaire. You see he has over a thousand acres of farm land, and you know, farm land that isn't worth a hundred dollars an acre isn't worth having. So that makes his real estate alone worth over one hundred thousand. I haven't any idea what his leases are worth, but they certainly are very valuable. And then there's all those horses and cattle, and the implements and paraphernalia. Yes, he should be at least once a millionaire."

"Do you think he'd settle a hundred thousand or so on the bride? You know the British Columbia laws are most unfair towards married women. I've read that somewhere." Bessie was decidedly interested by this time.

Mollie pondered. She thought of that closing paragraph in the first letter, and she had grave doubts that a man who ordered a wife shipped C.O.D. Soda Creek would be so very generous in the matter of a marriage settlement. But she said nothing about that. Instead:

"He says he'll certainly let you have all the money you can possibly want. I think, Bessie, you'll find him very generous."

Mollie had met many book agents in her time, and had learned from them the selling advantage of placing the prospect in the position of one who has already bought and only awaits delivery of the goods.

But Bessie also had met many book agents. So she countered:

"Any woman that gets married in British Columbia without protecting herself by insisting on a pre-marriage settlement is laying a sure



They were sitting in a quiet corner of Stanley Park on a Sunday morning.



foundation for future trouble. The crying injustice of—of—I forget the rest, Mollie, but it's a solemn warning not to be lightly overlooked."

"I wouldn't like to say what could be done in that line," said Mollie, "but I'm sure you'll get along fine with Mr. Harrigan."

"I wonder," said Bessie slowly, "if Mrs. Harrigan—she repeated as if practising—"if Mrs. Harrigan could be expected to milk the four hundred cows."

"Oh, I hardly think so. Mr. Harrigan surely has a hired man, so I suppose he does the milking before breakfast and after supper. Or perhaps they have a separator to do the milking," volunteered Mollie hopefully, out of the depths of her ignorance.

"Quite likely," said Bessie. "Well, let's get back to town and have lunch. I'll let you know what I think about it pretty soon. What day does the mail leave for Mr. Harrigan's country?"

"It leaves here every day," answered Mollie, quite truthfully.

#### CHAPTER VI.

HOW MOLLIE BORROWED TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

MISS INGRAHAM certainly fulfilled her promise to "think it over." She thought of little else for several days, and far into several nights. She was harassed by conflicting emotions, but to the best of her ability weighed the pros and cons of the Harrigan proposition fairly, striving not to let her reason be too easily swayed by her instinct. Reason inclined, but instinct rebelled.

Logically, the scheme strongly appealed to her from a business point of view. She would be getting the best of the bargain, inasmuch as she would get a husband and riches, while the other party would get a wife without a dowry. She would be exchanging a salary of nine dollars a week for half a share of a plethoric bank account, a large herd of cattle, and a vast landed estate. The bank account was the Harrigan asset Miss Ingraham could best visualize; she understood wealth in monetary terms. Dollars were something tangible; she could think intelligently in terms of concrete cash; she had a little (oh, such a very little) in her possession. And she handled dimes and dollars every day at the Nectar.

But cattle and farm machinery and land leases were merely the names of vague things which she could not mentally classify and review. She had never seen a farm or ranch at close range, and only knew in a general way that milk and butter and vegetables came from the farm. With regard to a beef ranch, and its operation, her mind was as perfect a blank as could be found. Until the interview with the aggressive manager of the Cupid Exchange in Stanley Park, she had not known beef was raised in Canada.

But if her reason impelled her to throw in her lot with the cattle baron of Quesnel Lake, her finer instincts just as strongly urged her to the opposite course.

Her childhood and early life had been spent among surroundings of modest comfort and refinement, and the training of those years had never been forgotten in the later days of the stern struggle for existence. Miss Ingraham had thought of marriage always as a sacred institution, not to be undertaken lightly, but only after careful consideration, and courtship, and consent of parent or guardian. But now, being her own guardian, Miss Ingraham had to make the great decision without outside assistance, unless she cared to further consult her friend Mollie. She did not want to do that, because, though she might be sincere, Mollie was also certainly biased. And Miss Ingraham knew how cleverly Mollie could plead and argue!

She had not forgotten the day Miss Aiken borrowed twenty-five dollars from her to start the Cupid Exchange. That was nearly two years ago, when the friendship between the two girls was only a few weeks old. Miss Aiken was at that time a free lance stenographer, with a great deal of idle time on her shapely hands. She did not like being idle. Idleness meant loss of possible revenue, and the young lady dearly loved an honest dollar, not for its own sake, but for its purchasing power. For a long time she cast about before finally deciding to devote her surplus time and ability to what promised to be a profitable side-line, a matrimonial agency. In a few months the side-line had become the sole business of the enterprising young woman, though it had never yielded the great profits which had appeared so certain on paper.

Miss Aiken had first broached the subject to her friend on a rainy Sunday afternoon, when they were in Miss Ingraham's room, and although the project did not appeal to Miss Ingraham at first, she soon fell under the spell of enthusiasm, and the two girls spent several hours laying out a plan of campaign, forgetting all about going to church, as usual, until it was much too late.

"It's this way, Bessie," Miss Aiken had said, after broadly outlining her programme; "I've got to have somebody help me get the agency started. Someone must criticize my plan, and find the weak spots in it, and yet be discreet and not gossip. So that's why I selected you for my confidante."

"I don't really like the idea of marrying men and women through an agency," protested Bessie. "It's hardly Christian. And that's the main object of your agency, isn't it?"

"The main object of the agency is to put dollars in my bank account," elucidated Mollie. "I don't think it's any worse running a matrimonial agency than it is to be forever match-making, like most middle aged women. Or even as bad as contracting alliances, the way it's done between royal families, when the parties most interested haven't a word to say about who'll be their future partners. That's most unfair, I think. Personally, I'll guarantee that none of my clients will ever marry each other, if that will make you more comfortable. They'll just have a lot of fun writing to each other, and I'll catch a dollar coming and going."

"How are you going to find your clients, Mollie?" inquired Bessie.

"By classified advertising. It will cost two cents a word in the Personal Column, among the matrimonialists and fortune tellers, which is the only place the papers are willing to run matrimonial ads. At first I'll be able to afford advertisements only on Saturdays, when the papers have their biggest circulations. This is what I've written for a starter. How do you like it?"

"Smiling Cupid wings his shafts from Love's headquarters, Cupid Exchange, Box X448, Vancouver. Send ten cents for list of clients. Absolute secrecy."

Miss Ingraham did not seem to catch the drift of the argument. She looked puzzled as she asked what the ad. meant.

"It means," answered Miss Aiken, frowning a little, "that Cupid's shaft went over your head. We'll try again, dear public."

With that she tore the paper into small pieces, then wrote out this sober, matter-of-fact announcement:

"Courtship—Marriage: Refined ladies and gentlemen introduced. Send ten cents for selected list of clients. Cupid Exchange, Box X448, Vancouver."

Miss Ingraham said that was fine, but where was the list of clients? How could one be made before there were any clients?

Miss Aiken explained this:

"Well, honey, we can't wait, can we? We must have a list to start with, so we'll just have to write the descriptions of our clients in advance. You understand, we'll get clients to fit the descriptions, instead of the other way around. The Cupid Exchange will start off with sixty-four clients, forty

### "They're All Alike"

There is a time when the force of sex sympathy makes itself unmistakably felt. When a man comes home in the evening, to admit that he has forgotten to order the very thing his wife told him to be sure about, also to admit that the letter to her Cousin Mary is yet unposted, if there is another woman present, there is an electric flash of sympathy between the two before the wife's protest becomes vocal.

"Just like a man!" is almost certain to be the exclamation in the first moment of wrath, and the man usually bears this implied condemnation of his sex with becoming meekness. He knows that he has failed to pass the domestic test; but he does not allow depression to settle too heavily upon him. After all, women are inferior creatures, with a foolish way of magnifying trifles.

There comes, too, the occasion when lovely woman asks aimlessly what is trump or wonders why a Dominion election is not held every year. Then her husband catches the eye of a brother man and there flashes again the gleam of sex sympathy, while, if they happen to speak in passing, there is the confidential half-whisper, half-chuckle—"They're all alike." Thus, there is consolation for the forgetfulness of man and the vagaries of woman when there is present someone who can understand the bewilderment of the one who is temporarily offended.

There is a certain sameness, to be sure, in all this criticism of the opposite sex, which indicates that it is merely a more-or-less habit. Woman changes her mind—man changes his heart. The more we see of the ways of the sons of Adam and the manners of the daughters of Eve, the more thoroughly we agree with Mrs. Foyser when she says: "I'm not denying the women are foolish—but the Lord made them to match the men."

ladies and only twenty-four gentlemen, because most of the business will come from girls playing they're looking for a husband, and we mustn't make it too hard for them to choose. Let's each write a thirty-word description of a lady, and see how it reads."

Miss Aiken scribbled a few words before she stopped and gazed at her friend, who had not yet commenced.

"Describing an imaginary person is not so easy as I thought," she remarked. "Do blue eyes and yellow hair go together?"

"Don't ask me," answered Bessie, hopelessly. Then she smiled, and commenced to write.

MISS AIKEN saw the smile. She understood, and smiled, too. In a couple of minutes the girls exchanged their papers. Bessie had written:

"Stenographer, twenty-five, brunette, dark brown hair, brown eyes, height five feet five inches, plump, cheerful, good business woman, fond of sports, Presbyterian, quiet dresser, English good education, has travelled, highest references."

Miss Aiken's description was:

"Cashier, tall, slim and beautifully proportioned, grey eyes, black hair, very companionable, likes books, drama, flowers and music, nice complexion, English, in Canada several years, Reformed Episcopal, splendid swimmer and dancer."

"I'm not plump," protested Mollie with a laugh. "But the rest of the description is all right, except that 'fond of sports.' It sounds a little too fresh."

"And I'm not slim, nor do I like books very much," laughed back Miss Ingraham. "But it's certainly easier to write a description when you're looking at a person, than to invent one."

"Who is that girl in the picture hat?" inquired Miss Aiken, with apparent irrelevance, nodding towards a photograph on the bureau.

"A girl I knew in Winnipeg, Jessie Heaton, I don't know where she is now, but she's such a swell looker I've always kept her photograph. Why, Mollie, how would it do . . ."

"Fine," interrupted Mollie, "that's the very thing."

"I've got quite a few other photos and snapshots," went on Bessie, becoming enthusiastic, "and they will help out on the list a whole lot. A picture is almost as good as a person to help you in writing thirty words, more or less."

While looking for the helpful snapshots in her trunk Miss Ingraham found a magazine with a colored picture of a wonderful maiden on the front cover, one of those soulful, dreamy girls, with large lustrous eyes, cherry red lips, an adorable nose, and a wealth of golden hair floating upwards and backwards, throwing an ineffective veil over the 48-point type that shouted the name of the magazine to the passer-by.

"I'll make you a present of this lady," said Bessie, "she can be the Queen of your Harem."

"She's a beauty," agreed Miss Aiken, "in she goes." In two minutes the siren of the front cover was reduced to twenty-seven words, including her presumed virtues and accomplishments. Panning was in the list, Mollie explained, because of the cheeks.

The magazine proved a veritable treasure-trove. Clever authors, in describing their heroes and heroines, had drawn pen pictures which quite satisfied the head of the Cupid Exchange, so Mollie Aiken became a rank plagiarist. Later, when she published her list of clients, the Copyright laws of the United States and Canada were violated, but such trifles failed to trouble her conscience.

The only difficulty was that the magazine writers were paid by the word, while the Cupid Exchange would have to pay by the word. Condensation was therefore essential, and it was not always easy to reduce rhapsody to prose. Miss Ingraham was appealed to for help in one case.

"Here's a young man described only as 'Debonair.' What do you think that means, Bessie?"

Miss Ingraham stole a quick glance at a picture in the magazine. It had nothing to do with the debonair young man, but it supplied a splendid false clue.

"Without being too sure," volunteered Bessie, "I think it means he wears his hair pompadour style."

"Thank you," said Mollie, very politely, "we'll let it go at that."

"How will you know who's who?" inquired Miss Ingraham, alluding to the photos and descriptions on the table.

"Oh, I guess we'll number the clients."

"One to sixty-four, I suppose."

"I suppose not," came the positive answer. "The numbers will be anything from 9986 to 11,875. One to sixty-four! That would look fine for a matrimonial agency established in 1886, as anyone will be able to see by the letterhead."

"Founded in 1886? You know that isn't so, Mollie."

"But it is so." . . . This in most decided tones. "Am I not the matrimonial agency, wholly and absolutely. And the matrimonial agency is me. We two are one and the same thing. Therefore, as I was born in 1886, the Cupid Exchange came into being at the same time, but it wasn't baptized until recently. That's quite evident, isn't it?"

"It might as well be, since you've decided on it," answered Bessie.

Late in the evening Miss Aiken again referred to a suggestion which her friend had scouted earlier in the day, that Miss Ingraham should be a silent partner in the agency. But that young lady was adamant. From a detached eminence she was willing to give advice and criticize, supply descriptions of mythical clients, and loan photographs of lost friends or distant relatives. But to be one of the proprietors of the concern—Never.

Miss Aiken was greatly disappointed. Bessie would have been so useful in many ways. She always showed such splendid judgment.

AND then, with great diplomacy, Miss Aiken went into the matter of costs, giving her friend as much information as the most conservative banker would require of any new business venture. The Cupid Exchange needed printed envelopes, letter-heads, a Client Sheet, such a lot of stamps, carbon paper, cash for the advertisements, cash for the postoffice box, and cash for petty expenses.

After alluding to her recent enforced idleness and comparing it with her friend's assured position and regular salary, Miss Aiken sought a decision on a minor point, the interest that should be paid on a loan, amount not yet mentioned. The principal, of course, would certainly be repaid within a month, for by that time the dimes and dollars would be just rolling into the coffers of the Cupid Exchange.

Miss Ingraham didn't want any interest.

Miss Aiken insisted. A promissory note for thirty days, she contended, would not be valid unless it bore legal interest. Her friend's experience in high finance did not provide her with arguments in rebuttal, so she finally agreed; Mollie was so insistent on five per cent.

So the head of the Cupid Exchange made out a thirty-day note for twenty-five dollars and insisted on it being accepted in spite of protestations that all that could possibly be spared now was fifteen. Mollie magnanimously agreed to take the fifteen now and the balance in two instalments of five dollars each, on Bessie's next pay days.

To the credit of both young women be it said that each discharged her obligation to the letter, and so the Cupid Exchange became an established and occasionally profitable institution. But there were times when Mollie Aiken sighed a little as she drove her trade in the marts of romance, for once upon a time she had built herself a house of happy dreams. And then . . . one night she had cried herself to sleep, for that day a fair young man had stepped out of her life.



BILL LAFHAMME, postmaster of Khakala, was likewise its sole population. He was a tall thin, wiry French Canadian, twenty-three years of age, but wise beyond his years in the lore of the woods, and the ways of the wild animals which he trapped in the winter. There was more money in collecting furs than in driving the mail stage, and sometimes, when it would have been very inconvenient to travel the forty-five miles to Soda Creek, Bill, in despite of postal regulations and bondsmen's guarantees, would shrug his bony shoulders and say to himself:

"After all, dere is all-ready two week' dey wait for dere letter and journal—a few day' more don' mattaire."

The postmaster was right. No one ever complained if the mail was late; in fact, no one knew for certain what day the mail should come in. Bill was everybody's friend, and no one ever said a word to him, much less made a formal complaint. It was no secret that the continuance of the Khakala post-office was by no means warranted by the business done, and the department might gladly seize on any excuse to close it down.

As postmaster, Mr. Lafamme was presumed to be on duty at the post-office from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. every day, Sundays included. He was paid fifty dollars a year for this, an average of thirteen and a half cents a day. Naturally Bill never stayed home, but there was no lock on the cabin door, and whoever came for mail went in and tumbled out the sacks for their own and their neighbors' letters or papers. If Bill happened to be around he would come in and say: "Hello Dick, got your letter, hein? Well, we'll have a leetle dinner to eat, hein?"

If the postmaster wasn't around, the guest helped himself to Bill's beans or bacon, and brewed himself some tea. After dinner he would wash up the dishes, and the other dirty dishes Bill generally had around. Then he would go out and fatten the wood-pile. It was an unwritten law that sawing a few sticks of firewood discharged the obligation incurred by feeding a saddle horse and self at Bill's expense. Bill would have been insulted had anyone tendered cash payment, but sawing wood was merely an aid to digestion.

Quite often guests stayed overnight at the post-office, sometimes when the host was there, more often when he was away. It made no difference to Bill who slept in his bed. His shack was "Home, Sweet Home," to one and all.

And yet with all his freedom, Bill was not quite satisfied with life. He liked the vast solitudes of the north, the roaming life of the trapper, and the free and easy visits of his friends, but back of it was the national French-Canadian's love of home, and wife, and family.

It was not Lafamme's fault that he was single. Sam Floyd was to blame.

"I always bus' me up agains' heem," Bill would explain, "but some day I'll bus' heem yet."

This in spite of the decided moral victory scored by Floyd at their last meeting. Floyd was returning from Soda Creek with a load of supplies when Bill caught up to him with the mail stage. Bill tied his team to the wagon while he walked alongside with Floyd.

"And how is Mees Alice?" asked Bill after the first greetings had been exchanged.

"H'Emma's fine and dandy," answered Floyd. "She's an awful fine girl, h'Emma, Bill."

"Ah, yes. And how is Mees Alice?"

"No matter about Alice, Bill. I told you before you can't have Alice."

"But why not?" protested Bill. "If you t'ink I'm good enough for your girl Emma, den I'm good enough for your girl Alice. Dat's in reason, sure."

"No, t'ain't reasonable," retorted Floyd, "Alice is my eldest girl, and I gotta have her to keep house for me. H'Emma you can have any time you like."

"I don't wan' Emma, I'm tellin' you. She's too young. Seventeen—is dat an age to marry? And I don't lak' her lak' I lak' Alice. And she looks wit' her eyes nort' eas' and sou' wes' all de tam'." which was Bill's expressive way of describing a slight strabism on young Emma's part.

"You can't have Alice, Bill, and that goes for all time. I'm not going to change my mind," Floyd was quite emphatic.

"Nor me neider, my min' don't change. Alice, dat's de one I wan'," Bill was very positive.

"Well," said Floyd grimly, "if you don't want h'Emma, Bill, you needn't come around the shack any more. Savvy?"

"What! not come roun' to see the lil' girl?" Bill was clearly distressed.

"Not unless the little girl is h'Emma," said Floyd in tones of finality.

The ultimatum depressed Bill. To be deprived of the privilege of seeing his lil' Alice was almost as bad as being forced to marry the nor' eas' and sou' wes' Emma. In some ways it was worse for it was a present evil, the other remained a possibility of the future.

THE two men walked along in silence for a few minutes.

"Well?" said Floyd at last.

"Well," Lafamme spread out his hands in a despairing gesture, "You know I tole you I don't lak' Emma lak' I lak' Alice."

"H'Emma's all right," consoled Floyd.

"Mebbe, mebbe, but I don't know dat I wan' Emma, I lak' Alice, and," suddenly brightening up, "I t'ink Alice laks me."

"H'Emma likes you too."

"All de sam', I'd much more lak' Alice. I'll see what she says about my takin' Emma," surrendered Bill at last.

They had left it at that. Bill had continued his visits to the Floyd ranch, and had talked at great length with his Alice over her father's proposal. She had hotly protested at being relegated to the minor role of prospective sister-in-law, and it had taken much voluble explaining and calisthenics on the young man's part to get her to reach an understanding that would be satisfactory to all concerned.

Except, possibly, Emma, whom no one consulted. Bill had been telling his troubles to Frank Hayes when the latter had come over for mail. Harrigan's ranch was nearly twenty miles from the post-office, and Hayes was giving his horse a long rest before starting back.

"Trouble!" said Hayes scornfully, "you think you have trouble over your love affair. Why, man, your troubles are nothing to mine."

"Ah," said Bill, with a knowing shrug, "you are married, an' your wife she's comin' up here, hein?"

"That would be simple. But I'm not married, Bill, nor going to be. And from the look of things Cory isn't either."

"I don't t'ink Cory'll ever get a woman," confided Bill.



The two girls spent several hours laying out a plan of campaign.

"I think you don't know anything about it, Bill, and that you're just about right."

Frank Hayes had some cause for depression just then. He had just been reading a long letter, addressed to Cornelius Harrigan, Esq., from the Cupid Exchange. It recounted at great length the virtues of a lady client, a female paragon, who had listened to the paeans of Harrigan praise sung by the Cupid Exchange, and was willing that Mr. Harrigan's search for a partner should go no further. The appearance, age and parentage of the young lady were detailed.

But then the Cupid Exchange intimated, in the interests of its fair client, that a pre-marriage settlement on the lady would be advisable, having in view the deplorable laws of British Columbia with regard to married women (with which Mr. Harrigan was no doubt thoroughly familiar).

Frank Hayes felt a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. This was even worse than he had anticipated.

When the Cupid Exchange enclosed three photos of the lady client, front face, profile, and an amateur snapshot, Hayes thought that a good idea. But when the Cupid Exchange requested photographs of Mr. Harrigan, his house (how many rooms, and was it thoroughly up-to-date; please describe it), his ranch, and his herd of Aberdeen Angus in return, Hayes groaned.

No one would be crazy enough to round up cattle at that time of the year for a photograph or any other purpose, a picture of the ranch could only be taken from an airplane, a photo of the house would effectively keep any woman from harboring thoughts of becoming its mistress. As to the photograph of Cory Harrigan—Oh, what was the use?

Still, something had to be done, and after the first fit of despondency, Hayes rose to the occasion. To take photographs, a camera was necessary, and there was only one in that part of the country. It belonged to Jo Frushing, and as he was taking letters and papers there on his way back he decided to discuss his troubles with the amateur photographer.

If he could get help from that quarter, Hayes felt the battle was almost as good as a draw already. Jo might look on the whole thing as a rich joke, and be willing to help it along, or, on the other hand, Jo might tell both Hayes and Harrigan to go to perdition.

For, to put it mildly, Jo Frushing was vehement at times—although a lady.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

FRANK HAYES' SYNONYMS

"IT'S raining pretty hard, Frank," remarked Harrigan one morning after breakfast. "Guess we'll do some inside work this morning. There's not enough fir bark to do much blacksmithing, though."

"Well, then," suggested Hayes, "leave that for a while. There's nothing rushing, anyway, and I want to get my hair cut. Yours needs trimming, too," a remark which was decidedly pertinent, for Harrigan's hair had not been cut for over four months.

"Go to it," said Harrigan.

So Hayes "went to it." He handled the shears with a facility born of some experience, for he and Harrigan had alternated in the role of tonsorial artists for the past eight years. Probably your perfumed city barbers would have sniffed disdainfully over what Hayes and Harrigan called a finished job, but they always accomplished the main

purpose of making each other's head more comfortable. At the end of a couple of weeks hardly any evidence remained of accidental slashes or over-looked ridges. In the matter of style they did not vary much, they generally cut it pretty short, just a millimetre or so above convict crop.

Harrigan seated himself close to the open door. A delicate operation like hair cutting demands plenty of light. Hayes commenced operations, and, following the time-worn precedent of barbers, started the conversation:

"It's wonderful how a couple of photographs show up in this place. That one by the shot-gun seems to catch the eye all the time."

"That's the best picture of the three," agreed Harrigan.

"Very often these matrimonial agency sharks use photographs taken ten or twelve years earlier," said Hayes, "but this picture can't be more than two years old, at the most. Those big beads Miss Cupid is wearing haven't been in style much more than eighteen months."

"She'd be about twenty-five, by that likeness," mused Cory.

"Yes, just about. Though you can't tell much about a girl's age until she tells you, and you've added what she's forgotten to her figure."

"Age don't matter if there isn't too much of it," said Cory, "and it's offset by plenty of good health. She sure looks healthy."

"She says she is. And she's a good business woman, too, so the fat middle-aged shark says in her letter. (Don't lean quite so far back, Cory). You thought any more about that pre-marriage settlement?"

"No," answered Cory, composedly.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, I got a banker now. All I want is a wife. She couldn't do anything with money in here, anyway,

and all she wants to buy from the outside she can get by cheque. The women's laws of British Columbia don't keep me from treating her right, and that's all I want to do."

"Never having studied law," said Hayes, "I don't know much more—hold your head over on that side. Cory—I don't know much more about Married Women's Rights or Wrongs than Sylvia Pankhurst does about trapping muskrats. But I gather from this letter that the young lady is decidedly nervous about what will happen to her after you die."

"She's looking a long way ahead for trouble," said Cory. "Besides, she'll probably die first. I'm tougher than she'll be."

"All the same—bend your neck a trifle—you might make your will in her favor, seeing you don't carry any insurance."

"Sure," readily agreed Harrigan, "that would be all right. Go easy around that ear, there. You've stuck me twice."

"Oh, never mind a little thing like that, Cory. You'll have your chance to prod me in a few minutes. I'm quite satisfied with the progress I'm making. You'll look almost human again after you've had a shave."

For Hayes was making good progress, in more than hair-cutting. With the help of Jo Frushing he had evolved a scheme that would enable him to comply with most of the requests of the Cupid Exchange letter.

"You're a pair of long-eared fools, the both of you," Jo Frushing had said, "and which is the bigger fool I won't tell; Cory for wanting to get married, or you for undertaking to find him a wife. And now that you're mixed up with these agency

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)



## In the Time of White Butterflies

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.

I.

### PURPLE ASTERS

Oh! my Love was softly singing down among the purple asters,  
With a host of small white butterflies about her golden head.  
Her blue eyes were dark and wistful, and my heart flashed,  
strange and sudden,

To my brain—"Oh, Sweetheart, Sweetheart! Could I live if  
you were dead?"

One small butterfly went soaring, far above the purple asters.  
My Love raised her eyes and watched it, tilting back her golden  
head—

"Where art going, little White Wings?  
You will die among those tree-tops;  
Come you back to purple asters,  
To your white hosts in the sunshine  
And your honey drops for bread."

Long ago that dream-filled morning: but each year the purple  
asters

Woo again the myriad small, white butterflies.  
Somewhere down the years I'll find her with a white host in  
the sunshine—

Though the purple asters blossom where she lies.

II.

### SILENCE

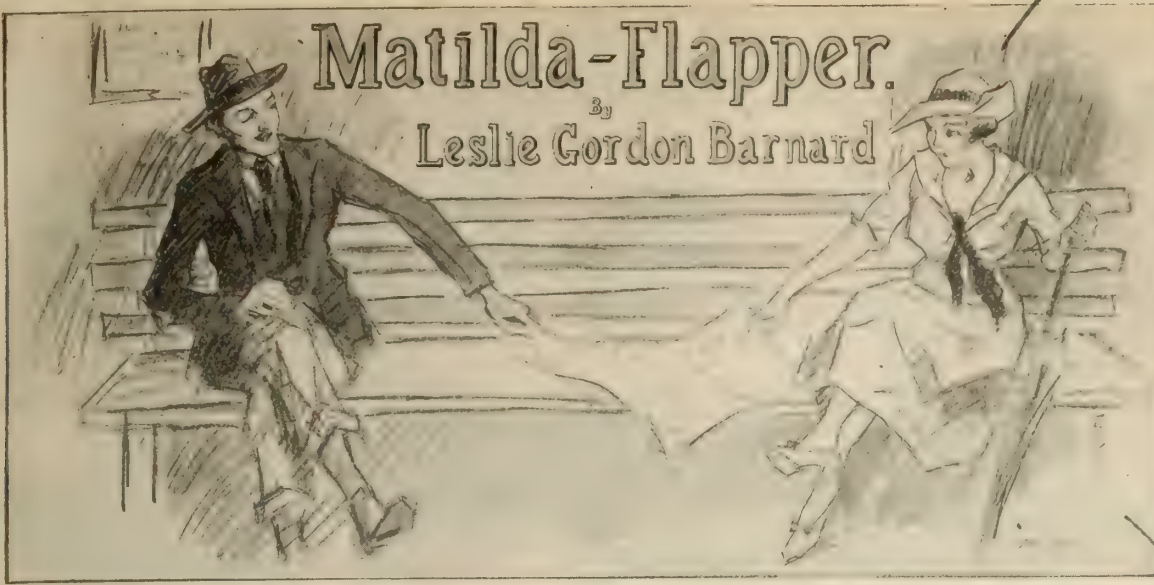
As I grow wiser I seek for Silence,  
And woo her and follow her  
Through the world's byways—  
Far into shadowy forests and valleys,  
Guided by calls of birds dulcet and lonely.

All in the time of white butterflies  
Dreamed I of Silence—and woke—and beheld her—  
Pearl-tinted flesh, and two stars softly shining;  
Misty grey draperies, floating and filmy.  
But when I followed and strove to enfold her,  
Silence had gone. How the great pinewood murmured!  
Only within the green depths a white butterfly,  
Still—in the dew-bathed heart of the pinewood.

But now once more, through a thund'rous sea music—  
Just as the filmy grey mist falls about me,  
Silence calls softly, above a vast ocean.

Dinsmore





ILLUSTRATED BY MANLY MACDONALD

IF Matilda had not, in defiance of the first elements of good breeding, looked over the old gentleman's shoulder, it never would have happened. But then, as everybody knows, great oaks from little acorns grow.

Matilda, I say, looked over the old gentleman's shoulder. She just couldn't help herself. There was such an irresistibly funny picture in the comic paper he was reading. Also there were several minutes to while away before the train that was to bear her on the final stretch of the homeward journey would arrive at the Junction. Perhaps her interest in the picture made her draw a little nearer than she realized.

Now there are some people to whom such an act is as offensive as a squeaky lead pencil to the average individual. Obviously the old gentleman belonged to this class. Had his spirit not kept pace with his years or had he been a less crusty and self-contained old person the consciousness of a young creature of the genus flapper peering over his shoulder would not have caused any extraordinary repulsion. As it was he fidgeted uneasily, then jerked away suddenly.

Simultaneously came the tinkle of glass on the platform, and a smothered exclamation.

Matilda at once became aware of a very personable young man who had evidently been sitting on the same bench on the far side of the old gentleman, and who was now ruefully salvaging what remained of a pair of eyeglasses.

"I must really apologize, sir. I—I fear I have occasioned you considerable inconvenience." The old gentleman was very red, very dignified, and very uncomfortable.

The young man looked up in time to catch Matilda's glance. Then he did a very reprehensible thing. The young man winked! Now there are winks and winks. There are sly winks, and furtive winks, and distinctly rude winks. But this wink was different—it was a friendly, open thing. Matilda was a carefully brought up young lady but this caught her off her guard, and she signalled back with a smile before she knew what she was about. When she averted a rather flushed face, and resumed her place on the bench, the mischief was done.

"It's quite all right, sir. Accidents will happen. Probably as much my fault as yours. I was just looking around to see—something." Matilda became aware of the fact that the young man had accepted the apology in a commendably gracious way, and had also resumed his seat at the other end of the bench. Former conditions were thus restored—with one exception. The old gentleman seemed to have permanently vacated. She could see his coat-tails flapping in the breeze well up the platform where he stood reading the train bulletin.

Did you ever struggle between the desire to look and the knowledge that one's duty was not to look? No? Then you are not really human and should not be reading this story. Matilda was very human—as most flappers are—and the struggle was intense. Was he looking her way? If she had been sure that he was not she would have chanced a glance. But she was not sure.

With a sense of duty strong upon her Matilda forced her glance to take in the objects within a limited circle of vision—the hoardings opposite with their glaring announcements of condensed milk, cooking stoves, hosiery and other uninteresting commodities; the poorly-kept platform with its worm-eaten planks and its little pile of luggage and its waiting groups of passengers; and, finally, the station buildings themselves, seeming fairly to exude mustiness and the stale odor of tobacco. Three rounds of this group of prosaic objects and Matilda felt she must complete the circle of vision—or explode!

Then a ray of hope appeared. Matilda's eye was just beginning to travel along the bench when it fell on the humorous weekly which was the original cause of all the trouble, and which—probably in his confusion—the old gentleman had left behind. Her hand slipped over and closed on the magazine. To her horror at this precise moment a masculine hand appeared from the other end of the bench—evidently bent on the same mission. A little tug—a stifled gurgle from Matilda—and an amused chuckle from the other end of the bench.

"I beg your pardon. Won't you take it?"

Matilda looked up, and encountered one of the most engaging smiles in her short career. It was one of those expansive smiles that start at the

mouth and spread, and spread until eyes and nose and every feature seem to contribute their share to an expression of all-pervasive good-humor.

"Oh, thank you." She found her tongue at last. "But it really doesn't matter. I wish you'd take it."

"Nothing doing. You got there first."

"But you—you—"

He laughed.

"I admit I won the tug-of-war," he said. "But see here—let's compromise. Can't we both look at it?"

"Oh, but really I couldn't."

"And why not?"

Matilda regarded him in pained surprise.

"Why, we've never been introduced."

"Good heavens—is that all? I was afraid it might be something serious."

"It's very important," declared Matilda properly.

"Absolutely," he agreed readily. "So let's get introduced. My name's Robert—Bob for short. And yours?"

Matilda looked dubious. The young man smiled again. She capitulated.

"Mine's Matilda."

"What a pretty name!"

"Oh, do you really think so? I hate it, but I'm named after an aunt of mine. She's rich." Matilda, you see, was very young and inexperienced.

She thought he was paying her a special compliment instead of using a time-honored formula.

NOW had anyone told Matilda ten minutes before that she would shortly be sitting on a public bench sharing a magazine with a young man she had never seen before she would have been properly shocked and not a little indignant. Yet such was the situation she found herself in, with all thought of impropriety superseded by a sense of delicious adventure. Which would lead one naturally to moralize on the necessity of flapperish young people, when traveling alone, strictly "minding their own business!" However, we must stand by the facts of Matilda's case.

"There's the picture that caused all the trouble," she was saying. "You know I'm really to blame for those poor glasses of yours. I shouldn't have been looking over his shoulder that way—but I was."

"So was I," he confessed with a grin.

"Really? How funny. But it is a clever picture isn't it?"

"That," he told her, "isn't the picture I was looking at."

"Silly!" she chided. "It must have been. It's the only one on the page. What else could you have been looking at?"

"You!" he confessed shamelessly.

Now the flapper who is unhappy over so obvious a compliment is yet to be found. But at the same time such boldness must meet with summary punishment. Matilda, had she sought to analyze her emotions, would have found many conflicting feelings. Anger probably predominated—but a thrill of pleasure ran through it all. And was there not some justification? Not two hours ago Matilda had looked into her mirror and found the result not at all displeasing. And it is nice to have confirmation of one's judgment.

Her effort, however, to simulate righteous indignation and maintain an icy aloofness for the next five minutes deceived no one. Worst of all the young man refused to be snubbed. He absently turned the pages of the magazine, and kept up a running fire of comment, in tormenting indifference to the cold silence with which his remarks were received.

At this stage the train came in, and after the usual bustle of securing places—in which emergency a little masculine help is not to be lightly disregarded—Matilda found herself seated beside a young gentleman whose profile she could not help furtively admiring, even if his conduct met with her very conventional disapproval.

For a distinct coolness, you see, still existed.

But it was a two hours' run from the Junction to the City—and much may happen in two hours.



Bob's arms were around her and she heard him say: "Bear up, little girl; we'll have you out in no time."



11.

THE band was blaring a recent "victory air." The Performing Seals, the Diving Beauties, the Weight Lifting Champion, all were earning a large and enthusiastic following. On the many mechanical thrills provided by a far-sighted management for a sensation-loving public the afternoon's business was in full and profitable swing. Student cries of peanut vendors and side-show proprietors vied with other noise in creating a joyful pandemonium of sound. Wonderland Park was enjoying the popularity that perfect June weather made possible.

"It's all been so perfectly gorgeous, Bob!"

Matilda's radiant face as she looked up at her escort gave ample confirmation to her words.

A delightful lunch at a roof garden restaurant, a breezy train ride to the Park, and a long afternoon's enjoyment of the thrills of Scenic Railway, and Mysterious Maze, and Victory Whirl, and countless other attractions, had seemed like a wonderful dream to a girl just freed from the restraints of a rather exclusive and old-fashioned College for Young Ladies."

In spite of misgivings aplenty and a reproving conscience that would not be lulled into absolute quiet, Matilda looked back and knew she would do the same again if she had the chance. Not with anyone, you know, but then Bob was—so different. He had planned it all on the train, and it was such an alluring prospect of an innocent but venturesome afternoon's fun that she could not resist it. The fact that she was a day earlier than expected in leaving for home, and had sent no word so that her coming might be a surprise, made detection unlikely. She could take a taxi out to the suburb of Westwood, where her home was, just as though she had arrived on the evening train. Not that she would descend to a deliberate untruth, you know, but if, as was extremely likely, no questions were asked—why! So she argued and almost convinced herself.

"You've really had a good time, Matilda?"

"Ever so good."

"Count me in on that, too," he said with boyish enthusiasm. "I've never had a better. But then," he added quickly, "you see I never had you along before. That counts for a lot."

"Honest?"

"Cross my heart!" he said gaily.

"I'm so glad," she said simply, and meant it.

The afternoon wore on, the sun dipped lower, and still they lingered. A delightful paddle on the artificial lake and winding little stream that led through leafy woodland glades claimed the best part of an hour. Contentment, and with it an understanding silence, fell upon them.

Finally Matilda broke it.

"I'm afraid it's getting late, and I must be going."

He consulted his watch.

"Great life!" he exclaimed. "It's nearly six."

"Oh, Bob!"—in sudden alarm—"You must get me a taxi and send me home. It's a long way to go, and I have my luggage to pick up at the check room."

"Not so fast, little girl. You don't suppose I've found you just to lose you. Look," he pleaded, "let's go in the Mysterious Maze again as a finale—it's quietest in there, and there are some things I want to tell you—and you me."

Matilda hesitated.

"You'll get me that taxi right away afterwards. Promise."

"I promise."

The transition was soon made from the canoe to the Mysterious Maze with its queer little "boats-for-two" that were carried by the force of a silent stream through narrow tunnels, with strange and grotesque grottoes where weird carvings and paintings alternated with pleasing and unexpected vistas.

"I adore this," confided Matilda, clinging a little more tightly to Bob's arm. "It's so spooky."

"I'm more interested in you than in 'spooks,'" he laughed, then, more seriously: "Matilda, I've tried to give you a good time this afternoon—now do you think you could do two things for me?"

She looked up, eyes big with wonderment at his serious tone. Her words came very softly:

"I'll try."

"Well, first," he commenced, "I want you to promise me you'll never run off this way with a strange young man again. It's all wrong!"

Matilda stared.

"Well, I like that," she declared, pouting. "Who was it told me it was all right?"

"Um—did I? Well, it isn't done in the best circles, little girl. In fact, it's a pretty direct route to trouble. This time you happened to draw a chap who tries to be a bit of a gentleman, even if he is an irresponsible ass—"

"Bob!"

"It's true. It was all my fault. I had no business leading you into this. Promise me—never again."

Matilda promised.

Bob visibly brightened.

"Good," he said. "Now my conscience is easier. But do you know the real reason why I asked you this?"

Matilda looked her question.

"Because I'm beginning to find out how much I like you, little girl."

Intervened a short silence.

"And the other thing you wish me to do?" Matilda's voice was a trifle shaky.

"To tell me more of yourself and your home. You have to go soon, and I want to know—more."

"Well, as I told you," she began demurely, "my name is Matilda, kind sir, and I am just seventeen—or rather I will be to-morrow. My big sister has planned a dance for me to-morrow night."

I'm fearfully excited about it. And then I'm so excited, too, about meeting her young man. He's not long back from the war, and I've never seen him, but they say he's fearfully nice. She seems to think so, anyway. Don't you think it will be tremendously exciting?"

The young man nodded in a detached kind of way, regarding her with curious eyes.

"You haven't told me what your surname is, or where you live," he said quickly.

"Oh, how funny. I forgot all about those details. My full name is Matilda Gartshore, and I live—"

"At 26 Avenue Road, Westwood," he finished.

"That's right," she assented; then in sudden realization of the significance of his words—"But how in the world did you know?"

But Bob did not answer her. He was talking rather to himself.

"Good Lord!" she heard him say. "Isn't that a heck of a stunt? What in the world will they think of me if they find I've been doing this Romeo stuff with the youngest member?"

At this point Matilda sat up very straight and asserted herself.

"You're a nasty person," she assured him. "If you're more interested in talking to yourself like a crazy man than to me, why I—I d-don't care, that's all."

He took her hand in his and looked squarely into her face. A whimsical smile played about his mouth.

"Matilda," he said, "here's a pretty kettle of fish. Here am I running around the country with you without even a proper introduction to plead—"

"Well, silly, I'll forgive you."

"Um—yes. Thanks. But your family might not be so generous. And you see I know your family rather well, and I'd hate to get in Dutch with them."

"Oh, then you and I really are sort of acquainted."

He gave a short laugh, and inquired:

"Do you know what my name is?"

"Bob, of course."

"Yes. Bob is the first. And the second is Purnell."

It took Matilda something like fifteen seconds to piece the evidence together. Then she gave a muffled shriek. Purnell! Why, that was the name of her sister's fiance. A sudden rage shook her.

"I hate you!" she sobbed. "I hate you! Take me out of here at once. I want to go home."

PROBABLY any other kind of diversion would have been welcome to Purnell just then. But it came in a very unwelcome form. From the tunnel out of which they had just passed issued shrieks and cries of alarm. Purnell gripped the side of the grotto and held the boat that he might the better listen. The cries grew in volume. Presently, out of the dim mouth of the tunnel came another boat. In it were a couple, with blanched faces, the girl tremblingly clinging to her escort.

The man replied to Purnell's unspoken question.

"Get out quick," he said. "The place is on fire."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Bob. "It's only made of cardboard."

The other nodded.

"Fire's behind us. Beat it ahead as fast as you can."

In spite of every effort to expedite the passage of the boats, progress was slow. Trembling with excitement more than fear, Matilda did her best to help. Her hands bled from gripping the rough plaster sides of the tunnels through which they passed. But through it all the strange ache that came with the shattering of her first real romance, persisted.

The choking fumes were close upon them now, and every breath was painful. Even the crackling of the flames could be heard and at times little tongues seemed to follow behind them.

Suddenly Matilda gave a startled cry.

"Look, Bob, look!"

Right ahead through the final tunnel leading to the exit smoke began to issue. Even as they looked the hungry flames leaped out and licked at the flimsy fabric of the structure.

Matilda felt her head reeling. Strange shapes danced before her eyes. Bob's arms were round her now, and dimly, as from a great distance, she heard him say: "Bear up, little girl, and we'll have you out in no time." An agony of suffocation overtook her. Then merciful unconsciousness brought release from suffering—and peace.

### III.

MATILDA awoke to a sense of luxurious content physically, but with a vague ache in her heart. She turned lazily in bed and watched the notes in the radiant stream of sunshine that poured in through the window. The cuckoo clock on the stairs below informed her musically that it was twelve o'clock.

Then memory began to reconstruct the nightmare that represented the eighteen hours since six last evening. In a vague way Matilda remembered regaining a measure of consciousness and of seeing dim faces over her. That must have been when they were bringing her home—probably in an ambulance. More recent memories told of the anguished confusion of her home, and of her wan effort to smile at her mother and those who gathered around her and tended her with hands made gentle by love. And then came a seemingly endless period when phantoms haunted her sleep, and fear and joy, and grief and pain, came to her.

Soon these gave place to earlier memories, and the events of yesterday before the ghastly ending were marshalled up and reviewed in every blissful detail. Those hours at least had been hers, and nothing could take them from her. They were her rosary. And always at the end there was the memory—the last she really remembered clearly

—when he had taken her in his arms to shield her from the coming flames.

A tray of delicacies borne by her mother interrupted her reveries. It was the beginning of many loving attentions. Her brothers came with brusque protestations of affection and a wealth of unsuitable reading matter. The baby proffered a Teddy Bear and an emaciated rag doll, which, being cherished possessions, resembled the widow's mite. Her father had gone to business, but left his love—which was very comforting when one was so conscious of meriting a scolding.

But it was her sister who brought the best of all—a huge bunch of American Beauty roses.

"Oh, Gladys, how lovely. Who sent them?"

"Bob, of course." Gladys kissed her gently.

"Don't you think you're a fortunate little girl?" Matilda smiled wanly.

"I wonder," she said. "Gladys, dear, let me see the morning paper. Roy says there's a big piece about the—fire."

"If you think you can stand reading it." Matilda nodded assurance, and Gladys sent Roy for it.

"Here it is, Sis." Matilda took it and read, in glaring headlines:

DISASTER AT WONDERLAND PARK  
Ten Lives Lost When Mysterious Maze Takes Fire—Heroic Rescue of Three by War Hero.

Followed a vivid account of the disaster and a glowing tribute to the well-known young broker, recently returned from the front—where he had won several decorations—and who with self-sacrificing heroism had rescued two young ladies and a man by soaking their clothes in the stream and forcing a way for them through an aperture in a wall of the last tunnel, and which was designed to give a fleeting vista of the artificial lake and stream below. Mr. Purnell, the account added, was slightly burned about the face and arms, but was otherwise uninjured. "When interviewed he smilingly declined to make any statement for publication beyond the main facts given above."

"Then he wasn't hurt," Matilda cried, in relief. "I was so afraid. Oh, Gladys, you must be so proud of him." Her smile was rather wistful.

"I am," declared her sister, "although I told Jack he would have to give him a good talking to. It was perfectly scandalous the way he carried on with you. I'm glad Jack isn't built that way. It's so frightfully irresponsible!"

"Jack?" Matilda puckered her brows. "Who's Jack?"

"Who's Jack?" repeated Gladys, in surprise. "Why, Bob's big brother, and incidentally, dear, the young gentleman who gave me this."

Matilda's astonished eyes focused on the glittering gem that sparkled in the sunlight as Gladys held up her left hand. Then her lithe young form rose up from the bed and enfolded her sister in a crushing embrace.

"Oh, Gladys," she cried, hugging her ecstatically, "you're the dearest big sister in the world." And proceeded to burst into tears.

Gladys stared in mystification.

"Well," she said presently, "if you aren't the funniest little kitten. But there, you're all tired out, and must promise me you'll get right back into bed and take a long sleep. No wonder, too, after such experiences. What you need is lots of sleep. Climb in." Gladys was intensely practical, you see.

Matilda complied by climbing back under the clothes, and Gladys tiptoed from the room. But the little girl in the bed knew she did not need sleep—she just wanted to think—and think—and dream, with eyes wide open and shining with a wonderful radiance through her tears.

### IV.

WHEN one is seventeen and full of romance, and when one simply adores dancing and a dance is proceeding downstairs; further, when it is one's birthday and the dance was originally designed to celebrate the event, it is rather horrible to remain in bed and be barred from it all by supposed physical disabilities. Add to this the knowledge that the Only Man is down there dancing, and the situation becomes clearly impossible.

Matilda knew it to be so, and proceeded to act in accordance with her convictions. Very quietly, having watched her chance, she dressed in her favorite frock and stole downstairs.

The strains of a dreamy waltz were just commencing when she found him—sitting out in the conservatory in splendid isolation. She crept up behind, and whispered:

"Why so grumpy?"

He looked up and smiled—that wonderful smile that had held her from the first.

"Make it past tense and I'll agree with you—I was feeling grumpy. But I'm not now. Matilda, dear, I won't feel right until I know if you meant what you said last night just before—it happened. Do you remember, Matilda? You said, 'I hate you.' That's got to be changed or I shall—go grumpy again!"

But Matilda's eyes were downcast, and her cheeks a little more rosy than usual. When she did not speak, he said quietly:

"Do you know what they're playing, Matilda?"

She looked up quickly.

"It's from the 'Maid of the Mountains,' isn't it. Bob?"

"Yes—listen." Softly he ran over the last two lines:

"Love holds the key to set me free.

And love will find a way."

"Matty, dear, that's the key that has to be used—and only you can use it. Last night you said to me, 'I hate you.' Don't you think you could find a substitute for the middle word? It's such a pretty sentence—I'd like to hear you say it."

And, very softly, Matilda said it.



## A Story of How "Cyclone Bill" Became An Ally of the Salvation Army

## THE WILDERNESS THAT BLOSSOMED

By VIRNA SHEARD

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ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

IT was the end of the day and Cyclone Bill was glad of it. With the going down of the sun, the earth would cool off a little, and he could start back for the ranch. He stood leaning against the gaudily painted door-frame of the one hotel the town boasted, and he gazed with apparent indolent indifference down the long dusty main street, dotted irregularly with its small adobe houses and shops.

In his grey eyes beneath their sleepily drooping lids, there smouldered a red light, like the glow left in the heart of the ashes when a fire has burned down.

And the red light smouldered with reason—

He had ridden over from his ranch twelve miles south of this Arizona town, in the dew of the morning, driving before him twenty unwilling, half-wild steers; and he had had his journey for nothing. The man who had bargained to buy his stock had failed to appear at the appointed meeting place, and neither was there word nor sign from him.

All day Cyclone Bill had waited about the dull hotel in a wordless impatience that was peculiar to him. The trains that ran into the rough nearby station, long hours apart, broke the monotony somewhat, and kept his expectancy alive, but only one passenger alighted from them, and he was not the right man. Now in the very late afternoon the ranchman still watched the road through the heat quivering up from it, and occasionally flicked the white dust from his long boots with his riding crop.

A dazzling blue butterfly fluttered up and around a clump of holly-hocks by the painted door, and the sunlight seemingly turned its wings into blue flames. It sifted through the red silken bells and lit them so they looked like little temple lamps.

If the man noticed the exquisite play of color, at least he did not appear to.

Men passed to whom he nodded, and two girls, in ruffled muslin dresses went by—and after a little—went by again, one looking at him boldly from beautiful daring brown eyes, and the other shyly from under long curled lashes. Pretty girls, both of them. Apparently he did not see them either. They were one with the butterfly and the sun-kissed holly-hocks.

He was a picturesque figure himself though his years had been enough to whiten his hair a bit at the temples.

As for his name, it had just come to belong to him, as is the way with some names. There were those who said he had earned it by being the only living man left when a cyclone passed a certain corner of the country where he happened to be. There were others again, who maintained that his temper when it blew up was akin to any cyclone that ever tore things loose; and still others held that it was but a free Western pronunciation of some mellow foreign name.

No one troubled to investigate farther. There were half-breeds and Apache Indians thereabouts, who knew him and loved him not, but the cowboys upon his own great ranch, although they feared him with a fear mingled with awe, also worshipped him, in secret, and afar off. Of this he took no visible note. He was sternly fair to all, but showed no favors to any. He raised his cattle; branded them; sold them, and steadily banked his money. None asked to what end, or knew.

The sun was going down now like a red-hot wheel rolling through a mist of gold. Cyclone Bill still flicked his boots as though it were his sole occupation in life, but there had come a tenseness in the grip he had of his crop; and he still watched the road.

Then, up the centre of it,

afar off, and heralded by a cloud of amber dust, the rolling of little drums and jingling of tambourines, came a motley procession of travel-worn people. They were singing music that was plainly hymn music and keeping step with it to some indifferent extent.

There was a faint flavor of the martial about it, albeit they sang a song of peace.

The man glanced down the road at them—then gave a short laugh, and pushed back his sombrero.

"Gad!" he said to himself, "you can't escape 'em:—not though you take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost. Some man of heaven is bound to come along with a dozen sermons as dry as jerked buffalo meat in his pocket, and he'll tackle your soul or die. If he fails to get on your trail, you can trust these salvation soldiers to find it. Sure thing. There they come filled up with exhortations. Petticoats too!" he went on. "A regular round-up. If it were not for the petticoats I'd like to fire a blank cartridge into the middle of the lot, to see if their nerve would hold. I reckon they'd jest run like jack rabbits, and leave all their holy paraphernalia behind."

The wrath that had been gathering in Cyclone Bill's soul all day was slowly concentrating and it seemed it might fall now, not upon the deserving object, but on the harmless, dusty singers struggling onward towards the little town, their refuge and hope for the night.

The words of the hymn came quite clearly now:—

"Wind and storm will soon be over,  
Then we'll anchor in the Hallelujah harbour,  
We are out upon an ocean sailing—  
To our home beyond the tide.  
To our home beyond the tide."

"Got the damn metaphor ideas mixed," said Cyclone Bill softly, smiling a little. "Can't stick to their own line—army work, bloody battlefields and the like, in their hymns, but they must tackle the sea. 'Out upon an ocean sailing'—sailing. Think of it! The everlasting blue of the water, or the everlasting cool gray-green of it.

The sea-gulls' silver wings; the salt wind in your face, the irony of it against this sun-hardened country aching for rain, the brittle parched grasses, the dust like fine ashes. They might have scared up some other form of torture. But no, they must conjure up the eternal mirage of the desert."

People had come to the doors of their low white houses, and from here, and there and everywhere in the town, gathered to watch and follow the band of the Salvation Army, and the few tired musicians, for they were starved for melody of any kind.

When the singers reached the little hotel, they stopped and swung into a half-circle. There were eight or nine women with soft, earnest faces, and jaded and out-wearied bodies—for they were walking from town to town—and a dozen or more men, some almost old, and with a light of high fervor in their eyes, and some young, and gravely determined and set of face.

All the women carried fiercely mottoed flags or tambourines, and they wore the blue gown of coarse serge uncompromisingly ugly in design, and the unspeakably awful blue bonnet that is of their order.

At the end of the line of women was a girl of about twenty. She also wore the serge gown and the straw bonnet, but even to the ranch-man's eyes she wore them with a difference.

The bonnet had slipped back from the wavy bronze of her hair and the blue strings alone held it from falling.

Her face was of a lovely oval, and beneath her eyes, blacklashed and grey, there were shadows that bespoke utter weariness.

Cyclone Bill leaned forward a little to watch her, while one of the band, an old bright-eyed man, spoke to the people. All that he said they had heard many times before. It was as old as the sound of the dropping of rain. Just the Gospel of Christ, only that. They listened, but heeded not. It was the music they wanted, the sound of uplifted voices, of brassy bugle and rattling drum. They would not give attention to the earnest, patient preacher.



SEEING this, a middle-aged, thick-set fellow, wearing the uniform of a Captain, and from his head to his feet, of the type that is of the earth, earthy, stepped to the front and silenced the elderly speaker with a curt nod.

"I will talk, brother!" he said, "I will tell them. They will not hear the Gospel as you give it, then let them listen to me. I have no fear, and I will tell them of Life, Death, and Judgment to come."

So he did. Far and near echoed the deep baritone of his rolling voice. With both his strong arms he sawed the air and he ranted loudly of this life and the life that follows. No doubts assailed him. Heaven, he regarded as a place of literally golden streets, and he spoke of the pearly gates as swinging to and fro, directly above the blue over-head, as indeed they may. As for Hell, he pictured it as the lurid pit of our early imagination, the place cherished of our Puritan forefathers and not allowed banishment from any creed or pamphlet of their day.

Yet while he dwelt but sparingly upon the joys of the saved and blessed, no detail of the sorrows of the lost escaped him.

Whatever else this man lacked, he had the gift of words, and though in a coarse, uneducated tongue, he created a picture of the lost soul, so vivid, so terrible, that he stamped it upon the minds of the listeners as an indelible impression, a thing to haunt and endlessly trouble the night. Not so had spoken

"But you cannot really mean that," she commenced, doubtfully. "Oh! it is too strange."



the old soldier of the Gospel, but men and women had not listened. Now they did.

A half-caste Mexican girl, shivered, and turned pale beneath her brown skin. Children caught at their mothers' skirts and mothers lifted their babies closer against their beating hearts.

Then as suddenly as he had begun his harangue, the Captain broke out with song. The words streamed forth like the heat wave from a furnace, and his voice was beautiful and strong.

"There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath—  
Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
Around that second death!"

A low moan ran through the bonneted women, as they unwillingly took up the refrain, and sang the verse after him in answer to his command. Not so would they have sung, yet even as Trilby, they obeyed the force of a personality.

Only the girl at the end of the line did not join.

She stood still, her grey eyes staring with child-like fear, out of her white face, her free bright hair tossed back from her forehead.

Evidently this outburst of the Salvation Army Captain was an unusual thing. He had startled even his own followers.

As the voices went into silence and the bitter hymn died away, a little tremor shook her slender body and she sprang forward and grasped the man's arm, holding it with both her hands.

"Oh!" she panted. "What made you sing that verse? See! you have frightened them, you a teacher of Christ! You have frightened even the children! They are clinging to their mothers' gowns, and their lips are quivering, poor babies! That dreadful verse! These are the verses you should have sung!"

Throwing back her head as a bird will, she took up the old melody and sang with the intensity of her passionate youth the two following verses of the same hymn:—

"This world can never give,  
The bliss for which we sigh,  
'Tis not the whole of Life to live,  
Nor all of Death to die.

"Beyond this vale of tears  
There is Life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years—  
And all that Life is Love!"

Her voice rang out across the stillness, sweet and comforting as an angel's.

The Mexican girl drew a quick sobbing breath, and Cyclone Bill bit a word short off between his teeth.

The thick-set Salvation Army Captain drew the girl back into her place in the little circle and she stood trembling but quiet now that the sudden impulse to song and action was over.

"That's right enough—right enough, my girl," he said, half-sullenly, "but there must be conviction of sin. Confession to God and repentance. Ay! turning to the crowd—"Repentance! or the worm that dieth not! Harder it is to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle! Yet great is His mercy! None who repent will He forsake!"

Then noticing the light failing and the people going away he beckoned to the girl hastily, "Strike up again, Nora!" he said, "Sing, 'Marching to Victory,' to the old tune 'Tenting To-night!'" After that Sanctified Sam will give them his experience. Sanctified Sam, who was raised from the depths! Sing! Sing! my girl. Don't wait."

The girl shook her head as though uncertain what to do and the people wavered. In their hearts, they longed for the song, and the music of her voice.

The captain realized the situation.

"Do as I tell you," he cried softly, catching her arm. "We've got their attention and I want to keep it. We may not get them together again, once they scatter. Do as I tell you, sing!"

"No," she said with a certain quick defiance. "No, I will not sing again to-night. I could not sing again as I did a moment ago—so do not ask me to."

The grip on her arm tightened, tightened visibly, while the color flew into her face and then slowly ebbd. The man's eyes, red and angry, stared into hers, that were fearless but troubled.

A frail woman next the girl pushed between them.

"Please, Nora," she said gently, pleadingly. "Don't refuse him, love."

The captain brushed her aside. "You need not interfere," he commented sharply. "I can persuade her alone."

The girl lifted her eyes, and by some chance, they looked straight into Cyclone Bill's, dusky beneath the brim of his wide hat.

It was as though she had set a spark to a powder train.

In two long strides the ranchman reached the captain who still held her arm in his strong grasp, and catching him by the shoulders, he loosened his hold, and then swayed him gently to and fro.

The man had no time to resent the action before Cyclone Bill began to speak.

"Look a' here, Stranger," he said slowly, "I respect the cloth, black, with white choker, or blue with red bands and brass buttons. Yes, and I respect the Salvation Army much as I do the Church, though I don't wear the brand of neither. But you are a little off color. You ain't genuine, somehow. You ain't the kind of game we shoot out here though. No. But I reckon there's some kind of punishment coming to you right soon for your own good too. The rest of your bunch is round pegs in round holes. But you don't fit, presume likely you come out this way to scare

us into being holy—what? Well, we don't scare easy, most of us. Still there's women an' children hereabouts mightn't sleep so sound at nights after listening to your idea of the Gospel. So you can leave it to the others to preach. It's up to me to see that you do."

"Now," he drew away a pace, "if you can hit me, I give you a fair chance. Take it or leave it, but take it quick. If not," then there was a perceptible pause—"if not, it'll be my turn."

Before the captain had taken advantage of the situation, or decided on a course of action, a lightning-swift blow caught him.

He succumbed without any attempt at defence, and the small company, utterly amazed, weary and unstrung, surrounded him with mingled words of surprise and terror.

THE girl who had sung, gave a little cry and then slipped away quickly into the shadow of the vine-wreathed hotel verandah, where it turned at the side of the house.

She stood there alone, a slim, dark figure, as Cyclone Bill swung by a moment later. He passed her, then turned on his heel and came back.

Where they stood it was twilight and still. Again his eyes, half-smiling, half dare-devil and bold, drew her shadowy, frightened gray ones up to them.

"Roll up your sleeve," he said, touching her arm slightly. "This one, the left arm."

"No! No!" she cried below her breath. "I will not! I will not! It does not matter, or concern you at all."

From around the corner of the hotel came the sound of the little Salvation band marching in disorganized array through the gaily painted portico into the main room, where supper was being served.

The ranchman listened until the last footstep passed. "Do you want me to roll it up?" he said, bending towards her. "I reckon there was some cause for what I gave that chap, and I'd like to see how much."

## In Solitude

By Virna Sheard.

He is not desolate whose ship is sailing  
Over the mystery of an unknown sea,  
For some great love with faithfulness unfailing  
Will light the stars to bear him company.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,  
The heart makes peace and liberty its own—  
The wind that blows across the scented grasses  
Bringing the balm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces  
Where God has set His jewels in array,  
A man may pitch his tent in desert places  
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city—  
Where gilded spires point toward the sky,  
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,  
Grey Loneliness in cloth-of-gold, goes by.

She shook her head, but began slowly to roll back the blue serge sleeve.

Above the elbow, white and dimpled, there were the marks of four heavy fingers.

"So!" he said, "I knew he hurt you."

With one hand he helped her pull down the sleeve.

The girl drew back, a flame of color sweeping her face.

"It does not matter," she repeated. "It is nothing—nothing at all to you sir, anyway. We are strangers."

"You're wrong there," he replied softly. "Some folks are never strangers. It's queer, but mighty true."

Then, with a nod towards the lighted rooms of the little hotel, "Do they stop here over-night?"

"Yes," she nodded. "We are tired. We walked over from the town beyond. To-morrow there will be a parade with the band, and a revival."

"To-morrow," he echoed reflectively. "To-morrow, eh?"

"Yes," she returned, "that is the plan;—and—I must go now, sir."

Cyclone Bill did not seem to hear, though he was looking intently into the lovely face.

"Who is he?" he asked, "the sky-pilot who talked."

"He is my step-father," answered the girl,—"and that little woman—the one who ran to him—is my mother."

The ranchman gave a soft whistle. "So!" he exclaimed, "I see it. He was in the Army when your mother married him; then she joined, and you just naturally fell into line. I reckon they corralled you, little one. Sort of took you along before you had any particular religious convictions. What? Isn't that it?"

"Why, yes," she said. "I suppose that is it. But I love to sing the hymns. Some are so beautiful, both words and melodies. You must not think I mind doing what I can to help. What I hate is to march through the streets—to pass the tambourine for money,—to try and speak of my soul. Oh! that I cannot do! But indeed I

may be wrong. I do not think I have repented of my sins enough, or that I am conscious of a change of heart like all the others."

Across the bronzed face above her there passed a sudden soft expression.

"Your sins? Your sins? eh?" said the ranchman, smiling questioningly.

"Yes," she nodded.

"Listen," he said, "There's a moon to-night. It will rise in half an hour, and roll up the sky like a big golden ball. When it gets high it will turn to silver. Down that way yonder,—there's a long double line of cotton-wood trees. You just go down this street and turn to the right. I'll be there when it strikes nine. Yes, I'll be there sure. You'll come, eh?"

The girl lifted her face to his and her eyes were held as by a spell. "Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" she cried. "You know I cannot. I should be within, and with the others now. They will miss me, my mother will be frightened,"—she stopped breathlessly—"Oh do you not understand?—I could not go."

Cyclone Bill glanced up at the sky.

"There ain't going to be a cloud," he went on as to himself, "an' the moon is at the full. I reckon it will be mighty pretty down there. I've heard a Virginia nightingale or a redwing in those cotton-woods once or twice, long about this time o' year. The light chequers down through the leaves an' makes shadows like lace on the ground; velvet-black, and silver-white it looks. There's a kind of rose bush grows low down under some of those trees, an' the blossoms smell sweet when the dew falls. Inside the house here it will be quite some full of people. Maybe they'll tune up and have a meeting of some sort. The rooms are sun-baked and hot, but down there by the old cotton-woods,"—he broke off—

The girl caught a quick breath—"I'll come," she answered. Cyclone Bill straightened his shoulders and lifted his hat.

"I sort of reckoned you would maybe," he returned, "though I wasn't jest certain." So with a backward smile he strode away.

She gazed after him a moment, then rounded the corner of the house, and fleetly followed the way of the others, joining them at the supper table, unnoticed.

The ranchman and the katydids had the cotton-woods almost to themselves. The bird of night had not yet started his song up to the roses. Now and then a bat flitted by or a white owl boomed across the dark on muffled wing. The moon came up the sky majestically and the world was touched with a silver frosting, from its light.

The man leaned against the grey trunk of the last tree, and watched from his vantage the corner of the street that ran on to the small hotel illuminated now for the night.

"One way and another," he soliloquized, "I've been watching all day. But this—this, I reckon, is some different."

SUDDENLY he leaned forward eagerly for down the side street from shadow to shadow came the figure of a girl moving lightly, swiftly towards him.

As she neared the trees, the mellow, wonderful first notes of a bird sounded from among the leaves above, and the ranchman stepped out to meet her.

"I've got 'em all here for you," he said, "the moon's celestial highness—the scent of little low roses. The bird singing overhead there, and the blessed cool stillness. Do you like it, eh?"

She did not answer but went by his side along the moonlit way.

"Some days are powerful hard to live through," Cyclone Bill continued, "and there are things about this one I'd like to tell you, and tell you right now."

"Do you know, I've been waiting around this God-forsaken town since sun-up for a man who was to have bought some cattle I drove over from my ranch. He fooled me once before, this same fellow, and he lied his way out that time, but the man don't live who can do that twice with Cyclone Bill. Believe me. That's why I waited. Well, he didn't turn up. He will sometime, but he didn't to-day. It's eternally lucky for him he didn't turn up near sundown." He stopped a moment, then went on. "When that Salvation Army round-up came on the scene I had something as near to murder in my heart—well as near as they make it."

The girl lifted her face to his—listening.

"Then," he went on, "then I saw you, and on the instant the thought that had had possession of me, body and soul, slipped away into nothingness, into thin air. Just suddenly you were the only thing that counted between the two seas. The only thing. After a bit I sort of caught on to the words that human volcano was giving forth. The brimstone and fire rolled down to where I was, and I listened quiet enough, while he sang his song. Then you followed with the other two verses, that put out the fire of his,—and whether it was your voice, or the eyes of you, or your courage for it, or jest that I am I, and you are you, it came to me right quick that you were mine, belonged to me of right; a heaven-sent conviction." His voice cool and steady, had gone from sentence to sentence swiftly, but with an occasional pause. Now it stopped.

"But you cannot really mean that," she commented doubtfully. "Oh, it is too strange! Why you do not know me at all! Yes, I remember what you said, but we are strangers nevertheless. I ought not to have come here, I ought not yet it is so lovely out of doors, so heavenly, and I wanted to see you."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)



# LATHER



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Make This Chair in Your Best Style and  
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# HOME-MADE FURNITURE

## THE THIRD ARTICLE

THE writer on "Home Training in Cabinet Work," has views regarding the value of this work in keeping with the most advanced ideas of to-day on technical training:

"The restless activity of the growing boy, whatever his grade in life, or however fortunate his surroundings, is a normal expression of his nature. Upon the direction of this activity during the formative years of his life depends the success or failure of his future career and the measure of his coming usefulness as a citizen. As the writer states, the mere inculcation of principles of right and wrong does not necessarily lead to right living and right doing. Ethical theorizing is an easy matter, but before precepts and theories can be made objective as the mainspring of habitual right action, the element of a sturdy resolution to achieve must be built into the developing character by the habits of daily life. And to me it would seem that nothing is clearer than that 'the direct contact with Nature's forms and forces leaves an impress upon the soul of the worker.'"

"Honest work has never yet degraded man or boy, and when an over-indulgent parent encourages in a child the false notion that he has no need to work with his hands, that parent is trifling in dangerous fashion with forces as strong as Fate in shaping life for good or ill.

"The natural, instinctive pride of a boy in being able to do something needs only to be directed into some channel adapted more or less to his tendencies and capabilities, to furnish a right and healthful outlet for the energies that work so much mischief

when wrongly applied. It is just here that manual training, and especially skill in wood-working, can be made to carry an almost irresistible appeal to the boy in the home, as something that he can learn to do, and to do well, if given the opportunity, tools and materials.

"The cost of an outfit, as stated in the foregoing articles of this series, is trifling as compared with its importance as a factor in moral and mental development, and as a means to the self-discipline that alone ensures stability in character-building."

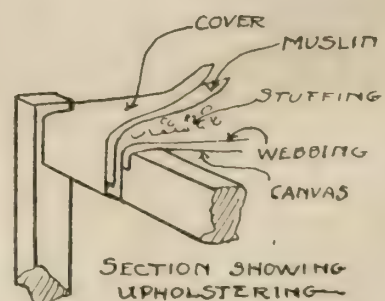
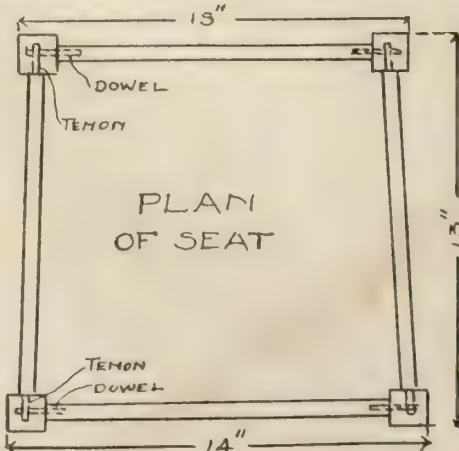
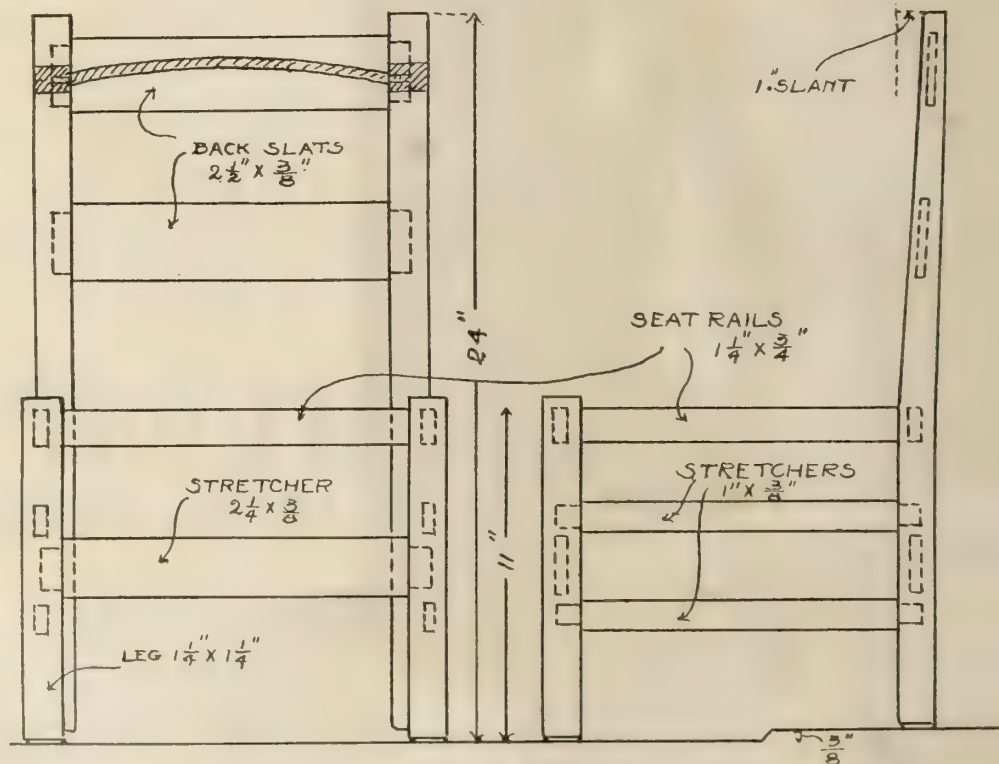
The fondness of the small boy for whittling is merely an indication of what Nature intended him to do. Destructive tendencies are developed only where there is no one wise enough to direct the boy's energies into constructive channels. Work in wood has always afforded a healthy field for human activity—and even when it takes the primitive form of felling the tree which is to be used in cabinet work, it has an attraction for healthy humanity. Thus we find Mr. Gladstone turning to the forest when the cares of statesmanship became too heavy and finding relief in cutting down trees and superintending their disposal. The well-known tale of George Washington and the cherry tree merely shows that the future leader of armies was a youth of wholesome activity, who had no intention to destroy the cherry tree but was possessed of a desire to be a worker in wood. Let us hope that those in authority forgave him and presented him with a tool chest, so that he might make a medicine cabinet out of that demolished pride of the orchard.



TAKE note that the side rails of the seat are mortised and tenoned—and the front and back rails are dowelled—thereby pinning the tenon of the side rails. This is likely to be a weak point in a chair, but if constructed as given above it is very strong. All tenons are well glued with warm glue, and the back slats are curved by pressing into shape as shown in an accompanying drawing.

### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR A CHILD'S CHAIR

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| Back posts        | 2      | 25 in. | 2 in.      | 1½ in. | cut to pattern | 1½ in. |
| Seat rails        | 4      | 13 in. | 1½ in.     | 1 in.  | 1½ in.         | ¾ in.  |
| F. & B. stretcher | 2      | 13 in. | 2½ in.     | ¾ in.  | 2½ in.         | ¾ in.  |
| Side stretchers   | 4      | 13 in. | 1½ in.     | ¾ in.  | 1 in.          | ¾ in.  |
| Back slats        | 2      | 13 in. | 2½ in.     | ¾ in.  | 2½ in.         | ¾ in.  |



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# Rest Room Work of Homemakers' Clubs

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

Miss Brodie \$10.00

THERE is no more important work of the Homemakers' Clubs than the establishing of rest rooms. It is the pioneer aim of every club, for not only does this room provide a medium where town and country women meet, where a true community spirit is fostered, but it does a humanitarian work in that it provides a place where tired women shoppers may find relaxation.

From the following reports can be gleaned the details of three rest rooms that have been established by the Homemakers' Clubs in Wilcox, Consul and Nokomis. These reports chronicle also other important work taken up by the Homemakers' Clubs. Following is an account of the work of the Wilcox Good Cheer Homemakers' Club:

"We had our first rest room last year. In the discussion of it a number of members of the Grain Growers' Association were present, and they, too, expressed themselves in favor of the idea. It was then decided to raise the initial funds by giving a big dinner on the occasion of meeting of the Grain Growers, when a special speaker was present. Every woman was solicited for donations on the basis that the rest room would be open to all, and with this help the dinner proved a splendid success, netting the sum of over a hundred dollars. The townspeople also provided furnishings, and a very comfortable room is the result. The club considers it costs about \$325.00, and the Grain Growers are very helpful in assuming a part of the responsibility of the upkeep of it.

"There are no women on the school board, but Wilcox is building a school-house this summer, and the school lunch will be instituted.

"Our club has found it a very good scheme to have a Thanksgiving Offering of \$2 from each member, and each one is supposed to earn it herself, and in this way we are doing all we can to spread the 'Gospel of the Farm Women's Club.'

"The following is our House-Mother's Prayer: 'Lord, preserve me calm in my spirit, gentle in my commands, and watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips; moderate in my purposes, yielding in my temper, and at the same time steadfast in my principles.'"

## CONSUL reports:

"During the months of May, June, July and August, we rented a large room above the general store in this town; it was furnished by one or two of the ladies of the club with their own chairs, carpets, tables, pictures, etc., and made a most comfortable and inviting room, for which we paid six dollars and a half a month. This money we raised by giving a paper ball.

"Some of our club meetings were held in this room, and many women who were not members of our club appreciated having a place where they could rest with their little ones, when in for a day's shopping. Our district is quite a large one, including seven schools, and on those seven school boards, two of them have one woman trustee.

"During the epidemic of the flu, both this year and last, conditions here were the worst possible, neither doctors nor nurses being available, but last year the members of our club took a pledge that they would each do whatever possible in nursing, sending out food, or medicine, if they had any on hand, or assisting in any way possible those sick or needing aid, and the pledge held good, for some of our members did noble work. One member especially, lame and not very strong, went from one home to another doing everything that was to be done. In some cases every one in the family was in bed, and requiring care day and night, and yet this brave little woman held out and proved a great blessing to those sick families.

"We are planning now to gather together for such cases of sickness as I have mentioned, to have on hand a few pillow slips, nightgowns for women and children, hot water bottles, ice bags, clinical thermometers, etc., things needed in a sick room, and have these always in readiness to send out to a home

where they may be needed, as we found these things most necessary this winter."

## NOKOMIS says:

"We are glad, indeed, to be able to report that we have a rest room and library in our town, Nokomis, and that it has been placed there through the combined efforts of the two Homemakers' Clubs, Wreford and Mount Hope, and the Bannockburn I.O.D.E., all country clubs.

"The urgent need for such a room had long been felt. Consequently, in the spring of 1917, the Mount Hope Club called a meeting inviting the other clubs to send representatives. The project

vide an adjoining room in which she might have her dress-making parlors. We were glad to accept this generous offer, and were able to secure two small rooms at a rental of \$15 a month. We remained here for about two months, then found much better location, three good-sized rooms at the same rental.

"Each club chose two of the members to act as their representatives, which was termed the Rest Room Board. They were elected for two years, one from each club retiring each year, and new members appointed. Articles of agreement were drawn up and a simple constitution and by-laws arranged, giving this board control of the rooms.

"Each club at the start gave \$10 from its own treasury, then all combined and gave a bazaar, food sale and tea, raising \$175.00. But still we needed more money; it occurred to us that, inasmuch as the municipalities were quite generous with their donations to fat stock shows, etc., they would be more than glad to aid any movement that would add to the comfort of their families. We placed the proposition before the Mount Hope and Wreford municipalities and the town council, asking for yearly grants. The municipalities generously responded, Mount Hope with \$100 and Wreford with \$80, but the town council could do nothing for us at that time. This year, our expenses being greater, we asked for larger grants, and received \$150 from Mount Hope, \$100 from Wreford, and the town gave us \$50.

"We have a fine library in connection with the rooms. We started this with the \$10 grant from the University. We then gave a book shower, receiving a goodly number of nice books. Then each club donated \$10, and this laid the foundation. Now we have nearly 500 volumes, with about 100 yearly subscribers.

"We have the books catalogued. We charge \$1 a year for library card, and this money is used for more books. The library is greatly appreciated. Difficulties arose for us at the beginning of the year, when Miss Adair found it necessary to give up her work. This necessitated finding a new superintendent, and it has been very hard to find anyone to fill her place. We have the rooms furnished as extensively as funds allow, and they are quite cozy and comfortable.

"We have aspirations for a memorial hall in Nokomis, and hope for a permanent home for our rest room and library there. One of the delightful things in connection with the rooms is the manner in which the board have been able to handle every situation without undue friction or discussion. The rooms are a real blessing, and we wish every town and village might boast of such."

## WOMEN'S INSTITUTE GETS DISTRICT NURSE.

ONE of the very big problems that faced the pioneers in the Peace River country, Alberta, was the lack of medical facilities. Only a short time ago there were no nurses, no doctors within sixty miles, no telephone connections, and in the cases of some districts they were located off the mail route, which is the great highway of the automobiles. Women were the chief victims of these circumstances, and many instances of real catastrophes can be cited as the result.

In 1917 the Women's Institutes invaded the north, and the women grouped together turned their first attention to this great problem. Doctors could not be had because of the war and the shortage of them, but the women began to agitate for district nurses with obstetrical training—women who could go to these outlying districts and be of inestimable value to those living there.

After the 1919 Alberta Women's Institute convention, where the late Hon. A. G. MacKay, Alberta's Minister of Public Health, was one of the speakers, the delegates from Peace River approached him, explained the situation and asked for district nurses.

Characteristic of his human grasp of situations, the late Minister saw the problem at once, and promised then if

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)



## A PROMINENT MANITOBAN

Mrs. David Watt, of Birtle, Manitoba, is the Provincial President of the Manitoba Women's Institutes, and is one of the most important and effective officials in that organization.

was thoroughly discussed; all were unanimous in wanting the room, but the difficulty lay in getting someone to care for and superintend the room. This difficulty was removed when Miss Adair, a lady especially adapted for such a position, volunteered to act as superintendent if we would pro-

## OF INTEREST TO INSTITUTE MEMBERS

There is a revived interest in an "art" of the past—the making of samplers—which is resulting in many an old sampler being given an impressive setting in a frame.

We wish to secure photographs of these, and for this purpose are offering a prize of fifteen dollars for the best photograph of an old-time sampler, with its story—the latter not to exceed eight hundred words.

We also wish to have photographs of historic or unusual quilts, with story attached—limit of eight hundred words in length. Prize, fifteen dollars.

Photographs and stories must be sent by November 1st, 1920. Competitors must be subscribers to this journal and also members of the Women's Institute. Mention branch of Institute when writing. The stories should be written on one side of the paper. Photographs will not be returned. Address "Institutes," Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto.





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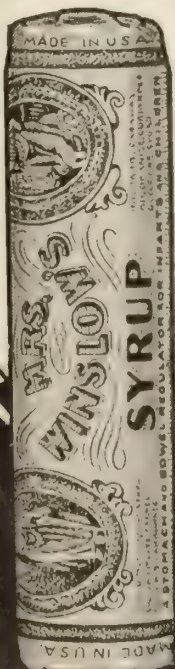
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**M**Y Dear Club Members:  
I have read with interest for some time the Journal Juniors' Club page, and feel that we are not altogether strangers. The many prize stories, poems and drawings which have appeared from month to month make me feel that in our working together we can make our page the pride of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

We, the members of our club and myself, welcome Jean E. Liddle as a member. We are so glad you are fond of art and of music, and hope you will be able to enter in the contests which will appear from month to month.

It was a pleasure, Olive Nightingale, to read your letter, and we warmly welcome you as a member to our club. There are no fees to pay.

We are so glad, Phyllis Smith, that you have written us. No, it is not too late to become a member, and we are very pleased to enroll your name as a member of the Journal Juniors' Club. Let us hear from you again.

A new member, V. Gordon H. Stephens, is enrolled, and to him we

fortunately for us. At this time of high prices, a great many are of great food value, and grace the tables of the humble homesteader as well as the noted rich.

In all probability we have no water bird so well known as the "Canada goose," or no goose so widely distributed through the country. They are most eagerly looked for in the spring, for their arrival is the sure indication that the backbone of winter has broken. Their familiar honking is heard long before their wavering, black, V-shaped line appears on the horizon. The volume of sound increases, resembling the baying of a pack of hounds, and at last the flock sweep overhead, all following the leadership of one bird, in their journey over their invisible path. Their nest is made of grasses and feathers on marshes or near ponds, and in May or June they lay from four to nine drab-colored eggs. The "Canada goose" is most easily domesticated of any of our water birds.

Among the "grebes," the most frequently known is the "swan grebe," sometimes called the "Western grebe" because of its extremely long, thin neck,



A MODERN GYPSY CAMP

These are genuine gypsies who camped near Toronto this Summer and busied themselves making and mending copper utensils. Read Bertha Green's story of the gypsies in our Club corner.

extend our heartiest congratulations for winning the prize story.

It will be a great pleasure to hear from any member of the club, and should you know of any boy or girl who would like to compete for the prizes offered, ask him or her to write to me.

With best wishes for the happiest of holidays to all members of the Journal Juniors' Club, I am,

Sincerely your friend,  
BERTHA E. GREEN.

### Prize List for June.

1. "Canada's Water Birds." Awarded to Gordon H. Stephens, age 13 years, Toronto.
2. Camera Contest. No awards made.
3. "The Squirrel." Awarded to Freddie Garbutt, age 11 years, R.R. No. 1, Malton, Ont.

### List of New Members.

Jean E. Liddle, Aylmer, Ont.  
V. Gordon H. Stephens, 43 Cowan Ave., Toronto.  
Olive Nightingale, Rossmore, Ont.  
Phyllis Smith, 241 Clinton St., Toronto.

### PRIZE STORY.

"Canada's Water Birds," by Gordon H. Stephens, age 13 years, Toronto.

**A**LL over Canada, from coast to coast, we are favored with waterbirds of all kinds, some of which are noted for their great beauty, and

The "Holboell grebe" comes next to the "Western" in size, and is noted for its beautiful breast and for its appearance and firm texture, which have made it much sought after, and in the past it has been used extensively to adorn hats of women, who were ignorant of the wholesale slaughter that was carried on that they might obtain them. The "grebe" makes its nest in decayed rushes, and lays from two to five eggs.

The "loon," or "great northern diver," in form resembles large grebes, but their feet are full-webbed like those of the duck. The loon is very beautifully marked with black and white, with a crescent across the throat and a ring around the neck. All loons have red eyes. Loons are expert in diving and swimming, and are usually found in larger, more open bodies of water than the grebe.

There are many varieties of "gulls." The "herring gull" is widely known, and they sometimes live in colonies of thousands of birds each, and in winter great numbers of them are seen in all the harbors along our sea coast. Young gulls are born covered with down, and can run swiftly and swim well. The "Kittiwake" can easily be identified by their small size, and the tips of their wings and feet are black. They usually keep well out at sea, often hovering around boats to pick up refuse that is thrown overboard.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



# Many Ways of Cooking Corn

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK"



**I**N selecting corn, that with short, thick ears, green, tender husks and dark silk will be found the best.

To test the condition of the ears bend back the husks and press a kernel with something sharp—the farmer uses his thumb nail. If the milk flows freely the corn is in good condition. Corn, like peas, loses its sweetness after being broken from the stalk, and should not be picked any longer than possible before eating.

Green, sweet corn is one of the most delicious of the garden's products and it may be served in many ways besides plain boiled, or stewed, as is the usual method.

**Browned Corn.**—Cut the raw corn from the cob by scoring each row and pressing out the pulp with the back of a knife, leaving the hulls on the cob, but getting all the milk. Heat a frying pan piping hot, sprinkle in a little salt, as soon as it browns put the corn from two ears in the pan, pressing the kernels with a spoon so as to extract the milk. In a moment it will begin to brown in its own juice. Keep stirring and when well broiled add a tablespoonful of water at a time and press again until it begins to stick. Add another spoonful of water, and so on until five have been added. This gives a rich yet delicate gravy. Serve very hot.

**Green Corn Croquettes.**—Mix together one pint each of grated corn and bread crumbs and season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Add one egg beaten and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix well and make into outlet shaped croquettes. Brush over with beaten egg, toss in fine bread crumbs and fry in plenty of smoking hot fat. Drain and serve with hot, nicely seasoned white sauce.

**Peppers Stuffed with Corn.**—A very good filling for peppers is hot cooked corn that has had stirred in with it melted butter, grated cheese, and salt and pepper to season. Allow one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cheese to each cupful of corn. Choose the sweet peppers for stuffing, and cut off the tops about an inch below the stems. Save these to serve as covers. Throw the peppers into strong salted water for one hour. Drain well and fill with the corn mixture. Replace the tops, place the peppers upright in a greased fireproof dish, add enough hot water or tomato sauce, to baste with and bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot with the sauce poured round.

**Corn Fritters.**—These are a favorite garnish for roast chicken or hare. To one cupful of fresh sweet corn cut from the ear, allow one-half cupful of cracker crumbs mixed with one-half cupful of milk. Add two well beaten eggs, yolks and whites, whipped separately, and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Drop by spoonfuls on to a hot, well greased griddle and cook for four minutes. Turn and brown on the other side. Serve hot. Another Method.—Beat one egg, add one cupful of corn, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of salt oil, one-fourth teaspoonful of

paprika, and one-half cupful of milk. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat and

and cook for five minutes, then add two cupfuls of fresh corn, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of paprika and one teaspoonful of sugar.

Bring to boiling point, and divide into the pastry shells. Cover the top with bread crumbs, moistened with four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and bake in a hot oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. Two tablespoonfuls of butter may be used instead of the cream.

**Succotash.**—Boil six ears of green corn until tender, and scrape from the cob. Boil one-half the quantity of lima beans that you have corn until tender. Drain off the water, mix with the corn, season with salt and pepper, add one-half cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook for ten minutes longer. String beans may be prepared in the same way with corn.

**Corn Pudding.**—Select fresh ears of corn, medium size, and with a keen bladed knife, score each row of kernels, and scrape out the pulp, leaving the hulls on the cob. To the pulp taken from twelve ears allow three cupfuls of rich milk, four beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, and if the corn lacks sweetness, two tablespoonfuls of maple syrup. Turn into a deep well greased fireproof dish and bake in a slow, steady oven for two hours and serve hot in the dish in which it was baked.

**Boiled Corn.**—Remove the outer husks, bend back the fine inner ones, strip off every bit of the silk, and bring the inner husks over the ears. Bind with a husk, put into a kettle, spread the outer husks over the top, cover with cold water and bring to a boil as quickly as possible. Cook only six minutes after coming to the boiling point, as over cooking toughens. Strip off the husks, and serve piping hot. Another nice way to cook tender corn is in milk. In this case, husk the corn and drop into boiling milk. Cook just for five minutes from the time it begins to boil. Keep covered closely while cooking, and serve as soon as done.

**Corn Chowder.**—To make corn chowder, cold cooked ears of corn may be utilized. Grate or cut from the cob enough to make one quart of corn.

Cut into small pieces one-half pound of bacon or fat salt pork, and cook in a frying pan until brown. Just before it reaches this stage add a medium sized onion chopped fine and browned also. Into a large stewpan place a layer of diced potatoes, sprinkle over some of the browned onion and bacon, then a layer of cut corn with salt, pepper and paprika to season. Next add a layer of potatoes, more bacon, onion and corn, and so on until all the materials have been used, having corn at the top. Add two cupfuls of boiling water, cover the pot and cook gently for thirty minutes. Blend two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour in a saucepan over the fire, add two cupfuls of hot milk, cook until smooth and thick, then add to the chowder with a few crackers broken in small pieces and a sprinkling of parsley.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



Creamed Corn in Pastry Shells.

cook from six to eight minutes. Drain and serve hot.

**Creamed Corn in Pastry Shells.**—Line tartlet



Corn Croquettes.

tins with pastry. Blend one-fourth cupful of butter and flour in a saucepan over the fire, add one and one-half cupfuls of scalded milk and stir



Peppers Stuffed with Corn.



# Good Things for Open Air Festivities

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "CANNING, PRESERVING AND PICKLING"

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**A**UGUST is the month when picnic parties begin to seek the open air and unfamiliar pleasures of the fields and woods. On such excursions the contents of the luncheon basket form one of the most important requisites for the day's delights.

Years and years ago when vacation outings were being planned, it was customary to have a list passed among those who were to furnish the things to eat and drink, and each one picked out the dish she was willing to supply. It was then "nicked" off the list. This form of making and signifying your choice became known as "pick and nick," which soon was changed into picnic and in due time the word picnic was applied to the entertainment.

In place of the old fashioned "picnic dinner" which was much too rich, too plentiful and much too sweet, those who fill the picnic baskets and campers of to-day have substituted luncheon dishes that are wholesome and appetizing.

They have learned the real meaning of the words "vacation" and "picnic" and so, instead of using heavy plate and linen, they use paper or wooden plates, paper or aluminum cups,

It is a mistake not to take pains in setting the picnic table neatly and attractively. Fancy paper tablecloths will be found excellent. A square of white table oilcloth exactly the same size as the cloth will protect the paper from moisture. A paper tablecloth and napkins are not only easy to carry, but may be thrown away after being used, thus saving the trouble of carrying them home after the merry feast.

The simplifying of the picnic repast is due largely to the evolution of the sandwich, which has developed from a thick bun with a slice of meat in it to delicate triangles and rounds of bread with most delicious and appetizing fillings. There seems to be no end to the fillings for sandwiches. Only a very limited imagination will be contented with the old-time ham, chicken and tongue sandwiches.

The bread for sandwiches must not be too fresh, nor must it be too stale to be pleasing to the taste. Bread twelve hours old cuts well, and if thin slices are desired, beaten butter should be spread on the bread before this is cut. Do not melt the butter, but beat it with a wooden spoon, or leave it in a warm room for twenty

quite as attractive-looking as they taste.

When lettuce is taken, it may be wrapped in a moistened cloth and it will keep beautifully fresh for several hours. Oiled paper should be wrapped around the cloth to prevent it from drying.

Brown and white bread besides rolls should be included, as they form an important part of the picnic fare. A box or two of crackers should not be forgotten.

Cake and fruit, particularly the latter in abundance, make a palatable finish to an outdoor meal besides satisfying the thirst.

Clean up when the picnic is over. It is a poor return for a pleasant day's outing to mar Nature's beauty by making it hideous with the souvenirs of the meal.

**Priscilla Cookies.**—Beat three-fourths cupful of butter with one-half cupful of grated maple sugar for five minutes, add two eggs, well beaten and beat again for a few moments then add one-half teaspoonful each of lemon and vanilla extracts, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, three cupfuls of flour sifted with one-eighth teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Knead lightly on a floured baking board, roll out and cut with fancy cutters. Lay on greased baking tins and bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven.

If desired, these cookies may be covered with maple frosting. To make the frosting, boil one cupful of grated maple sugar or maple syrup with one cupful of boiling water until when tested in cold water it forms a soft ball, or 240° F. on a candy thermometer. Pour on to the stiffly beaten white of one egg and continue beating until of the consistency to spread.

**Caraway Cakes.**—Beat one-half cupful of butter until creamy with one cupful of sugar, add two eggs, well beaten, one-half cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds, one and three-fourths cupfuls of cake flour sifted with a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well, divide into fifteen greased and floured gem pans, and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

**Date Bars.**—Beat two eggs until thick and lemon colored, add one cupful of grated maple sugar gradually beating all the time, add five tablespoonfuls of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and a few grains of salt, then add one cupful of chopped nut meats and one cupful of stoned dates cut in small pieces. Spread on greased baking tins seven by ten inches and bake in a moderate oven. When cool cut in bars and wrap in waxed paper.

**Salted Walnut Meats.**—Crack walnuts keeping the meats whole. Beat up one white of egg slightly, add nut meats and stir until they are entirely coated with egg. Remove nuts from the egg and put in dripping pan; sprinkle with fine salt and bake in a hot oven until the nuts are heated through. Keep the oven door open while baking and stir nuts often that they may not burn. Pack in small boxes.

**Chocolate Caramels.**—Put one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of maple syrup, and one and one-half cupfuls of milk into a saucepan, stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, bring to boiling point, and boil until the mixture forms a firm ball, when tested in cold water, or 250° F. on candy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



All in Order for the Picnic.

forks of aluminum and paper napkins.

Baskets are the most convenient receptacles in which to carry picnic luncheons, they are not heavy in themselves and can be obtained in almost any size and shape, varying from the light oblong plain basket to the automobile hamper that is fitted up with all sorts of conveniences.

Care should be exercised in packing picnic boxes or baskets that the weight is scattered, so that one carrier does not have a heavy burden, while another goes almost free of a load. Line the boxes or baskets with white wrapping paper.

If such things as baked beans and potato salad are included in the menu they are carried in dainty paper boxes or wooden dishes lined with waxed paper. Small bean pots are very convenient for carrying all kinds of things.

In the packing of the boxes and the baskets, careful preservation of the food must be the most important consideration; the different edibles being securely wrapped in waxed paper.

Small bottles of pickles, packages of salted nuts, boxes of home made candies and well made lemonade are all delicacies that will be appreciated.

The thermos bottle does away with any possible difficulty in procuring good drinking water, and paraffin drinking cups may be used instead of glasses. If one is not supplied with thermos bottles, coffee and milk may be poured into preserve jars with screw covers.

minutes or so before it will be needed, and it will probably be of a consistency to spread well.

Peanut butter sandwiches are good and some people think they are improved by the addition of Roquefort cheese and French dressing to which has been added two drops of onion juice.

Cottage cheese may be varied with chopped nut meats, olives, dates and raisins. Cream cheese is excellent with chopped fruits and tart jams or jellies, with or without chopped nuts. It may be combined with chopped tomatoes, olives or red peppers. One cupful of dry, grated cheese beaten into six tablespoonfuls of chili sauce and spread between slices of white bread is a very good sandwich combination.

An appetizing mixture is made by mixing one-half pint of cream cheese, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and paprika and mixed with ten chopped olives, a tiny chopped onion, a chopped sour pickle, a chopped sweet green pepper, and a little mayonnaise or boiled dressing. This is delicious spread between crackers. Minced meats reduced to a thick paste by adding butter and olive oil make a very appetizing relish. Sardines or any fish chopped and seasoned with a good sauce are appetizing.

The filling for deviled eggs should be prepared in advance, and by the way, eggs served in this fashion make a tasty relish for picnics, and are





# Through the Looking Glass

By VAIN JANE

## Concerning "Moving" and the Reconstruction of the Complexion

\$13.00

IT was on a day in June, dear ladies, a day flooded with warm sunshine, filled with the perfume of roses, and fanned by a gentle breeze, that I called upon my old friend and found her in the throes of moving her household goods to another abode. After a warm, but somewhat distracted greeting, we came to rest in the dismantled drawing-room and fell to the discussion of matters nearest to her mind.

"I have lost any ambition I ever entertained to be considered one of those capable people who do this sort of thing without fuss," she sighed with a wave of her hand, which included the semi-packed condition of things. "If this ever should happen again—which please the fates it will not—I would rather a hundred times have it said, 'What did you do in the Great Moving?' and have no answer but a blush to the finger of scorn turned on me, than be the worn-out wreck that I am at this moment. And the fact that there has been so much to do is entirely my own fault! Three perfectly beautiful invitations have had to be refused within the past two days because I simply must look over and repack this collection of antiquities which I have myself acquired in the past five years."

It seemed advisable for me to relax into a position in which I might listen restfully to this plaintive tale.

"I have grown to hate these odious things," she continued, vehemently. "Every time I see something I really want and could make excellent use of, I remember some similar article I bought one day when I did not need it and which my conscience tells me I should make use of before I replace it. So I either wear the old-fashioned thing and look like last year's almanac, or flaunt the new one with my conscience pricking me painfully."

She became almost tragic, despite my sympathetic smile.

"If you buy what you do not want when you do not want it, you cannot have what you do want when you do want it! And that I have learned to my sorrow."

I felt that some consolation should be offered, but looking out over a sea of ribbons, laces, flowers and queerly-shaped garments, I could only suggest an auction sale where they tell me you may dispose of anything from the family cat to the Pierce Arrow. The suggestion met with colder scorn than I thought it merited.

"It's hereditary," declared my harassed friend, "the collection mania, I mean; I am sure it is a family trait. You remember Aunt Isabel? When her boxes were opened after her death, how many pairs of gloves do you think we found? Gloves, my dear, that had never even been tried on! Over one hundred pair; the silk ones faded and the kid ones hardened with age. I suppose she could not resist gloves, she had such beautiful hands; even when she was an old lady they were white and un wrinkled."

Hoping to divert her mind from her worries and lead the conversation into less troubled channels, I begged to be told if she had ever discovered Aunt Isabel's secret for keeping her hands so beautiful.

"I remember a bottle of olive oil which stood among her lotions and was used faithfully," she replied, "and after any dusty usage she added a little borax to the oil and massaged

with it carefully. Afterwards they were rinsed in warm, never hot water, to which a few drops of tincture of benzoin had been added and then carefully dried on a soft towel."

"This interests me strangely," I confessed, "Tell me some more."

"I can do better than that," she replied, getting up and going to the drawer of an old cabinet. "Only today in going over these letters, I found in Aunt Isabel's own writing some instructions for the care of the hands and arms. Let me read it to you: 'To begin the skin treatment—scrub the hands and arms with a flesh brush using pure soap and if possible, rain water. Oatmeal or almond meal may be thrown into the water to soften it and help cleanse and soften the cuticle. This scrubbing cleanses the pores, gets out the dirt and dead skin, and makes the skin brilliant, fresh and transparent. It leaves a redness at first, because the blood has been brought to the surface by such vigorous treatment, but this redness is allayed by gentle massage, with a good skin food. This may be prepared by procuring equal parts of white wax, spermaceti, and powdered camphor, with sufficient olive oil mixed with it during the melting process to make a good emollient. Olive oil alone is excellent for filling out thin places in the hands, wrists or arms and oatmeal helps to whiten when rubbed on after the bath, allowed to remain a few minutes and then brushed away.'"

"Olive oil was evidently cheaper in Aunt Isabel's day than at present, judging by her casual mention of its frequent use," I remarked somewhat ruefully, "but expensive or not, I mean to see what may be done by following her directions. After all, this general sorting of things does bring to light some treasures, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps you are right," was the reply, "This advice is going to be valuable to me, at any rate, when I once more settle down to a quiet existence and put my mind to making my hands presentable once more."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

DOLLY J.—It is kind of you to wish me a happy holiday and here's hoping we both enjoy the type of one you specify, for all out-doors, whether motoring, boating or camping, seems very alluring now that the real summer weather has arrived. If camping is your fancy, it would be wise to give a little special care to that departing glory of yours, while on your holiday. The remedy concerning which I have written you, while a troublesome one to use, has given satisfactory results in many cases.

CARRIE G.—Indeed it would be just no trouble at all if I could suggest a remedy for the worry you describe, but I very much fear that this is not a case where my advice would help. Such a condition must be the result of a physical weakness which could only be located by a doctor. When you have found the cause and remedied it, remember that the skin around the eyes is very easily stretched and should be delicately treated when massaging the face. Also, should you then desire, I would be glad to send you the name of a cream which would doubtless be beneficial.

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# As Between Friends

By Anne Elizabeth Melvin

## When the Wanderlust Tugs at Our Shoestrings

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THIS season the air with us in fall bears the great breeding of the nomads. All they fill the shops, the stations, the boats, the streets. You can tell them by their attire, and you spot them by their aggressive earnestness to be up and doing every minute of the time. They must do Toronto to-day, London to-morrow, Rome and Paris as quickly as possible. Their bags are earmarked with hotel labels and shipping tags. Their bulging purses contain yards of tickets, many-colored checks, small mirrors, powder puffs, and an extra tooth-brush in case of accident. We know we can pick out the matter-of-fact, confident American by the pose and certainty of movement born of much travelling; we are equally sure that we can locate the English-woman with her stout shoes, her tweed skirt, and her general adaptation to the needs of the

moment. The foreigners are marked men and women for their speech bewrayeth them, making them the legitimate prey of those vampires who extract their living from the pockets of the unwary globe-trotter.

Now that the war is over and people are free once more to roam the world at large there is a general desire on the part of those who have the means to cope with advanced prices, to fare forth to the uttermost parts of the earth. Those whose peregrinations were confined largely to their own country are now at liberty once more to indulge their restlessness and go in search of pastures new. The ocean liners are crowded with those who are going over to view disinterestedly the scenes of carnage, or those who are on a sadder mission and whose saddened eyes will look for one small spot in that area of devastation where rests a beloved husband, son, or brother.

There is something of the gypsy in each one of us. Perhaps we inherit from pioneer forebears the spirit that at times bids us draw close to Nature—to cast aside the trammels of conventionality and decorum to revel in the freedom of the great out-of-doors. The innocuous picnic in the family Tin-Lizzie is an embodiment of this spirit in its simplest form and many consider themselves completely given over to Bohemianism when they motor to the outskirts of the city and beside some perfectly sober and eminently safe river, draw forth a prodigious hamper lined methodically with a full equipment of table necessities and a well-packed luncheon carefully prepared by a very orthodox cook.

BUT, oh, my friends, you who have actually roughed it in Canadian or foreign wilds—you know the spurious from the real. The dilettante picnic by motor is as a walk along Broadway when compared with an outing in the northern woods when one is miles from civilization and one's next meal is more or less a matter of speculation and good luck. My heart goes back in fond reminiscence to a time when my husband and I with two congenial friends paddled our way through unknown lakes and for weeks at a time threaded unfamiliar water-ways or camped beside some wondrous lake in the shade and scent of hemlock and pine. Who could ever forget those exquisite mornings—

the fresh crispness of the early day with opalescent mists stealing over the lake, a slow-flying heron blending with the softness of water and sky; the faint calling of the loon as it dived for its breakfast or the garrulous chatter of squirrels in the branches over our head? Who could ever forget the flavor of bacon and coffee prepared over a sweet-scented fire or the delicate brown pancakes tossed nonchalantly in the pan by one's experienced husband? And the long days of paddling, sweeping with measured stroke over the green waters, breathing in the fresh sweetness of cool winds or watching the sunlight chase past one's bow like strings of flashing gems! What can equal in importance the choosing of a spot where one can pitch one's tent for a night or more? What discovery can equal in thrills the finding of a clear spot of grass among the dense forest growth or the sense of satisfaction in seeing one's tent snugly pitched, one's evening fire ablaze and the prospect of a night of dreamless sleep on fragrant hemlock branches?

AND in speaking of this out-door life I wonder if any woman ever came closer to Nature than our own Indian poet and writer—Pauline Johnson. In reading over her poems they seem to breathe of rustling trees, of the cadence of waterfall or the lapping of waves along Erie's strand. Her paddle did, indeed, sing a song to ears attuned most exquisitely to every sound of the world about her. She was one with the spirit of freedom that laughed in the spray that dashed over the bow of her canoe as she shot a dangerous rapid—one with the sunlight that danced on the waters of the picturesque Grand beside which she was born, or that flashed upon northern lakes seldom traversed by man or woman. She loved to sleep beneath the starlit skies, lulled to rest by the cry of the whip-poor-will or the murmuring of a nearby waterfall. Close she was then to that Great Spirit which her Indian fathers worshipped as the Manitou—the same beneficent God to whom one is so wondrously close when living in the heart of His silent forests. As Pauline Johnson so beautifully expressed it in her poem, "The Camper,"

"Of man no need has he, of God no prayer,  
He and his Deity are brothers there."

Brothers! That is it! And who does not feel saner, cleaner, closer to all that is sweet and pure and good when no roof shuts out the arching sky and where the stars seem to twinkle from that far-off country where the King himself resides! God may be omnipresent, but somehow I like to think of Him as I did when a child—a great Loving Heart hidden behind the blue of His own bright sky, but looking down with infinite compassion upon His children whose eyes need search no farther than the wonders of those same glowing skies for an evidence of His power and greatness—and love. And those of us who had the rare privilege of knowing intimately our Indian poet, can understand so well the feeling that made her wish to sleep in that quiet grave on the Pacific coast—a spot kissed by the sea-winds, cleansed by the freshness of water and sky, close to all that for the Indian chief's daughter had made life really worth while.

AND I can understand the presence among us at this season of the year of so many who are apparently strangers in a strange land. They are possessed by the wanderlust. The gypsy strain is coming out and they must go—anywhere so long as they are not stationary. Inherent traits may not drive them to the depths of the forest or any other solitude, but their own roof-tree for the moment has failed to keep them and though in time they will be glad to return to that haven of comfort, they must, for the present, move on as if driven from place to place by some spectral cop who will not let them linger. They are vagabonds on the face of the earth.

Many of them will of course not fare farther than to some comfortable hotel where they do not have to think out the meals for the day, where domestic troubles are for the time being dead or at least pleasantly somnolent. And hotel life can be very interesting at times. One meets so many types interesting or otherwise. There is the gossip who soon finds her little sphere where she is a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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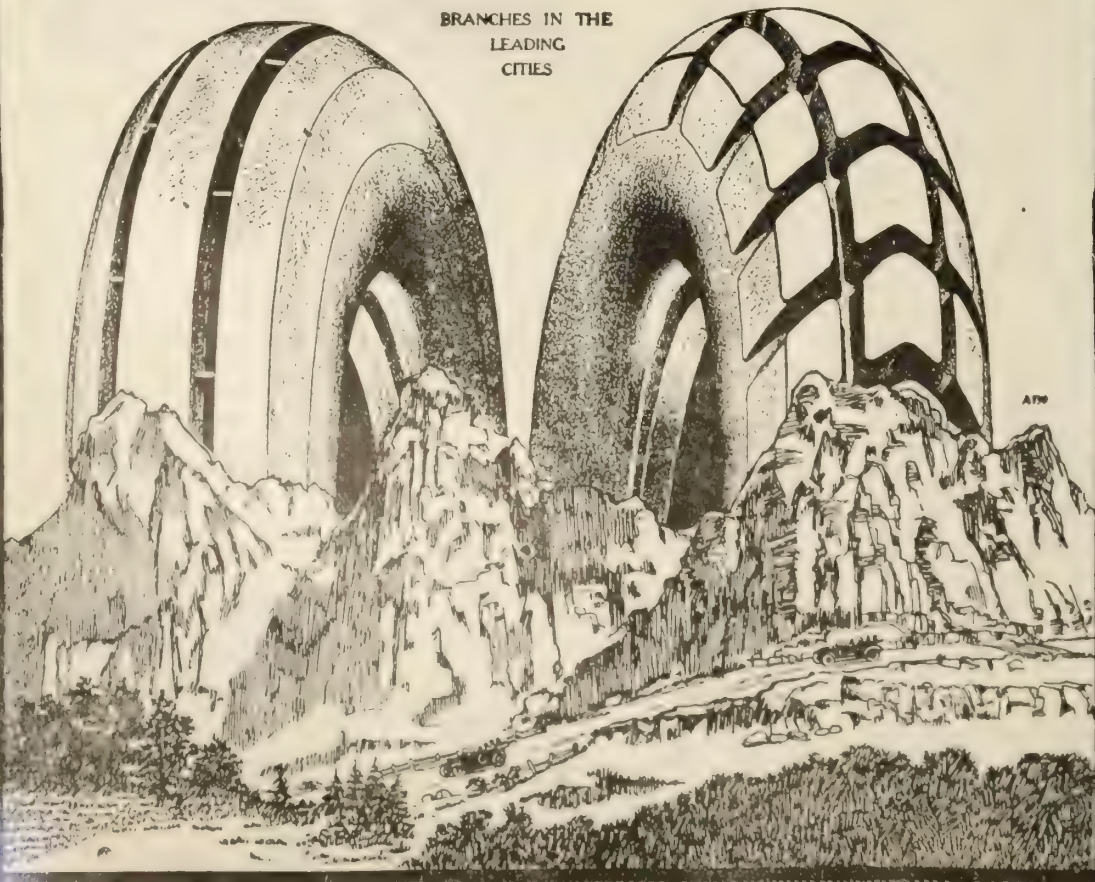
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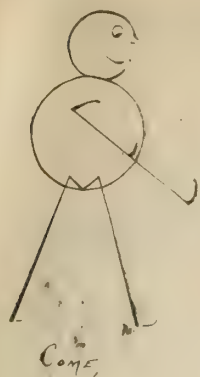
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## A Story of August Travels

# The Land of P'raps

By BETH SADLEIR

A HIGH, crystal wall barred the way at the beginning of the August road. Diddy Happen and Dedder Naherrin heard voices singing, and saw a rope ladder being lowered from the top of the wall. Strange little figures appeared on the top of the wall, some of whom looked after the ladder, while others called down to the travellers:

"Come up! Come up!"

They were all letter-men. Each one who held the ladder was a H-E-L-P, while those who called were the C-o-m-e-s.

Diddy climbed the ladder first, and then old Dedder Naherrin came up to the top of the wall, too. Both of them had forgotten the little If, who was in a great way at being left behind.

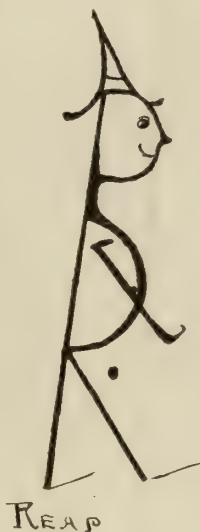
The Helps were drawing

ed the August days, they saw that the farther they journeyed there were more fields of stubble. The grain that still stood hung ripe-brown, heavy heads, and every day was filled with glorious summer sunshine. The travellers saw many harvesters. There were the birds, noisy and happy, and once Diddy caught a glimpse of a little chipmunk, his pouched cheeks stuffed with wheat-grains.

There were men, too, but they were too busy to stop work and talk.

The winding roadway led them to the strangest house which they had seen upon their journeyings.

It stood in a clear field by the roadside, a broad path leading up to its wide-open doorway. The walls and the doors were built of sheaves of wheat, of oats,



the rope-ladder up very slowly, when the If gave one despairing leap into the air, turned head-downwards, and caught the lowest rung of the ladder by his curly, crooked tail. He was soon at the top of the wall, too, but immediately fell off on the other side, having been frightened by an odd creature who scampered toward him at a great rate.

The If was not hurt a bit, and Dedder Naherrin laughed as he said:

"That chap who scared the If is a H-u-r-r-y, and we had better get down from here, for I am sure something is going to happen."

Diddy and Dedder jumped from the wall, and found, not the hard roadway they had expected, but a broad pathway with a soft, yielding surface.

"Why, the August road is gravelled with grains of wheat!" exclaimed Diddy.

"Of course," said Dedder Naherrin, who had not known one thing about it before that very minute. "August is the harvest month, and its path of days winds through fields of grain."

Diddy could see the grain fields himself. The little If, who had disappeared amongst the waving wheat, now, popped into sight again, and raced madly toward Diddy. A tall, thin figure was running stiffly and awkwardly after the If, but it halted when Diddy pointed his finger at it.

"It can't hurt you," said Diddy to the trembling little If. "It's only a scarecrow whose name is P-r-e-t-e-n-d."

The scarecrow walked slowly backward to its place out in the wheat field, while the travellers walked onward.

As they passed the small white stone by the wayside that mark-

As Diddy and Dedder Naherrin entered, they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of letter-men, who greeted them warmly. As their song had told, they were the harvesters, and Diddy could recognize the Mow, the Reap, the Bind, the Thresh, and many others.

The floor was of plaited straw, as were the walls, and there were windows open to the summer breeze. There were seats of bags of grain, and baskets of summer fruit were all around for everyone to help himself.

There was more singing, and there were games in which the letter-men got so mixed up that Diddy could hardly tell one from the other. The fun was at its height when there came a change. Without a moment's warning, the home of the Harvesters disappeared, the happy letter-men were gone.

Diddy and Dedder Naherrin could see the August road in front of them.

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# Flax Magicians in Canada

By VICTORIA HAYWARD

This interesting article, for which illustrations are found on opposite page was written by one who is familiar with the scenes of the industry here described. Flax workers are from overseas and are keeping alive in this Dominion an industry which belongs to the race.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON

**T**HE kingdom of fine linen spans the globe. Like our own British Empire, the sun never sets on it. And everywhere this kingdom of fine linen is a kingdom of womanhood. As in the earliest times the bride of the Pharaohs had her linen-chest, so, the Canadian housewife of this twentieth century anchors the issue of her social success to fine nappery. No phrase in the language enkindles the imagination like "Purple and fine linen."

In view of all this, the flax-grower, breaker, washer, spinner, and weaver is transformed from artizan to creative magician, whose wand is a shuttle.

But the historic and even the art side are not all.

Linen, thing of exquisite beauty thing of intrinsic value, is hand work—and the gift of women to women. For flax-workers the world over, through all ages, have been and are women. The very life of flax depends on us. We hold it in our hands. In a double sense, we have the power to make or break it. As woman's love and appreciation is an inheritance, so the ability to be a flax-worker, a flax-craftsman is an inheritance.

A full thousand years, perhaps more, of experience in flax-growing stands behind the Russian women-flax-growers of British Columbia. And when circumstance brought them to Canada, twenty years ago, it brought along with them, as a free gift to our civilization, their wonderful flax-knowledge gleaned in the fields of old Russia—the largest flax-growing country in the world.

In a way this remnant of women holding the torch of flax alight in the West, may be regarded as saviors of the linen industry. For flax-growing in Russia seems on a fair way to extinction. If so, these peasant artizans may be pawns, moved purposely by the Master Player from the Steppes to the Canadian West that linen may not perish and that our Canada shall have a new industry put into her hand—a deathless industry, since as long as women inherit the earth we shall call for fine linen.

Flax is a drama in many acts. It is not a thing, from either the aesthetic or the material angle, which springs up over night. It is a long trail, and a fine one. It is a trail that blends well with Canada.

**P**AULA, gleaming Millet-like in the flax fields of her "village" ranch, has a crop to show, with fibre nearly three feet long, or as long as the best. She may be regarded as the star in the first act. She prepared the soil, with assistance of course, planted the seed, tended it, and now pulls the mature plant at the right moment of its yellowing. Paula is no novice. Every line of her bending figure expresses deep and intimate knowledge, infinite patience—consummate power. She and her sisters convert the landscape about them into a beau ideal Canadian Barbizon.

Nysta is the star of Act II. The "soul of the Ages" lies hid in this old wooden knife—flax-knife with one end hinged so that the wooden blade falls between the two horizontal boards of the stand. This knife, tradition says, was an invention of the

ancient Egyptians. And, primitive as it is, we've never been able to improve on it, for its particular work of breaking the flax, and de-seeding it.

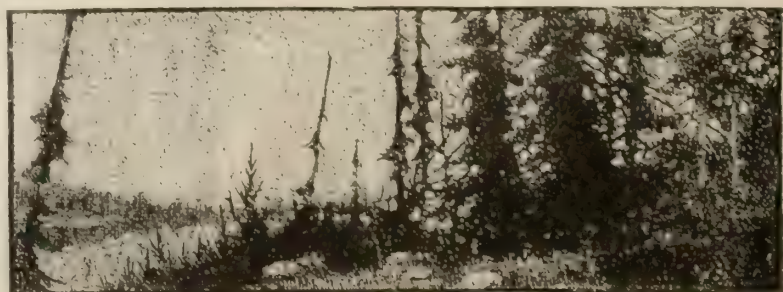
If this is so it does embody "the soul of the ages," and how significant is its presence here in Western Canada. I'm sure that we never even supposed any of our industries were in the debt of Egypt, and yet here in this one picture we happen upon both Russia and Egypt combining to serve us of the West. Flax is very democratic; perhaps the more so because of its assured position. Not only is it democratic, but it is cosmopolitan—and sweetly feminine. Nysta and her Egyptian knife are indeed a revelation, a hitherto unknown facet of damask.

Now so far, this tale of flax has been of the earth, earthy. Act. III is as it should be—a rouser. Here the scene changes entirely. We are taken away from the fields to the river. And who, I ask, would take this third picture, of Marcia washing flax in the swift current, for a Canadian scene? When we first glimpsed it from the steep bank above, the shades of evening were beginning to creep over the peaks of the Rockies and down the river, giving to Marcia's figure a sort of setting of unreality.

Nothing going before had prepared us for this third act; and the curtain was raised on it so suddenly that for the moment it was like waking out of a dream and finding ourselves beside the river Lys in Belgium, where they ret flax, weighting it down with stones, in this way—the flax that is used to make the famous linen of Courtrai. Retting calls for fine judgment. If the stalks are not submerged long enough, the woody part is not removed, if too long the fibre is injured. Marcia says a week to ten days in the Columbia usually does the trick, aided by a good rubbing from her own skilful hands at the end of that time. She goes down every day at the end of a week to ascertain the condition of it.

**O**UT of Marcia's hand, the clean fibre, snarly as it is, is hung on a clothes line, that the four winds of heaven may dry it. Then it is heckled, or cleared, on the upright teeth of the hand-made heckling board and given into the hand of Feodora to spin on her flax-wheel;—the Russian flax-wheel brought from the old country, or made here by Feodora's husband on old-country models. Feodora has the making of linen-thread at her finger tips and the gentle whiz of her wheel is one of the sounds of her village. She has to keep busy to supply Hannah at the loom with the warp and woof which the big hand-made loom eats up even faster than she can spin.

The loom is part of the furniture here, as it is in the habitation homes of Old Quebec. Hannah is a master hand at weaving linen. Her sisters in Old Quebec are wool operators, but she is a flax artist. She weaves long strips of linen to lay away in the linen chest. She it is who centralizes the work of "the gleaner," "the breaker," "the washer," and "the spinner." Hers is "the fifth" and last "Act," and is so big that it fills all "the stage" and sends us away—thinking! Thinking on the tale of art, that linen-making in Canada unfolds



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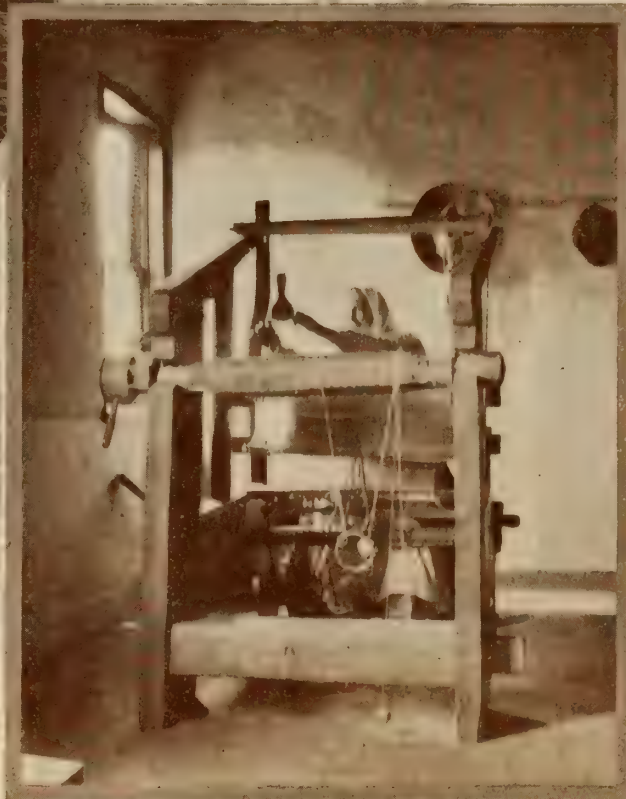
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## Canadian Women Favor Musical Progress

### Declaration of Policy by Congress of the National Council of Women

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AT the recent Congress of the National Council of Women of Canada, which took place two or three months ago, there was some very fruitful discussion of music, and resolutions were passed demanding a wider diffusion of musical education. It was an appropriate subject for such an organization to take up, for the home and its betterment must continue to be the first consideration with the women of this country; and in these pages the present writer has on many occasions emphasized the importance of music as a factor in home-making.

The Council did not base their resolutions on "fourteen points," but contented themselves with eight. These eight points, however, are so interesting as to be worthy of detailed discussion.

Point One is so sweeping that a few years ago it would have been viewed with skepticism; "Music is a necessity, not a luxury." This is a modern conclusion based on careful investigation of the relation of music to social conditions which has been in progress for about ten years. It is a psychological fact that a vast majority of the human race naturally and, even unconsciously, turn to music as a means of expression; in other words are possessed of musical instincts, which have only to be developed to be a source of deep natural pleasure. It is a tendency that has been discernible in mankind from the earliest times, and the advance of civilization might almost be marked by the advance in the quality of music, and in popular appreciation of it. It is a fact that wherever you find a singing people you will also find a cheery, industrious and for the most part, contented people. These facts indicate that music meets a deeply-rooted human need, and take it altogether out of the category of luxury.

This being admitted, the Second Point adopted by the Council is its logical corollary: "Every child has an inherent right to a musical education." If there is an inherent taste for anything, and that taste is not merely harmless but distinctly beneficial in a spiritual sense, then there arises an inherent right based on it, as defined in the above axiom. The

point involves the whole issue of musical progress. The efforts of educationists and the influence of women must be directed more effectively than they have been in the past, toward making music just as much a part of a child's experience and instruction, as arithmetic.

THE utilitarian side of the musical movement is emphasized in Point Three, which affirms: "Unity through music is a means of civic improvement." I must admit that this statement is rather general but it has a bearing on what has been said on the effect of music on the morals and manners of communities. When you have a musical community you usually have a united community, and only a united community can really accomplish very much for itself, or for civilization in the abstract. I know that German illustrations are unpopular, but when we look back to the events of 1914, the amazing solidarity of the German people in support of a bad cause becomes apparent.

Point Four brackets itself naturally with the preceding one. It reads: "Patriotism is developed by music." This is a truth that has been recognized for centuries and does not possess the elements of novelty characteristic of some of the others promulgated. We need only look to Canada itself. Not merely in the matter of recruiting during the late war, but in the maintenance of morale, whether in the army or on the "home front," music proved an indispensable aid. Without it, it is admitted, Canada's effort based as it was on aspiration and sentiment, two elements directly stimulated in most persons by music, could not have been what it was. And what is true of this country is true of nearly every other country which participated in the war. Every successful general, every statesman charged with responsibility, early recognized the truth of Point Four.

THE considerations involved in Point Five are of the most profound importance in a nation built up under the peculiar conditions which have prevailed in Canada. It reads: "The spirit of comradeship, regardless of race or creed, is induced by music." Getting down to practical



A FORMER PRESIDENT

Mrs. F. H. Torrington, of Toronto, a past president of the National Council, has done much to encourage the study of music, and has always been interested in the work of Canadian musicians.



examples we find that this statement has been proven at every turn in the history of Canada. In Toronto choral music has for more than half a century been a force that has promoted comradeship between people of different denominations. In the palmy days of the late Dr. Torrington, when the Philharmonic Society was building up a public interest in good music of inestimable value, the leading figures in his organization, and the soloists, when chosen from local forces, represented every leading Christian denomination. The same is true of the Mendelssohn Choir which has carried on the work begun by the Philharmonic Society to a point of excellence which has given it international

abolished, there must be established in their stead places of clean amusement." The ideas involved in this statement bear a close relationship to what has been said in commenting on the First Point with regard to the response, that music awakens in the breast of everyone. Though it is sometimes assailed, it is, of all the arts, the least susceptible of degradation. Whenever you find music associated with anything debasing, it is always in connection with some other craft, that of the ribald verse-writer or the obscene dancer, for example. Of itself, it is clean, as John Wesley proved when he declared that the devil should not have all the best tunes and proceeded to appropriate



PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN, CANADA

Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton, was recently re-elected to the important office of head of the National Council.

fame. With the multiplication of choral organizations some have naturally arisen which possess a denominational significance but the leading choral organizations in all Canadian cities undoubtedly bring into closer social relations persons of diverse beliefs and nationality. In scanning the accounts of the great provincial musical festivals held in the Western provinces this spring, this condition was apparent. Of the ability of music to break down the barriers of race and creed, I can cite no more interesting instance than the history of the now universally familiar air, "O Canada." This melody was composed over thirty years ago in connection with a movement to promote French-Canadian solidarity through artistic channels. After the tune had been accepted as appropriate for patriotic expression, Judge Routhier of Quebec, wrote words supposed to be peculiarly local in racial and religious feeling. Yet the melody was so fine that it burst its bounds, and with English words is now sung throughout Canada; so that in every public assemblage from ocean to ocean "O Canada" is now heard as a ceremonial melody and constitutes a genuine link between adverse sections of the Canadian people.

The National Council also discerned a possible relation between music and social service as indicated in the Sixth and lengthiest of its Points: "Music is the most useful medium in constructive work in a community. With the saloon and dance hall

these tunes for the Methodist hymnology.

Point Seven which reads: "Music tends to encourage a higher form of citizenship," is a logical complement of what has gone before. If music accomplishes all that has been claimed for it in connection with the preceding six points, then it is obvious that it assists in the formation of a higher citizenship. It may be prejudice on the part of one who has all his life associated with musical people, but I think there may be discerned among them a saner and more generous attitude toward mankind and the universe than among those who "have no music in the their souls."

Point Eight is more sweeping and less susceptible of proof than any of the foregoing. It reads: "Music is a powerful curative for mental, moral and physical ailments." I would modify that by saying that in certain cases it is a powerful auxiliary. In the case of physical ailments, those of us who love music can say that it is sometimes a sedative as good as a harmless narcotic for relieving a bed of pain; and as such, it no doubt helps nature to exercise her curative influence. Mental disorders, I am afraid, lie too deep to be touched by music, and sometimes destroy native love for music in a victim. I do not know exactly what is meant by moral disorders, but since music is invariably a useful handmaid of religion, perhaps this particular section of the claim may be regarded as obvious also.

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# The Journal Puzzle for August

By TOM WOOD

15.00

In this picture eight things may be found, the initials of which, if correctly guessed and placed in proper order, spell the name of the birthstone for August.

Write down figures from one to eight, one beneath the other. Words Nos. 1 and 6 (illustrated) may be found on the little girl's face. Words 3 and 5 are closely connected with word 2. Word 7 is part of word 4. Word 8 alone remains.

No. 2. Within the circle are five little pictures. The initials of these, if named correctly, give the name of the flower for August.



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Correct Solution of the June Puzzle.

- |            |              |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Cabin   | 5. Apartment |
| 2. Hut     | 6. Castle    |
| 3. Mansion | 7. Lodge     |
| 4. Cottage | 8. Wigwam    |

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Whisk a tablespoon of Lux into a thick lather in half a basinful of boiling or very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip your blouse through the foamy lather several times. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three waters at the same temperature as the water in which you washed it. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. When damp, fold the blouse in a towel, leave for a few minutes, then press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

Georgette Crepe blouses should be gently pulled into shape while ironing.

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## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Among the "wild ducks," no duck is so dear to the heart of the sportsman as the "Mallard." This species is one of the handsomest and most valuable of ducks, and is largely used as a table bird. The head is green and purplish blue, bill olive green, and eyes of brown. Their notes are a nasal quack, often rapidly repeated when feeding.

The "canvas back" is an excellent swimmer and diver, and is one of the most persistently hunted birds, for its flesh is much esteemed and has a high market value.

### PRIZE STORY.

"The Squirrel," by Mary E. Jackson, age 11 years, R.R. No. 1, Malton, Ontario.

**I**N Canada we have these squirrels—grey, black, red, flying, and ground. Surely there is no one who would not rather make pets of squirrels than see them killed for their tails.

Grey squirrels can be easily encouraged to make their homes in our parks, where their tricks entertain many people. A few nuts or a piece of cake will quickly win their confidence. They have no fear of anyone watching them openly, but will continue their work quietly.

Except in color, the black squirrels resemble the grey. They delight in the new-fallen snow, which sends a thrill of joy through their active bodies. Then the stillness of the winter air is broken by the sounds of hurrying squirrels as they measure off the snow in twin footprints. Its whiteness is a very striking background for their black fur.

Their cousin, the red squirrel, looks out of his lofty opening in the hollow tree very discontentedly at the white world. He does not like the snow, and longs for warm, bright, summer days. In this season he is very mischievous, robbing birds' nests, and even stealing food from his relations when he has no need of it.

Flying squirrels have no wings, but folds of skin extending sideways as they stretch their legs and leap from branch or tree-top. They are easily tamed, and make loving playmates.

Chipmunks, gophers of the Prairie Provinces, and their dark-colored cousins of British Columbia are species of ground squirrels.

The chipmunks are daintily striped. Their burrows are wonderful structures of animal intelligence.

Gophers, in their open burrows, destroy the planted grain or cut the stalks. Farmers go to great expense to check their raids. They find it well to protect the rough-legged hawk, which is the gophers' enemy.

### THE WANDERING ZINGARI.

By BERTHA E. GREEN.

**A** STRANGE race are the Gypsies, which is not to be wondered at, for they have changed their manners and wandering habits but little in all of four hundred years.

We hear of them first in Europe as wandering in large bands throughout Germany, early in the fifteenth century. Their dark complexion, and the strange language which they spoke, marked them as a peculiar people. They claimed to have come from Lower Egypt on a seven years' wandering pilgrimage. There was a well-told story, a good excuse for their wandering so far from home—a good story, but not a true one.

The name by which they called themselves, Zingary or Zingari, comes from a language which belongs, not to Egypt, but to India or Hindostan.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

### CONTEST FOR AUGUST

Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than 500 words; subject, "My Favorite Book, and Why."

#### Rules

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Write on one side of paper only.

Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of any story.

Closing date, the 24th of August.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.



# Thus Does the Mode Adapt Itself to Individual Needs



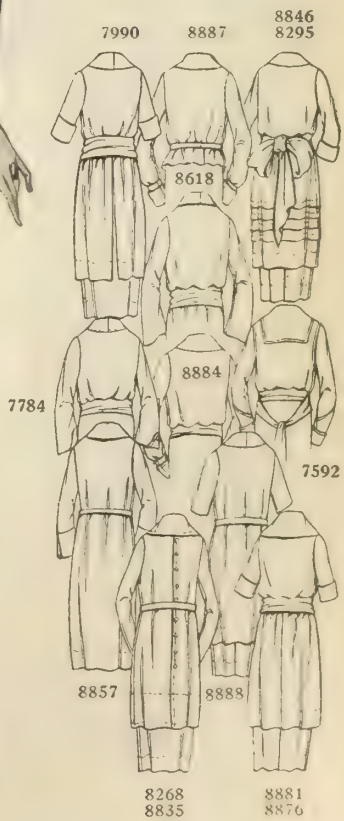
8887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. This is to be a suit season and all the devotees of suits know the value of a Georgette blouse. This model is especially designed for the stout woman and beading in design 12512 lifts it above the commonplace.

8857—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch serge—¼ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar. Straight tailored lines are always a boon to the woman who would look more slender and this model of blue serge boasts just such lines. It closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and to relieve the severity it is attractively braided in design 12376.

8268—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8835—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch white tricotine. Braiding is applied with a lavish hand on this attractive frock of white tricotine, using design 11664 to outline the collar and the U-shaped neck, while 12319 forms a very deep border on the tunic. The long lines of this tunic blouse are splendid for the woman of full figure and a narrow girdle of self-material holds in the waist-line fulness loosely.

8888—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch black satin—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This smart afternoon gown of black satin has narrow panels at the side-front which are caught under at the lower edge of the blouse and stitched to form pockets at the top. These panels as well as the sleeves are braided in design 11514. There is a vestee of white Georgette crêpe and one of the new studded leather belts encircles the waist-line. The entire costume follows the lines of the coat-frock—a type of garment dear to the heart of Paris, and a perfect joy to the woman who aims for slenderness. It has the double advantage of superlative smartness and unfailing utility upon all occasions.

8881—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 3876—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 30-inch foulard—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—2½ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Foulard, elbow sleeves, and a touch of organdy is an unfailing recipe for Summer comfort, and never were the three combined more effectively than in this charming model. The wide surplice collar and turn-back cuffs are of crisp white organdy daintily embroidered in design 11339. A ribbon sash ties with long ends at the side-front. The shoes worn with this costume betray their French accent by their shortened vamps and ankle-straps.



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# Youth Adopts Enthusiastically the Short Sleeve Decried by Paris

8722—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch figured voile— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation skirt—1 yard satin ribbon for sash. Over a foundation that may be of net, China silk, or silk mull, is dropped the skirt of this charming frock gathered in at the bottom harem-wise. The closing is at the back. The blouse is cut down in deep U-shaping and is arranged over a dart-fitted underbody.

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Dress 8722

Dress 8703

Dress 8693

Blouse 8819

Blouse 8814  
Embroidery 125

Dress 8689

Dress 8617

8689—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch taffeta— $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards velvet ribbon— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A most whimsical style is this, combining a snugly fitting bodice draped slightly to form a girdle with a gathered skirt pulled out at the hips to give the fashionable bouffant effect. The dress closes at the back and the short sleeves and narrow ruchings are attractive trimming features. Only the most ultra of French strapped slippers should be chosen to accompany this frock.

8617—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch crêpe mêtêre— $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard fillet banding— $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch fillet lace— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lace—2 yards grosgrain ribbon— $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch lining. Floating gaily above a harem skirt of crêpe mêtêre are two flounces of fillet lace topped by a cambré-like bodice held in position by two loops of ribbon over the shoulders.

Dress 8692

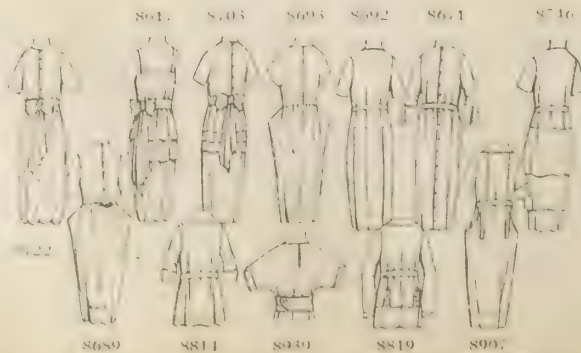
Dress 8671  
Embroidery 125-6

Dress 8907

Overblouse 8939  
Banding 12511

Dress 8746

8692—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch linen. Straight-line frocks are designed this Summer in white and pastel tones for the young girl who prefers a tailored type of frock for morning and informal wear. To relieve the plainness of these frocks, however, embroidery is lavishly used sometimes in mercerized cotton, occasionally in wool. A most attractive design is illustrated on this frock, 12547, forming a double border effect. Something to intrigue the feminine imagination are the new shoes, so chic and alluring that they really tempt to extravagance. But when one realizes that the whole effect of the smartest costume may be ruined by inappropriate or ill-fitting shoes, it does not seem really extravagant to buy the best one can afford.



8814—Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch pongee. In the favored fabrics this Summer pongee has not been forgotten and it fashions many of the most charming overblouses, particularly the type that is used for sports wear. For trimming on this model there is quaint embroidery in design 12508 applied to the pockets.

8819—Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch linen. Flowing sleeves in three-quarter length afford a slight relief from the ubiquitous short sleeve and for decoration there is a deep band at the bottom extending up at the sides into button-trimmed tabs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



# There Is a Captivating Feminine Charm to Summer Frocks

8990—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8959—Ladies' Two-piece Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch foulard— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 44-inch organdy for trimming—4 yards velvet ribbon— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for bodice and pockets. With this charming blouse is worn one of the smart new bodice skirts that are so popular.

Overblouse 8946  
Bodice Skirt 8971  
Embroidery 11636

8946—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8971—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch net or silk for bodice. Many of the Summer frocks are characterized by slim, simple lines even when fashioned of such sheer fabrics as Georgette crêpe and voile. The combination of this gathered kimono slip-on blouse and skirt with bodice top offers two of the newest style features. The skirt is designed to be worn especially with the modish overblouses and tie-back blouses and hangs from the shoulders. The only note of trimming on the costume is the embroidery applied in motifs on the skirt and blouse in design 11636. Embroidery appears on everything this season and is worked out in silk, wool, chenille, raffia—even leather in narrow strips is used.



Overblouse 8990  
Bodice Skirt 8959

Dress 8954  
Embroidery 12352

Dress 8968

Dress 8961

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Blouse 8966  
Skirt 8951  
Embroidery 12473

Bodice 8926  
Skirt 8962

8926—Ladies' Bodice. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8962—Ladies' Tier Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch foulard— $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard embroidered organdy banding for trimming—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The modish tie-back bodice and tier skirt are combined in this charming frock, essentially feminine in style and yet simple and easy to make. The front panel of the bodice extends around in girdle effect and is attached to sash ends, and the sleeves whether long or short are equally charming. On the two-piece gathered foundation there are two flounces.

8968—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 32-inch plain gingham for pipings— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. It is a matter for congratulation that many of the Summer frocks are so simple of line that their making comes easily within the scope of the home dressmaker's ability. Here, for example, is a modish frock, charming in effect and very easily made. Over the back-closing blouse is arranged a panel front and back fastening on the left shoulder. The belt sections extend around the waist-line from either side of the front panel finishing in tie ends at the back. Nothing could be smarter to wear with this frock than the new French vamp slippers of white washable kid fastening with a strap over the instep.

8961—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard plaited organdy for frill— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Dotted swiss works out particularly well in this model, the tucked blouse giving the effect of the fashionable Eton.

8966—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8951—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $7\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch figured voile—1 yard narrow grosgrain ribbon— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A most engaging addition to the Summer wardrobe is this frock of printed voile with wool embroidery introduced as trimming. The embroidery is in design 12473 and is applied to the long revers in pyramid-like motifs. Not the least of the style of the frock is due to the draped tunic.

8954—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch linen— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Despite the allurements of the silhouette that widens at the hips, many smart women prefer the simple straight-line frock like this to be fashioned of linen or the heavier cotton fabrics. Over the shoulders are trimming-bands forming triple loops below the belt and caught under again at the hem. For trimming there are motifs and a border of embroidery worked out in design 12352.





# Colorful Blouses and Summery Frocks to Swell the Wardrobe



Blouse  
8699  
Embroidery  
12570

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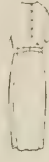
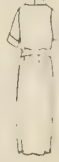
Blouse 8575  
Embroidery 12444

Blouse 8571  
Beading 12422

8834

8744

8941



8699—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch tricolet. To give a touch of color to the tailored suit, a blouse of tricolet with its round neck and short kimono sleeves outlined in silk, and its lower edge embroidered in a conventional design in 12570, is very effective.

8571—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A smart version of the tucked-in blouse has long revers of the material, and is embroidered in a beaded design in 12422.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



Dress  
8941

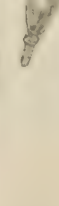
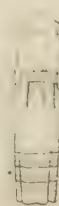
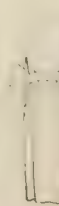
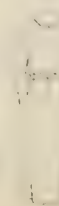
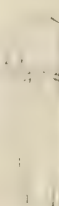
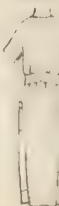
Dress  
8744



Dress 8719  
Beading 12568

Dress  
7096

8836



Dress 8834

Blouse 8826  
Skirt 8943

8943

8719

7096

8213

8194

Dress 8213

Dress 8194

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# Clothes for the Small Girl

## For Mid-summer and School Re-opening

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

WE recall having heard once upon a time, someone, somewhere, say that the real reason why so many mechanical toys were sold, was that the grown-ups who bought them, were so fond of playing with them. The children furnished an excuse for buying them. There may be a similar reason why, all down through the ages, so much time, ingenuity and energy have been expended devising clothes for children, especially little girls. Parents and guardians enjoy seeing them prettily dressed, and how true to type is the small girl, as with sparkling eyes and dancing feet, before the mirror, she beholds the magic of a new frock, a coveted string of beads or a new bow on her hair. Eve bequeathed to her kind an instinctive love of dress which very early begins to assert itself.

And in passing one cannot help remarking upon how much the youth of to-day have to be thankful for inasmuch as they did not happen to be contemporaries of the renowned Baby Stuart or Little Lord Fauntleroy, or even the panteletted little folk of Grandmother's family album. Perhaps we are prejudiced but we really think children, both girls and boys, never were so prettily and sensibly dressed as they are in this day and generation, with all due respect to Mammies and dressmakers of other days and generations.

It has become a habit among fashion writers, in a more or less prosaic and convincing way, to dispose of the matter of children's dresses, coats and millinery, by saying they are miniature replicas of women's clothes. This is partly true as there are certain characteristics to be found in garments of all sizes and for all ages, during every period. But this year the designer has set herself (women usually design little girls' clothes) the delightful task of making clothes as simple as they are beautiful, and as consistent as they are comfortable. Their play clothes, lacking starch and ruffles, are ideal; their party dresses, having ruffles, make them look like fragile flowers. The importance of the juvenile wardrobe has become such that the stores, —all the larger ones at least,—have made separate departments of children's garments where one may find almost everything needed without going out of the department. And this year, when wandering leisurely through these departments, one wonders if Mother Goose has been reincarnated for the purpose of designing children's dresses, for there, adorning play aprons, rompers, creepers, and even small dresses, are the famous cat

that ran away with the spoon, little Jack Horner who sat in the corner, Little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet, and numberless other celebrities immortalized in Mother Goose rhymes. Animals are especially popular and we are told that the new things for fall will be just as Mother Goosey as ever, having wonderful animal pockets and embroidery.

THE harem hem which has been worn so much by fashionable women this summer, may have sug-



The original of this little frock was a tropical print, with green ground, trimmed with tan. One could also imagine it reproduced in brown taffeta.

gested the small dress skirt designed for play dresses, which is doubled up under the hem and held in place by tapes or gathered into an elastic. The idea is to conceal the undergarments, no matter how much the small wearer may romp about. Gingham dresses with bloomers to match are sometimes offered in the stores, and are a most practical combination.

A very advanced style, shown in New York this spring, was a smock and bloomer suit, the smock being made of black sateen and the bloomers of pink. They are also shown by Canadian stores. The illustration shows the effect. We talk about certain colors belonging to childhood, and others old age. For instance, blue and pink have always been considered suitable for the very young, and mauve for the mature, but this year, we have beautiful mauves, yellows and greens, made up for very small girls. Gingham with green and mauve have been preferred to blues and pinks and for organdie, there are mauves and greens and also crisp yellows, with of course the prescribed blues and pinks once so indispensable. And one might say in passing, that the older ladies, while not exactly adopting pale blues and pinks, have certainly an eye for the gay colors, as evidenced by their hat trimmings. We watched the congregations streaming out of three churches one recent Sunday morning, in New York, and while the young girls and matrons wore mostly trig little unassuming chapeaux, these dear ladies of riper years wore garlands and garlands of bright-colored flowers on their headwear. Please pardon the digression. One's mind will wander on a hot day. We were writing of gingham and organdies, were we not?

The little gingham frock which we have selected for illustration, really got into print because of its green coloring and the ruffles which adorn it. While play clothes are extremely plain, school dresses admit of a little

more elaboration, ruffles being the form adopted by many designers, and on organdie and net dresses, it seems as if there cannot be too many ruffles, and as a rule they are edged with lace. The short sleeves in the gingham model and also in the little print one, as well as the short puffs in the net and organdies, will commend themselves to anyone selecting a dress for a small girl this summer. But by the time this issue of the Journal reaches our readers, the summer vacation will be half gone and ere we realize it, schools and colleges will be reopening, and there will be a grand scramble to replenish the school girl's wardrobe, so a word or two about that important item, may not come amiss.

The rules concerning clothes for the college girl, that is the girl who attends a girls' college, are very strict. Each college has its own uniform and a list and description of the clothes the student requires is supplied on request or when arrangements have been made for her enrollment. But one of the essentials in all colleges is a gymnasium suit, though differing somewhat in detail. It consists of middie and bloomers, the latter being cut very full and pleated in at the waist. Serge is the usual material and there are both serge and white cotton middies. The middie suit, especially that with the dark middie, is really a reincarnation of the once so popular sailor suit, plus the bloomers which when made to be worn with a skirt are fitted on the hips. The collar is trimmed with three rows of white or black braid, and to be perfectly correct, the silk tie should be black, as a sailor always wears a black tie in perpetual memory of Lord Nelson. However, red being brighter, tradition is waived in its favor sometimes.

A UNIFORM dress for college girls has so thoroughly proved its worth that it is a pity the high schools, yes, and the public schools, could not adopt one too. If all the girl students could be uniformly clad, the problem of dressing their daughters for school would be solved for a great many parents and it would save the daughters themselves many heartburnings and envyings, where students of different social standing meet on common ground.



This little frock was elected to this page because the gingham of which it was made came in such lovely greens, and furthermore because the designer thought it deserved a couple of ruffles.



### VOILENA

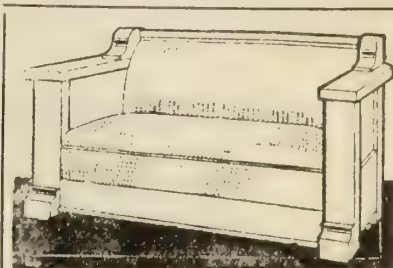
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Limited  
LONDON, ENG.



## August Sale of FURNITURE

### Send for Our Mail Order Folder

It is full of special values for which orders will be accepted until the beginning of September.

### Attractive Prices

#### No Interest or Extra Charges

You may take full advantage of our Easy Payment Plan without it costing you a cent extra. Be sure and send for this folder to-day. You will be under no obligation whatever.

The F. BURROUCHES  
Furniture Co. Ltd.  
Dept. 31, Queen Street West,  
TORONTO.

## The Songs Mother Used To Sing

Good songs, more especially the old familiar ones, will never die. How often we find ourselves carried back through the years to happy childhood by the strains of some never-to-be forgotten melody. Every home in the land should have a book of these old songs, that the children might learn to sing the ballads so popular with their parents and grandparents years ago.

### Canada's Song Book

Contains a splendid selection of representative National Airs, Hymns, Rounds, Glees, Ballads, etc. Arranged with music for class singing in one or two parts.

You should get this book. By a special arrangement with the publishers, we are enabled to offer this book FREE to our new or renewing subscribers to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Send in your subscription, and a copy of "CANADA'S SONG BOOK" will be mailed postpaid, without extra cost to you.



A Dutch play dress with smock and bloomers. The black sateen smock has pink flowers appliqued and green wool embroidery. The bloomers are pink sateen.



## The August Patterns and Their Prices

*A letter a day  
while you're  
away*

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

supplies one of the greatest needs of the vacation season, a reliable writing implement with a self-contained ink supply that releases you from the slavery of a desk and ink well and turns all outdoors into a convenient place at any time to do all the letter writing that family ties or business and social activities demand.

Three types: Regular, Safety and Self-Filling.  
\$2.50 and up at Best Dealers.

**L. E. Waterman Co., Limited**

179 St. James St., Montreal.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO,  
SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON, PARIS.



## An Ideal Advertiser

ONCE upon a time there was an advertiser who got his copy in ahead of closing dates; he gave the publisher time for careful composition; making of cuts was never left until the "last gun," with the printer holding the presses and running up the publisher's bill. The advertiser always had plenty of time to make corrections and get exactly what he wanted in set-ups. There were no disputes about typographical errors and inadvertent insertions. When he O.K.'d a final proof, it was final. And the advertiser was always pleased with the attention and service the publisher gave him.

**MORAL:** No publisher can give an advertiser proper service unless copy is received early.



**7990—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—¾ yards insertion—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**8618—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 21-inch allover black lace—1½ yard 40-inch black Georgette crepe—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**7784—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe—1¾ yard jet trimming—¾ yard white Georgette for vest—¾ yard flet lace banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse may be developed in satin with a beaded design in 12270 for collar and flaps.

**7592—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch foulard—1½ yard 36-inch plain satin, ¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crepe for vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A beaded design in 12509 makes a distinctive trimming.

**8884—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—2¾ yards satin banding. The blouse may be developed in Georgette crepe with beading in design 11977.

**8846—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7¾ yards 36-inch white voile—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An embroidery design in 11603 may be carried out in crystal beads on the bodice and tunic.

**8575—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch white voile. Embroidered in design 12444.

**8941—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 32-inch gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white linen.

**8744—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1 yard 27-inch chambray—1 yard plaited organdy.

**8834—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—1 yard 40-inch white Georgette crepe—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

**8826—Ladies' Kimono Slip-on Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8943—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 32-inch check gingham—2½ yards velvet ribbon.

**8719—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge 1¾ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen. Beaded in design 12568.

**8213—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch figured voile—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

**8194—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crepe.

**7096—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white voile.

**8703—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yards narrow organdy plaiting—1 yard velvet ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Topping the tucked skirt is a quaint little bodice forming its own girdle and cut in one with tiny sleeves.

**8693—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch organdy—13½ yards insertion—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**8671—Misses' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch tricolet. Stunning circular motifs in design 12576 are embroidered on this frock.

**8907—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard organdy for collar and cuffs.

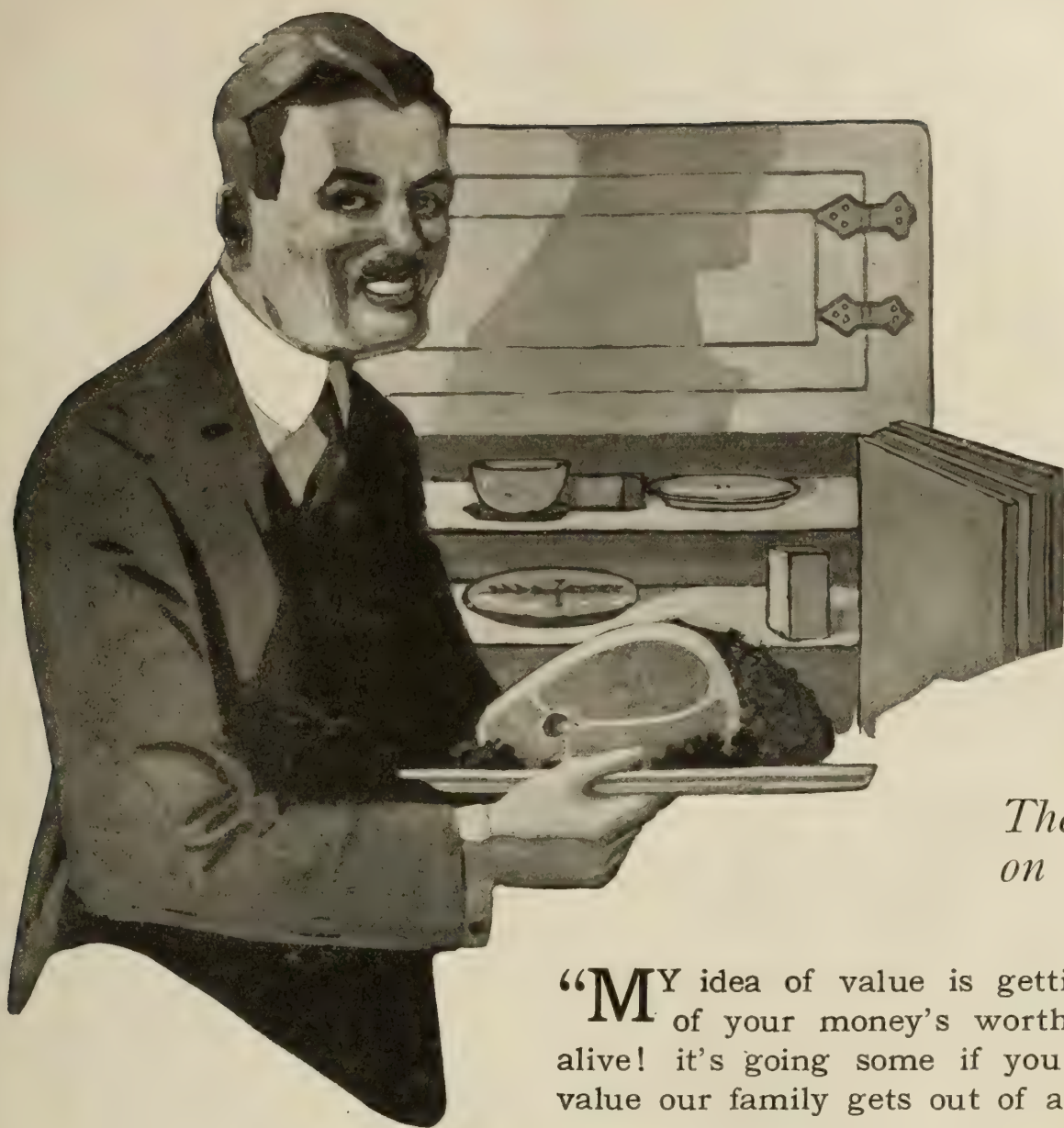
**8939—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 34 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch tricolet—¼ yard satin for cuffs. To combine with plaited skirts of taffeta, satin, or crêpe de Chine there is nothing prettier or smarter than these modish overblouses, many of which slip on over the head and are cut in one with short sleeves. Of course, there must be embroidery for smartness. On this model it is carried out in beads in design 12511.

**8746—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch organdy—¾ yard contrasting to trim—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

### PRICES OF PATTERNS.

Dress 7990, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8887, 20 cents.  
Beading 12512, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8618, 25 cents.  
Blouse 7784, 25 cents.  
Beading 12270, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 7592, 25 cents.  
Beading 12509, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8884, 20 cents.  
Beading 11977, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8846, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8295, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 11603, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8857, 25 cents.  
Braiding 12376, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8268, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8835, 25 cents.  
Braiding 11664, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Braiding 12319, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8888, 25 cents.  
Braiding 11514, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8881, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8876, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 11339, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Blouse 8699, 30 cents.  
Embroidery 12570, blue or yellow, 30 cents.  
Blouse 8571, 20 cents.  
Beading 12422, blue or yellow, 30 cents.  
Blouse 8575, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12444, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8941, 35 cents.  
Dress 8744, 35 cents.  
Dress 8834, 35 cents.  
Blouse 8826, 25 cents.  
Skirt 8943, 25 cents.  
Dress 8719, 35 cents.  
Beading 12568, blue or yellow, 35 cents.  
Dress 7096, 25 cents.  
Dress 8213, 35 cents.  
Dress 8194, 25 cents.  
Dress 8722, 35 cents.  
Dress 8689, 25 cents.  
Dress 8617, 25 cents.  
Dress 8703, 35 cents.  
Dress 8693, 35 cents.  
Blouse 8814, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12508, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8819, 25 cents.  
Dress 8695, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12547, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8671, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12576, blue or yellow, 10 cents.  
Dress 8907, 35 cents.  
Overblouse 8939, 25 cents.  
Beading 12511, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Dress 8746, 35 cents.  
Overblouse 8990, 30 cents.  
Bodice Skirt 8959, 30 cents.  
Overblouse 8946, 25 cents.  
Bodice skirt 8971, 30 cents.  
Embroidery 11636, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Dress 8954, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12352, blue or yellow, 30 cents.  
Dress 8968, 35 cents.  
Dress 8961, 35 cents.  
Blouse 8966, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8951, 30 cents.  
Embroidery 12473, blue or yellow, 20 cents.  
Bodice 8926, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8962, 30 cents.





*The Husband Speaks  
on "Value"*

"MY idea of value is getting every cent of your money's worth. And, man alive! it's going some if you can beat the value our family gets out of a

# Swift's Premium Ham

"We Buy it Whole, because the dealer gives us a lower price that way. We've used the centre slices broiled and fried with eggs—the small-end made a gorgeous old-fashioned boiled dinner—the butt-end baked is delicious, and as a midnight snack saves me many a downtown lunch."

*Look for the blue  
"no-parboiling" tag  
whenever you buy ham.*

Swift's Premium Ham has a distinctive mild flavor that can be instantly recognized—created only by careful selection and the exclusive Swift cure.

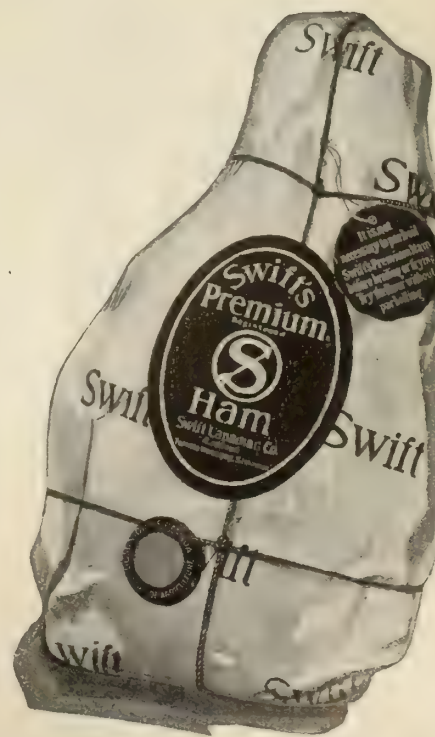
*Order from your Butcher or Grocer.*

**Swift Canadian Co.**  
Limited

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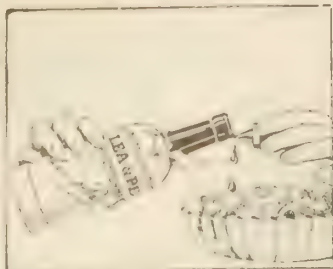
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## A Seasoning as Necessary as Salt—



INDISPENSABLE in the kitchen—to impart a piquancy to your dishes—to reveal new and delightful flavors—equal in itself to a shelf full of spices—the choice of all great chefs, the tried and trusted ally of successful housewives and the preference of all people of quality and discrimination the world over—that's

*Lea & Perrins*  
The Original  
Worcestershire Sauce

57

## The Never Failing Supply



Always  
Ready  
Fresh and Sweet



Keep a tin or two of Klim on the pantry shelf and you are always sure of a plentiful supply of pure pasteurized separated milk.

With KLIM in the house disappointments and delays are avoided, because it takes but a minute or two to mix a fresh supply to meet all requirements.

Company may drop in unexpectedly—the hot day may sour the milk—the bottle or jug may be accidentally tipped over, but there is no cause to worry with KLIM on hand.

KLIM has that natural flavor to which you are accustomed, because it is pure separated milk (without fat) from which only the water has been removed, leaving the solids in the form of a fine dry white powder, which will not sour or spoil and will keep indefinitely.

To make KLIM into a liquid again simply mix it with water according to directions.

Buy Klim from your Grocer, in the blue and white striped tins in half pound, pound and ten pound sizes.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LIMITED

10-12 St. Patrick St., TORONTO.

81 Prince William St., ST. JOHN.

319 Craig St. W., MONTREAL.

132 James Ave. E., WINNIPEG.

British Columbia Distributors: Kirkland & Rose, 132 Water Street, VANCOUVER.

**KLIM**  
POWDERED WHOLE MILK

WITH THE FAT IN IT

KLIM BRAND POWDERED WHOLE MILK contains all of the fat of the original rich whole milk. It is the rich, creamy milk that comes from the finest dairy farms and from which only the water is removed. Because of its richness in fat, it is not sold through grocery stores, but is sold direct by mail to you. Send the order form, attach one dollar, and mail to our nearest office. You will receive a trial pound and a quarter tin with price list and free Cook Book.

Order your tin to-day and learn how convenient and good POWDERED WHOLE MILK is.



CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED  
(Address our nearest office)

Please mail a pound and a quarter tin of Klim Brand Powdered Whole Milk, Price List, and Cook Book. Enclosed is ONE DOLLAR.

NAME

ADDRESS

10-108

(Print your name and address for clearness)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)  
Four hundred years ago they were a wandering people, and they are still. We hear of them first as horse-traders, horse-doctors, fiddlers, and the like. In those days, too, they had a reputation for slyness, and, too often, for dishonesty. They were highway-men in those days, and shoplifters, and though their punishment came heavy and often, they wandered on and on, changing their ways but little. The Gypsies' covered cart or wagon, their horses, and their dogs, journeyed on the highroad of every country. Their tents and camp-fires have made a "gypsy-night" in every country lane. There is the same love of music in the gypsy as ever, and the same love of gay colors and barbaric jewelry. It is true that the Gypsy men whom we see in this country no longer wear the picturesque costumes, the broad sashes, the peaked hats, the fancy vests, that used to distinguish them. But the Gypsy women look much the same. Gaily-covered kerchiefs form a head-dress, from under which their dark hair, almost always black, hangs in two thick braids.

The Gypsy woman wears much jewelry, most of it too gaudy, but often valuable.

This leads us to something strange, yet true—the gypsy nearly always has money. Yet is it any wonder, for who can match the gypsy as a trader, or who is a more successful bargainer?

What holds them together as a people? They seldom marry others than of their own race, and their wandering habit keeps them from making many close friends.

In this country, and in the United States, some of the gypsies have changed their mode of living. These spend their winters in towns or cities, many of them in houses of their own. But in the summer the wandering fever that is in the gypsy blood answers to the call of the open road, and the summer nights are lit again by their road-side camp-fires.

The gypsy is still the fortune-teller. By the lines of the hand, the stars in the sky, they ply their trade of foretelling the best of luck to all who are willing to pay for being told.

And though we say we don't believe a word of it, how many of us have entered the gypsy fortune-teller's tent, and crossed her hand with silver, listened, and wished, and wished the fortune would come true.

## The Land of P'raps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

They were sitting on the ground at the foot of a big straw-stack, on the very top of which stood the little If. His alarm-clock bell was ringing loudly, as it always did when the If needed help. After much coaxing, Diddy persuaded him to slide down the stack, which he did safely.

There were cooler days as they neared the end of the August road. Instead of fields of grain the road was bordered by orchards and groves, where already some of the leaves began to show a touch of red and yellow here and there. The sunshine seemed softer and kindlier, and to the travellers it seemed to be the most quietly beautiful part of the road along which they had journeyed.

They were almost to the last day of the August road, and were looking to see if there was not a gateway into September. But the pathway of the new month was marked by a plain name-stone only. As they passed on to the September road the travellers could see not far in the distance a gay procession, a parade, with flags flying, banners waving, and bands playing.

## As Between Friends

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

sort of modern Cassandra, disseminating the news of the day—news gathered in all the highways and by-ways and corridors of the hotel itself.

But, to my mind there is nothing quite so contemptible as a snob. In these unfortunate people is the mark of the cloven hoof and it will come out at most unexpected moments. They are afraid to make friends unless credentials are pasted upon their forehead and by this false discretion they miss some of the greatest blessings of life and deprive themselves of some of its sweetest friendships. If we, ourselves, are all right no associations can do us any harm socially or otherwise.



# BENSON'S CORN STARCH

*Delicious Summer  
time Desserts*



## FREE

THE five delicious desserts illustrated here were made from recipes contained in the 68 page Edwardsburg Recipe Book. This Book is beautifully illustrated, endorsed by C. H. Schneider of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montreal, and is sent free upon request. Write to-day for your copy. THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.





# Columbia Grafonola

## *Music Wherever You Are*

When the Grafonola takes a vacation with you, it gives you lots of fun and asks for mighty little care. Its strong, long-running motor requires a minimum of winding. The Non-Set Automatic Stop, an exclusive Columbia improvement, lets you listen in peace to the very end of every record.

There's nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and the Grafonola plays and stops itself.

Full, pure, unmuffled tone. Exquisite beauty of design. The greatest convenience of mechanism. That's the unrivalled combination you get in the Columbia Grafonola.

*Columbia Grafonolas: Standard Models up to \$360*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

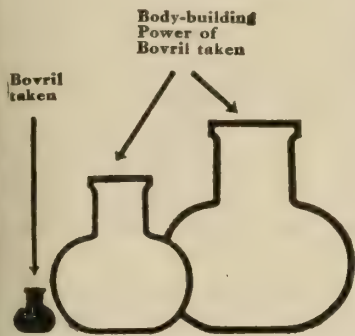
TORONTO





# BOVRIL

The great  
"key food"  
that makes other  
foods more  
nourishing.



Independent scientific experiments have conclusively proved that the Body-building Power of Bovril is from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

sharks you come to me to get you out of the soup. Well, I'll be a sport. Cory the same as ever?"

"He shaved a few days ago," answered Hayes. "But you know he'd never stand for having his picture taken."

"Not if he knew it, but he's simple enough to be fooled easily. Now listen, Frank. First rainy day you trade hair-cuts with Cory. Then he'll most likely shave. I'll be around a day or two later with that breaking plow of his, bring my kodak along and take a picture of that big colt of the bay mare's. He thinks a lot of it, and if you sneak away I'll get him to hold the colt on a rope while I snap it."

"He'll never—" began Hayes.

"He will if I bawl him out about keeping far enough away so's not to spoil the picture. He'll never suspect I'm taking him instead of the colt."

THINGS worked out as smoothly as the plotters had hoped. The hair-cutting over, Harrigan followed Hayes' example and shaved. And when Neighbor Frushing drove up the next day, before dinner, Harrigan was just ripe, as his hired man explained. The colt, and its unsuspecting owner, were duly photographed according to schedule.

"Frank tells me you're buying a wife by mail, you big simp," said the frank-spoken guest, while the men were having their after-dinner smoke.

"Yes. That's her picture over there between the shot-gun and the bread tin," assented Cory. "Frank stuck it there with candle grease."

"Frank's doing most of the courting for you, eh?"

"Sure. Words are more in his line than in mine. But we're telling that girl just the plain truth, so she'll have no kick coming."

"Not just the plain truth, Cory," corrected Hayes, "I'd call it the polished truth. I may have forgotten a few thousand good English words since I buried myself up here, but my memory is still good for ten or twelve thousand, and I'll use them all if need be to shoo Cupid this way."

"You babbling loony," advised Jo Frushing, "you should write that girl just two words, 'Keep Away'."

"If Frank did that," protested Harrigan, "I'd write her myself to come right along."

"I've got a letter half written now," commented Hayes, "I told her a lot of things she wanted to know, but I had to give my brain a rest before I could describe this house."

"Surely you didn't find it hard to describe this?"

"I guess I was getting pretty tired," apologized Hayes, "anyway I didn't seem able to think of the right synonyms."

"Synonyms!" fairly snorted Jo Frushing, "short of synonyms, eh. Here, get that letter, and, to give that brain of yours the rest it needs, I'll dictate and you'll write."

"Good," agreed Harrigan, "go to it, Frank."

So they went to it. The dictator commenced:

"Mr. Harrigan's 'house'—put that in between little commas up on top, Frank, you know what I mean, yes, that's it, quotation marks—no, better yet, write it in italics, it looks more sarcastic: Mr. Harrigan's house is a squat one-storey structure, with only one small window, and that facing north instead of south. The flooring is of hewn logs, the walls of pine logs which Mr. Harrigan did not bother to peel. The window cannot open, and the door, built of poles and gunny sacks, swings crazily on hinges made of old harness leather. At night it is kept closed by a prop made from a broken peavie. The door has neither handle, lock nor latch. At one end of the shack—change that to house, in italics as before, Frank—a score of poles strung on wire hang from the cross beams, and on these Mr. Harrigan stores his flour, sugar, salt, oatmeal, beans and other foodstuffs, to protect them, as far as possible, from ravages of rats and mice. From the rafters hang bacon, salt pork and dried venison. Dried fish is strung from the ridge pole to within eighteen inches of the floor, just out of rat reach. Hanging on the south wall—"

"Easy there, Jo, I'm no dictagraph," remonstrated Hayes. "Let me get it all down," and he went on writing in his particular style, which was:

"Mr. Harrigan's quarters are a modern adaptation of the Norwegian bungalow, with the English twelfth century system of diffused illumination, instead of the more common direct solar ray. The flooring is a remarkable specimen of adze work, while the massive



© B & B 1920

## Only for ladies who end corns

Dainty shoes are only for those who end corns.

The way is simple, quick and easy, and is sure. Millions of people employ it.

Apply Blue-jay, the liquid or the plaster. That touch will stop the pain.

Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

Then why does anybody suffer corns?

Just because they don't know. They pare corns and

keep them. Or they pad them. Or they use a treatment harsh and ineffective.

Blue-jay is scientific. This world-famed laboratory created it.

Year after year, it is keeping millions entirely free from corns.

Perhaps half the corns that start are now ended by it.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay. Learn tonight how much it means to you.

**B & B Blue-jay**  
Plaster or Liquid  
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

**Jaeger**  
Known Every  
Where For  
Quality

Quality is one of the chief essentials in every Jaeger Garment and it is on quality that the reputation of Jaeger Pure Wool has been built throughout the British Empire. One of the leading scientific authorities on textiles in England devotes his entire time and attention to keeping up the Jaeger standard of quality.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woollen CO. LIMITED  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
British "founded 1883". 2



KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

**2 IN 1**

**White Shoe Dressing**

For Men's Women's and Children's Shoes

WHITE LIQUID WHITE CAKE

THE F. P. DALLEY CORPORATION LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

## Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste

A GENUINE 'Tooth Paste—without frills; a Tooth Paste that the latest and best British scientific knowledge can produce, and presents the highest standard of quality, and the unsurpassable Vinolia standard of purity.

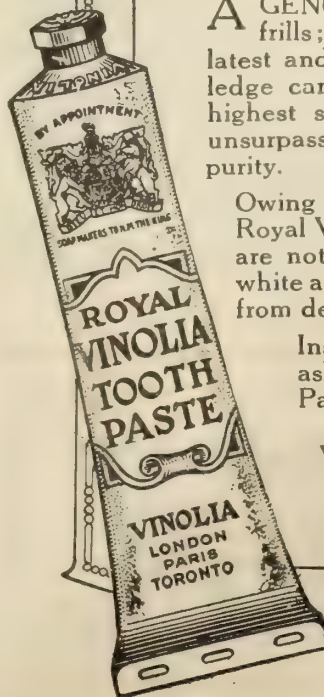
Owing to the antiseptic qualities of Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste the teeth are not only cleansed, but are made white and lustrous, and are preserved from decay.

Insist upon getting what you ask for—Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

Soapmakers to H. M. the King  
London, (Eng.) Toronto

V5





## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.)

walls are solidly built of coniferous giants of the forest, in their natural state. The solidity of the illuminating orifice could not be surpassed, while the door (in which adequate provision for excluding atmospheric fridity has been so cunningly contrived that it in no way detracts from the rustic appearance which so harmonizes with the exterior of the bungalow) is supported by broad leathern thongs rendered supple by long preparation. A modern halberd bars ingress during the dark hours. The mezzanine floor is used—temporarily—as a store room and larder, adequate precautions being taken to exclude any of the smaller ranch animals from this part of the house. Without particularizing, we may say the mezzanine floor is amply stocked."

"Go on with the dictating, Jo. I've caught up," said Hayes.

"About time, too," was the response. "Now take this: The bed is wide enough for three men. Head and foot built of five-inch poles, sides of split six-inch poles. Small poles are used for slats, and half a bale of swamp hay is the mattress. Once a year the mattress is turned over and shaken up with a pitchfork. For a pillow Harrigan uses his coat. The blankets are all wool and all torn. There are no sheets."

"Nobody has sheets in this country," remarked Harrigan.

"That may be true," was the answer, "but that girl doesn't know it. She'd look fine between those blankets." Harrigan gazed at the blankets reflectively.

Hayes was busy writing:

"The bed is a massive Elizabethan four-poster, of extra generous size and depth. The mattress is of Quesnel excelsior, a material of such resiliency that it requires turning over only at long intervals, and this is easily accomplished with an implement specially designed for that purpose. Mr. Harrigan prefers to sleep without a pillow. The bedding, without exception, is the most famous manufactured for the Hudson's Bay Company, and has been found satisfactory after severe and thorough tests."

"Come on, Jo, give me more words. You're doing fine," said Hayes.

"There's mighty little furniture, and what there is is fierce. The side of an old wagon box, eleven feet by three, is used for a table. The butt ends of firewood logs serve instead of chairs. A packing case nailed to the wall is a pantry, a prune box is used for a cupboard, while for a chest of drawers three coal oil cases are pressed into service. An iron range, propped up with stones where a leg is broken off, and innocent of stove polish since the day it left the factory, completes the list. Behind the stove is piled a stack of cordwood reaching to the ceiling. On windy days the chimney smokes, on rainy days it leaks. A coal oil can fitted with a twisted wire handle, serves for a kettle, a ten-pound lard pail is a porridge pot, a coal oil can opened lengthways is a wash boiler, a coal oil can with a wooden handle is the water pail, and another coal oil can, with the edges rolled back, is the wash basin, which sits on the cordwood behind the stove. Tin plates and tin cups take the place of crockery, and the knives, forks and spoons are bent, twisted and broken. For tough meat Harrigan has to use his jack-knife."

Hayes was making good progress with his polished truth:

"The house is furnished in the strict Spartan style, convenience rather than ostentation being aimed at in every instance. The table is of Studebaker man-

ufacture, set on pedestals of unusual solidity. The remainder of the furniture inclines to the Mission style, and is entirely built of woods imported direct from Southern Oregon and California. The culinary department boasts one of the finest malleable ranges procurable, and still in the condition it left the factory, except for some ornamental stucco work around the base. By a clever arrangement, a generous supply of fuel is stored immediately in the rear of the range, where ablutatory provision has also been made. The chimney is distinctly modern. All cooking vessels are of the famous XXXX rolled white metal. The dinner service and cutlery were specially chosen to give to the Studebaker table that finish and éclat so eagerly desired and so rarely attained. A special cutlery service is kept in reserve for venison and ursa meats."

"A profusion of trophies of the chase make a conspicuous showing, together with taxidermists' tools and fine specimens of the armourer's art. Two shapely Scandinavian skis are almost eclipsed by a splendid pair of French-Canadian *patte d'ours*, while directly across hangs the prized picture of Mr. Harrigan's collection, a superb reproduction of Sir John Millais' "Bubbles," procured after considerable expense early in the fall nine years ago."

"A stable lantern, which by day stands on a case of blasting powder, hangs at night on a length of wire dangling over the table. A broken looking glass flashes a faded invitation to 'Drink Unicorn Whiskey.' A couple of mail order catalogues, a patent medicine almanack, a seed catalogue, and a veterinary pamphlet, seem to be all the reading matter."

"We also got that length of poetry Frank wrote between the towel and the looking glass," supplemented Harrigan.

"That's just matter, not reading matter," said Jo Frushing.

"Oh, it's not so rotten as all that," defended Hayes, without looking up from his screed:

"Evening illumination is diffused by a central hanging lamp modelled on simple yet chaste lines. Another article, which visitors never fail to notice is the octagonal mirror, the gift of a spiritual friend. The latest editions of the Canadian encyclopedia are the most eagerly perused books in Mr. Harrigan's library, which by the way, contains several volumes of a highly technical nature."

"The general appearance of the place," continued the dictator, when Hayes looked up, "indicates carelessness and neglect of the crassest kind. Dirt is here and dust is there. The floor has not been scrubbed nor the windows cleaned since the house was built. The litter is piled in such rank disorder that one glance at it would break the heart of any woman unused to the ways of the bachelor of the northern ranches."

Hayes had transcribed:

"Although furnished without regard to expense, Mr. Harrigan's domicile yet shows in an indefinable way that something is missing, that intangible atmosphere which the presence of a good woman alone can bring. A mistress in the home will undoubtedly mean many changes, in which Mr. Harrigan will gladly acquiesce."

"See anything else, Jo?"

"I see a lot of junk, but I've no more time to spend here. I must be going."

Hayes ended his letter with a flourish.

"There is also a miscellany of paraphernalia unnecessary to detail."

Then he went out to hitch up Jo's team.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Wilderness That Blossomed

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

The man smiled in the dark. "Oh," she continued, her voice trembling a little, "even if you thought you meant what you said,—why, think of us all! We are only poor travelling people, a branch of the great army that works for the poor. We go from place to place as we are sent. My step-father preaches, and I—I sing. They tell me I do right in that—and indeed all those dear tired people try to do right. Yes, even my step-father tries, and they live the religious life as best they can in their own way. Many are the souls they help, for I have seen it."

The man made a quick movement toward her and lifted her face with

his hands turning it up to the moonlight.

"Listen," he said, "and let me look at you, you strange little one,—you beauty! See, I will tell you something. I have had most everything in my life but Religion. Maybe the time has come when I need that. There's a verse, ain't there, which says, 'Confess your sins, and—' He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins.' I reckon I don't get it just right, but that's the idea as I remember it. Well then, I take it at its word. I confess; I own up to the lot. When it comes to the commandments,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47.)

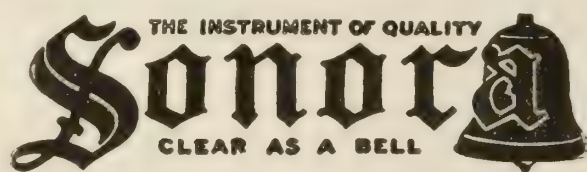


## Let Your Own Ear Be the Judge

Hear the Phonograph First,  
Then—Listen to the Salesman

You do not require to be a musical critic to detect the vast difference in tone quality in the various phonographs.

The Sonora's supremacy of tone is perceptible to the untrained ear. This matchless tone—sweet, clear, true and incomparably lovely—was recognized at the Panama-Pacific Exposition by the only jury which heard and tested all the phonographs exhibited. This jury recommended that the Sonora be given a marking for tone quality higher than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine.



The Sonora plays all disc records. Its cabinets are wonderfully beautiful—exhibiting in many models the famous "bulge" design (made by a patented process).

The Sonora is famous for its extra-long-running, silent, powerful motor.

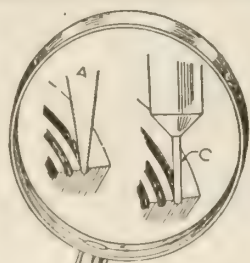
Hear the Sonora in critical comparison. Let your ear judge of its tone supremacy.

Nearly all Sonora Models are now made in Canada

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

I. Montagnes & Company

Dept. "C," Ryrie Building, Toronto



## 40c for Package of 5 Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles

Ask your dealer for a package of these wonderful new needles. They play from 50 to 100 times without being changed.

Figure "A" — Ordinary Steel Needle fitting record groove. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engagement point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and

thus tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C" — Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

**Sonora** THE **Needles**

Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

I. MONTAGNES & CO.

Dept. "C," RYRIE BLDG., TORONTO

## Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS

Nourishing,  
Digestible,  
No Cooking.



2519

For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.



# The Wilderness That Blossomed

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

why—when it comes to the commandments!—Say, do you recollect that fellow in the New Testament who boasted, 'All these have I kept from my youth up?'

She nodded.

"The difference with me is,—I would have answered in his place, 'All these have I broken from my youth up.'"

With an impulsive movement, and a little distressed cry the girl clasped her hands around his arm.

"Not all?" she said, "Oh! not all!"

The ranchman gave a shrug.

"And if I had?" he questioned, bending lower, "If I had—what then? Would it finish me—with you?"

"With me?" she echoed, "No; not with me, and surely not with Him—if you are sorry."

"Well," he said reflectively, "Now's the time to get things straight. I reckon I have broken most all of them. Not that one about, 'False witness against your neighbor,' or 'Thou shalt not steal.' And I never committed murder, but—" he looked down at his strong, sun-tanned hands, "I've settled a few scores with my enemies, according to the old Rabbinical law, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!' Will you let it go at that?"

She looked up into his face that was grave and frankly in earnest.

"No, you need not tell me," she said, with a quick catch of her breath. "I do not want to hear. It is past. It makes no difference."

A light that was not of the silver radiance of the moon shone across his face.

"Do you mean it?" he cried softly, "those last words 'it makes no difference'?"

"Yes! Yes I do," she assented hurriedly, and drawing away, "but I must go! they will look for me, they will miss me. You must understand,—I cannot stay."

Cyclone Bill stooped down and where the light touched some low bushes, he broke off a branch of blossoms and handed it to her. As the slight fingers touched his, he caught them in his own and held them firmly.

"Below here, twelve miles or so, lies the ranch where I live," he said, "It is mine, and there's a lot of it. You can ride over it for a few days and not reach its border. It's wild and ungodly quiet, most of the time. That isn't a thing I have minded in the past,—But now. Well,—back of the ranch are the mountains, the Grand Canyon and acres of condensed loneliness. It never got me before, but I reckon it would perhaps if I went back alone this time. The cattle and ponies that bear my mark are all half wild, and the men who round them up are the same. Some of them are good fellows at heart, and some the devil's own. Now and then we have a little trouble with the Indians. You never can tell about them. Anyhow I guess after to-night I'd find it one too many to live out there alone. I want you to go back with me,—to marry me—just as things stand to-night. I want you, the sweetness of your eyes, your voice, yourself."

The girl swayed, then steadied and gave a quick upward smile. She shook her head from which the bonnet had fallen. The moonlight caught the bronze waves of her hair. "They could not let me," she said tremulously. "Oh! never! Neither my little mother, nor her husband. Not even if you—and I—. Often and often I have heard them say they would never consent to let me marry anyone who did not have Religion. And they were in earnest."

Cyclone Bill laughed, a boyish laugh—

"Sets the wind in that quarter?" he answered, "Religion! If it's that—why then, I'll get it!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed unhappily, you could not,—I mean, you could not get Religion, just because of me!"

"Could I not?" he questioned, "And why then? Religion means being square, doing the right thing whether you want to or not,—and usually you do not. Religion means thinking of the other chap first. It ain't served out the same to everyone of us. But mine,—Well,—I reckon it would make me swear less, drink less and root less, sweetheart! Anyhow, I'm going to have you, so if that's the price I'll pay in Religion."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)




**Barber - Ellis**  
**FRENCH ORGANDIE**

*Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery*

*In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match*



**FRENCH ORGANDIE**  
"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"  
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT



**I'm the Magic Figure Eight**

The magic figure 8 movement of the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer is an exclusive feature. The soapy cleansing water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 movement—and four times as often as in the ordinary washer. There are no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean after the wash is finished. And the wringer works electrically too.

**The 1900 Cataract**  
washer saves time, money and clothes—costs about 2c. an hour to operate.

**Send for Booklet**  
It is likely that we have a dealer in your vicinity. If you will write us and ask for a copy of our new booklet entitled "George Brinton's Wife" we will send on the name of the "1900" dealer near you.

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SINCE 1870

**SHILOH**

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

## Health and the Home

---

In our October issue there will be a new department, "Health and the Home," which will be of great interest and benefit to all readers. One of Canada's most prominent women physicians will be the writer, and her wisdom will be at the service of our readers in the "Information Department."



**PALL MALL**  
*Famous Cigarettes*

at the Tea Hour



*Cork Tips and Plain Ends*

*1/3 in London. 30¢ here.*

# DOMINION EXPRESS

**MONEY ORDERS**

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.



## The Girls' "Carry-On" Club

### Did You Ever Try the Worry Cure?

By BETTY O'HARA

**W**ORK never hurts anyone; it is worry that brings us all to an early grave. But did you ever think how useless it is to try to stop worrying before you have diagnosed your own special case? Did you ever think what a hopeless task you set for yourself when you make up your mind to stop worrying before you try to remove the cause of it?

Did you ever consider that three-quarters of the worry of this world is caused by wanting something that we haven't got, or by our own dissatisfied natures. For when we really think of things seriously, how many of us lack necessary food or clothing or a roof of some kind over our heads? And these are the three necessities which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are provided for us; yet we are not satisfied. We see someone else who has a much prettier house

selves into debt and useless, endless worry. They can't sleep nights, they begin to look tired, lose their "pep," haven't the energy for the fun they used to have, and make themselves generally miserable. That is the way they must pay their luxury tax.

It is our right to have pretty clothes, to have good times, to be happy, and the only reason we haven't these things is because we don't go about it the right way. We try to reach the top of the ladder without stepping on the lower rounds, we try to decorate the house before we have finished the foundation. Instead of securing the money to buy the things we wish, we obtain them and then trust to luck that some kind angel will drop a five, fifty, or a hundred dollar bill into our outstretched hand. But what most of us receive is trouble, and—well we deserve it.

## Still Beautiful by Candle-Light

**B**UT the pitiless light of day tells a different story. Lips have lost their soft, red pout—the mouth seems hard and old; while the ivory pillar of her throat shows the subtle marks of Time.

It is in the withering of the tissues of mouth and throat that age is first revealed. The degeneration of tissue that comes with Pyorrhea is not unlike the degeneration of age.

The gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted. The final stage of Pyorrhea is a repulsive toothlessness that brings sagging muscles and sunken cheeks.

Don't let Pyorrhea become established in your mouth. Remember—this insidious disease of the gums is a menace to your health as well as to your beauty. To its infecting germs have been traced many of the ills of middle age.

Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

Watch your gums for tenderness and bleeding (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) and use Forhan's For the Gums.

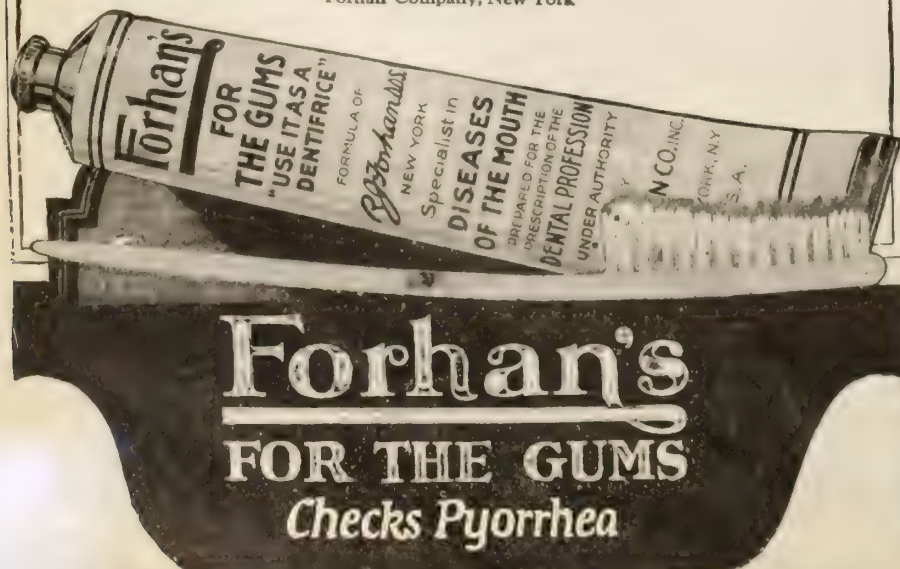
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

#### How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U.S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

Forhan's, Limited, Montreal  
Forhan Company, New York



**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
*Checks Pyorrhea*



#### A POPULAR ACTRESS

Miss Lee White in the wonderful dresses designed and supplied for her Australian tour in "Bran Pie." A simple dress of flounces of fine lace with showy gold design; belt of green and gold shot ribbon, finished with a long trail of shaded gold lilies and leaves.

than ours, we immediately figure out that if they can afford it, so can we. And we move into a better locality, have to pay a much higher rent, and instead of being happier, we can't do our housework the way we did before; and altogether the monthly expenses rise enormously, and we worry. How can we pay our bills?

Another man in the country wants a car because his neighbor has one. He is bound to have one, he mortgages his farm, gets his car, up goes the price of gasoline, an axle breaks, his troubles begin. How can he pay his bills? Then the mother has her days of worry. The children should have new dresses, the old ones are not worn out, but she is sick and tired of looking at them. Besides, the children across the way have just gone out in such dainty new dresses and—well her children don't have to look shabby. So she takes the money she has been saving for a washing machine, buys the dresses, and immediately is forced to swear allegiance to that worry breeder, the installment store, for the washing machine.

The girl in the office, the girl on the farm, girls everywhere, try to get what other girls have. They want a new suit or a pretty bedroom, like their very best friend. They want everything, anything. They try to obtain a luxury by giving up a necessity, and find to their sorrow that they have miscalculated, and run them-

"But what would you do?" a bright little miss asks, as she looks at me with her head on one side. To her and to all girls I would say: "Never even think of wanting anything until you have the money in your own hand, not money you have borrowed, but money you have earned. It is the only way to get the full value out of your pleasures."

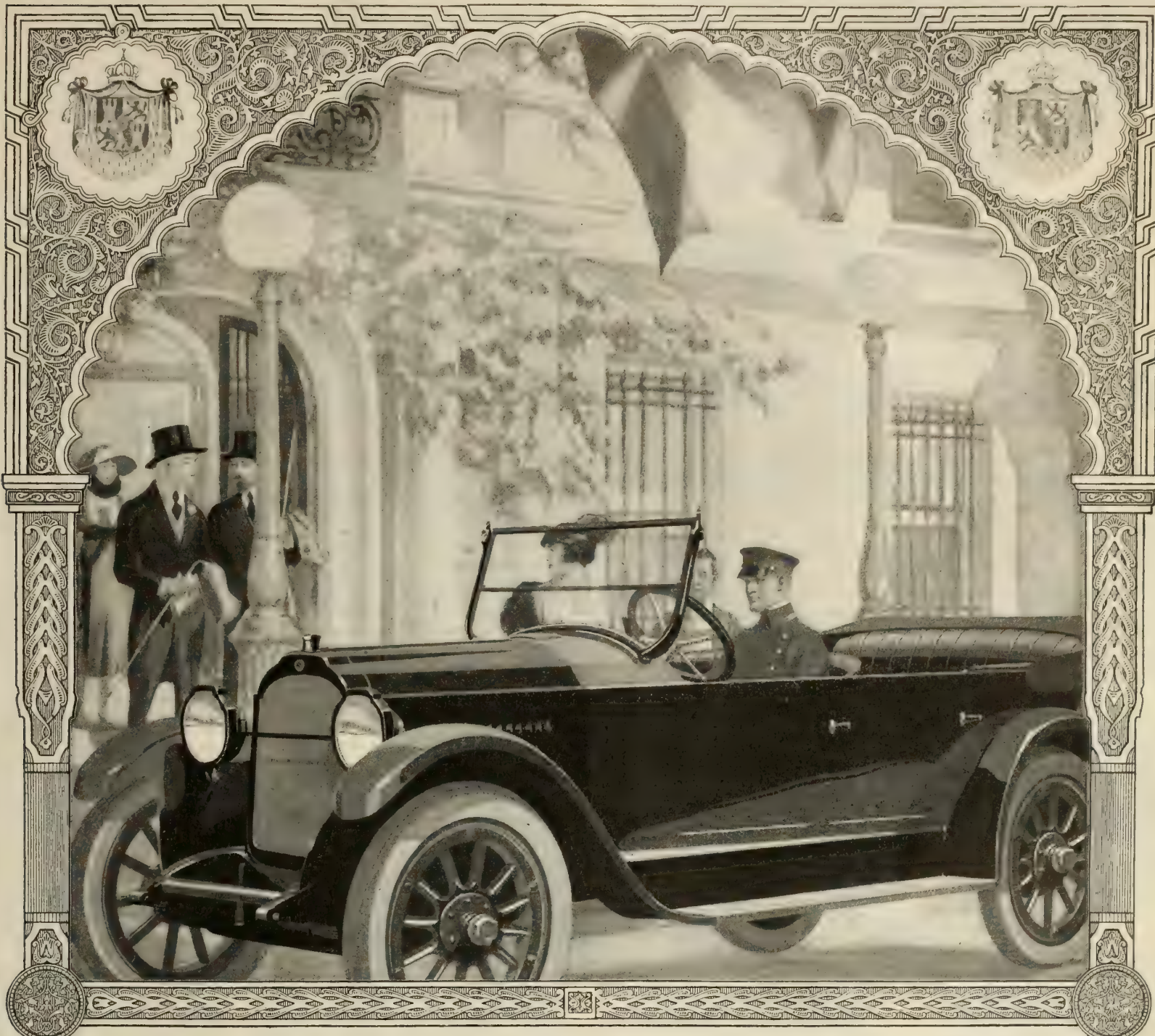
"And how can I earn any money?" the girl in the small town enquires. "I can't leave home, and if I could, I haven't had any training in the business world. So what is the use of thinking about it? I suppose I am doomed to accept what fortune sends me and be happy."

Yes, you are supposed to be happy, we all are, but if you want to sit back and take what fortune sends you—well, you have a poor chance for happiness. If you really want pretty things that other girls have, you can have them. You don't need to leave home, you don't need business ability, you don't need to give one full day a week. Our Carry-On Club has been formed to help just the girls and women who cannot give their full time to business, yet who want to earn money. Don't buy on installment plan, don't envy other girls' pretty clothes, don't worry. Just have what you want and be happy, for the Carry-On Club is waiting to tell you how. Write to-day to

BETTY O'HARA.

Manager Carry-On Club.





# WILLYS-KNIGHT

TO say that a motor *improves with use* may sound paradoxical. But owners, after years of use, say this is their actual experience with Willys-Knight motors.

The Willys-Knight motor receives its gas through openings in sliding sleeves mechanically

operated. It has no clashing valves. A gradual accumulation of carbon, between the sleeves, seals the compression more tightly. In power and quietness, the motor thus improves with use.

That explains why owners so universally declare, the Willys-Knight runs *better the longer* it runs.

*Willys-Knight Booklet on Request*

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED

*Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters*

Head Office and Factories:  
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## Show Men

### The way to whiter teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Women should test this new method of teeth cleaning. They usually decide the family tooth paste. Tooth protection depends largely on them.

There are new facts to consider. And every woman, for her sake and her family's sake, should prove them.

### That film-coat

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous film which you feel with your tongue. Millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which fer-

ments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

### Now we combat it

Dental science has for years sought a way to fight that film. Not on the surface only, but between the teeth.

That way has now been found. Able authorities have amply proved it. The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. To millions it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning, and leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

### Ask for a ten-day tube

Everyone is welcome to a test of Pepsodent. Watch the results, read the reasons for them, then judge it for yourself.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method,

and active pepsin can be used to fight this film.

Pepsodent combines two other modern requisites. And these three great factors do what nothing else has done.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will know then what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

10-Day Tube Free <sup>390</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 700, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

## So Easy to Use

Quick, clean, convenient  
—no muss, no trouble,  
when you use

## Ideal Silver Cream

the perfect silver polish. It contains neither grit nor acids to scratch or stain. It will not stick in the chasing, and gives a beautiful, lasting polish to your gold and silver ware. It also cleans cut glass, mirrors, brasses and statuary. A cream you may safely use in cleaning your finest possessions.

Ask your dealer for a jar.

CANADIAN POLISHES LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

the right kind of nurses would undertake the work he would give his first consideration to that solution of it. Results followed quickly, and there are now in the northern district the only two district nurses in the Dominion of Canada, nurses licensed by the Public Health especially for maternity work. One of these nurses is stationed at Waterhole in the Fairview municipality, and is a direct result of a petition and agitation from the Women's Institute there. Waterhole now boasts a doctor, too, but at the time the nurse came the nearest doctor was fifty miles away.

Griffen Creek, which had neither telephone nor telegraph connection with the outside world, followed soon with another petition, headed by Mrs. Little, wife of the Anglican minister there, who worked unceasingly for it.

These nurses are trained in general nursing, with a special obstetrical course taken at one of the best hospitals on the continent. At the beginning of the war both volunteered for work in France, and for four years did splendid service, mostly among the civilian population. They have therefore a wide and varied experience, which especially fits them for the handicaps incidental to work in a pioneer country.

### NOVA SCOTIA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

THE spring report of the Institutes shows an active interest in gardening, the care and raising of poultry, school gardens and school improvement campaigns. A clean-up day is a feature of Institute work in some localities, and it grows in popularity and importance each year. It is most inspiring to read the reports which come in steadily from the Institutes. The members work hard, with no thought of reward or spectacular glory, but the sum total of their work throughout the province shows that the ideal of "Home and Country" is well worth the effort expended.

We welcome two new Institutes in King's County. One at Medford, and the other at Cambridge. We are quite sure that these new Institutes will be splendid aids to our work.

A number of the Institutes are small in number, their members busy housewives who have to drive some distance to the meetings. When these handicaps are considered, one wonders how they accomplish so much; but as is often the case, it is the busy woman who can find time to do a little more.

Detailed reports of the Institutes as gathered from their reports follow:

Arcadia is still interested in their school, and recently sanitary towels were supplied to the school by the Institute. A pie social held brought them the sum of \$17.30, and the young people of the place held a St. Patrick's Party and handed over the sum of \$11.50 to the Institute.

Bridgetown Institute is sewing and caring for needy children in their town, and is interested in Social Service. Their April meeting included the report of the delegate who had attended the Social Service meeting in Halifax. The Roll Call at the last meeting was responded to by quotations on "Friendship." A resolution was passed that the Institute do all the hemming of sheets and pillow cases for the new Dawson Memorial Hospital.

Bible Hill Institute is interested in Community Improvement. A special committee appointed for that work decided to confine their energies to the school grounds this year. May 5th was set as Arbor Day, and all the people in the community were invited to the school grounds to assist in the work. Men and women and boys and girls were present and all interested. Several teams worked all day hauling gravel to make a new roadway. Several donations of shrubs and trees were gratefully received. Mr. Allen, of the Horticultural Department of the College, has the work in hand, and has given much time and assistance to the Institute. They hope to make the grounds an example as a model rural school ground. A committee of ladies served refreshments during the afternoon, which were greatly appreciated. The W.I. on Bible Hill looks forward to great progress in the future.

Brookfield is preparing for its school exhibition, which is held in the autumn.

Bear River is interested in the sanitary condition of the school; also the

need of fire escapes to the school building was brought forward by the Institute.

Gaspereaux, one of our new Institutes, is growing. School and community improvement is being undertaken.

Caledonia also is interested in school and community improvement. "In Times Like These," by Mrs. Nellie McClung, is being read and discussed at their meetings.

Halfway River Institute is interested in helping the needy in their district.

Lakeville Institute is reviving after a trying winter of meetings interrupted by storms and sickness. They have taken as their objective the care of an unfortunate child in their locality.

Lawrencetown always has a fine school exhibition under the auspices of the Institute. Members of the Institute give instruction and assistance to the pupils in sewing, cooking and canning. A short course in cookery is planned for the summer. They are also interested in starting a supervised playground this summer.

Oxford Institute has been busy caring for families who were left destitute by a bad fire in their town. Money, clothing, bedding and furniture were collected and given to the sufferers. They report, with pleasure, that those families are now comfortably situated and grateful to the Women's Institute for its timely assistance. The Institute there does much to help others; and it has become an important factor in the community life.

Port Williams has had a most instructive talk by an expert on "Care of the Teeth." Grand Pre also had the same talk, and derived much benefit from it. Both of these Institutes are greatly interested in Social Service work.

Point Edward, one of our new Institutes, is making plans to improve the school-house by painting and putting in a new foundation to the building.

Paradise is interested in school and community improvement. A pump with fittings has been recently installed in the school by the Institute. They are now taking over the care of the cemetery. The memorial to their boys is to take the form of entrance gates to the cemetery.

### AGRICULTURAL POLICY OF FEDERATED INSTITUTES.

THERE isn't a Women's Institute nor a Homemakers' Club in Canada that would not be interested in the fine policy laid down by Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, of Huntingdon, Quebec, the convener of the Agricultural Committee of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. Mrs. Stephen is the most prominent woman agriculturist in Canada to-day. Her book, "Farm Dairy," is rated as one of the best of its kind in the English language. She is a veteran lecturer on agricultural subjects; she is a pioneer in Women's Institute work, having organized these societies in British Columbia and Nova Scotia. She is a writer on agricultural topics, and the Federated Women's Institutes have reason to be proud of having such an outstanding and active woman as convener of this most important department of their work.

Mrs. Stephen is at present on a lecture tour in Ontario. She has divided her lectures into two groups—practical and ethical—and each Institute makes a choice of one of each group. The topics are: "Kitchen Ways and Wrinkles" (illustrated); "How to Construct and Use a Home-made Fireless Cooker" (illustrated); "A Woman's Problems on a Dairy Farm," "Dainty Frozen Dishes," "Nurture versus Nature," "Living a Life is More Than Making a Living," "When a Girl Marries," and "Making Our House a Better Home."

Every Institute member is asked to study the following policy and see if it can be applied in her own locality:

#### Educational.

(a) To stimulate the teaching of agriculture in schools.

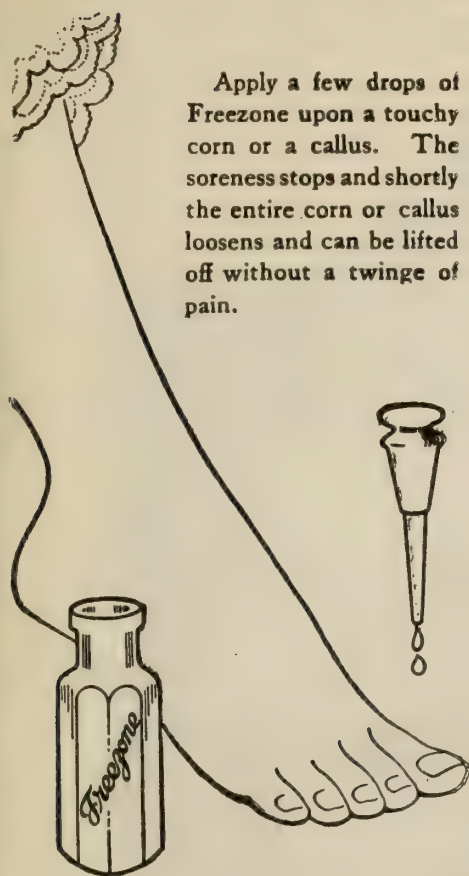
(b) To agitate for suitable text books along various agricultural lines, and for interesting books on agriculture and nature study for supplementary reading.

(c) To have interesting books on agriculture with good illustrations (colored where possible) put in the libraries of the schools and also in the Women's Institute libraries that are sent out through the country.



## Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen  
corns or calluses so  
they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents  
at drug stores—anywhere



## Clear Your Scalp and Skin With Cuticura

After shaving and before bathing touch dandruff and itching, pimples and blackheads with Cuticura Ointment. Wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap best applied with the hands. One Soap for all uses, shaving, shampooing, bathing.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyons, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

America's  
Pioneer  
Dog  
Medicines

Book on

## DOG DISEASES

And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by author

H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.  
118 West 31st St. New York City



(d) To encourage teachers to qualify themselves to give agricultural instruction.

(e) To seek Government aid and prizes for school fairs, school gardens, competitions in crops, and live stock and home flower and vegetable gardens.

(f) To give every assistance possible to the district agricultural representatives and teachers before, during and after school fairs. Parents should see that vegetables, flowers, etc., are properly prepared and classified by their children.

(g) To establish rules that, where children care for live stock, gardens, etc., they should share in the revenue from such, and if they take prizes, the children's, not the parents', names should appear in the prize lists, and they should receive the rewards.

(h) To work for the improvement of school grounds and the establishment and laying out of recreation centres. This might be accomplished by having a school field day, with picnic and games following the improvement work.

(i) To urge that all courses in the agricultural schools and colleges be open to women, and to educate the public that all women's honest work and endeavor is honorable and dignified, whether it be growing a beautiful flower or rearing a prize heifer.

### Practical.

(a) To encourage women to take up suitable branches of farming: dairying, poultry, bee-keeping, flower culture, small fruit growing, market gardening, etc. For girls on a farm a good way to get them started is to pledge them a definitely stated moneyed interest in the business.

(b) To submit the results of agricultural successes or failures to the local Superintendent of Agriculture to be forwarded to the Federated Institutes Superintendent of Agriculture that she may use same for the benefit of the women of the Dominion.

(c) To create market circles and centres for the economic collecting and disposing of farm products, where such do not exist.

(d) To assist by word and work in securing a better quality of raw material for our milk distributors and dairy manufactories. For the health of our people, the Women's Institutes should feel their responsibility in this vital food problem.

(e) To urge that women have a place on agricultural fair boards.

(f) That women take an active and helpful interest in their local fairs, and by exhibiting and acting as competent judges, etc., stimulate this highly educative means of raising the standards of agricultural products.

(g) To encourage the Provincial and Dominion Governments in the Government grading of produce. With a Government stamp on butter, eggs, etc., they can command a definite price in any market. Grading puts premium on the good, and effectively denounces the bad.

(h) To make a survey of each particular district as to what might be profitably produced, so as to make an established market of high reputation for some special line; also to encourage production where there is an insufficient supply of some staple product.

(i) To urge that where workmen's houses are erected in villages or towns, grounds for good-sized gardens around the houses be provided, where vegetables and fruit for the family may be grown, thus adding much to their thrift and health, and incidentally a safe play-ground for the children be provided.

(j) To promote a more general interest in the care and beautifying of public highways, parks, grounds surrounding public buildings, and the more immediate home environment by:

1. Removal of rubbish.
2. Cutting and burning of weeds.
3. Setting out and pruning trees.
4. Levelling and mowing lawns.
5. Planting and plotting of flower beds.
6. An insistent agitation for good roads.

LAURA ROSE STEPHEN,  
Supt. of Agriculture for Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.

### THE WORK OF THREE ONTARIO INSTITUTES.

ONE of the lecturers who visited some of the Eastern Ontario Institutes in June found many interesting things to report. The following notes are taken from what she has to say of the work of three Institutes:

"At Maynard I found that every woman seemed keenly alive to her



## August Nights

Will bring to millions  
Bubble Grains in Milk

Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains—puffed to eight times normal size—taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat, with every food cell blasted.

## The finest foods ever created

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the finest grain foods in existence.

Never were cereals so enticing. The grains are fairy-like in texture, the flavor is like nuts. They seem like tidbits, made only to entice.

Yet they are major foods, with every food cell steam-exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at meal-time they will make whole-grain foods tempting.

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Whole Grains Puffed  
to Bubbles  
8 Times Normal Size

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve both kinds, at all hours, in all the ways folks like them.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

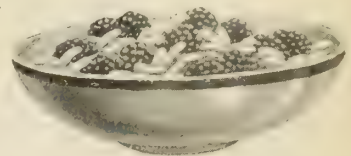
Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



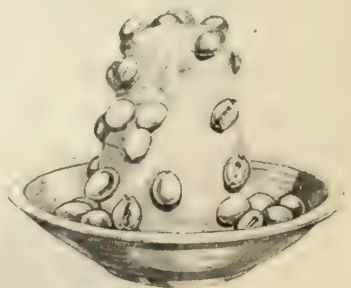
### Summer mornings

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar form the supreme breakfast dainty.



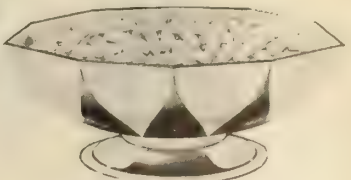
### With your berries

Puffed Grains form an ideal blend. The flimsy, flaky globules add what crust adds to a shortcake.



### On Ice Cream

Puffed Grains taste like airy nutmeats, and they melt into the cream. The dish is made doubly delightful.



### At playtime

Puffed Grains are crisped and doused with melted butter. Then children eat them dry like nutmeats, and every taste is grain-food.



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.)

responsibilities. We had a splendid meeting, making up in enthusiasm what we lacked in numbers. It's a busy time in the country. There is a beautiful little cemetery here, which has been cared for by the Institute for some years. This year they have engaged a man for four months at \$50 a month. He comes in the morning and stays all day, devoting all his time to the work of keeping it in splendid order. They are paying this salary by raising funds in one way and another. I am going to tell you of one rather interesting way in which they realized \$50. The Institute members made a number of tiny aprons about eight inches square. They were made of print or cotton goods—just scraps which they had in the house. These aprons were complete in every detail, even to a pocket. In the pocket of each was placed a tiny note with these words:

"This little apron is sent to you, And this is what we wish you to do: Measure your waist-line inch by inch, And see that the tape line does not pinch, And for each small inch you measure round Place one cent in the pocket sound, And the money you so freely pay Will be used by the Institute in the wisest way."

"This Branch is also erecting a splendid Canadian granite monument to our fallen heroes. It is to be an impressive affair. The names are to

have the opportunity to be treated by members of their own sex, it has grown from a little mission dispensary to a modern well-equipped hospital of 52 beds and 25 baby cots, with a standard training school for nurses included. From the Mission on Sackville Street it moved to a small property on Seaton Street where, in addition to the dispensary, the small beginning of a real hospital was made. This was in 1911 and in 1914 the response of womankind to the opportunity offered was so great that the fine property was bought at 125 Rusholme Road. This, too, was soon outgrown and in November, 1918, the beautiful new wing, which had already done signal service to the city as an emergency hospital, during the influenza epidemic, was formally opened, giving the institution the capacity it has to-day.

The equipment is most up-to-date, with a fine operating suite of six rooms, an X-ray room, accouchement room, pathological laboratory, clinic rooms, and waiting room, as well as private, semi-private and public wards. These latter are all bright and airy and attractive in colour and furnishing.

The personnel of the staff included, last year, superintendent, supervisor and instructor of nurses, night superintendent, dietitian, secretary treasurer, 15 nurses in training, four probationers. There were also two house doctors.

During the year 842 patients were admitted to the hospital, of whom 165



Women's Institute Rest Room at Gladstone, Manitoba.

be inset in steel, quite a new idea, but very durable, and the effect is wonderful. It is to cost about \$1,200—quite an undertaking. It will stand in the centre of the cemetery on an elevation of land and in such a position that all names can be seen from the road. They are taxing each plot owner \$2, and contributions are coming from those who have left the district and settled in other parts of Canada.

"South Augusta is a new branch organized in March. They have a membership of 19 splendid women. We had an evening meeting when 55 men and women came out. They are going to try for a community hall. The men were intensely interested in it too and I believe this Branch will do a good work.

"The Athens Branch has done much for the community already. They have placed new seats in the little park, financed a fall fair for Public School, pay salary of Librarian and are now collecting for a Museum for their Town Hall. This year they are giving prizes for the best kept lawn during June, July and August. The competitors must send their names to the secretary. She hands these to a committee of ladies (who have not lawns of their own) who are to visit all the lawns and report those in the running to the judges who are to be selected from the townsmen."

## WOMEN'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL APPEAL.

"WOMAN'S Work for Woman's Need" is a slogan which well expresses the spirit, as well as the practical accomplishment, of the Women's College Hospital at 125 Rusholme Road, Toronto. Begun in 1896, through the conviction of a woman medical student, now Dr. Anna McFee of New York, that sick women ought

were public ward patients. There were 248 babies born in the hospital. This was an increase over the previous year of 234 patients and 92 births.

The patients have been by no means confined to Toronto. They have come from all over the province, for to a sensitive woman the opportunity of being cared for by one of her own sex counts for a very great deal. Often indeed it is the decisive factor in whether, or not, she shall let a disease run its painful, and frequently fatal course, or whether she shall have it treated and arrested in the early stages.

Women's Institute members have been among those who recognize this fact and who are eager to help an institution whose remarkable growth and success has been largely founded on the faith that necessary funds could not but come to a work so courageously begun and sincerely and laboriously carried on for the benefit of womankind. They have sent many welcome gifts of fruit, vegetables and all kinds of farm produce, as well as money, and in these days of high prices, their help is increasingly necessary. Gifts of the sort have come, since January 1st, 1918, from Women's Institutes at Lansdowne, Galt, Burgessville, Bartonville, Middleville, Markdale, Cobocok, Hampton, Shakespeare, Windermere, Caistor Centre, Silverwater, Woodville, Chatham, Perth, Creemore, Schomberg, Cainsville, Balmoral, Gorrie, Maple, Sunderland, Milton, Cobden, Moose Creek, Oakville, West Hill, Stouffville and Stevensville.

Won't you add the name of your Institute to this list? And you who have helped so much in former years will certainly not fail the Hospital this year in the effort to do a Woman's Work for Women's Need.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)

# CANADA'S SUMMER GIRL

GOES TO  
MUSKOKA  
LA BAIE DE CHALEUR  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
ST. JOHN RIVER VALLEY  
NOVA SCOTIA - BY -  
THE SEA



via



OR  
NIPIGON  
QUETICO  
MINAKI

OUT OF DOOR  
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE AND  
MARITIME PROVINCES.

QUEBEC AND ~  
NORTHERN ONTARIO.

PRAIRIES, ROCKIES &  
PACIFIC COAST.

FREE COPIES OF ABOVE PUBLICATIONS ON  
APPLICATION TO GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT  
VANCOUVER WINNIPEG TORONTO  
MONTREAL QUEBEC MONCTON

## Canadian National Railways

## What a Beautiful Skin

Why envy another woman's beautiful skin when you can make your own as lovely? Every woman who has a good skin can make it beautiful to all beholders. Princess Preparations are proved by a quarter century practical use, to be effective and unailing. Write us about your skin, and we will advise you. Our Preparations are sure relief for Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Undue Redness, Eczema, and all non infectious skin troubles.

|                              |       |        |
|------------------------------|-------|--------|
| Princess Complexion Purifier | ..... | \$1.50 |
| Princess Cold Cream          | ..... | .75    |
| Princess Face Powder         | ..... | .75    |
| Princess Hair Rejuvenator    | ..... | 1.50   |

**The Hiscott Institute, Limited**

61B COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.



Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful, dependable "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair, also double it's beauty. Try "Danderine" and see!



# THIS TREAD CONSERVES TIRES

## Goodyear Service Plan

*Provides a Bonus of Mileage Greater than any Discount in Price You could Hope to Secure*

The development of the All-Weather Tread is in keeping with Goodyear policy—to conserve tires; to get for motorists greater mileage and so lower cost-per-mile; to disregard price if the cost-per-mile is lowered.

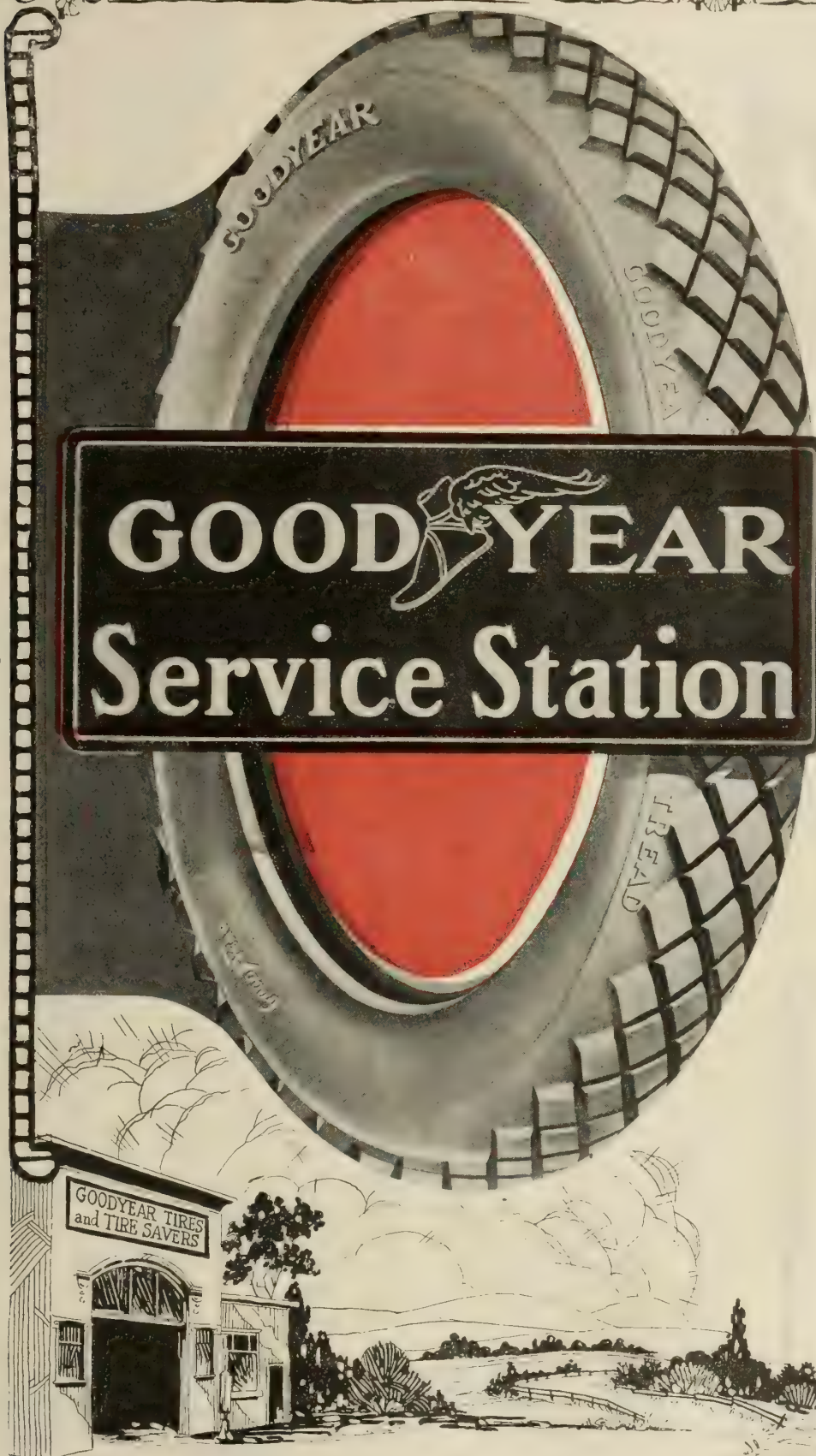
The All-Weather Tread is tough and long-wearing, adding extra miles. It resists punctures and cuts, which, so frequently neglected, let in water and sand to rot the fabric. This tread combats skidding, which wears down the tread and weakens the tire carcass.

Its adaptability for all-wheel use aids further in tire-saving. No tire change you may make spoils the balanced appearance of your car. This permits balanced wear on all tires.

This tread is one factor in the Goodyear Conservation plan. This plan embraces many other Goodyear Tire Savers which prevent or cure tire injuries, and definite, personal help from Goodyear Service Station Dealers in securing a lower tire cost-per-mile.

Because of steadily increased quality with the mileage-making service of Goodyear Service Station Dealers (which means lower cost-per-mile), Goodyear Tires have become the largest selling brand in the world. This gives a final tire-cost below that of any tire which sacrifices quality or service to achieve a lower price or "special discount."

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.  
of Canada, Limited



**GOOD YEAR**  
MADE IN CANADA

All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

To insure good health, to get the most food value from your meals, and to save the money you waste on other less nutritious foods,

use

## PURITY FLOUR

for all your baking and

## PURITY OATS

for better Porridge

Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited  
TORONTO—Head Office

Branches at Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Montreal, Ottawa, St. John, Goderich

77

## We've Solved the "Outhouse" Problem—Now's the Time for You to Investigate

The "outhouse" means discomfort, disease, unsanitary conditions—everything disagreeable. Kaustine Waterless Toilets mean comfort, cleanliness, privacy, perfect sanitation. Then why put up with the old "outhouse" another day when you can have an indoor toilet like folks in the city have?

A Kaustine Waterless Toilet costs less than fifty bushels of wheat to buy and install. And it is a complete sewage disposal system.

Looks like the water-closet used in the city. Just as efficient and sanitary. Bowl is of white, washable china—scientifically ventilated. Kaustine—the chemical used, is the most powerful disintegrating agent known. Absolutely no

odor. Absolutely no trouble. Requires less than two hours' attention each year.

There are over 50,000 Kaustine Waterless Toilets in use—in schools and factories as well as farm-homes. Every installation covered by our positive long-term guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

One of these installations is near you. Let's tell you about it. Let's send you our literature—with complete illustrations. Let's send you typical testimonials. Let us show you how in a few hours—before winter sets in—you can install a modern convenient, sanitary toilet indoors. Send the coupon—or a post-card—now.

**Kaustine**  
Waterless Toilets

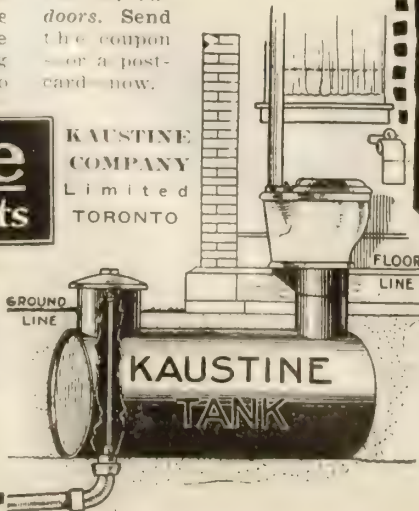
KAUSTINE  
COMPANY  
Limited  
TORONTO

Kaustine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: I want to read your booklet about sanitation and indoor toilets. This places me under no obligation to buy.

Name .....

Address .....



### SOME REASONS FOR CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS.

The question of Consolidated Schools is one which is taking the attention of a good many Institutes at the present time, and we give here-with extracts from an address on the subject by Mr. MacLaren at one of the last Institute Conventions:

Address by Mr. MacLaren.

I want to show how we have been led up to this question of the consolidation of rural schools from time to time, away back, when school work was carried on by the itinerant school teacher, who travelled around from home to home in the old settlement days; he would spend a short time in this home, teaching the boys and girls and father and mother, and then move on to the next and so on. There were a lot of good things connected with that, because he actually lived with the family and knew conditions. Then the time came when there were so many settlers in the country that it was necessary to gather the children together, and, while the teacher lived in the home of the parents, he had a separate school building. When Dr. Ryerson became Minister of Education, he standardized these schools, and formed the country into sections, so that they might be taxed for the up-keep of the school in that section. Previously it had been left entirely to local initiative. It was necessary to establish schools in the smallest districts so that the children would not have too far to walk. There was a school in every district within a radius of two to two and a half miles.

That has gone on until the present day in Ontario. For certain reasons, we are gradually becoming dissatisfied with that system. I want to point out a few of the reasons why we are dissatisfied with the district system and are putting forth another system of schools.

The first is the depopulation in rural districts. I went into a school in Durham County about two years ago, and there were two boys. We asked the teacher if that was all she had on the roll; she said, "No, we have another boy and he is a brother of these two." In another school there were the teacher and one boy. The same thing is true all over the country. That is a serious condition and is one of the reasons that have caused us to look around for a solution of the problem.

The second thing is the possibility of local jealousies interfering with the educational programme. At the present time there is a section in Ontario where it would be possible to consolidate the schools, if it were not for a little jealousy between the two churches.

Then the third thing is the constant changing of school teachers. It is said almost half of our rural school teachers change every year. There are a number of reasons for that; first, the salary, second, the special life; third, the question of board. Then, with the small number of children attending the schools, there is no inspiration for the teacher.

Then there is the changing social and economic conditions. It was all right to have a one-room school in the little settlement, set off by itself without any communication with the rest of the world, but to-day our interests are enlarged. You cannot take any one school section in any part of the Province and isolate it. It has connection with all the country around it.

Our ideas of education are changing. It was all right to teach just the three R's in the past, but now we have men coming along and suggesting there should be Domestic Science, Manual Training, Agriculture, taught in the schools, and that we should have school gardens and hot lunches and all kinds of things which we recognize as being for the progress and improvement of our boys and girls. We have to change our system to adapt ourselves to these new demands.

Then there is another thing—inequalities in educational opportunity. Nobody who knows the situation in rural Ontario can claim that the country boy or girl is getting anything like an equal opportunity of education that the boy or girl gets who lives in the towns or cities. Then there is inequality of taxation. In a recent survey it was found there were two school sections in a district; in

one the rate was one mill, in the next it was 15 mills; in one section the assessment was a few thousand dollars; in the other it was a number of hundreds of thousands of dollars. You cannot expect to give the pupils in that one section the same opportunities as the pupils in the other, and we are not educating the boys and girls for the school section, but for the state at large.

Then the number of recitations in a school is another question. In 18 schools, we found there was one school teacher who was having 34 recitations a day. The average in these 18 schools was 24 recitations a day; the average time was something like ten minutes to a recitation. How can you expect one teacher to hold 24 recitations a day, besides undertaking the regular work of the school, taking an interest in school gardens and agriculture, manual training, domestic science, and being a community leader? It is impossible.

The consolidation of rural schools simply means bringing together two, three, four or five into one central school, and then drawing the children to that central point in a wagon every day during the cold season.

Here are some of the advantages that will come from this consolidation. First of all, there is the better grading and classification of the pupils. Instead of having the one teacher for the whole schools from the primary up to the senior fourth, the children are graded and put in separate rooms. Then, the second advantage is, you can get high school education right in your own district, without your boys and girls going away from under the home influence at one of the most impressionable and important times of their lives. We hope the time will come when everyone of the consolidated schools will take the whole High School course in its curriculum. If anyone of you have travelled on the trains to the High Schools and back to the rural districts, you will have some idea of the dangers that face these boys and girls. Some of them travel from seven in the morning and don't get back until seven or eight o'clock at night, and they hang around the town waiting for their evening train, or else they go to town and live there all week and only come home for Sunday.

The next advantage is that there will be medical and dental inspection in every one of the consolidated schools. The Act reads that the school shall have medical inspection twice a year, and dental inspection once a year, by a duly qualified physician and dentist.

Then there is the possibility of arranging a Teacherage, where the teachers can live in a home on the school grounds. This will enable you to pay a higher salary to your teachers, and principal, attracting married men as your principal who will set up a home there and provide the board for the assistant teachers.

Then there comes the question of good roads. If you get your consolidated school, you get good roads, because there is an attitude to make the roads better for the children to travel to school. It is bound to come, and has come in the United States and the other Provinces of Canada—good roads have followed the consolidation of schools.

It has been the experience, wherever consolidation is established, that there is a larger enrollment. In one district, where previously there were only three children over the age of 14, after consolidation there were 65. No new children had come into that school section, but the children who had been there before had started to school again. Not only is the enrollment enlarged, but the average attendance is enlarged. With our present statistics, our average attendance is about 55 or 65 per cent. under the ordinary school system. That means that from 35 to 45 children out of every hundred are at home every day in the year. Put that up against some of the other countries and you will see where we are coming to. As soon as consolidation takes place, that average attendance will jump up to 75 and 85 per cent. and, in some cases, 90 per cent.

The next thing is the equipment that it is possible to secure for these consolidated schools. It states in the regulations that, unless for reasons sufficient to the Minister of Education





## Kiddie Clothes Get Hard Wear in Summer

Haugh Brand Kiddie Garments will protect ordinary clothes. Give perfect freedom. Save laundry work. Easy to slip on. Strong, durable. Wear like iron in garden play. Cover neck to toes. Children 2 to 7 years. Get the Haugh Brand Trade Mark on the pocket.

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TORONTO :: ONTARIO

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### MOORE PUSH-PINS

Glass Heads, Steel Points  
**MOORE PUSH-LESS HANGERS**  
The Hanger with the Twist  
Made in Four Sizes Holds up to 100 pounds  
Sold by hardware, stationery, drug and photo supply stores everywhere **15c per pkt**  
Moore Push-Pin Co., Dept. E., Philadelphia



**GENUINE DIAMONDS**  
CASH OR CREDIT.  
TERMS: \$1-\$2-\$3 Weekly  
We trust any honest person.  
Write for catalogue to-day  
**JACOBS BROS.**  
Diamond Importers  
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TORONTO.

there shall be in that school, a musical instrument—piano or organ—and a lantern or moving picture machine. It also states the Department of Education are prepared to pay 40 per cent. of the equipment the first year, up to a total of \$400, and for each of the three years following, 20 per cent., so that in four years the Department of Education pays your district the price of that equipment up to \$1,000.

The children will also stay in school for a longer period. Instead of dropping out at 14 years of age, they will remain on until they are 16 or 17 years of age. There is also the possibility of extending the educational facilities to the whole community. Not only are you serving the boys and girls up to 18 years of age, but from time to time there are lectures which gather the whole community in. There are short courses put on at night or night schools for the people of the whole community.

Then the last advantage, and by no means the least, it promotes an enlarged play life. How could that teacher with two boys have a game of baseball unless they played catch? You cannot possibly organize play in the great majority of these rural schools, and yet those children are simply eager for it. I went into one Wentworth school last week, and while the Inspector was talking to the teacher, he said to me, "Take these boys and girls out and teach them some new games."

As to the objections that are urged: First of all, the roads are too bad. That argument has been advanced in every State and yet they have overcome it. The second one is bad weather—wintry weather,—and yet there are some schools that never missed a single waggon trip during the whole winter, and none of them have missed any more than three or four trips in the whole year.

The next objection raised is the increased cost. It is not the purpose of the Educational Department to help you to build; and it is going to cost more to carry on this school than under the old system; there may be a few cases where it may be held down to the same cost, but do not count on that. But taking into consideration the increased enrollment, increased average attendance, and everything else like that, you will find it will cost you less to give each child one day's education than under the old district system. Besides that, you are getting a better class of education, better teachers, more specialists, and you are adding to your regular course, High School work, and your boys and girls are getting their High School education right at home. Those of you who have sent your boys and girls to a neighboring town, for their High School work will know what it costs you to do that, and then count what it costs in moral training for your boys and girls, and then ask whether it is worth while to spend the extra money necessary for the better education you can get under consolidation of rural schools.

Another obstacle is tradition. A man says, "I was educated in that school; my father was educated in it before me, and what was good enough for me is good enough for my boy." Is a cradle good enough for cutting your grain? Are we content to do our work with the machinery used sixty or seventy years ago? If we are not, why should we be content to educate our children with the same machinery we had thirty or forty years ago?

Then there is prejudice. After you have used all the arguments, a man sits there and says, "It won't work,"—simply prejudice against a thing in advance of a trial, and every one of these objections has gone by the board.

The next thing is satisfaction with present conditions. We think the school section is all right, and the system is all right as it is. It is a surprising thing that in the districts where consolidation has been tried, those who had been the most vigorous opponents, after two or three years trial, become the strongest friends we have.

As to what the Department is prepared to do to help promote the consolidation of rural schools, the Consolidated Schools Act has been passed which provides for an agreement amongst the school sections. If there is any desire in a certain district to consolidate, it provides for a certain form of agreement between the four or five school sections. Full information regarding this may be secured by writing the Department of Education, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.



## 'Have Some Junket

How good it is! And how wholesome!

The simple use of the little Junket Tablet transforms milk, as if by magic, into a tempting, delicious dish fit "to set before the king."

**Nesnah—the Powdered Junket**

is the same as Junket Tablets, except it is in powdered form and already sweetened and flavored. It comes in 6 pure flavors, delicious in taste and appearance. Simply add milk.

## Junket

MADE with MILK

should be eaten often, especially by children, because it is simply milk in a more easily digestible form—and more enjoyable to the taste.

Serve it both as a **food** and as a **dessert**. And use the Junket Tablet for making the finest ice cream you ever tasted.

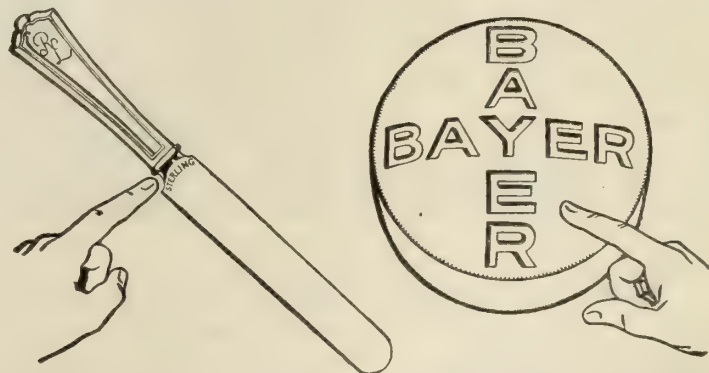
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Canadian Factory:  
Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory  
Toronto, Ontario



## ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" on Aspirin is like Sterling on silver. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin,—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

**There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"**

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

## M'Clary's

**Make good stoves and Cooking utensils.**



## Many Ways of Cooking Corn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)



### Which?

Three delightful Talcums—which do you prefer? All are of the finest and purest quality—each has an individual odor.

#### Corson's Ideal Orchid Talcum

Has the delicate, elusive fragrance associated with this rare blossom. 25c. size. Also in Frosted Art Jar, 60c.

#### Corson's Karessa Talcum

Its haunting perfume is charmingly distinctive. The choice of the woman who insists upon individuality. 25c. size. Also in Frosted Art Jar, 60c.

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The never-forgotten sweetness of flowers, commingling in an old-fashioned garden. 25c. size. Also in Frosted Art Jar at 60c.

At Leading Drug Stores Throughout Canada.

Sovereign Perfumes, Limited, 146 Brock Avenue, Toronto



## Sunset Soap Dyes

### The Best Dye Under the Sun

Sunset color is boiled in to stay—does not crock, fade or wash out. The gentle boiling does not injure the fabric and is absolutely necessary to make the color fast, causing it to thoroughly penetrate every thread and fibre.

The old, soiled and faded garment is completely transformed by the fresh, brilliant color—really just like new. It is so easy and clean—no stained hands or utensils. Sunset dyes all fabrics, Cotton—Wool—Silk—Mixed Goods—the same shade and depth of color, at the same time, in the same dye bath. It is the simplest, safest, surest, fast home dye to use, and the most economical and satisfactory.

Most of the better stores carry Sunset—ask for your favorite color, or send us your dealer's name and fifteen cents and we will mail a cake postpaid.

North American Dye Corporation, Limited  
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There is  
No Substitute for Sunset



## "When you eat let it be the Best"



### WAGSTAFFE'S

Pineapple Marmalade  
Celebrated Bramble Jelly  
Ginger Marmalade

ARE GREAT APPETIZERS

BOILED IN SILVER PANS

Ask Your Grocer for Them

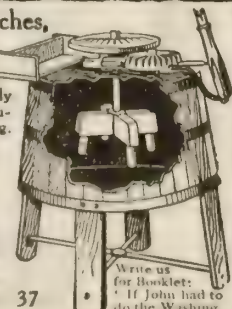


NO more reason for wash-day bringing back-aches, headaches and other troubles. No more need to bend over a hot, steamy wash-tub. Let the Maxwell "Home" Washer supplant old-time methods in your home as it has in others all over Canada. Maybe you don't know how good a washing-machine really can be? Then it's time you looked thoroughly into this one. It actually does better than hand-work in half the time! Washes anything.

**Maxwell**  
"Home" Washer

—is made in Canada, of best cypress, and is superior to any imported washer. High-speed, noiseless, easy-running—enclosed gears. Can be operated by hand or water-motor. See it at your dealer's to-day.

MAXWELLS LIMITED - Dept. 1, St. Marys, Ont.



**Corn in Potatoes.**—Peel and cut in halves lengthwise some well shaped, large potatoes of even size. Scoop out the centres, leaving a boat shaped shell about one-fourth of an inch thick. Rub them inside and out with soft butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fill with fresh corn, seasoned to taste. Cover with cream sauce, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

**Green Corn Salad.**—Skin round, uniform sized tomatoes, scoop out the centres, chill, and arrange on nests of crisp lettuce leaves, and fill with cooked green corn. Serve with any preferred salad dressing. Or the corn may be mixed with celery, sliced fine, placed on crisp lettuce leaves, garnished with hard cooked eggs and served with salad dressing.

**Corn Custard Cakes.**—Grate two ears of corn, add to them one cupful of milk, a dash of pepper, one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, the beaten yolks of three eggs, one cupful of flour and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix carefully and divide into well greased custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

**Escalloped Corn and Tomatoes.**—The corn and tomatoes may be either fresh or canned, according to convenience or the season. Mix two cupfuls of each, and season to taste with salt and pepper, add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, then stir in three tablespoonfuls of soft butter, turn into a greased fireproof dish, cover the top with buttered bread crumbs, and bake until well browned. Serve hot.

**Corn Oysters.**—Separate four eggs. Score and press out six ears of corn, add the yolks of eggs, six tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper, and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fry by tablespoonfuls in a small quantity of hot fat in a shallow pan; drain on kitchen paper and serve hot. Another Method.—To two cupfuls of corn, add two well beaten eggs, pepper and paprika to taste, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter and enough flour to shape into small cakes. Fry in hot butter or fat or fry in smoking hot fat. Drain and serve hot.

**Corn Griddle Cakes.**—Put one pin of grated corn into a bowl; add two thirds cupful of flour, the beaten yolks of two eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Drop by spoonfuls on to a hot greased griddle, when full of bubbles turn, and when cooked on both sides serve on a hot plate with maple syrup.

**Corn Muffins.**—Put two cupfuls of grated corn into a bowl, add three well beaten eggs, two cupfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar and three cupful of flour sifted with two teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well and divide into greased and floured muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

**To Dry Corn.**—Score the corn down the centre of each row of grains and press out the pulp. Put this pulp in thin layer over the bottom of a baking pan. Stand it in a cool oven, with the door open, or dry it in the sun. If the oven is just right, three hours will dry it. Stir it as soon as it begins to dry. Great care must be taken or the mixture will sour before it dries. When the corn is dry, it will be in chunks.

**To Cook Dried Corn.**—Measure out the required amount of corn; cover it with cold milk and stand in a cool place over night. Cook in a double boiler for one and one-half hours. Add one-fourth cupful of butter and season with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Serve hot.

**To Salt Corn.**—Corn may be kept for winter use by putting into a cask a layer of corn and then a layer of salt. Have a perfectly clean wooden cask. Cut the corn from the cob put in a layer of corn, one inch thick then a layer of salt one-half inch thick. From time to time add corn and salt until the cask is nearly full. Then cover with cabbage leaves or grape vine leaves. On this place a small round board, and on top of this a weight.

**To Cook Salted Corn.**—Measure out the required amount of corn, being sure to replace the board and weight. Wash the corn well in cold water then soak it over night in fresh cold water. Drain and cut it in a sauce pan over the fire with boiling water to cover and boil for forty minutes. Drain and serve hot with butter.

## Good Things for Open Air Festivities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

thermometer. Then add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, three squares of grated unsweetened chocolate and one cupful of chopped nut meats. Pour into buttered pan and when cool cut into neat squares. Wrap in waxed paper and pack in boxes.

**Jellied Chicken.**—Singe and draw one good chicken, put it into a saucepan of boiling water and cook slowly until very tender. Lift out and set aside to cool. Cut the meat in neat pieces. Put the skin and the bones into a saucepan with four cupfuls of the liquor in which chicken was cooked, one chopped onion, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, simmer until reduced to two cupfuls, then add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine and allow the gelatine to dissolve, then strain. Arrange a layer of the chicken in a wet mold, then some slices of hard cooked eggs, stoned olives, and chopped parsley, then more chicken, and so on till all are used up. Fill the mold with the stock and put in the refrigerator over night. When wanted, turn out and cut in slices.

**Cracker Sandwiches.**—Boil two cupfuls of sugar with one cupful of water until the syrup forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, beating steadily until a meringue is formed. Flavor with vanilla, lemon or almond extract and add one cupful of chopped cocoanut. Spread between square brown crackers. Wrap in waxed paper and pack in boxes.

**Molasses Cakes.**—Beat one-half cupful of butter with one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, add two eggs, well beaten, one cupful of molasses, one half cupful of sour milk or cream, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, four cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls each of powdered ginger and mace, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered cloves and nutmeg. Mix well together, and roll out one-fourth of an inch thick, cut into rounds or fancy shapes, lay on greased baking tins, press a raisin or blanched almond in the centre of each cake, and bake in a moderately hot oven from twelve to fifteen minutes.

**Stuffed Eggs.**—Shell six hard-cooked eggs and cut them in halves crosswise, remove the yolks and press them through a sieve into a bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of thick white sauce or cream, two tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked or canned salmon, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika. Mix well, and fill the hollow of each egg with this mixture. Put together and wrap in waxed paper. Twist the ends of the paper. If desired, grated cheese or chopped nut meats may be used in place of the salmon.

**Roast Veal and Baked Ham Sandwiches.**—Slice thin roast veal and baked ham into very thin slices, season with salt, paprika, made mustard and a little lemon juice. Place between slices of buttered brown or white bread, cut into triangles and wrap in waxed paper.



# A Perfect Day For The Baby Open Eyes To Baby's Needs

SECOND ARTICLE

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON

20.00

THERE is no way that you can more thoroughly alarm or anger an animal mother than by handling or pulling about her baby. She wishes it left alone, and will make the matter perfectly clear to the ignorant intruder; and if you do not respect her wishes, she will straightway take measures to hide her baby from your objectionable attentions. Would that human parents were as wise! How many of that fifty per cent. of little dead Canadian babies might now be alive, and how many of the other fifty per cent. might be enjoying a measure of vitality that can never more be theirs, because it was wasted in the useless, nay, oftentimes one grieves to say purely passionate, or wantonly careless handling of parents or others who excuse themselves by saying they "do so love to hug and kiss and play with a baby."

Animal or bird parents as rapidly as possible, yet without any real neglect teach their babies to be independent, to care for and feed themselves, to live their individual lives. In this matter also human parents will do well to take a lesson. But mark, please, I said without any real neglect. The mother who turns her baby over to an older child, or who

in his bath, and is all rubbed, and smooth, and comfy and sleepy, he has another meal, and is put in his basket quite freshened up with clean, dry bedding, and carried outdoors. Here there is a beautiful spot where some leaves twinkle over his head, and the sun shines on his toes, while an old umbrella and drape of netting protects him from intruders. He will go to sleep now, perfectly comfortable and satisfied, providing the same things happen at exactly the same time every day. He is a perfect tyrant regarding time, but that cannot be altered, so must just be arranged for.

Now mother has three whole hours in which to get things "done up," and by the time he wakes for his dinner, her dinner is on cooking, and she has a few moments to sit down and feed him and get a rest before dishing it up. Then he will entertain the family while they eat, telling them in his own blessed way, about the things he dreamed of while asleep outside this morning. He will take another nap, before three o'clock when he has a lunch, and then if everything has gone right that day, will come the time he and Mother can enjoy together. She will read or sew, while he rolls about on the

## "The Darling!"

The visitors say, as Baby looks up and "coos" and smiles. Mother knows what keeps her cherub contented in this hot weather.

Every morning after the bath she dusts with

# MENNEN KORA-KONIA

That prevents chafing and rawness. Little babies' sensitive skins are so liable to irritation. The hot days are often torment to them. They perspire so easily, and the least little seam, of even the daintiest clothing, rubs the soft skin until it's almost raw.

# MENNEN KORA-KONIA

is specially prepared for babies' tender skins. It is a soft, silky, medicated powder with healing virtues, which forms a thin protective film which guards against rubbing. If the tender skin is raw, MENNEN KORA-KONIA quickly heals. It is waterproof; excessive perspiration will not wash it away.

The Mennen Company  
Factory: Montreal  
Sales Office  
Harold F. Ritchie  
& Co., Limited  
10 McCaul Street  
Toronto



SOLDIERS' BABIES' PRIZE-WINNERS

These babies took prizes at the "Games Day" for the Dominion Orthopedic Hospital, Toronto, held this Summer. From left to right: Ruby Vincent, first; Dorothy Macdonald, second; William Fisher, third.

sends the small children unguarded on to the street to play and learn what the street affords, the while she makes pretty clothes for them, or is immersed in the everlasting and largely unnecessary housework with which most women's lives are burdened, is as surely neglecting those children as if she let them go unwashed and unfed.

I wonder how far Canadian mothers dare discard that which is only traditional and conventional in favor of what is healthful and truly beautiful.

THE following is a simple schedule of Baby's day as it should be:— He wakes about 6 a.m., and gets his first feeding. If he has a short nightgown, and a little pad underneath him, there will not be much to change; so that can be done very quickly, and a little comfy wrap open down the front, slipped on, and he is laid down, or if he is old enough, allowed to sit up with the pillows around him, on Mother's bed while she is dressing. Or if she is in a daylight-saving place, she will be already dressed when Baby, basket and all, can accompany her wherever she is working.

By 8.30 he may have had another nap, and we hope Mother will have been able to get through with breakfast, etc., so that she can bathe him. He will be ready for his next meal by that time or nine. Somewhere in the interval between, she may have given him that nice teaspoonful of strained orange juice that he so much enjoys. When he has had a lovely time

grass, or on a big, old quilt on the floor, or perhaps she will put him in a carriage or little cart and visit some of her friends. She will not let them take him out or jump or maul him. She loves him too much for that. This mother has a big love, bigger than pride or personal vanity, or love of appearance, or fear of criticism. It is a very big love indeed. It stretches from a long time before Baby was born to a long time after she herself has gone to be with God. And somewhere up in Heaven the ends of the love will meet, and Baby and Mother will be safe inside the circle.

About five o'clock Master Baby is getting tired. Mother has really tried to keep him awake the last couple of hours, but now she undresses him and rubs him and lets him kick and play on her lap, or wherever it is warm and pleasant without any clothes to bother him at all. This is just a lovely time. Perhaps Daddy comes in now, and everyone is very happy for a few minutes. Then after his hands and face and legs have been bathed, Baby has a whole fresh set of clothing put on for the night. He is fed at six o'clock, and is tucked up in his basket, and not even the Prince of Wales himself, should he elect to visit Mother, must be allowed to disturb him now. He may be put outdoors again if the evening be clear and there is a sheltered, quiet spot for him. He can stay outdoors too, till Mother's bedtime. She will feed him again between nine and ten, and change him if necessary, and see that his toes are quite warm, and then everyone will go to bed and to sleep for a whole blessed night.

—"Out of your whole day  
give but a moment."



## Before you dress in the morning,

Before you retire at night,  
powder all over with

# MENNEN TALCUM POWDERS

The result will surprise you.

A feeling of freshness that lasts through the day.

No clothes clinging; no skin irritation; an atmosphere of cleanliness, freshness, charm.

Sprinkle a little in your shoes before walking.

Dust between the sheets on a hot Summer's night.

Mennen Violet Talcum—Fresh as the morning.

Mennen Sen Yang—Redolent of the East.

Mennen Cream Tint—For those who find a white Talcum unbecoming.

Mennen Flesh Tint—The "first" Flesh Tint Talcum.

And the famous Mennen Borated Talcum for Baby—Has been unequalled for forty years.



The Mennen Co.  
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10 McCaul Street  
Toronto



*The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life*



The perennial beauty of a valuable rug is the reward of frequent and thorough cleaning. Such cleaning is easy to perform with The Hoover because it beats... as it sweeps, as it suction cleans. All injurious embedded grit is fluttered out by gentle beating. All stubborn litter is detached by swift sweeping. All loose dirt is withdrawn by strong suction. Only The Hoover combines these three essential operations. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

# *The* HOOVER

ELECTRIC SUCTION SWEEPER

*It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans*

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and name of nearest dealer

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

*The oldest makers of electric cleaners*  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

*Made in Canada — by Canadians — for Canadians*



*Kellogg's* Toasted Corn Flakes  
always come in

# WAXTITE

*You never will be disappointed if you—insist on the genuine Kellogg's WAXTITE package, for then you get those crisp, appetizing, richly-flavored Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, packed fresh from our great ovens in Toronto.*

Your grocer has all the Kellogg WAXTITE products for you—Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes; Kellogg's Krumbles—the all-wheat food, ready to eat; and Kellogg's Krumbled Bran—the new cereal bran food that overcomes constipation and helps you to keep in splendid health.

These most popular food products, made right here in CANADA come to you at their best, each package guaranteed by the signature of *H. K. Kellogg*



# WAXTITE

IMPORTANT—Avoid disappointment. Get the genuine. Always ask for Kellogg's WAXTITE, and see that you get the real Kellogg Waxtite-wrapped package. All genuine Kellogg foods are thus protected from dampness, odors, dust and all other influences that might affect the crisp, oven-fresh, tempting flavor and quality for which Kellogg's WAXTITE products are more than famous.

For "Goodness" Sake!—Get the WAXTITE Package always





For

# Thorough Hygienic Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser quickly removes all dirt and also the unhealthiness that goes with it. Free from dangerous caustics and acids, it is safe and sanitary for sinks, floors, walls, cooking utensils, etc.



CANADIAN

# HOME JOURNAL

VOL. 17  
Nº 5

SEPTEMBER 1920  
TORONTO



SEPTEMBER  
1920

PRICE  
20  
CENTS

*Illustration by M. W. K. M.*





### Whipped Cream Cocoanut Cake

4 oz. butter; rind of one-half orange (grated); 3 eggs; 1 small cup milk; 1 large cup flour; 1/2 cup cornstarch; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder; flavorings (vanilla and rose); 3/4 pint cream; 1 small fresh cocoanut (grated.).

Cream butter, adding grated rind of orange; then the sugar, working well in; then the well beaten yolks of eggs, and milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cornstarch and stir in gradually, then the well beaten whites of eggs, and lastly one teaspoon each of vanilla and rose flavorings. Bake in well buttered jelly tins in quick oven. When baked turn out and allow to cool.

Whip cream stiff, adding three tablespoons confectioners sugar and one-half teaspoon each vanilla and rose flavoring.

Cover top and side of each layer with the whipped cream and sprinkle over the grated cocoanut. If unable to obtain fresh cocoanut use Baker's canned cocoanut.

**E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.**

WINNIPEG

TORONTO, CANADA

MONTREAL







# Canadian Home Journal

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to all Progressive Canadians

NEW YORK  
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Volume Seventeen

Number Five



## Just About Ourselves

By THE EDITOR

FOR the first month of autumn we have decided to take a day off and talk to you about the JOURNAL and what you may do for us. A journalistic authority has written for us the appeal on this page, and we hope you will read every word of "Wanted—A Wider Vision" and decide to attain that broad Canadianism which will make you interested in what your countrymen and countrywomen are writing.

Then, we should like to say a few words to would-be contributors who are anxious to send us pictures, poems and stories—to say nothing of articles on the High Cost of Living. We are willing to consider all such contributions, but please send a stamped and addressed envelope with your article or story. This seems a small request, but it is a highly important one. When many manuscripts are received in the course of a month, the cost of postage for those which must wend a homeward way is considerable. The experienced writer does not resent a rejection of poem or story. He or she takes it as part of the day's work, regards it as business and sends the returned manuscript out on another journey which may prove highly successful. Instead of a returning manuscript, one of your fairy ships may sail in, laden with a cheque which will gladden your heart for twenty-four hours. It is well to study the nature of each magazine before sending your cherished production to the editorial authorities.

WE told you last month of two artists who have done excellent work for us in cover designs, and we know that you will enjoy this month's September girl by Miss Kerr. In October there will be an autumnal cover by Miss Long, and for November a new contributor, Miss Yvonne McKague, has given us a delightfully quaint and picturesque design. So you can see that the newcomer is welcome and that we are willing and even eager to discover new talent. However, we must admit that when we receive sketches and paintings intended for illustrations or covers, and frankly admitted by the senders to be the work of those who have had little or no training, we wonder just what estimate the would-be contributor has made of what is needed.

We should like all Women's Institute members to bear in mind our photograph competition for sampler or quilt, and send in their competing manuscripts with picture accompaniment by November 1st. The competition should bring to light many treasures of sampler or quilt, and everyone knows that these articles, dear to our foremothers, are highly popular to-day.

Stories are insisted upon in the modern journal, and we are giving you the work of some of our best writers in East and West. Next month we hope to publish another contribution by Beatrice Redpath, who is showing her versatility by writing most unusual stories, whereas a few years ago we first made her acquaintance as a poet of distinct charm.

WHEREVER you go and whatever you do in these days, you hear about health and clinics and better days for all of us—from the baby to the great-grandmother. We are pleased to announce that in October a new department will appear, "Health and the Home," the writer of which is a physician of national reputation, whose skill and counsel will be shown not only in monthly articles, but in answers to correspondents who are in need of a word of friendly and efficient advice. We feel that we have been most fortunate in securing a trained and sympathetic writer for such a department, whose professional wisdom is matched by her unflinching sympathy. The interests of the baby will not for a moment be neglected, but the topic of health will be treated in

the broadest way, for it means the weal of "Home and Country."

This is the month when the boys and girls go back to school, and the school-yards, which seemed so forlorn and desolate during July and August, suddenly brighten as the lively young pupils crowd them at recess and make the neighborhood echo with the exercise of Young Canada's lungs. Perhaps you have noticed that during the summer we have had two pages of school announcements which have shown the variety of our educational institutions, to suit the demands of any household. The universal testimony is that never were our students—in primary, secondary or university circles—more eager for the work that lies ahead in the school year; and here are best wishes for the Canadians at school!

### Wanted—A Wider Vision

"We do gaze each through our knot-hole, and do dream broad heaven is but the spot we see." So wrote a great thinker many years ago. He spoke a great truth, for men in all ages have been inclined to circumscribe their thinking within very narrow bounds. To the Romans, Gaul was the Ultima Thule, the last land, the uttermost horizon. To the average Roman, indeed, the "Ultima Thule" was probably confined within the walls of Rome itself.

With the passing years, the few wide thinkers, the few great adventurers, have pushed our horizons back, given us an opportunity to see a greater field. But with it all we are still inclined to gaze through the knot-hole, that shows us our little community, our individual interests, our few friends and our limited enthusiasms, and still we dream that broad heaven is this place we see.

All well enough in its way, well enough to have our local prides and appreciations, but it is not that way that nations are made. We have the grain grower in the West thinking one thing and the manufacturer in the East another. And the men by the sea in the East will have nothing to do with the men by the sea in the West. We have at times a bitterness engendered by race, creed, and language, hints of dis-union, breaths of a wind of misunderstanding and distrust, a thousand varying viewpoints, the viewpoint of the knot-hole of the district, and little enough to draw us together.

What we need is a wider vision, that we may discard our knot-hole viewpoint, and look out on the broad sky that domes the whole country. We want a vision that can take in the interests of the Western prairies, and the interest of the habitant farms of the East, that will put an end to the bickerings between one section and another of the country. We want to see things from the standpoint of the nation, not from the standpoint of a town or county.

It is for this reason that a National Press is so essential for Canada. There is an actual need for national magazines that can cover the country from coast to coast, that can foster no local prejudice, but by their nature can bring to the country, as a whole, knowledge of how men in this part of the country and that, are living, that can tell of their hopes and aspirations and ideals. So it is possible to discount the points of divergence, and make strong the common bonds. They are the prophets of the larger vision that means so much to Canada. They are the only factor that can make for lasting peace and unity, the only factor that can build a national spirit on the basis of a sympathetic understanding. And that, because the national magazines are the only medium that can touch the people everywhere. Yes, the national magazines are the soundest insurance against disruption, the strongest assurance of a common ideal of nationhood, that exists to-day. They are the medium through which Canadians can find their wider horizon.

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## Your complexion tells a story to the world

**H**OW fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin meets the eyes of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well-poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

Nothing so quickly creates an impression of your personality as your skin. By keeping it soft, clear, radiant—you can make it speak instantly, unmistakably of fastidious freshness and charm, of dainty care.

Don't let your skin tell a story of neglect—of unhygienic or thoughtless habits. Even if through the wrong kind of treatment your complexion has lost the smoothness and freshness it should have—if it has become pale and sallow—spoiled by blemishes or disfiguring little blackheads—you can give it back the color and clearness that make other girls' complexions so attractive.

For your skin is constantly changing—it changes every day, in spite of you. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And you will find that this new skin, if given the care its particular need demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

### *The most embarrassing flaw— how to overcome it*

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many complexions—an oily skin, and a nose that will get shiny.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth and supple.

This oil is constantly being produced by the glands of the skin. When it is too abundant, the result is an oily skin and shiny nose. To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The very first time you use this treatment, you will notice that it leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments, the drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath so soft and glowing that you will realize the good this treatment is doing your skin. Use it regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appearance—how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this care.

### *Special treatments for every type of skin*

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving the skin. Get the booklet of treatments that is wrap-

ped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and see for yourself how carefully each different skin need has been studied. You will find here the treatment for blemishes—for blackheads—for conspicuous nose pores—for each of the commoner skin troubles. Find the treatment for your individual type of skin and use it regularly and faithfully.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. The booklet of treatments is wrapped around each cake. Get a cake to-day—begin your treatment to-night. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

### *"Your treatment for one week"*

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week*.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write to-day for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5209 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.







IT was with much trepidation that Canada watched the coming and going of the first 'Varsity girls. They were talked about, written about and most gravely considered. Dire prophecies were made as to the influence they would exert in the community. Under the malign leading of a degree, lovely woman would forget all about the affairs of the household and man would go dinnerless and uncared for. The magazines took up the subject and the 'Varsity girl made many an anxious editor splutter inky questions concerning her possible loss of domestic tendency. But for more than a score of years she has been going her learned way in Canada, and we no longer hear or read discussions of whether she should be allowed. She came, she studied, she took her degree. She married, and her husband is no more afflicted with indigestion than is the man who wooed and won the degreeless lady. So, the 'Varsity girl no longer causes a flutter and a questioning. She is part of our modern life, and is accepted as a rather desirable feature of the life of to-day.

Not long after she began to lend variety to the college walks, there arose a foolish cry concerning the "new" woman. Now, Solomon assured us long ago that there is no new thing under the sun, and certainly Solomon should have known something about feminine vagaries. Woman is not going to become new, even if she chooses to add a mortar-board to her array of headgear. She is the same perplexing and interesting creature as she was when Eve took to the study of botany and found that it was not on the regular curriculum. The 'Varsity girl is essentially a woman, and is not going to turn the world upside down or inside out. She finds her fancy turning lightly to spring hats, as well as to May "exams," and she by no means despises the American Beauty rose or the seductive chocolate cream.

WHEN woman entered upon university study there was a foolish and enthusiastic sisterhood that stood back and declared, "Now, just watch them! They'll take everything from the men." But the 'Varsity girl has done nothing of the kind. She has held her own—consisting of the course in modern languages. Occasionally she strays into the paths of Greek or chemistry. But the classical or scientific girl is rare, while the "moderns" department has come to be regarded as exceedingly ladylike. It would be interesting to know how many teachers of English, French and German in secondary schools are 'Varsity girls. Even in a college course woman seems to have found a peculiarly congenial sphere. High honors have not been wanting to the 'Varsity girl, but there has been no display of such marvelous industry and erudition as to alarm her brother student and her worthy professor. The head of the 'Varsity girl is to be respected. But, after all, it has not yet been proved that in matters intellectual man is but a poor and incompetent creature. In remote districts, the girl who goes to 'Varsity is yet considered an unusually brilliant and intellectual being—a dangerous ornament

to her sex. But in college towns she is not necessarily so esteemed. We do not expect her to kindle the waters of the Great Lakes, but we do expect her to acquit herself with credit and to

of 1920 takes her learning lightly and knows that the world does not expect her to discuss Schopenhauer and Hegel. She gives herself no airs of superior wisdom, but her influence is felt, for all that, wheresoever women are gathered. There is a broader and less personal tone in our women's societies and clubs. The "sins of emptiness, gossip and spite and slander" are not dead, but the 'Varsity girl is one of the forces that will hit them hard. After all, it is just as interesting to discuss the foibles of Shelley and the love letters of the Brownings as the affairs of our neighbor—and it will not hurt Shelley or the Brownings.

FEARFUL and wonderful tales were told of the manner in which the 'Varsity girl would array herself. It was told that she would draw her hair straight back from a prominent brow until her eyebrows would rise perforce. She would wear blue goggles, and would have no respect unto ruffles and chiffon. In fact, she would be a frump of the frumpiest order. But the prophecy has not been fulfilled, and the 'Varsity girl goes her dainty way, with her hair as fashionably puffed or waved, her collars as bewilderingly beaded and ribboned as her sisters who know not of Latin. She lends to the gown a certain grace that it had not known when it hung from straight, masculine shoulders, nor does she take from its dignity. She has learned that the gymnasium is not to be despised, and that a good figure is as much to be desired as first-class honors in French prose. When she betakes herself to a dance, she wears as fluffy and foolish a gown as any debutante could wish for, and she does not bore her partners with 'Varsity shop. In truth, cap and gown have found no enmity to "gowns."

Of course, the 'Varsity girl has an eminently modern way of regarding man. She does not regard him as a being to be marvelled at or adored—because she has found out that a university course is not an uneasy matter and that a woman also may learn a few things about metaphysics and political economy. She looks upon him in a friendly, companionable fashion, and treats him accordingly. The 'Varsity man, it is whispered, regards her as a necessary evil and wishes that she would betake herself to Vassar or Bryn Mawr. But, until some kind dignitary begs a successor of Carnegie to give us a women's university, the youths put up with the 'Varsity girl and are far from unkind. There is a formidable array of women in our university classes, and he is a brave man who would say that their absence would fill a long-felt want. They have shown that they are sufficient unto themselves by the many organizations that have been formed. They are an abiding and independent community. One change has been noticed in recent years. Formerly, every 'Varsity girl was looking to a position in high school, college, or possibly in journalism. But now a great many of the girls have no thought of a "career," but are simply taking the work because they feel that it is part of life's equipment. It is a bitter experience to desire a university training and be denied. After all, it is better to give a girl her own way even if it leads to an Arts degree.

#### THE WIFE OF CANADA'S NEW PREMIER

Mrs. Arthur Meighen, the wife of our Prime Minister, was Miss Jessie Isobel Scott; born in Granby, Quebec, but a resident of the West at the time of her marriage. There are three children in the Meighen household: Teddy, aged fourteen; Max, aged twelve, and Lilian, who is only ten. Mrs. Meighen is devoted to home rather than to club activities, and is possessed of much personal charm.

exhibit only a very few "stars." She is not an intellectual prig, and does not take herself too seriously. The 'Varsity girl of early days was inevitably too important and solemn concerning her place and opportunities. She was fully aware of her experimental nature, and was on her guard against frivolity and trifling. But our 'Varsity girl

#### OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome and truthful.

To be a leader in thought and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To publish as far as possible, and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature and their own country with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.





# How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

*This season's fashions are built to display the hands*



**B** RILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. Beads with which pink finger tips may toy. These and a dozen other pretty fancies this season are especially designed to display the hand.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous. Never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. If possible, each nail should show a pretty half-moon at its base. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle.

## *It is easy to have lovely nails*

An easy, quick, safe way has been discovered for manicuring your nails! A way which thousands of women are using regularly.

With fifteen or twenty minutes given regularly each week to this simple, scientific method of caring for your nails, you can keep them always exquisite.

There is no need for the time-taking soaking of your nails, for the slow and ruinous cutting of the cuticle. Learn to manicure the new, easy way! The safe way!

## *What cutting does to the cuticle*

Cutting the cuticle leaves a ragged, irregular edge. The more you cut it, the more rapidly the cuticle grows—the tougher and more uneven it becomes. Dust grinds into these little irregularities, as it could never do if the cuticle were smooth and even.

For years there was no way of getting rid of the surplus cuticle except cutting it. But after long study an

expert perfected the formula for Cutex, the safe cuticle remover. Now you can rid yourself of the superfluous cuticle without any disfiguring hacking at your fingers.

## *How to give yourself a perfect manicure*

First, file your nails to the desired length and shape. Smooth away any roughness with the emery board—one comes in the Introductory Set.

Now wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (you will find both in the Cutex package), and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work it gently around the base of your nail until the cuticle is softened. Wash your hands, and as you dry them, push the cuticle back.

For snowy-white nail tips, squeeze a little Nail White under them—directly



*Cutex softens and removes surplus cuticle quickly and harmlessly. Apply Cutex Nail White underneath each nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.*

from its convenient tube. It removes all stains and discolorations. Finish with a quick shine with Cutex Nail Polish. For a more brilliant polish, use the Cutex Paste Polish, then the Cake Polish. For an unusually quick, brilliant lustre use the Cutex Liquid Polish.

Do you notice that your skin is drier at one season of the year than another? This is apt to happen particularly in cold weather, or if your hands are in water a great deal. If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Give yourself this Cutex manicure regularly once or twice a week according to the rapidity with which your nails grow. You will be free forever from the embarrassment of unsightly nails. You can enjoy the grace of lovely hands.

So many busy women are keeping their nails in wonderful condition with Cutex, that ill kept ones are no longer excused. They are considered as evidence of personal carelessness.

Try Cutex today. You will be delighted to find how much beauty it gives to your hand.

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 70-cent bottles.

## *Six manicures for 20 cents*

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cake Polish, Pink Paste Polish, together with orange stick and emery boards. Enough of each to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 1108, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



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## CHAPTER NINE.

## THE BANKER AMAZES TWO GIRLS.

MOLLIE AIKEN had triumphed at last. Since that memorable Sunday morning in Stanley Park, Mollie and her friend Bessie Ingraham had had many clashes over the Cupid Exchange matrimonial scheme. Sometimes Bessie had weakened, often she had stubbornly resisted Mollie's suggestions. More than once, superhuman tact and diplomacy alone had prevented a final break.

But by dint of holding before Miss Ingraham a dazzling future as a cattle baron's wife, by repeatedly lauding Mr. Harrigan's noble character and manly virtues—as related by his secretary, F. H., in one of his many letters—by drawing comparisons between the Harrigan wealth and the Ingraham penury, and more particularly by repeated dissertations on the Harrigan home, its splendid furniture, and rare mural decorations, Mollie had at last obtained a favorable answer.

"But," warned the bride-to-be, "everything's got to be just as they say it is, or it's all off. And you'll have to come up with me."

"Me! Why?" questioned Mollie.

"Do you suppose I'm going to be married in a strange place, to a strange man, and not have at least a bridesmaid to stand by me?"

"But, honey, think of the distance," protested Mollie.

"You'll be coming back, won't you? If it's too far for you to travel for a holiday, maybe it's too far for me to go and live there," argued Bessie.

So Mollie had consented to make the journey to Harrigan's ranch with her friend. Bessie had left the Nectar Palace, and had plunged into the engrossing task of preparing her trousseau. She was considerably in the dark as to what clothes to buy for her future duties as mistress of an eleven-hundred-and-twenty-acre ranch, not including leases, and even the Cupid Exchange had not been able to settle the difficulty. Cory Harrigan had been appealed to for advice, and the answer had been not to bother with clothes at all; Mr. Harrigan had an account at the principal store in Soda Creek, where the young lady could outfit herself after she reached the country and could secure the assistance of resident ladies who were much more competent than Mr. Harrigan, per F. H., in such delicate matters.

Bessie had been very dubious about the style of goods she could buy in Soda Creek, but had performed to accept the inevitable.

"Besides, honey," consoled Mollie, "don't forget that Mr. Harrigan has an account at that store in Soda Creek, and you can charge everything you buy," an argument which carried great weight.

And so it came about that the two girls left Vancouver on a morning train, bound for Ashcroft. They had bought the tickets with their own money, but that was to be practically the sole expense of the trip. The Cupid Exchange had pointed out, in one of its last letters to Mr. Harrigan, that the journey to Soda Creek was a long and presumably expensive trip, and that it was usual for a bridegroom to make the necessary provision for such outlay. This was the first time the question of money had been hinted at in the correspondence. But if Mollie expected a cheque she was disappointed.

Instead, Mr. Harrigan's scribe explained that Mr. Harrigan's banker at Ashcroft, on being given the enclosed letter, would be pleased to give the lady any assistance she required, and would also relieve her of the necessity of attending to the details of the journey.

At Ashcroft the two young women called on the banker and presented the letter. It read:—

"Please engage car to Soda Creek for this young lady, and give driver money to meet all road expenses, charging same to my account. Cornelius Harrigan."

"Which young lady is it?" inquired the banker blandly.

"I'm the one," answered Bessie, blushing slightly, and expecting the usual compliments.

But the banker, who knew nothing of Harrigan's country, merely surmised that he was possibly a school trustee, and this young lady a new teacher. He chatted pleasantly for a few minutes, then volunteered to introduce the girls to the hotel manager, under whose care he would leave them till morning.

"And I'd advise retiring early, Miss Ingraham," he said, "the auto will call for you at five o'clock."

"Oh, my goodness. I'll have to finish my sleep in the car, then," exclaimed Mollie.

"You're going part of the way with your friend, are you?" inquired the banker.

"All the way," answered Mollie.

"Mr. Harrigan only mentions one lady," commented the banker, referring to the letter. "And," looking at Bessie, "I understand you were going up to replace the old one."

"The old one!" chorused the two girls.

"Well, let's say the previous one, then," said the banker, with the air of one making an unimportant concession. "I never saw her, to my knowledge, so she may possibly have been quite young. I don't want to discourage you, but it does seem hard to keep the same lady for any length of time up there."

Mollie and Bessie exchanged surprised glances. Then, determined to know the worst, Mollie asked:

"Does Mr. Harrigan change often?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer, "in those unorganized districts it's sometimes hard for one woman to please three or four men."

"Please three or four men!" echoed Miss Ingraham in amazement.

"Is that all she has to do?" Mollie asked sarcastically.

"And look after the children, of course," the banker smiled. "you'll probably find from ten to twenty youngsters to welcome you. If I re-



"The banker . . . merely surmised that . . . this young lady was a new teacher."



member right, nine is the least the government allow."

"Nine! But doesn't the old one take her children with her when she goes away?" required Bessie in amazement.

The banker looked extremely puzzled at the question.

"Why, no, of course not. Whatever would she do with all those youngsters?"

"How long did Mr. Harrigan and his associates keep the old one?" required Mollie, anxious to learn as much as possible about the extraordinary happenings of the past.

"Now I come to think of it, I don't just see went up three or four years ago. You I remember her now. She was quite young, too. About eighteen, I should say."

"And," Bessie went on, gasping and incredulous, "you mean to tell me she had nine children!"

The banker explained patiently. "Not exactly that. I said the government insists on nine, but quite likely she had more. You'll probably have twenty if you stay there a few years. The population—Why, what's the matter—Hey, water, quick...."

For Bessie had threatened to faint.

Mollie staggered towards her, and collapsed. And the banker, who had a weak heart, just crumpled up.

## CHAPTER TEN.

ON THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD.

VERY early next morning the two girls started from Ashcroft for Soda Creek in a powerful Cadillac piloted by Tony Dalzell. The bank manager had done everything in his power to atone for the misunderstanding which had led to the general collapse in his office. He had not only procured the most comfortable automobile plying for hire on the Cariboo road, and a careful driver, but he had even exceeded the letter of his instructions and provided ample funds for the comfort of the bride-to-be and her bridesmaid, once he had learned the true state of affairs. And he had been gallant enough to rise at half-past four o'clock on a chilly morning and walk down to the hotel to bid the ladies *bon voyage*. Of course he had gone back to bed later on; the bank did not open until ten o'clock.

"Remember, ladies," he had said, "you don't have to bother about anything at all until you reach Soda Creek. The chauffeur will look after everything for you. Mr. Harrigan will no doubt have some friends to meet you at your destination, if for any reason he cannot be there himself. He knows when to expect you?"

"We told him what day we'd leave Vancouver," answered Mollie.

"That will be all right, then," said the banker. "Once again I wish you much happiness, Miss Ingraham, and an enjoyable journey to you both. Good-bye."

The banker stood in the middle of the road waving his hat, a solitary figure shivering in the morning chilliness, until the car curved out of sight and sped through Ashcroft's Chinatown. Then it crossed the bridge over the Thompson River and in a few seconds was taking the Ashcroft hill on intermediate gear.

With the easy familiarity of the professional chauffeur, Tony Dalzell leaned back in his seat and opened conversation with his fares.

"If you're finding it at all chilly, ladies, I'll put up the top for you any time you say. No? All right, then. Lots of folks find it pretty cold being up so early in the morning, but it's as you say. You can't see the scenery with the top up. If there's anything you'd like to know, ladies, just ask me. I'm on this road all the time, and as full of information as a guide on a New York rubber-neck wagon."

"And just about as fresh," commented Mollie, sotto voce.

But the chauffeur was at least refreshingly fresh, and in a surprisingly short time he had his passengers keenly interested in his stories and descriptions. He drove slowly past the Cache Creek rancherie, waved a greeting to the solitary Indian in sight, and pointed out the home of Blind Jimmy, the Indian freighter who could hold his own against the white men engaged in the same business.

The girls were disappointed at the appearance of the Indian village. As Miss Ingraham expressed it: "It looks too civilized, too prim; a nice little church, substantial houses and stables, but not a tent or tepee, and not a single, starving cur yapping at our heels. It's not like any Indian village I ever read of."

Once, when the two girls broke out in admiration of an orchard filled with ripe apples, Tony stopped the car, vaulted over the fence and returned with a cap filled with luscious fruit.

"Oh, thank you so much," said Bessie. "I haven't eaten an apple for ever so long. Aren't they lovely?"

Munching greedily, Mollie managed to mumble: "Young man, you shouldn't steal like that."

Tony grinned: "What's wrong with my way of stealing? I got away with it, didn't I? And I had to get these now, because we'll be out of the fruit belt as soon as we pass the Twenty."

"The Twenty what?" asked Mollie.

"The Twenty Mile House," explained Tony. "The road houses are numbered according to their distance from Ashcroft or Lillooet. Instead of having names like 'The Princess Hotel,' they're known as the Twelve Mile House, the Twenty, the Fifty-Nine, the Seventy, and so on. For that log building over on the left? That's

## The Little Woman

TO declare that a little man is at a disadvantage is to be overwhelmed with "Look at the Japs" and "Think of Bobs and Napoleon and—". There follows a list of the world's great little men, which almost persuades one that the lack of inches is the root of all achievement. In spite of statistics, however, it remains a fact that a little man is extraordinarily sensitive about his brevity, while he is fortunate if he does not assume a pompous air in order to impress the world with the truth of worthy Dr. Watts' remark, "The mind's the stature of the man." Little men have succeeded where many a sluggish giant has failed ignobly; but the tall man is yet the "eternally fit" specimen, whether we turn to the tailor's model or to the hero of the woman novelist. The artist who would depict a small and scrubby "Adam" as an ideal of physical manhood would speedily be made aware of his mistake.

But when we consider lovely woman, matters are different indeed. It is true that Tennyson wrote about a woman who was "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

While such an overwhelming person might be very much at home among the demi-gods, she would assuredly be unappreciated among the sons of men. It is the small person who is both delightful and dangerous. In the days of her childhood she places her tiny red shoes upon the neck of a doting father, who can play the part of stern "governor" to the boys, but who is as wax in the hands of his small daughter. She is so frail and dainty that it would be a matter of cruelty to refuse her anything, and so she has her own way from infancy to old-ladyhood, and, by some wonderful process of inward discipline, she escapes being spoiled.

The novelist and his comrade-in-falsehood, the poet, have been fond of referring to woman's tears as if they were eminently becoming to the feminine countenance. As a matter of fact, there is nothing, except, perhaps, the polo hat, which is so trying to the features as what the flowery writer terms "a passion of sobs." The average woman in a fit of weeps is distinctly unpleasing, both to sight and hearing, for not only her eyes, nose and mouth are weirdly exercised, but there are chokings and gurglings which are far from being soothing or melodious. But the little woman has reduced weeping to a fine art, and is so pathetic and yet winsome a figure when giving way to grief that her tears are even more dangerous than her smiles. They are so formidable a weapon, indeed, that she resorts to them only when all others have proved ineffective.

As a rule, the little woman is amiable, even to other and larger women. But when she is otherwise, she becomes so sweetly venomous that her sisters rise up and call her "a perfect cat." She is never openly and frankly hostile, but makes the most maddening remarks with an air of childish innocence that completely deceives a man and makes him wonder what she has said or done to make the other women "so awfully down on the poor little thing." She is the one who remarks on the very trying shade of brown you are wearing, and quietly makes you uncomfortable for an hour by concluding, "I didn't know that you ever wore that shade. It requires such a perfect complexion to carry it off well." She is always so commiserating and sympathetic that one is forced to fume in silence, lest the little woman should wonder what she has said to offend, in the language, "I really didn't dream of annoying you. But then, I believe in 'perfect' sincerity."

The perverted proverb which came out of California—"a little widow is a dangerous thing"—is practically and profoundly true. The most acute form that the little woman can take is the widow. She was bewitching in the pink muslin frock of childhood; she was a vision of girlish loveliness in her bridal gown of white Duchesse when she "came in on her father's arm"; but as a pensive widow with the daintiest white edge to her bonnet, and a frightened, appealing expression in her eyes, she is a sight to make Saint Anthony drop the prefix to his name and devote himself to consoling this extremely forlorn creature. She seems to need frequent and persistent consolation, for she is so utterly unfitted to battle with the world. Her grief is a sacred thing at first, but after a time the would-be comforter ventures to tell her that she is too frail and sensitive to be alone, that she needs to be protected, and that he is an enthusiastic believer in the policy of protection. So the little widow ceases to refer to "poor dear John," pensively puts his photograph away, and when the world beholds her in a fetching costume of heliotrope and silver grey it smiles knowingly, for it knows there will soon be a quiet wedding, on account, as a thoughtless reporter once expressed it, "of a recent bereavement in the bride's family."

the first school established on the mainland of British Columbia, soon after the gold rush. One of the first scholars is now a judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

"He is!" said Bessie with admiration. "I wonder how famous he would have become if he could have been educated in one of our modern Vancouver schools, instead of in that woodpile."

"Whatever is the matter with that roof?" interjected Mollie, half rising in her seat in her amazement at the appearance of a building some distance away.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Bessie, in tones of great surprise.

Tony looked puzzled: "There's nothing the matter with it, is there? It doesn't seem to be caving in."

"But what's on top of it? A garden?" inquired Mollie.

"Oh, I get you now," laughed the chauffeur. "That's a new one on you, eh? That's a mud roof."

"A what?"

"A mud roof, a dirt roof, a roof made of earth. Of course you can't keep grass and weeds from growing on soil. Looks funny when you're not used to it, but you'll see lots of them before we get to Soda Creek."

"But why don't people use shingles, or slates, or something?" Mollie wanted to know. "That building needs a hair cut."

"Costs too much to bring in shingles. Very often they put shakes over the dirt roof, but they also need the soil to keep the houses warm. There's about two feet of dirt over the poles on that roof."

"I don't like it. I don't like it," repeated Bessie. "That house looks as if it were making faces at me. I hope I don't have—"

"You'll be quite used to it by to-night," consoled the chauffeur. "And now we'll put on a little juice and get to Clinton and breakfast."

They came in sight of the town of Clinton suddenly and it seemed to the passengers as if the car would glide through the little burgh before Tony could get it stopped. But he brought it to a standstill at the Ladies' Entrance of the hotel, jumped out, and opened the door of the tonneau.

Miss Ingraham stood up and surveyed Clinton. "Gracious," she said disapprovingly, "I never knew a town could be so thin."

"I feel just like Clinton, then. Let's go and eat a big breakfast," urged Mollie.

The long ride in the bracing morning air had given the two girls a keen appetite, and they did full justice to the fare spread out for them. Tony nonchalantly took his seat at their table, and freely gave unsolicited advice regarding the dishes they should order.

"Some of these road houses," he explained, "can spoil every kind of food, others only spoil certain kinds. It's taken me quite a while to learn how to eat on the Cariboo road, and even now I'm stumped every time a Chinese cook gets fired."

After breakfast the two ladies declined a facetious invitation to be taken for a drive around town and shown the points of interest, which Tony described as the culvert, the hitching post, and the government stables.

"Now that it's getting warmer you want to watch out for the mosquitoes," laughed Tony, as he fussed with the steering gear. "You girls better put on your veils."

Inasmuch as his broad back seemed innocent of any intentionally undue familiarity, the "girls" decided to follow his suggestion without comment.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN.

THE CHASM—AND A SURPRISE

THE car sped along gracefully, taking the long Clinton hill easily. Neither of the girls had done much motoring, but they were beginning to realize that this road was unusually good for a country road. They said so to the chauffeur.

"Oh, we haven't started on the Cariboo road yet," he assured them. "We won't be halfway when we get to Soda Creek, and it's as good as this, every foot of the way, or pretty nearly so, anyway. It ought to be a good road; they've been fixing it for over fifty years now."

The car sped along, mile after mile. Once in a while they whizzed past lumbering freight wagons, Tony and the teamsters exchanging flying greetings.

At the Fifty-Nine Mile House Tony stopped to "give her a drink." As he was getting the water from a flume a man sauntered out from the hotel and chatted with him for a few moments. The conversation seemed to interest the chauffeur very much.

Once on the road again, Tony turned to his fares with mock severity:

"You might have let me know, girls. I call it real mean of you, there now."

"Let you know what?" came a puzzled duo.

Instead of answering, Tony frowned comically and whistled a few bars of a popular tune. He was still whistling merrily when something grey, pattering furtively in the light timber close to the road caught his eye.

Jamming on the brakes, he dived under the seat brought out a rifle and with a shout of "Stand still," fired twice. Then he took a flying leap out of the car and returned in a minute with his victim.

"Isn't that a dandy?" He held up the animal by the bushy tail, five feet of silver grey fur that looked half wolf, half dog.



"What is it?" asked Mollie.

"A coyote. The worst enemy the cattle men have in this country. It kills hundreds of sheep and calves every year, and is so wary it's almost impossible to trap it. But it always stands still when one hollers out. I made a good shot that last time."

"What are you going to do with it?" Bessie wanted to know.

"Collect the bounty. The government pays three dollars for every coyote killed. If it was later in the year the hide might be worth five dollars, but now it's not worth anything. Not enough fur."

And Tony rattled on, telling stories of trapping and hunting in the wilderness, how men went alone in the solitudes for months at a time, and came out in the spring with their store of skins and pelts. Sometimes they made big money, some years they earned a mere pittance. But they went back year after year, the foremost runners in the endless march of civilization.

Shortly after, when rounding a curve, Tony slowed up and brought the car to a standstill at the edge of the road. The passengers were reclining lazily in the tonneau.

"What is it?" asked Mollie, languidly.

Tony leaned out and looked to the right.

"There seems to be a hole in the ground here," he remarked, as one who has just discovered something quite new. "But," he added, "don't be afraid. The car is on solid rock."

Mollie and Bessie half rose in their seats to satisfy their curiosity. Then gave vent to a cry in which fright was hardly suppressed by amazement. They were standing on the brink of an abyss.

The two girls gazed spellbound at the mighty cleft in the earth. The chasm extended as far as the eye could reach, like the trail of a monstrous python writhing in agony. The walls were precipitous, sheer in places. Here a jutting ledge miraculously supported a stunted pine tree, seemingly hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between Heaven and Earth. There a crevice, looking a mere scratch in the precipice, was partly hidden by a clump of scrub willow. Great patches of red-berried kanick-kanick dotted the walls, like splotches of blood issuing from a gaping wound. Near the top, where the sun could penetrate, the sombreness of the rocks was relieved by dashes of color, the vivid brown and yellow of the tiger lily, the flaming vermillion of the painter's brush, the golden dots that were marigolds and wild sunflowers, and the creeping rusty red of the withered wild strawberry leaves.

Lower down, the color scheme shaded to the blue and brown of the rock and soil, with great blue and green blankets of moss and ferns in the moist places. Below, the coloring became vague and indefinite.

An air of utter desolation seemed to pervade the depths of the canyon. Shapes and outlines were hardly distinguishable in the gloom. Far down in the murk one could guess the presence of a moving thread of water, but no splash or ripple broke the solemn stillness.

A sense of human insignificance impressed itself on the onlookers. They were in the presence of the evidence of some mighty cataclysm of nature, some fearful upheaval of an age long past and long forgotten. What it was, and when, or why, no man can tell. No known natural manifestation of energy, such as an earthquake, or glacier, or spontaneous combustion, or volcano, could inflict such a gash on the face of nature. Yet there it was, frightful, awe-inspiring, mysterious, the Chasm.

"Drive on, please," said Mollie, at last, very quietly. "This is awful. It's like standing on the brink of the grave of God."

Tony nodded and drove on.

On the brow of a hill they passed half a dozen freighters, the men grouped around one wagon while the horses rested. As the car sped by the teamsters waved their hands and shouted a boisterous greeting.

"They know something," Tony chuckled.

Evidently they were not the only ones who "knew something." Half a dozen men on horseback drew aside when the car approached and saluted the ladies with exaggerated politeness and smiling faces.

At Seventy Mile House an old shoe was tossed on Miss Ingraham's lap as they passed a cheering group.

"What are they throwing rubbish like that at us for?" asked that indignant lady.

Tony chuckled again: "They know something."

Mollie had picked up the shoe. It was old and battered. Suddenly she understood. An old shoe. Of course it had only one meaning.

She giggled as she handed the relic to her friend.

"It's for you, dear."

Miss Ingraham saw a great light. "Do you mean to say those people know?" Her startled tone bespoke her incredulity. Yet there was the worn old shoe.

Tony smiled broadly as he answered:

"Sure they know, Miss Ingraham. Everybody on the Cariboo road knows by this time. And to think you never told me," he ended reproachfully.

"And did those teamsters know? And those men on horseback, with the funny leather pants? How can they know? Not a soul up here knows me."

"They know you're the good-looking girl in the blue dress, coming up with the good-looking girl in the grey dress, in Tony's car. As to how they know, there's a telephone line and a telegraph wire running into every road house. And you

gone there'll be another pair waiting for you at the next place. Better grin and bear it, Miss Ingraham, we only get married once in a long while. Believe me, you're getting off easy."

What Tony did not know was that the hoydenism at the road houses was merely a prelude to the reception planned for the bride-to-be when Soda Creek was reached.

The news that Harrigan was going to be married, and that the bride was coming up the road in Tony's car, had created considerable excitement when it flashed over the wire from Ashcroft, and was relayed from roadhouse to roadhouse. But when the story reached Soda Creek, where Cory's matrimonial scheme was a matter of common knowledge, it created a sensation. That the bride was young and passing fair only made the romance of greater interest. The town decided to have a real old-time wild west celebration in honor of the event.

It would meet the auto and escort it into town with a band.

It would charivari the hotel.

It would hold an all-night dance at Soda Hall.

It would have a Harrigan night.

All day Soda Creek made preparations for the evening. Bulletins of the car's progress were posted in the hotel window. Soda Creek knew every time Tony's passengers were cheered or pelted with rice; it knew how many old boots were hanging on the rear axle; it howled with glee when it heard that an address of congratulation had been presented to Miss Ingraham at the Hundred and Thirty.

By two o'clock, every boy was whistling "Harrigan, That's Me."

An hour later the big bridal cake, to be cut by the bride at the dance, was on exhibition in the baker's window.

The town scenic artist painted a large banner, "Welcome The Bride." It was stretched across the main street, where two winsome little girls were to present the ladies with beautiful bouquets—already on exhibition in the Emporium window. Soda Creek certainly intended to surpass itself.

## CHAPTER XII

BESSIE CUTS THE BRIDE CAKE.

FIVE miles outside Soda Creek a team of spirited bays hitched to a light democrat were trotting easily along the road. Presently a grey auto hove in sight. The democrat took up the middle of the road and waited.

As the car slowed down the driver held up a hand and signalled the

chauffeur to stop, then beckoned him to her. She was a pleasant-faced buxom woman of possibly thirty-five, and she spoke as one accustomed to direct and order.

"Tony," she said, as that young man came up to her, "they tell me you're bringing her up for Cory Harrigan, and a bridesmaid."

"That's right," assented Tony, "and believe me, if Harrigan backs out—"

"Harrigan's likely to back out, isn't he?" broke in the lady, "But quite seriously now, Tony, what kind of girls are these?"

"They're awful nice girls, both of them. That's Miss Ingraham in the blue dress, Mrs. Harrigan-to-be, maybe. The other is Miss Aiken."

"Been jollying them all along the road, eh?"

"Honestly, I haven't. They're not that sort. I got just a little bit fresh once or twice—you know me, I can't help it—and the temperature dropped to sixty below right away."

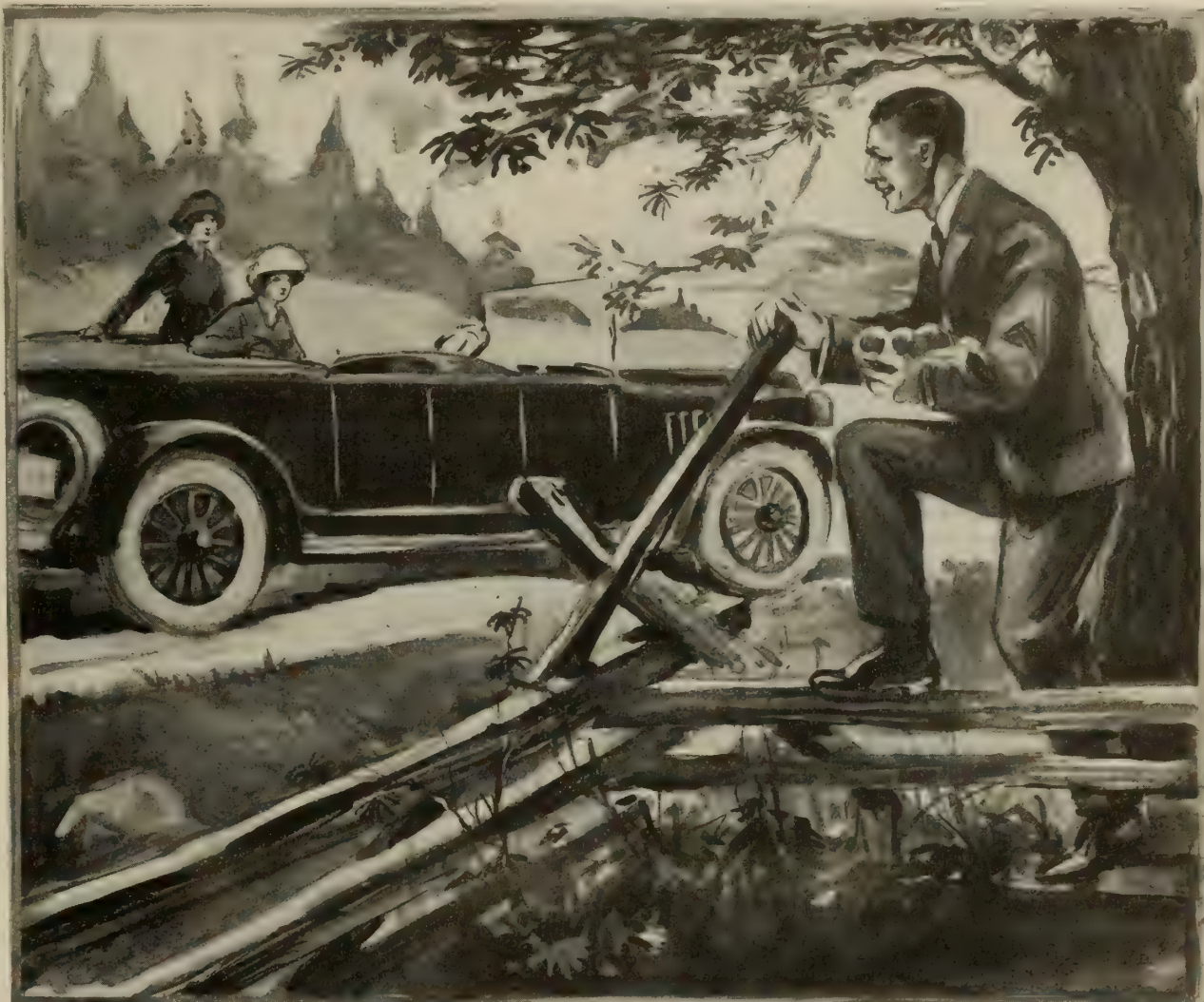
"How'd they take the congratulations along the road, Tony?"

"They got tired of it pretty soon. I've been putting on the juice at the last places, when I saw they'd had enough of it. They're city girls, and not used to this rough stuff."

The woman in the democrat nodded. "Just as I thought. I didn't drive here out of curiosity. They've been fixing it up at Soda Creek to put those girls through the mill. They're coming out to meet you with the band, they're going to give them a charivari and drag them to a dance to-night, and a lot more stuff. At least that's what they aim to do."

"And you came out to put a crimp in it?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)



"Tony returned . . . with his cap filled with luscious fruit."

see everybody knows Cory Harrigan, so that makes them even more interested."

"To think," said Bessie weakly as she sank back into the cushions, "to think I've been pitying these people for being so isolated!"

Tony was not exaggerating when he said everybody on the Cariboo road "knew something." At every road-house groups would cheer and wave hats or handkerchiefs, according to sex. Once Tony swung the car close to a building and rice showered on the girls from an upper window.

At the Hundred and Fifteenth, where they stopped for dinner, a wedding march was played on the piano during the meal. And when, back in the car, the fares waited patiently while Tony refilled his gasoline tank, a hidden but vigorous chorus brought more blushes to Bessie's cheeks:

"H-A double R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan, That's Me."

to which a deep bass added:

"Not Yet. But Soon."

And then, while Tony twiddled a wrench over a perfectly solid nut on his engine, the chorus varied occasionally, but returned invariably to the orthographic rendering of "Harrigan," and the booming assurance that it was "Not Yet, But Soon."

As the car finally slipped away, a thumping noise gave warning that something was being dragged behind the auto. Tony grinned when his attention was called to it.

"Old boots, I guess," he said.

"Oh, please stop and throw them away. I don't want to be tagged like this. It's too ridiculous."

"Aw, what's the use?" smiled Tony. "They've already telephoned ahead, and if the boots are





Morcote on Lake of Lugano.

# Shrines of Switzerland

Scenes of Picturesque Charm and Religious Association in a Land Where Tourists from All Countries Have Found Delight in the Beauty of Lakes and Mountains and the Historic Significance of Shrine and Chapel

By MARIE WIDMER



Picturesque Wildkirchli, near Appenzell.

**A**LIVING temple of God with altars towering high into the heavens and with a veritable labyrinth of exquisite side chapels of rare individual beauty, such is Switzerland, Creation's masterpiece. For could mere man ever conceive a nobler and more uplifting altar than God has created unto Himself; those glorious mountains, pointing heavenward, silent reminders of eternity in their statuesque beauty of flawless marble and overwhelmingly lovely in their occasional periods of transfiguration—at dawn and at sunset, when their serene brows shine in a halo of rose and gold and when the very doors of heaven seem to have been thrown open.

To live in a land where the Creator has manifested Himself so forcibly can have but one effect upon a normally receptive mind—almost unconsciously it is filled with a reverent feeling for nature. It is therefore not surprising that historians and writers have frequently dwelled upon the fact that the natives of Switzerland possess very deep religious convictions and that they display a simple, childlike faith in matters which they consider as ordained by Heaven.

Christianity has had its beginning in Switzerland in the early centuries of the Christian era when places of worship sprang up in the settlements of the valleys and on the lakes, on the hill-tops of the mountain districts and even on the difficult Alpine roads.

Whether it be but a humble wayside shrine, or a diminutive chapel clinging to the steep mountainside: whether it be one of those quaint old village churches whose stained glass windows would be the envy of many of our modern churches, or one of those glorious cathedrals—architectural masterpieces of the Middle Age—dotted here and there we find them in great numbers in Switzerland, an everlasting object of pious devotion and admiration on the part of the natives.

In Eastern Switzerland, near Appenzell, in an interesting and extensive region of caves, which is noted for prehistoric finds, stands the picturesque retreat of the Wildkirchli, whose founder, a priest from Appenzell, erected here in the year 1656 a little hermitage with chapel for himself. In the year 1679 he willed the Wildkirchli to the state of Innerrhoden, specifying that it should remain a hermitage forever. Some 16 hermits lived consecutively in this mountainous solitude until 1851, when the hermit's dwelling was abandoned as such and transformed into a commodious inn, in order to accommodate the great number of pilgrims and tourists who yearly flock to the hermit's chapel of St. Michael. A memorial tablet in the vicinity also reminds of the poet Victor von Scheffel, author of "Ekkhard," who completed this well known novel up here in the year 1854.

Another picturesque city is Lucerne, a place of proverbial loveliness, nestled on the mountain-enclosed, fair lake of the Four Forest Cantons—now generally known as "The Lake of Lucerne." In very early days, when mountains, glaciers and torrents were regarded with feelings of awe rather than of admiration, a little group of fishermen's huts stood on the banks of the Reuss. The first event of importance in the history of this settlement was the founding of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Leodegar about the year 735 and the ancient church of St. Leodegar is consequently Lucerne's foremost place of worship.

Only the two seventy-five metre high Gothic towers remain of the original edifice which was devastated by a fire in the year 1633. The church, as it stands now, is a masterpiece of German Renaissance. The distinguished splendor of the interior,

with its woodcarvings, its frescoes and statues shows that only the very best products of art and artisanship of mediaeval days have been used here for decorative purposes. Lovers of music will also be delighted with the wonderful organ of the church, an instrument with 4,950 pipes and a wonderful and unique "vox humana" and a "vox celesta."

Other interesting places of worship are the 17th century Church of St. Xavier with eight chapels and several excellent altar-pieces and the pure Gothic, 14th century Franciscan Church, with a handsome Renaissance chapel, artistically carved choir stalls and copies of the banners captured by

facade in the early Renaissance style. Connoisseurs hail it as the finest specimen of its kind in that part of Europe and artists describe it as a symphony in marble.

**I**N central Switzerland, too, in a sunlit Alpine valley, where the majestic Titlis, King of the mountains of Unterwalden (Obwalden), stands eternal guard, lies Engelberg, the mount of angels of former days, a gloriously beautiful spot, whose existence is also closely connected with an ecclesiastical foundation. For history tells us that this by nature so lavishly endowed valley was uninhabited by man until the beginning of the 12th century, when Baron Conrad von Seldenburg came from the canton of Zurich to the valley, seeking a spot on which to establish a religious place of retirement from the world. When he reached the neighborhood in which Engelberg now lies he heard distinctly several times from the mountain the song of angels. To the pious man this was a sign from heaven, that he was to build here the convent which he had planned. Thus arose in 1120 A.D. the monastery of the Mons Angelorum, or Mount of Angels—Engelberg!

The history of the Benedictine abbey is rich in bright and gloomy leaves. Even the pious founder experienced the hardness of fate. As he was undertaking a journey to his home in the interests of the monastery in 1126, he was assassinated. While the pioneer brothers had to concentrate their efforts upon making the land cultivable, the members of the monastery already displayed an inclination for the acquirement of knowledge some twenty years later. This resulted in the founding of the library of the abbey.

The monastery became a prey of the flames three times, in 1199, 1303 and 1729, and plague, war and famine caused great distress in the first half of the 14th century, especially in the nunnery which had grown up beside the monastery. The nunnery was finally transferred to Sarnen on the Brunig route, where it still enjoys great esteem and the monastery, with its fine school, which remained in Engelberg, devoted

itself successfully, under the guidance of eminent abbots, to the pursuit of literature and science, and poetry and drama were cultivated as well as theology and history. In order to assist the inhabitants to a steady source of income, the abbots also introduced the silk-weaving industry in Engelberg.

The Convent building itself occupies considerable space at the end of the village. It is not generally open to the public, but men of learning are occasionally permitted to visit its spacious, solemn halls, its guest room, with a portrait gallery of the abbots who have helped to shape the destiny of the foundation, and the simple but comfortable cells, with their high, bright windows, where the monks indulge undisturbed in their love of learning.

An exceptionally rich library and large collections of coins, objects of natural history, parchments and products of ancient artistic work have become a noteworthy feature of the monastery.

A brief survey of the extensive administrative and farming departments of the abbey suffices to indicate that the Monastery of Engelberg is not only a centre of religious devotion and science, but also a model agricultural enterprise.

In the same canton of Unterwalden (Obwalden), near the lovely lake of Sarnen, on the Brunig route, lies the village of Sachseln, with its beautiful Par-  
ish church containing the remains of Niklaus von red Flue, who was one of Switzerland's most venerated heroes.



THE FEAST OF "OUR DEAR LADY OF THE SNOW"

This photograph shows a pilgrimage of the pious village folk of Zermatt to the tiny chapel, "Maria zum Schnee," on the Schwarzsee, Switzerland. Weather permitting, Mass is read here on Sundays during Summer. The Feast of "Our Dear Lady of the Snow" is celebrated here yearly on August 5th, and natives as well as visitors flock in great numbers to attend the service.

the Swiss in their glorious battles for freedom. This latter edifice seems to particularly emphasize the strong desire felt by the Christians of the Middle Ages to express themselves through new architectural styles.

The world famous Kapellbrücke and the Kapell-square owe their name to the St. Peter's chapel, a modest structure of curious design which existed already before 1178 and used to serve as a meeting place for the community. Five paintings by Paul Deschwanden decorate this simple, impressively solemn chapel.

Lugano, which also traces its origin far back into the Roman period, has often been described as a miniature Naples. Its curving line of quays sweeps around a gulf of pure azure; white houses sun themselves in amphitheatre and a wreath of villas is thrown out upon the countryside. The interior of the town is quaintly arcaded and paved in large blocks, Italian fashion, and the numerous time-honored churches contain some of the rarest masterpieces of art.

Barnardino Luini has left some of his best works upon the walls of S. Maria degli Angeli, a "Passion" in three sections, a "Last Supper" and a widely known Madonna. Luini was especially a painter of frescoes and in this capacity he had no rival for the brilliancy and unity of his colors. The Cathedral of San Lorenzo, which was erected by Tommaso Rodari at the end of the 15th century, occupies a prominent position on a hill and has a costly marble



*Beauty of Snow-Capped Mountains and Blue Waters  
Adds to the Interest of Historic Spires*



The old Scherzlingen Church on the River Aar, near Thun, with the Stockhorn Chain.



Lucerne, looking towards the graceful heights of the Rigi.



"Brother Claus," as he was called in his later life, was born here in the year 1117 and up to 1467 he lived as a prosperous farmer among his people and served them with his wise counsel and his sword. However, he was constantly filled with an ardent desire to devote his life entirely to God and with the permission of his wife he finally left his family in his fiftieth year and built himself a hermitage on the nearby Raut, where he spent his days in prayer and pious meditations.

But he did not shut himself off from humanity; on the contrary, he always had a ready ear and comforting word for all those who confided to him their troubles. Brother Claus was also intimately conversant with the actual conditions of his country. It was consequently no fault that the pastor of Stans appealed when the disputes of the cantons assembled in that place, and when, after endless, heated debates the two parties had drifted so far apart that a civil war was threatening. Brother Claus responded to the call and the matters which could not be settled after an argument of three days were now finally and amicably disposed of within an hour.

Niklaus von der Flue died in the year 1487 and was buried in the church. His resting place in the church at Sachseln and the hermitage and chapel at Fluch Raut have ever since been visited by a great many pilgrims.

**A**NOTHER Alpine district with a historic religious past is the Urseren Valley, on the St. Gothard road, a peaceful, verdant stretch of land watered by the Reuss and surrounded by lofty mountains. The natives of Urseren were converted to Christianity in the beginning of the 7th century by the Irish monks Columbanus and Sigisbertus.

Andermatt, the chief village of the Urseren district, has three interesting places of worship—the very ancient, several times reconstructed St. Columban church, the 17th century village church, built in the Italian rococo style, and the 18th century chapel Marienhilf, with a valuable painting of Christ on the Mount of Olives.

A little higher up, at the junction of the St. Gothard and Furka Passes, lies Hospental, considered to have been the first settlement in the Urseren Valley. It owes its name to the designation of Hospitum, an inn, probably erected in the Roman era for the convenience of travellers from the Valais to the Gothard and Rhaetian districts. The church of Hospental, built between 1705-1711, stands on the lower terrace of a rocky promontory and is one of the attractions of the village; on the top of this hill looms a weather-beaten, solitary tower—the only remains of the former castle of the Barons of Hospental.

On the summit of the St. Gothard road itself, which takes a southern turn at Hospental, stood in the early days a similar Hospice, or inn, with a little church, probably a foundation of the Benedictine Abbey of Disentis, which in its turn was called into existence by the before mentioned Irish monk Sigisbertus. St. Gothard, Bishop of Hildesheim, canonized in 1132, was made Patron Saint of the Hospice.

Near the spot where the Limmat leaves the lake of Zurich, there stood in very ancient prehistoric times, a village of lake dwellings, the homestead of probably the oldest settlers in the country. The Lindenhof and the Uetliberg—the latter still showing the ruins of the "Refugium" ramparts, are said to have been chosen for their first colonies on terra firma. On the mound of the Lindenhof, the Helvetians erected the first fortress of "Turicum", which in the year 58 B.C., after the battle of Biberakte, fell under the power of the Romans. When the Romans withdrew their legions, the Alemanni became masters of the country and the Roman Turicum became Alemannic Zurich. Under the dominion of the German kings and emperors the town acquired importance through the monasteries and chapter of the Fraumunster and Grossmunster, the latter of which is said to have been founded by Charlemagne and the former, in 853, by Louis the German, who appointed his daughter Hildegard as Lady Abbess.

Zurich's most famous place of worship is undoubtedly the Grossmunster, erected in the Romanesque style with the upper stories of the towers completed later in the Gothic style. On the west tower is enthroned Charlemagne with gilded crown and sword in recognition of his donations to the church. The interior contains pillars with Romanesque capitals and three large modern stained-glass windows decorate the choir. The early 13th century cloisters have been restored and are well worthy of a careful visit.

The Grossmunster is moreover famous for its intimate connection with the great Swiss Reformer Zwingli who, for a period of twelve years, beginning with New Year's Day 1519, was in charge of this church. A monument is erected to his memory at the Chancel end of the former Wasserkirche lying opposite. This particular edifice contains now the most interesting Municipal library.

In an effort to explain the foundation of the Wasserkirche, a legend relates that once, when Charlemagne came to the city, he had a pillar set up before his palace with a bell and some attached thereto, and made it known that whoever suffered wrong should pull the bell when the Emperor sat at dinner, and he would come out and settle the story of his wrongs.

One day the bell rang and the Emperor, going out, saw a serpent which nodded its head and started for the lake, turning around to see that the Emperor followed. There the latter saw that a toad was sitting on the eggs of the serpent, and immediately declared that the toad should be burnt to death. The next day, as the Emperor was sitting at table, to the terror and astonishment of all present, a serpent crawled through a hole in the wall, swung itself down, lifted the cover of a goblet on the table, dropped a precious stone therein, and departed the way it had come. The Emperor in his



The Cathedral of St. Pierre, Geneva, Switzerland.

joy founded a church on the spot where the serpent's nest had been, a church which to this day is known as the Wasserkirche (water church).

Zurich, which has often been described as an intellectual paradise, possesses a veritable wealth of interesting churches. Aside of the above-mentioned Grossmunster and Fraumunster, there is the ancient St. Peter's church—in which John Caspar Lavater officiated for 23 years as pastor—and the very modern Neumunster; the church of our dear Lady (Liebfrauenkirche), the church of the Holy Cross (Kreuzkirche) and the church of St. Anthony (St. Anton's Kirche) are stately Roman Catholic places of worship and the furthermore existing English and French churches serve as an indication of the cosmopolitan character of the city.

**N**ORTH of Zurich, near the Falls of the Rhine, lies Schaffhausen, a mediaeval gem of rare charm, often described as the town of oriels, for there is scarcely one old house which has not an architectural ornament of this kind.

The principal place of worship in this city is the Munster, now the Protestant Parish church, a classic



The women leaving church, Appenzell, Switzerland.

structure in the early Romanesque style, dating from the beginning of the 12th century. Although the exterior is plain, the tower pleases the eye by its beautiful proportions and ornamental coloring. The interior also, a flat-roofed basilica with three naves makes a powerful impression upon the beholder, on account of its stately proportions and noble peacefulness. The church is a monument of the most flourishing period of the monastery of All Saints, the buildings of which adjoin it to the north and west. This convent was founded by Count Eberhard V and consecrated in 1052 by Pope Leo IX in person.

The celebrated Munster bell, cast in 1486, whose motto: "Vivos Voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango," inspired Schiller to write his immortal "Song of the Bell," has had to relinquish its duties some years ago, in consequence of a crack, and now reposes as the "Schiller Bell" on a granite pedestal amid appropriate surroundings between the cloisters and the chapel of St. Anne, at the southern foot of the tower from which for centuries it called the living to devotion, tolled for the dead on their last journey and broke the power of the thunder-bolt.

Not far distant from the Wildkirchli is St. Gall, the famous embroidery seat of modern days and one of the most influential centres of Christian civilization in central Europe. The city owes its foundation to the Irish apostle Gallus who, in the year 614, founded a hermitage near the brook Steinach. In the resulting monastery of St. Gall, the strict rules of the Irish Church were enforced until 720, when those of St. Benedict were substituted by an abbot, Othmar. In 1061, the Abbot Norpert of St. Gall erected a convent on the Sitter River, the place taking the name of Abbatis Cella-Appenzell, and the abbots of St. Gall became the dominating influence in the land, until the subsequently much oppressed mountaineers resorted to force and succeeded in shaking off their yoke.

Before the Romans conquered the territory now known as Switzerland, it was inhabited by a conglomeration of hostile tribes, for the most part of Celtic origin. But the district of the eastern Alps in which the present canton of the Grisons is situated was in possession of the Raeti, of mixed Latin and Etruscan stock. At the time of the Teutonic invasion of the Roman Empire, Rhaetia received a number of German-speaking immigrants and in the tenth century was used for a while as a basis of operations by the Saracen brigands who made Europe unsafe.

The Grisons, Switzerland's largest canton, may readily be described as an Alpine wonderland. It is broken up by no fewer than 150 valleys, varying greatly in size, traversed by wild rushing torrents and streams and animated by roaring waterfalls and transparent mountain lakes. Dark green fir-woods and velvety pastures cover the slopes and form the transition from the region of the hills to the realm of the high Alps. And in this radiant paradise of vales and mountains there stands almost on every height a little place of worship, an emblem of peace and good will, sending greetings far and wide.

One of the most venerable spots in the entire region is Chur or Coire, the Capital of the Canton, which traces its foundation back to the Roman era, when it was generally known as Curia Rhaetorum. What is known as the Episcopal court occupies high ground. Here the Cathedral of St. Lucius and the bishop's palace face upon a square, adorned with a fountain, the entire quarter being surrounded with walls, so that its general appearance is quite like a fortress. The bishopric is first mentioned in the acts of a Synod of Milan, in 452, but there is the legend of a missionary, a certain Saint Lucius, from Britain, who is supposed to have established himself here at an earlier time.

The Cathedral of St. Lucius, named after the traditional first bishop of Coire, was begun in the 12th century and consecrated in 1282. It is the successor of older churches, dating possibly as far back as the 4th century. The general character of the building is Gothic, though the Romanesque feeling still lingers in many of the details. The influence of antique and Italian models is closely discernible in the ornamentation and sculpture, as for example in the figures of the Apostles on the columns of the outer portals, which are both supported and surmounted by lions.

The interior is remarkably beautiful in every detail and art critics declare that the 15th century High Altar, for instance, a masterpiece in carved wood, painted and gilded, is one of the finest examples of its kind in existence. The Virgin, supported by SS. Emerita, Lucius, Ursula and Florian, occupies the centre, while on the wings are SS. Gallus and Othmar, SS. Sigisbert and Placidus. The exterior shows the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi; below are six scenes from the Passion and on the canopy appear the Annunciation, the Coronation of the Virgin, the Trinity, Prophets, Apostles and the Last Judgment. At the back is the Crucifixion.

From Chur we may follow the course of the river Plessur to the sunny heights of Arosa, whose picturesque village church never fails to inspire visiting poets, or we may explore the romantic home of the Rabiosa, the district of Churwalden and Lenzerheide. The venerable church in the former village is used by both Catholics and Protestants and the still existing, weather-beaten monastery building, a foundation of the St. Lucius Bishopric of Coire, is now the residence of the Catholic priest.

**V**IA the lovely Pratigau, the vale of meadows, watered by the Landquart, we gradually climb by train to the higher situated villages of the Grisons, which adorn the extensive net of the Rhaetian Railway, like an endless string of matchless pearls. Klosters, Davos, Frauenkirch, Glaris, Wiesen, Filisur, Stuls, Bergun, Samaden, Celerina—each and every one with one or several dignified places of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



# THE CHASM

By BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LONG

PETER CRANSTON came down the stairway with all the dignity of the master of the home; entered the dining room precisely; stooped over Phoebe's chair, kissed her gravely and seating himself in the opposite chair proceeded with breakfast in the perfunctory manner, habitual to the methodical, seasoned bachelor.

Phoebe's cheeks flushed. She had not yet accustomed herself to Peter coming down the stairs to breakfast with her. Three months as the wife of Peter had forced upon her a realization, that she was sharing life now and forever with Peter. But the breakfast hour threw them both into a strangely self-conscious mood. Peter always lunched in town and the dinner was generally free of embarrassment because of the guests who dined with them.

Peter opened the morning paper and scanned the headlines, reading fragments between grape fruit and bacon. Phoebe, her sedate, matronly figure presiding with dignity over the coffee urn and the cups, listened to the bits of news, mumbled out by Peter. She must heed these items, that interested the man and read assiduously, that she might draw Peter out of his shell. Eighteen years ago, when they had pledged their troth, Phoebe had had little need to study methods of interesting Peter. Peter had asked, alone, that she honor him with her presence. Naturally she had changed in those eighteen years. The freshness of youth and her girlish vivacity were gone, but she had supposed that Peter had loved her for herself—not her girlish attractiveness. Her hair had whitened prematurely, lending softness and dignity to her serious face.

Suddenly Peter's hand sought his watch and as he glanced at it, his gray eyes narrowed into a frown. With haste, his massive, erect figure pushed back the chair and he rose from the table, folding the paper hurriedly.

"A run this morning to make the suburban, Phoebe. Good bye, don't get lonely. You know you must not find married life dull," Peter admonished with a dry, little laugh, stooping over Phoebe's chair to administer the second perfunctory caress.

Phoebe rose from her chair impulsively, following Peter to the door of the dining room; then reluctantly turning aside to the sweeping window, that looked out onto the street. Standing there, she watched Peter cross the street briskly and board the suburban car.

And this was married life! This was the sort of existence, for which Peter had so heroically waited eighteen years. It was so little different from the bachelor life of Peter in his suite, that for years he had called home. Was not Peter's wait worthy of great, throbbing happiness?

"Oh, Peter, Peter, have I lost your love?" she cried out bitterly.

But she knew that Peter would have laughed to scorn the implication of her cry. He would have assured her that his love was undying. But the Peter, who kissed Phoebe, his bride, was a very different Peter, who had so passionately demonstrated his declaration of love eighteen years before.

Phoebe gasped with the significance of it and repeated, tragically, "eighteen years!"

They were in the early twenties, when they had fallen in love—Phoebe, the girl artist, on the threshold of her career and Peter, venturing into business, that promised success. Phoebe had pleaded for a career—laid before him her ambitions. They had loomed so big—bigger even than Peter's love. Of that she was assured while the career stretched before her, elusive, tantalizing. And Peter, unselfish, big-hearted Peter, who desired more than all else to make Phoebe happy, had agreed to wait until her ambition had been satisfied. "Loaned her to her beloved art," he had explained huskily.

WHILE Peter had gone on working with perseverance, courting the success, that had made possible this splendidly appointed home, Phoebe had had her fling, triumphed in her little circle of art, won distinction with her canvases. Then one day—scarcely six months ago—Phoebe had suddenly felt old and tired and lonely, with a great yearning for Peter. She had written to Peter, crept back to him and he

had opened his arms to her, giving only the privilege of taking care of her.

Peter was showering upon her the best of all, that had come to him. But Phoebe might be Peter's cousin, sharing his home, for all the difference in his attitude toward her. Between them yawned a chasm—a mysterious, unbridged chasm, terrifying to Phoebe. Was it only the wait of those years? Was it the mere fact, that during all these years, each had lived their own self-centred lives?

Phoebe shut her eyes and thought madly, intensely. Peter was just as dear and big-hearted and chivalrous, though so mature and matter of fact. Phoebe from her pinnacle of art could laugh with sheer gladness. The triumph had been well worth the struggle. And was not this home worth the wait?

Phoebe moved restlessly from room to room, then paused deliberately in the massive, faultlessly-furnished library. Suppose they had married eighteen years before and started a home in an obscure, little flat? How slow would have been their rise to this height of affluence? There would doubtless have been children with their accidents and their illnesses to hinder progress. Phoebe choked back a sob. Never would the perfection of these rooms be disturbed by her children. There would be no childish mischief or childish fingers to mar the beautiful furnishings; no baby's feet to patter over the glossy floors or baby laughter to waken the silence of the beautiful home. All through those eighteen years of self-centred living, she had not harbored these thoughts. And its startling realization aroused her with tragic forcefulness.

She had kept Peter—the best man in all the world—waiting; deprived his life of the worthwhile things. She had triumphed in art. Her pictures were very precious to her. They were the children of her genius. Peter had exhibited pride in her pictures. But what did they count for actually in Peter's heart of hearts?

Suppose those five canvases that had won distinction, had been children, belonging to Phoebe and Peter? The woman's soul contracted suddenly with pain. If their children had lived and gained the prominence of those pictures in the world, Peter's pride would have been intense.

The telephone bell tinkled and as Phoebe lifted the receiver, she responded, recognizing the voice of one of her neighbors.

"No, Mrs. Dawson, I am not painting a great deal these days. Peter waited so long, that I feel I owe it to him just to make the home—yes, my maids are competent and I have leisure moments—"

"A baby?" Phoebe's voice choked. "A little home mission baby coming, out on the prairies, and nothing ready. Oh, the poor, poor little mother! Mrs. Dawson, can't I come around and talk it over? Why, I would love to help."

Phoebe hung up the receiver with a forceful, little click, her cheeks crimson, her heart thumping with excitement. Her artist's mind had instantly grasped the picture—the prairie shack, where

the home mission pastor and his brave, little wife had struggled in their work; the cruel accident, a result of a terrific blizzard, which had culminated in the sacrifice of the pastor's life and the crippling of the wife. For many weeks the little mother-to-be had lain helpless on her bed. There was no tiny layette prepared and the mother heart was agonized with disappointment. Her appeal had reached the women of Phoebe Cranston's neighborhood. Hearts would doubtless open generously; but Phoebe hungered to be the first to answer that appeal.

Three hours later Phoebe slipped her key into the lock of her home, balancing a great, grotesquely shaped bundle under her left arm. The department store had urged that she permit them to despatch it by special delivery; but the impatience of the woman insisted upon carrying it home, that she might immediately begin her new work.

"Anna," she called excitedly to the maid. "Did you ever cut out baby clothes? Look at all the beautiful things, that I have bought for a little prairie baby. Will you help me?"

"Sure, Mrs. Cranston, I've put many a stitch into my sister's babies' outfits," responded Anna, opening the bundles curiously as Phoebe threw off hat and coat. "Bless me, but ain't the little feller goin' to have things swell."

"They will be dainty," responded Phoebe. "Oh, Anna, you do think the babe will be a boy, don't you? Mrs. Dawson was planning to ask the whole neighborhood of women to help; but I persuaded her to let me do it all—every blessed bit—alone. I'd like to see that little, prairie mother's eyes snap, when she opens our box of baby's things."

AT six o'clock Peter came sedately up the front steps and into the hall. At the door of the library he paused, gasping with incredulity, his long, lean face puckered into frowns.

"Oh, Peter, it is never six o'clock. I—I quite forgot dinner," wailed Phoebe, scrambling from the floor, littered with flannellette and paper patterns. "And you will have to telephone the Vincys that we—I have another engagement to-night."

"But, Phoebe, what—whatever?" Peter choked out his query, his eyes focused on the little white barrowcoat stretched out on the massive, walnut table.

"It is for the prairie baby, Peter. The little mother is crippled and helpless and worried to death because she has nothing ready," half sobbed Phoebe, adding in a whisper, "we just can't disappoint her, can we, Peter?"

Peter screwed his fine, Roman nose in perplexity. This strange, tumultuous greeting on the part of his sedate wife was most disquieting and confusing.

"I—I am afraid I don't quite understand," he muttered.

For a brief moment Phoebe hesitated, confronted by an insane desire to thrust Peter's dignified figure down into the depths of the big chair, throw herself into his arms with all the impulsiveness of youth's love as she would have done eighteen years before, and pour into Peter's ears the story. But those eighteen years of self-centred living stretched a mighty gulf between them and Phoebe stood by the walnut table, with all the sedateness of forty odd years and told in detail the story of the prairie mother-to-be.

For a few moments the man stood silent, challenged by the woman's enthusiasm. Mechanically his big hand fumbled the roll of downy, white flannel, then brusquely he turned, stammering out his approval of Phoebe's undertaking.

"Very—very good, Phoebe, if it isn't too big a task for you. You must not over-do—ought to prove a God-send for the mother. Was that the dinner gong?"

Phoebe ran hastily up to her room to bathe her



"Phoebe rose from her chair impulsively."



hot cheeks and slip into a fresh dress. She had so feared to arouse Peter's interest. But how could she expect to interest a man of Peter's bachelor years in babies and layettes, when Peter, himself, would never father a baby.

The time for completing the wardrobe was alarmingly short and Phoebe setting herself to the task, locked the door of her studio, cancelled all social engagements. It was as though she was working her lost motherhood—the lost opportunities of those eighteen years of waiting—into the layette. With the fashioning of every tiny garment, her soul was flooded with a strange tenderness, like unto nothing she had ever before known. Gradually Peter learned to come home at night to find the library turned into a sewing room and ceased to exhibit embarrassment. But his interest in the wardrobe was painfully desultory. And when Phoebe shook out the little white dresses and laid them on Peter's knee, he praised the handiwork—the stitches, that never saw a machine—rather than the garments themselves.

Once when Phoebe spread a tiny, knitted jacket of blue over Peter's new sheet and explained, "Peter, it is blue, Little Boy Blue, he is sure to be a Boy Blue," she saw Peter wince as though she had cruelly hurt him. Her own eyes blurred and she withdrew the little blue jacket in confusion. How had her words so stung Peter? Had he ever dreamed of a Little Boy Blue in those eighteen years of waiting?

It was a Summer's midnight—cool and fragrant and silent—when the finishing touch had been put upon the tiny wardrobe. Peter had been kept late at his club in town. With a strange restlessness Phoebe went through the assortment of baby things, thoughtfully, lovingly adding here a stitch, there a ribbon or the pressure of the electric iron. To-morrow the box must be shipped to the waiting mother on the prairie. To-night—the wardrobe complete covered the library table. She would leave it like that to show Peter. Perhaps its very completeness would awaken his interest.

PHOEBE dropped down into the chair, that faced the library table, opened the drawer and hunted out paper and pen. What message should she send with the baby wardrobe? For a moment she hesitated, then wrote swiftly, madly. It was as though her heart reached out and met the heart of the little prairie mother. A great wave of longing swept her soul. Hers alone, had been the joy of making preparation for the baby, and now her joy was ended.

Phoebe Cranston poured out her heart, burdened with the fierceness of hunger, that was shaking it these days, when it was too late to appease the hunger. She told the prairie mother of those eighteen years, that she had kept big-hearted Peter waiting so cruelly—something she had not admitted to herself. Midnight struck and Phoebe hurriedly folded the written sheets. Peter's key turned in the latch of the door and Phoebe, tremulous, her eyes burning with unshed tears, sprang from her chair to greet the man.

"What, Phoebe, waiting for me?" he questioned with surprise.

"I wanted to show you all the baby things. See, they are finished," Phoebe explained turning to the walnut table and lifting lovingly the garments one by one.

Peter came slowly to the side of the table—his sluggish movement that of the middle-aged. But his interest was not lacking to-night. With a curious breathlessness, that was apparent, he watched his wife's fingers open up each baby garment, irresistible in its purity and daintiness. In silence he inspected the bassinette—the ivory toilet things and the dozen and one added comforts. The woman laid the baby blue blanket with its charm of bunny-rabbits on the table, then withdrawing her hands, clasped them tensely.

"They go to the prairie mother to-morrow," she announced simply, the tragic finality of her tone matching the hunger cry of her soul.

Peter turned abruptly raising his eyes and keenly studying the whiteness of her hair. Phoebe met those piercing eyes and her heart leaped in rebellion. What was that, which she read in Peter's eyes? Was it pity? Oh, God, it was pity for her—Phoebe. With all the pathos of his soul, he was looking strangely up at her. Once his glance wavered and fell upon the baby things, then back again to Phoebe with glaring, maddening pity, wounding deeper than any biting sarcasm. The pathos of the tragedy had struck deep—the pathetic joy of the woman, who had made ready the layette—the motherhood denied to Phoebe because of her years.

With a sharp cry she fell to folding the tiny garments, her cheeks white, her eyes blazing, talking at random, confusedly of the box, that must be shipped on the morrow. Peter moved toward the fireplace, lighting his pipe and smoking moodily.

"Nearly one o'clock, Phoebe, you had better finish in the morning," he urged kindly. And Phoebe turned from the library, following Peter's lead into the hall, conscious of the chasm yawning—unbridged between them.

Phoebe Cranston had been watching Peter make his suburban car the morning that the letter came from the prairies. Eagerly she opened and read the message written by the prairie mother the day that Phoebe's box had reached her.

"Dear Woman of the Hungry Heart:—

"I have laughed and sung and cried over every blessed wee garment and kissed the tiny stitches. And I have crooned lullabies over the sweet, downy things. I can never make you understand what your love and your generosity in making ready for my prairie babe stirs within me. I only wish that sometime his head will cuddle up close to your heart and he will croon his own

child. She fell asleep with her baby—a sturdy, prairie boy—at her breast. A neighbor woman has taken the child and the box, which you made ready, into her home. She has six of her own, but there is always room for one more in a prairie home, I'll warrant you never can guess the happiness your box brought to the poor, crippled mother in her hour of stress.

"Yours,  
"ROBERT BLANE, M.D."

Phoebe Cranston dropped trembling into the chair, her heart beating with suffocation. Again and again she read the letter, the priceless of the mother's one moment of Paradise on earth, shaking her soul with the intensity of its wonder. Then suddenly she dropped her face in her hands and wept uncontrollably—bitterly. Like unto "Rachel weeping for her children for they were not," she wept for the happiness that she had missed—the happiness, that she had failed to bring into Peter's life in the years, that he had waited.

The hours slipped by while Phoebe sat bowed in grief over the prairie letter. Gradually there stole into her soul an intense longing to feel the baby form nestling close to her heart—to look into his face even as the mother had looked with the love of her dying eyes. Suddenly she raised her head, her heart palpitating madly with the daring suggestion whispering in her brain. She sprang to her feet, pacing the floor with frenzied restlessness. Once she paused to pull open the drawer of the walnut library table and gathering the bits of white flannel and ribbons secreted there, she pressed them to her lips. A strange calmness took possession of her restlessness, then with a little cry, half rapture half awe, she lifted the receiver of the telephone and called Peter.

PHOEBE had been West three weeks and Peter, believing that some quest of her artist's soul had lured her there impulsively, returned grimly to his home, anticipating still another lonely week. But as he entered the door, he was conscious of much commotion and laughing, crooning voices in the library. Then Phoebe's dear voice cried out her greeting.

Startled, he moved briskly toward the library, rubbing his eyes because of his bewilderment. Phoebe was there in life, sitting in a low chair, facing the blazing log of the fire-place. In her arms lay a baby and Phoebe's eyes, all tenderness, rested with the pride of motherhood on the baby face.

"Peter—Peter—it is the prairie babe—the little, crippled mother fell asleep in the Valley of Shadows. Oh, Peter, she knew our hearts were hungry. She would have wanted us to have him here to love. He—he is Little Boy Blue, and Peter, he is going to make up for all those years you waited. Peter, he will scar the furniture—he will ruffle all our beautiful dignity—but—but, Peter, he will make life sweet for us—recompense you for all that you have missed," sobbed Phoebe.

The man had not waited for her to finish. He was down on his knees beside Phoebe, his big, clumsy hands hungrily caressing the baby hands—the sleeping baby form. His eyes were wet with tears and he answered huskily:

"Phoebe, why—why it is like I dreamed it would be years and years ago. Do you s'pose I could hold him without dropping him? Say, old chap—Little Boy Blue, look up at your dad."

The baby eyelids flickered, then closed drowsily. Phoebe bent her head and pressed her lips passionately against the rose-leaf cheek and met the lips of the man, resting there. But there was silence—sweet, thrilling silence—in the library. There was no need of words for the heart of Phoebe understood the heart of Peter. The chasm had been bridged.



"It was as though she were working her lost motherhood into the layette."

sweet gratitude. I am going down into the Valley of Shadows, and somehow I seem to sense the truth, that I will not come back into the light. My one prayer is that I may be given one moment of Paradise on earth—to look into my baby's face—to hold him close to my breast. There are prairie women with big motherly hearts, who will love my babe—"

The letter ended abruptly. At the foot of the page was scrawled a note in masculine hand. It read:

"The little mother did not come back from the shadows. Her life was sacrificed for the

## The Shrines of Switzerland

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

worship of its own. The town of St. Moritz—known in the 15th century as a bathing resort, with a quaint leaning tower, the only remains of the parish church, and above all, below, on both banks of the boisterous Inn, is an unbroken line of tiny hamlets and ancient villages, with a little chapel or church forming the characteristic feature of the community.

What is, however, considered to be the most famous place of worship in the canton of the Grisons is the old Monastery of Disentis, founded in 614 A.D. by the Irish apostle Saint Sigbertus, and later richly endowed by a rich convert, Placidus. A band of Avars destroyed the original foundation in the year 670, and history indicates that the second foundation is due to Carl Martell who had a cloister and three churches erected on the spot. Numerous donations were the means of giving the monastery considerable power and influence, but the foundation had to undergo hard times during the

Reformation and again in the year 1799, when the French set the village and the Convent on fire. The valuable library and collection of documents were destroyed on that occasion. Misfortune seemed to pursue the monastery, for no sooner was it reconstructed, when it again became the prey of a fire for the third time, in 1846. But the foundation bloomed a fourth time and is to-day one of the favorite Swiss pilgrimage resorts, with a school, well known for its excellent educational advantages.

At the head of the Lake Maggiore, in a veritable bower of exotic shrubs and flowers, lies Locarno, with the ancient pilgrimage church, the Madonna del Sasso, towering on a rocky pinnacle high above, a characteristic and ever-enchanted landmark for the entire region.

A funicular railway, climbing the gorge of the Ramogna, eliminates the somewhat steep ascent on foot, but those who like to linger awhile in meditation en route rejoice at the opportunity offered to

them along the romantic path, the "Via della Cappella," with the 14 stations of the Cross.

On the hill-top, affording an inexpressibly beautiful view of this Eden-like portion of southern Switzerland, the solemn stillness of the cloisters dwells. The church itself was founded in 1569 and is particularly renowned for two choice oil paintings which it contains: "The Entombment," by A. Ciseri, and the "Flight Into Egypt," a masterpiece of Bramantino's. Several venerable and interesting places of worship are also found within the city of Locarno and in the lovely garden suburb of Mur-alto there stands, what is probably the oldest place of worship in the canton, San Vittore, a Romanesque church of the 11th century. In the wall of the tower there is a small marble figure, representing San Vittore, a work of great value, and the crypt of the saint, in Byzantine style, is also worthy of a visit.



# A MUSICAL ANOMALY

By MAX MOINEAU

Illustrated by  
MANLY MACDONALD

## The Story of a Genius Who Sang a Double Part

GAYLORD'S studio was in the third flat of the Baldwin Building, and there was no elevator, consequently, when I finished the climb, my breath was nearly exhausted. Having one's portrait painted is not at all congenial to an over-taxed physician, and I am not such a lover of art that my innate modesty is in any danger of suffering from self-adoration. Gaylord had urged me to "sit" for him, that he might make some compensation for the interest I had taken in bringing about a reconciliation between himself and my cousin Helen, the amicable result of which was their marriage. But upon recalling my struggles with those three flights of diabolical stairway, I wondered if I had done anything so very meritorious after all.

However, my repining meditation was suddenly interrupted by an incident which proved the harbinger of an extraordinary affair. When half way up the third flight of stairway, a melody of song burst forth, apparently from Gaylord's studio. Upon gaining the landing I paused to listen. The singer possessed a remarkably fine voice, of the tenor quality—not one of those sky-scraping, nickel-plated tenors, indicative of insipidity, but a melodiously resonant tenor, expressive of manhood and vigor. Moreover, the selection was "M'appari tutt' amour," from "Martha," and the singer rendered it admirably. I waited until the finish, anticipating the high B flat with no little interest. But this climax was accomplished with such ease, that I felt the magnetism of a master. I hesitated to enter the studio, but after consulting my watch, and perceiving that it was really my hour, I decided to announce myself.

My knock caused the closing bars of the accompaniment to cease instantly. The next moment the door opened, and I stood in the smiling presence of my cousin-in-law, Mr. Percival Gaylord.

"Hello, Dick," he exclaimed, in his jovial way, "how are you this morning?"

"Fine and dandy," I answered. "How are you?"

"Fit as a fiddle," he responded, merrily. "Come right in. I have been waiting for you."

As he drew me into the room, I glanced over at the piano, with the expectation of discovering some grand personage before it, but was surprised to find—no one.

"Why, where is your singer?" I asked, in an undertone.

The question seemed to embarrass him, but for answer he went over to the piano, and to my further amazement, gave the selection a more artistic interpretation than before.

"Well!" I exclaimed, when he had finished, "if any one had told me you could sing like that, I should not have believed him. Why, you are an artist in song, as well as in paint. Hello!" I cried, suddenly catching sight of a lithograph upon the wall, "so you are the great De Lasco, whom every one in Boston went wild over last season. And you are as reticent about it as a clam."

"Do you think it looks like me?" he asked, with provoking indifference, as he thrummed out a few more chords.

"Looks like you! Why, man alive, it is you!" I exclaimed, stepping closer to the picture.

He stopped playing, and lighted a cigarette; I never indulge in the cigarette habit, and he, knowing it, did not offer me one. Presently he blew a ring of smoke into the air, and came toward me.

"No, my dear Dr. Belcher," said he slowly. "You are quite mistaken—at least I think you are. That picture is supposed to represent, not me, but Robert Gaylord, who is better known as Monsieur Robert de Lasco, one of the most popular tenors of the day. You see, when I was born there were two of us, and for many years it has been a puzzle to me as to which is Robert and which Percival. One is the elder by two and a half minutes, but we got mixed in infancy, and to save my life, I cannot tell which is which. However, one of us is now in New York, with the Clecco Opera Company, and will sing in

Toronto in Massey Hall on the eighth of March. I have just received a letter from Bob to this effect."

"But I never believed you could sing like that," I exclaimed, not yet recovered from my astonishment. "Why you are remarkably well trained."

He flicked the ash from his cigarette, and turned to his palette and paint tubes.

"I'm not so sure about that," he said, quietly. "I once thought I was, but you know the old adage: 'Pride goeth before destruction.' Bob and I studied together in Paris and in Vienna. But I loved the brush and mahlstick more than the footlights, and that is why I am here to-day. Bob—well, he has succeeded as I never could have, although in Paris and in Vienna I sang in opera, as his understudy. That was several years ago. At present, however, I am satisfied with portrait painting."

"But what surprises me," I pursued, "is the fact that after knowing you for nearly two years, I am only now learning of your vocal accomplishment. How have you managed to keep it so long to yourself?"

"I have not wanted it known," was his quiet reply.

"Well, by ginks!" I exclaimed, with warmth. "If I could warble like that I should take some pride in it."

"You might not be satisfied. You might want to do better," said he, slowly. "You might realize that you had reached your limit. You might be discouraged. Every man has his limit, you know, and when he reaches it, according to Emerson, he is done for."

"And is that where the shoe pinches you?" I asked, surprised at his view.

HE was arranging the colors upon his palette, and while reaching for the knife, paused to look at me, with a peculiar twinkle in his eyes. He did not get the knife, but sat back in his chair, and again flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Dick," said he, presently, holding the cigarette a little from him, and dropping into a reflective mood, "professional singers are not to be envied. They have their troubles. The love of approbation is so easily inflated or attenuated, that there is sunshine one day and cloud the next. They are people of temperament. They live for applause, and they are troubled with petty jealousies. I doubt if there are many who do not actually suffer through adverse criticism."

"But there are exceptions," I exclaimed, earnestly, not a little surprised at this view of the matter. He blew another cloud into the air, and again held the cigarette from him.

"Oh, yes, a few," he answered. "My brother is

one of them. But it was adverse criticism that knocked me out. I am too sensitive. I wish I were not. I wish I had the hide of a rhinoceros. Then they might kick, and—I would consider the source. Bob is different. When he comes, you must hear him. It will be a treat, I can assure you. By-the-way, I hope you will say nothing to Helen about my singing. She thinks I am only a portrait painter."

"Have you never sung for her?" I asked, with increased surprise.

"No. Once I tried to, but she laughed at me, and I closed up like a clam. She is rather accomplished herself, you know, and sings very well indeed. Besides, she has such stilted ideas of music, that—well, I have kept silent. Moreover, one cannot successfully serve two masters. I sing only to amuse myself. That is why I have a piano here in my studio, although, nominally, it is for the amusement of my waiting patrons. Sometimes Helen drops in and plays for me. That makes it pleasant while I work."

"But has she never caught you at it, as I did?"

"Oh, yes, once or twice, but we always laughed it off. She is the musician, you know."

I detected a slight tone of irony in his voice as he said this, and I began to wonder.

"And does she never ask you to sing?" I exclaimed with a touch of indignation.

"Never. She doesn't think that I can."

He said this with a tone color of pique, which touched my sympathy. I perceived that Helen neither understood, nor appreciated her husband. She had not yet lost her self-complacency. The realization of this set me thinking. Presently, however, I looked up to find Gaylord scrutinizing me with a professional earnestness.

"Don't move!" he admonished, "and keep on thinking."

In an instant he had seized the spatula, and had destroyed quite a lot of the portrait which he had been making of me. Then, taking up his palette and brushes, he began rapidly to give my features an entirely different expression. What the result would be I could not tell, but if it should necessitate my climbing those three flights of stairs again, I knew that I should be sorry.

Several days later I chanced to be seated in my sanctum sanctorum, when in walked my cousin, Mrs. Percival Gaylord, not a little perturbed.

"Why Helen!" I exclaimed. "What is the matter? You are quite unstrung."

"Oh, Dick," she broke forth, with an expression that hinted of a possible overflow of the lachrymal glands at any moment, "what do you think that silly husband of mine has done?"



"We awaited his advent with no little anxiety."



"Why, I have not the slightest idea," I answered with considerable interest. "He has not done anything absurd, has he?"

"Well, I am sure I don't know," she declared, with the tears welling up at last, "but just look at this."

She handed me a circular which contained the portrait and press notices of Monsieur de Lasco.

"Why, where did you get this?" I asked, and a little surprised.

"At Nord's," she answered. "The counter is full of them, and there is a large picture of Percy in the windows of nearly every store up and down Street. He is advertised to sing with the Grand Opera Company in Massey Hall on the eighth of March, and—and he has been with a week or so about it."

The humorous side of the situation presented itself so forcibly that even Gaylord's composure to keep silent appeared to be won from me all I knew.

"Why, it is a little bit of a something," she went on, after a pause. "He has never sung anything but 'Amen' since we were married, and those press notices say that he has been a great success in Europe, and New York, and Boston, and several other places."

She paused and he picked up then went on:

"Now, all you do I suppose that Percy would with these notices himself, do you? I should be awfully mortified if he did. I don't like it at all."

"Sure a little has been done," I admitted, "but I can't imagine that Percy would do it. There is nothing of the braggadocio about him. He is far too sensitive—too sensible. Have you said anything to him about this concert?"

"No. I have just discovered it," she answered, with a sigh. "This is the first time I have been down town this week. I dropped in here on my way home. I felt so upset about it."

I looked out of the window and reflected.

"Perhaps you had better ask him about it," I advised, presently.

"Indeed I shall not!" she declared, with vigor. "If he does not wish to tell me of his own accord, I shall never ask him about it, you may depend upon that. I just think it's horrid of him."

Tears came to her eyes again, and she wiped them away in such a decisive manner that I knew she was severely exercised.

"After all, Helen," said I, "have you thought that this may be only a trick of nature?"

"Why, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, looking at me, with the keenest interest.

"Have you never heard of a man having a double?"

"Why, yes. But I never supposed that another man would resemble Percy so much as that. Why, look at it, Dick, it is a speaking likeness of him."

I was compelled to admit that the picture was a very good representation of my cousin's husband. But my lips were dumb, and I exercised considerable tact in trying to reassure her.

"Do you know anything about Percy's family?" I asked.

"Very little," she answered, reflectively. "None of his relatives live in this country. I believe they are English. Do you know anything about them?"

"He is not an egotist," I made haste to reply. "And yet he is a very interesting conversationalist. Well read, cultured, and all that."

"Why, Percy has not even upheld his mother as an example for me in my culinary affairs," she said, after a moment's reflection. "I will give him credit for that. To tell you the truth, Dick, I have seldom heard him mention his family. He seems so taken up with art."

"That's the English of him," I declared. "But would it not be well to trust him?"

"You mean—"

"With regard to this," I said, holding up the circular.

"But it is all so mysterious—so unusual. I can't understand it."

"Well, don't try to understand it. You know what curiosity did to poor Pandora? Now take my advice and let matters run their course. Percy Gaylord is one of the best fellows I ever knew, and I am satisfied that whatever he does will be to his credit, and a pleasure to those who know him. If you are wise, you will not bother him with this," I added, holding up the circular again. "Let us hope that there is some great mistake about this Monsieur de Lasco. It does seem ridiculous that Percy should assume such a role, but there is the picture to reassure us, and I have never seen a better likeness. By the way!" I exclaimed, after looking more closely at the engraving, "have you noticed the pin he wears in his cravat?"

"Why, no," she answered quickly.

I handed her the circular, and waited.

"Why, what a funny thing it is!" she cried. "It looks like some kind of a bug."

"A Brazilian beetle," I replied. "They are sometimes mounted in that way."

"Why, Dick," she went on, in ecstasy, "Percy hasn't a pin like that, I am positive. Why, perhaps, after all, it is only a mistake. Yes, it must be one of those strange freaks of nature, which produces a man's double, and it isn't Percy at all. Oh, I am so glad you mentioned the pin. He never wore one like that I am sure. Now I shall speak to him about it. It will be such fun. Oh, Dick, I am so glad I came to you. I would not have discovered it myself. Now I must go."

She was all smiles now, and when she arose to take her leave she shook hands so heartily that I was amply rewarded for having put her fears to flight. Nevertheless, I could not suppress a feeling of commiseration for her in her shortsightedness. Through a certain superficiality she was nourishing an element of discord in her home. Had she been less selfish, less supercilious, and more considerate, she might have helped her oversensitive husband considerably, and won his lasting devotion. As it was, I wondered how soon he would become a "Club man." Poor Helen.

SINCE a concert in Massey Hall, with a programme of celebrated artists, is usually a brilliant affair, the great Clecco entertainment promised to be interesting.

I had been invited to dine at the Gaylord domicile, and attend the concert with Percy, Helen and my aunt, Mrs. Mortimer. Gaylord greeted me with a hearty welcome, then, before I had seen anyone, he ushered me into his den.

"Dick," said he, with more enthusiasm than usual, "I have told Helen about Bob, but I want you to keep silent about having heard me sing, or you will spoil the fun."

"Oh, so there is going to be some fun, eh?" I remarked. "Is your brother to dine with us?"

"No, but he will be with us after the concert."

"Well, I'll be careful, so rest easy."

Wondering what was in the wind, but determining to await further developments, I followed Gaylord down stairs, where we joined the ladies.

We were a merry quartette at dinner, and I do not remember having seen Gaylord so spirited before. His eyes fairly sparkled with good humor, and there was a ruddiness in his face, which, on account of a natural pallor, was quite unusual, indicative of excitement. Gaylord was of a quiet nature, but whenever he chose he could make things interesting. At Massey Hall, however, sedateness governed our deportment, and anticipation kept our nerves titillating with a strange uneasiness.

De Lasco was, of course, the great attraction for us, but there was a promise of good things in the celebrated Italian pianist, Clecco, and in the renowned French soprano, Madame Talma, while Signora Cassabini was sure to charm all lovers of the harp with her numbers, and I, for one, looked forward to the evening's entertainment with considerable pleasure.

We had secured the lower right hand box, and were in a good position to watch the Hall fill with the usual crowd. Gaylord seemed greatly pleased that Bob should have so fine an audience. It was always Bob with him. The other entertainers were simply secondaries. But when Madame Talma made her appearance, as first on the programme, and acquitted herself in a very satisfactory manner, Gaylord was as enthusiastic with his applause as anyone.

After her came Signor Clecco, a distinguished looking Italian, with a decidedly awkward manner, a homely countenance, and a head of hair that might have been the envy of any football player present. But when he touched the piano, everything was superseded by his wonderful genius. His first selections carried the audience by storm, and when finally permitted to cease his automatic acknowledgments, he must have been well satisfied with himself and his reception.

De Lasco was third upon the programme, and we awaited his advent with no little anxiety. Helen was nervous; her mother unusually quiet, and Gaylord apparently indifferent. As for me, I hoped that De Lasco would carry off the palm, and feared mightily that he would not. Presently, in the midst of a hearty applause, he made his appearance, and if Gaylord had not been sitting at my side, I should have believed him upon the stage before us.

"What a resemblance!" I heard Helen whisper to her mother.

"Remarkable!" answered my aunt.

Then they leaned forward to listen, and I perceived that Helen was deeply interested.

De Lasco looked over at us and smiled; then the prelude of his selection began. In another moment the great Hall was reverberating with the exquisite

melody of his song, and everyone was listening with rapt attention. De Lasco seemed so phenomenal, so dramatic, so accomplished, that I gave myself up to the spell of his genius, and reveled in the glory of his voice. The sweetness of tone, the phrasing, the technique, the beautiful management of his crescendos and diminuendos, together with the infusion of temperament, magnetism, sympathy—call it what you will—combined to make a surpassing success. He was enthusiastically recalled, and finally responded with a dainty little encore piece, which won him another round of applause. From that moment he was undoubtedly established in the hearts of the people. It was his first appearance in Toronto, but he had won a hearty approval. We were delighted. The tension of our anxiety relaxed. He was ours and his success filled us with happiness. Therefore, we anticipated the next number with pleasure.

Signora Cassabini was equal to all expectations. To me the rich mellow tones of her instrument were delicious, and I found myself wondering why the harp is not taught in this country. Every young woman is expected to play the piano, as a natural sequence of her education, but the harp would be an innovation. For this reason, perhaps, Signora Cassabini was remarkably successful in pleasing her audience, and was compelled to give two encores for one selection.

The first part of the programme being now finished, the intermission was at hand. In our box we were all excitement and enthusiasm over De Lasco. His resemblance to Gaylord was the chief topic, and his marvelous singing the greatest subject for comment. Helen was enraptured.

"Oh, Percy," she exclaimed, with considerable warmth, "if you could only sing like that!"

Gaylord regarded her with a searching gaze.

"You would be altogether too critical with me, my dear," was his quiet comment.

"No indeed. You would be beyond criticism," she replied, earnestly. "Oh why didn't nature give you the voice as well as the resemblance? Just think of what we might do. You with such vocal ability, I with the piano! It is really too bad. But dear, I do hope that after to-night you will try something else than 'Answer.' I am getting a little tired of 'There is a heart which heaven has made for thee, etc.'"

Helen's mimicry produced a burst of laughter from us, in the midst of which Gaylord bent forward and selected a small red rose from her bouquet. Pinning this upon his lapel, he presently excused himself, with the remark that he was going back to see Bob, and I was unceremoniously left to the tender mercies of Helen and her mother.

The intermission was unusually long, but before Gaylord returned the second part of the programme had begun. Madame Talma sang, Signor Clecco played, and the Signora's harp was placed in position before Gaylord made his appearance. We wondered what was keeping him. It was not until the Signora and De Lasco came upon the stage, for the Beethoven number, that my cousin-in-law returned to our box. Then I noticed a slight difference in his manner, and a violet *boutonniere* in his lapel. I observed also that De Lasco wore the rose. Helen noticed it immediately.

"You gave him my rose!" she exclaimed, a little surprised, as Gaylord seated himself.

"He would have it," was the almost whispered reply.

But the music began, and we were all attention. Again I could not help remarking the remarkable resemblance between these two brothers. Even their manner, and little idiosyncrasies were alike. Had I not known the difference at that moment, I should have mistaken the one for the other.

The song was even a more pronounced success than the first, the harp accompaniment being a great acquisition. With remarkable enthusiasm the audience demanded an encore. De Lasco responded with "M'appari tutt' amour." Then with a start that nearly took away my breath, I realized that something unusual had happened. Helen was entranced, and I aroused her without ceremony.

"Helen," I whispered, "ask Percy how soon he will have my portrait finished."

She turned to do so, then started back in amazement.

"Why—why—" she gasped, and passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear a mist from them.

The gentleman at her side smiled, as he bowed and said:

"It was Percy's idea, Madame. We arranged it as a little surprise. He has done remarkably well to-night, and I am proud of him."

We were a jolly party on our way home, but I could not help noticing that, in spite of our merriment, for some reason or other Helen was peeved.



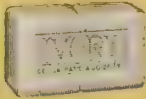




RIGHTLY trained, the unconscious vanity of a little miss becomes the ingrained personal daintiness which is priceless to a woman.

Teach her that it is the frequent, regular use of Ivory Soap which gives her the lustrous hair, the clear, smooth skin, and the spotless garments which she innocently admires.

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# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## An "Inch High" Icing

AVE you ever wondered how to make a fluffy "inch-high" icing, soft inside—but glossy and smooth on top?

It was my discovery one day while icing a cake, that the addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine made a higher, softer, better frosting, one that looked as though six egg whites had been used in it instead of just two! And so I have been using it in my "fluffy inch-high" icings—as my friends call them ever since.

Try the following recipe for yourself. It is sure to please you, for it is economical and the egg yolks left from the icing can be used in making the cake.

Served alone or with coffee whip—made from the coffee left over from breakfast—it makes a delightful ending to a simple home luncheon or dinner.

### FLUFFY ICING

1 teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
2 tablespoonfuls cold water  
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla 1/4 cup hot water  
1 cup sugar 2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve by melting over hot water. Add sugar to the 1/4 cupful of hot water and cook directly over fire until syrup will spin a thread. Turn out heat, or remove pan from fire, and add liquid gelatine immediately, pouring it through strainer into the syrup. Have egg whites beaten until stiff on a platter, and very slowly add syrup, beating constantly between additions. When all the syrup has been added, add vanilla. (or a combination of vanilla and 1 teaspoonful of orange extract if desired), pour icing in top of double boiler and cook over hot water, beating constantly with a slotted or other wooden spoon. When icing becomes so thick spoon can be drawn through it without icing running together again, spread quickly on cake, evening top with a broad bladed knife. If the icing should lose its shine, continue icing cake as usual but leave a little of the icing in the double boiler; to this add two or three tablespoonfuls hot water and cook until thickened, but not as thick as the first icing. Pour this on top of the dull icing and a glossy finish will be the result.

If desired, half of this recipe may be used as a cake filling previous to cooking in the double boiler, and the other half used as an icing. This quantity will make an inch-high icing for the top of a medium-sized cake. For a layer cake, double the quantities given here.

### COFFEE WHIP

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
2 cups clear strong coffee  
3/4 cup sugar Juice of one lemon

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot coffee; add lemon juice and sugar, stir until dissolved. Cool and strain. When partially thickened, beat with fork or egg whip until light and fluffy and turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water. Serve with milk or cream.

One box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes twenty-four individual servings or serves a family of six with four different desserts or salads for four different meals.

Not only fluffy icings, but delicate marshmallow frostings and cake fillings, too, can be made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine together with salads, relishes, meat and fish molds, and an endless number of delicious desserts.

Send for your recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economies" in which you will find many more economical recipes and "seasonal occasion" dishes. I will send them to you upon request if you enclose a 2c stamp for postage and mention your grocer's name.

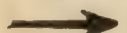
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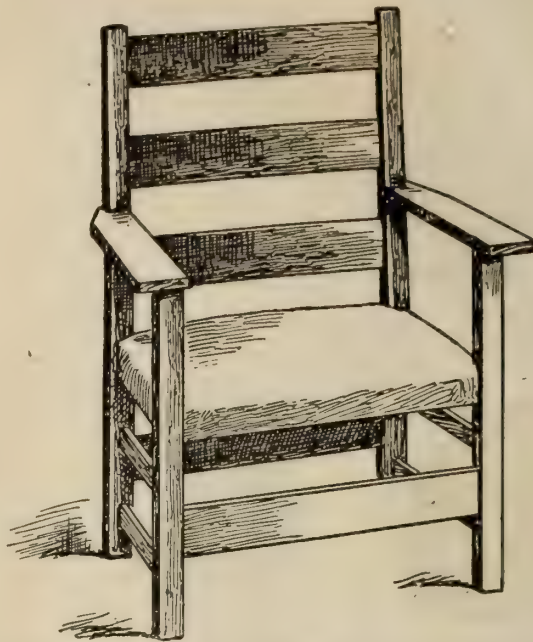
# HOME-MADE FURNITURE

This Neat Little Chair Is As Comfortable  
a Seat As the Small Person Could Desire

## THE FOURTH ARTICLE

THE instructor of the school craftsman has before him a task pleasant and easy, if it be compared with the difficulties confronting the older workman who would execute real objects after the models which are here presented. Such difficulties, although not arising from conditions of material or construction, are no less hard to overcome than if they were of external origin. They reside in the mind of the workman, obscuring his perception and, at first, disaffecting him from the object to be created. While the child craftsman comes to his task free from prejudice and eager to employ his restless activities, the older amateur has ideas more or less faulty, according as he has produced many or few objects, after the models usually proposed for inexperienced or medium pieces of cabinet-making.

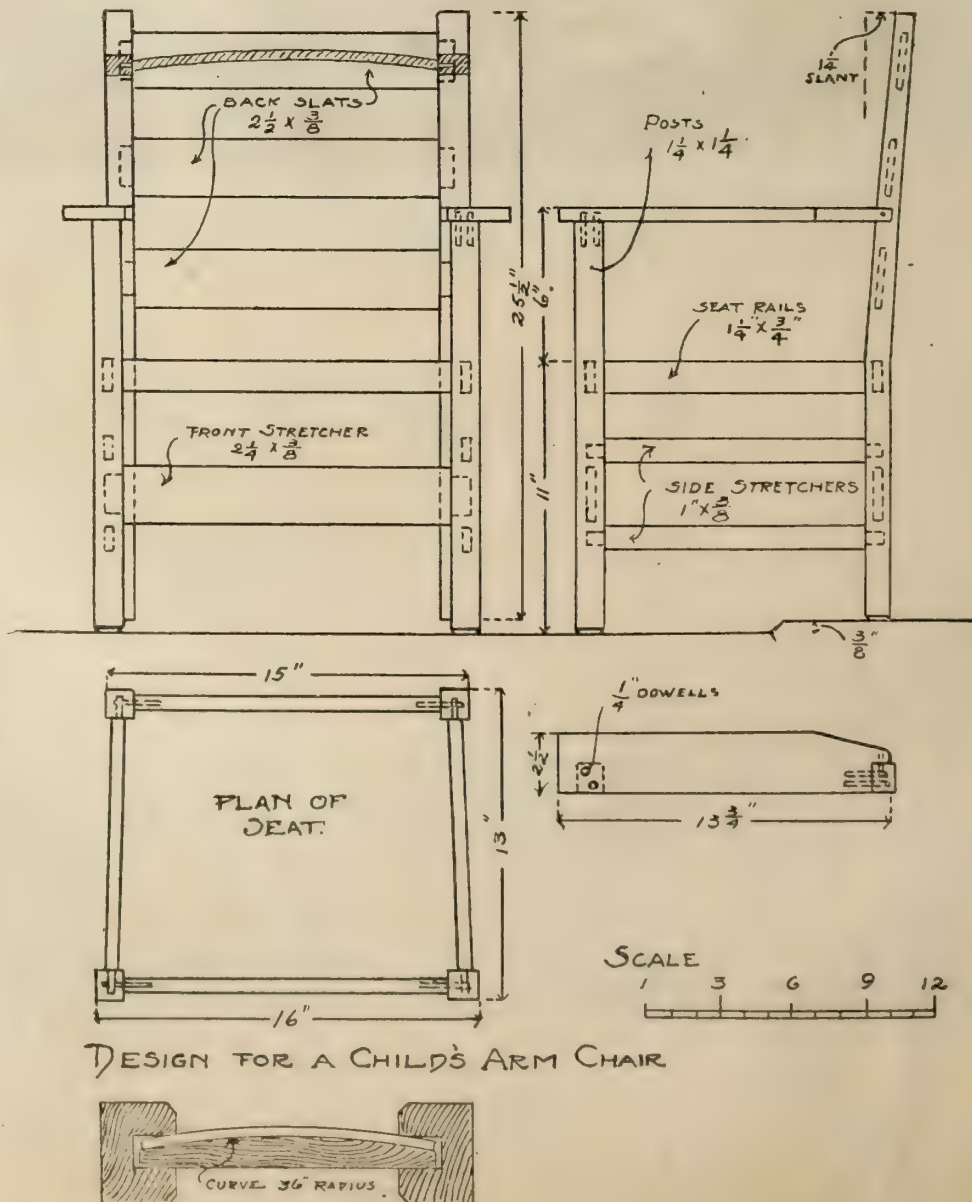
Thus, by following unworthy principles of construction and decoration, he has acquired a taste for false line and misplaced ornament. The child, on the contrary, in learning to execute these almost primitive chairs and tables, receives the rudiments of one of the most useful of crafts, just as in other departments of his school, he is taught the first principles of language and of the science of numbers. Or, to draw a parallel from a yet earlier period of his life, he may be said to follow the lessons in construction offered, just as he frames the first sentences of his speech, wherein he uses only nouns and verbs: the names of people and things, joined to words expressing the actions or states attributed to them. That is, in both cases, he confines him-



IN building this chair put all together excepting the arms, and when the glue is dry the arm dowels are fitted and the back ones shoved into place; then, by pressure, the front will spring into its proper position. All dowels are well glued, and the glue is warmed before using. Attention is called also to the joining of the seat rails, also the three-eighths of an inch cut from the bottom of the back post after the chair is put together. This makes a little slant back to the seat, and gives a comfortable position to the sitter. The back slats of the chairs are slightly curved. This is done by thoroughly wetting or steaming the wood and pressing it into shape—then allowing it to dry. The accompanying drawing will illustrate a device for this purpose, which for the amateur is quite as practical as a steam press.

### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR CHILD'S ARM CHAIR

|                   | Pieces | Long   | ROUGH Wide | Thick     | FINISH Wide | Thick     |
|-------------------|--------|--------|------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|
| Front posts       | 2      | 18 in. | 1 1/2 in.  | 1 1/2 in. | 1 1/4 in.   | 1 1/4 in. |
| Back posts        | 2      | 26 in. | 2 in.      | 1 1/2 in. | pattern     | 1 1/4 in. |
| Seat rails        | 4      | 15 in. | 1 1/2 in.  | 1 in.     | 1 1/4 in.   | 3/4 in.   |
| F. & B. stretcher | 2      | 15 in. | 2 1/2 in.  | 5/8 in.   | 2 1/4 in.   | 5/8 in.   |
| Side stretcher    | 4      | 13 in. | 1 1/4 in.  | 5/8 in.   | 1 in.       | 3/4 in.   |
| Back slats        | 3      | 15 in. | 2 1/4 in.  | 5/8 in.   | 2 1/4 in.   | 3/4 in.   |
| Arms              | 2      | 15 in. | 2 3/4 in.  | 5/8 in.   | 2 1/2 in.   | 3/4 in.   |



self to efforts which are purely structural. He begins aright, and, if wisely directed, will attain a useful result.

The older persons attempting to work out these problems, in a large number of cases might be compared to those adults who, although imperfectly educated in language, have yet, through reading and association, acquired a fund of expressions and constructions which they habitually misuse and misfit together, with the result of producing in their speech an effect of distressing vulgarity. Such workmen must therefore forget the perverted forms of the tables and chairs which have so long met their eyes in shops, in their own homes, and in pieces of their own making. They must revert to essentials, to the bare nouns and verbs of their craft. They did not begin aright. Consequently they must begin anew. They must correct their errors of vision and taste, before they can appreciate simplicity and the beauty which results from the adaptability of the object to the use for which it is designed.

Assuredly, then, the young craftsman has the advantages upon his side, and from these rudimentary lessons in the minor building art, it is not impossible for him to proceed slowly to the greater art which we name architecture; since the same principles are involved in the lesser and in the greater. A not unworthy preparation for housebuilding lies in the process of constructing a chair or table: in the proper relative placing of verticals and horizontals, in a knowledge of the functions of mortise and tenon, and of other structural features.



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# Quebec Homemakers' Clubs Convention

THE 7th Annual Convention of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs, was held at Macdonald College, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th, with seventy-nine delegates in attendance.

The first session was held in the Assembly Hall of the College presided over by Miss S. J. Armstrong, Provincial President. The address of welcome was given by Miss A. E. Hill, Head of the School of Household Science, who expressed her pleasure at the privilege accorded her of welcoming so many delegates. Miss Hill stated that she had been present at every Convention of the Clubs from the first one in the Winter of 1914, when only a few earnest members met to discuss plans, to the meeting of to-day when such a number testified to the great advancement made. Each year had its own outstanding thought, and this year it seemed that the Clubs of Quebec had reached the same point that Canada had reached in the world, that of an independent organization, part of a great body, and just as Canada in taking her place as a nation among the nations in the Empire, must state her ideals and give evidence of her ability to carry these out, so the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs as a firmly established organization, part of the greater federal body, must definitely prepare to carry on the work and ideals for which they stand.

Mrs. McCurdy of Lennoxville, replied to the address of welcome, and after thanking Miss Hill for her welcome, went on to state the advantage to the clubs of having each year the opportunity of meeting at Macdonald. It showed a recognition of the value of the organization and of the importance of women's work and influence. Women to-day were taking their place side by side with men in practically every sphere of activity. The influence of women had always been recognized by the great writers and from the earliest times women have been the inspiration which led to deeds of heroism. Woman's influence is most felt in the home where she reigns supreme, but it must also be recognized beyond the home. To-day women are responsible for much of what was undesirable in the world chiefly because of thoughtlessness. What was needed was a greater thoughtfulness and a saner outlook on life.

Miss Armstrong then addressed the meeting on some of the problems confronting the women of the Homemakers' Clubs, most of whom were women from the farming community. These problems included the shortage of labor, and the difficulty of getting necessary work done. Labor saving devices should be used and advantage taken of the great natural resources of the Province to furnish power for home conveniences. The unrest of the present generation showed the need of more earnest thought, and this could be brought about by promoting a love for good books and the establishment of social centres. Community interests, particularly in the matter of education and the betterment of our schools, should receive the attention of every mother and club member. Parent-teacher's Clubs were instanced as a means of encouraging co-operation between home and school.

Miss Chute, Superintendent of the Clubs, then presented the annual report in which the work of the clubs for the year

was reviewed. Fifty-one clubs with a membership of over 1,100, were now in existence, new clubs having been formed during the year at Hillhead, Jerusalem, Upper Lachute, Alcouve, West Templeton, Brookbury, Lemesurier, Cleveland, North Hatley, Vinton and Foster. One hundred and forty lectures and demonstrations had been given to clubs and schools by the Extension Staff and four by members of the Staff of the School of Household Science and School of Agriculture.

stant use. Miss Kirby, formerly of the Extension Staff, had gone in February to take a position with the Soldier Settlement Board, and Miss Crane was now assisting Miss Buzzell in the work of demonstrating. Over six thousand dollars had been handled by the clubs.

New plans for the future seemed to centre around Child Welfare work, helping wherever possible the wives of our soldiers on the land to become familiar with their new conditions

gardens and how records are kept. Miss Buzzell followed with a demonstration of the work carried on by the Household Science Extension Department in the Schools. Project work in Cookery and Sewing was explained and Miss Buzzell showed examples of the type of work called for and illustrated how the different articles were judged. Mr. J. H. McQuat then spoke on the work of the English School Fairs, giving a short history of the Fairs and how the work was carried on among the children at their home plots and at the fairs in the Autumn.

The evening meeting presided over by Miss Philip, opened with several much appreciated selections on the organ given by Mr. Stanton. The speaker of the evening, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Chief of the Child Welfare Department in the Federal Ministry of Health, was then introduced. Dr. MacMurchy in opening her address on "Child Welfare," referred to the enjoyable day she had spent attending the meetings of the Clubs. She then went on to speak of the obligations resting upon the people of Canada as a result of their deliverance from the horrors of the great war. Home and freedom had been won for them and it remained to be seen how they would show their gratitude. She felt that already many had realized that each one should endeavor to raise the standards of the race by demanding more of themselves and looking for more in others. A general improvement could only come through raising the standard of our homes. The home was the essential thing and advancement of the race was only possible where the home life made for the highest ideals. Signs of improved conditions showed in movements for better health and the Ministry of Health in Great Britain, which was established after many years of effort, was followed in 1919 by the establishment of a similar Ministry in Canada.

Should the enquiry be made as to why such a healthy country as Canada should require a Ministry of Health, one had only to refer to statistics to prove that it was necessary. Two tests, the proportion of deaths from typhoid and the rate of infant mortality, showed that many parts of Canada ranked only third or fourth class in the former, and in the latter our records were far worse than those of such congested areas as London, England. Canada's record in tuberculosis also showed lamentable carelessness and neglect. The speaker referred to the importance being placed to-day on the matter of Child Welfare by all civilized nations and instanced the attention paid to the milk supply for children by the British Children Government during the war and the emphasis placed on the same question of Child Welfare at the Great Red Cross Conference at Cannes, after the war was over. The Canadian department proposed to carry on their work through the Provinces and Dr. MacMurchy invited and urged the clubs to send in to the department reports as to their needs in this line, and suggestions as to literature, etc., that would be of assistance in promoting the work.

The business meeting of the Convention opened at 8.30 a.m., on June 17th, with Miss Chute presiding. A telegram was read from Mrs. Murphy, President of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



A QUEBEC GATHERING

Officers and members of the Provincial organization of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs for 1920-21.

ture. Reports from the branch clubs showed such activities as the providing of schools with musical instruments, equipment for school lunches, drinking fountains, provision for medical attendance; the supplying of milk and assistance to school fairs. Other activities were in the form of help in the establishing and furnishing of community halls, care of cemeteries, assistance to hospitals, supplies for the needy, etc. The clipping library had been well patronized and the circulating libraries were in con-



AN EASTERN OFFICIAL

Miss Chute, Superintendent of Homemakers' Clubs, Quebec.

and using every effort in the administration of our homes to promote their best interests and at the same time meet the difficulties due to the present high cost of living.

The afternoon meeting which was presided over by Mrs. Lusk of Breckenridge, was given up to the work of School Fairs. Mr. Desilets, Director of the Cercles de Fermieres, addressed the meeting on the subject of French School Fairs, outlining the establishment of the Fairs, how the work is carried on in school and home



DELEGATES TO CONVENTION OF HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS

Provincial Convention delegates to the Homemakers' Clubs who met recently in Saskatoon. This institution is fathered by the Saskatchewan Government, but operates in conjunction with the university, and performs a splendid service. Photograph taken at main entrance of Saskatchewan University.





## Now Brush Teeth In the new way—Remove the film

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Try this new way of teeth cleaning. The test is free. It has brought to millions whiter, safer teeth. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

See the results, then learn what they mean to you.

### What ruins teeth

Teeth are ruined by a film. You can feel it—that viscous coat. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. And most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

It is this film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Brushed in the usual way, much of that film is left. And very few people have escaped the troubles that it causes.

### Now we combat it

Dental science has in late years found a way to fight film, day by day. High authorities have proved it by many careful tests.

Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To careful people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

These new methods are all embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And you are urged to prove it by a pleasant ten-day test.

### Five important effects

Pepsodent has five effects, all of them essential to cleaner, safer teeth. One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to combat starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

In two ways it attacks the film, directly. Then it keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

It differs vastly from the old-time

tooth pastes, which dentists now know were wrong.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Within a week you will know that your teeth are protected as they never were before. And you will always want your teeth to look and feel like that. Cut out the coupon now.

470

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
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Only one tube to a family

470

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REG. IN

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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is the exhilarating, digestive-helping café noir. Particularly true, when the Coffee used is

### SEAL BRAND COFFEE

—the fragrant, satisfying, upland-grown Coffee, rich, mellow, nourishing, blended and roasted. In ½, 1 and 2-lb. Tins, hermetically sealed. Whole, ground, or FINE-ground (for Tricolators or the ordinary percolators).

"Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made" free on request. WRITE us for it.

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL



Sweet Stuff Such As Will  
Delight Both Youth and Age

## Some Things You Can Make With Honey

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

NOW that sugar is so scarce and expensive it is possible that honey may be more largely used for sweetening purposes, as it was in the days before the Crusaders or the Saracens reintroduced "sokkar," or "zucchera," into Europe. During the middle Ages it was too costly to be in general use, so honey was substituted in the making of sweet dishes and candies, and in the preserving of fruits and the many syrups so popular in those days. At this period the product of "the busy bees" was highly esteemed, not only as a food but also for medicinal purposes. In medicine, honey was regarded as a diuretic, aperient, and detergent. As a pectoral and emolgent, it is still used. An excellent gargle (at once something cleansing and astringent) is made of honey and vinegar; and, with certain fats, it forms ointments.

In other countries cakes, syrups, and bonbons, flavored with honey are far more popular than they are with us. Puddings of tapioca, rice, sago, and vermicelli, sweetened with honey, are both delicious and wholesome, and by no means extravagant, even considering the high price of honey at present, as it is so sweet that a small quantity suffices. Honey flavored blanc manges, jellies and preserves deserve to be better known, and a pleasant, soothing drink is made by beating up a fresh egg with a tablespoonful of honey, adding a cupful of hot milk.

Honey deserves a far more conspicuous place in cookery than the one it occupies. To realize its full value is to know that in cake making it surpasses sugar in sweetening qualities.

The following recipes are worth trying:—

**Honey Tarts.**—Wash one-half pound of figs and cut them in small pieces, simmer in one and one-half cupfuls of water for thirty minutes, then add one-half cupful of honey and cook for ten minutes longer. Remove from the fire and cool, then add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Line tartlet tins with pastry, divide the honey mixture into them and bake in a hot oven until ready. Beat up the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one tablespoonful of sugar and beat again. Put a little of this meringue on the top of each tart and brown slightly in the oven.

**Honey and Raisin Pudding.**—Stone one-half pound of raisins and divide them in halves. Grease a pudding mold and stick the raisins all over it. Chop one-fourth pound of suet, put it into a bowl, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sago, one-half cupful of honey, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of orange extract and one cupful of bread crumbs. Mix all well together, and then put it carefully into the prepared mold. Cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for two hours. Turn out and serve with hot milk.

**Honey Bread Cake.**—When making bread take off two cupfuls of the dough, put it into a bowl, add one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of honey, two well beaten eggs and one cupful of cleaned currants. Beat until the mixture is smooth, then add the grated rind of one lemon and turn into a shallow greased pan. Allow to rise in a warm place, and when light sprinkle the top with chopped nut meats, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

**Honeyed Pears.**—Take sound Bartlett pears, wash in cold water, core, pare and cut in quarters. Place in water adding a little lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Boil one cupful of honey and one cupful of water for five minutes. Put pears in wire basket, blanch one and one-half minutes in boiling water, then dip in-

stantly in water as cold as possible; drain and pack into hot sterilized jars. Then fill the jars with the boiling hot syrup, adjust rubbers, cover to seal partly, and sterilize under boiling water for twenty minutes for quart jars. Seal and test for leaks. Label and keep in a cool place.

**Honey Cookies.**—Cook one cupful of honey with one-fourth cupful of butter for five minutes, remove from the fire and pour into a bowl. Then add two and one-fourth cupfuls of sifted flour, grated rind of one lemon, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg and allspice and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. When cool, sift in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mix again. Allow to stand in a cool place over night. Roll thin and cut into cookies, place in a greased baking tin and bake in a moderate oven until amber color. These cookies keep well.

**Honey Candy.**—Pour two cupfuls of honey into a saucepan, add one-half pound of grated chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, one teaspoonful of powdered mace and two and three-fourth pounds of chopped nut meats, and boil to 245°F., on candy thermometer, or until the mixture forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Pour into a tin dusted with sugar, and when cool, roll out on a board also dusted with sugar, cut into neat squares, place in a slow oven to dry. Keep in airtight tins.

**Honey Sandwiches.**—Make and bake some pastry slices, split them and let them cool. Then place a slice of honey in the comb between the pieces, sprinkle lightly with sugar, and serve at once. Cake slices may be used in place of the pastry.

**Honey Fruit Salad.**—Boil one cupful of honey with one-half cupful of water for five minutes, then add the strained juice of two lemons. Pour over diced bananas, preserved strawberries, the pulp of two oranges, and sliced canned pineapple cut in small pieces. Serve cold in glass dishes.

**Baked Apples With Honey Filling.**—Peel and core six good sized apples. Mix one cupful of bread crumbs with one-half cupful of honey, and one-half teaspoonful each of powdered ginger and lemon extract. Fill the centers of the apples with the honey mixture and bake in a well greased fireproof dish. Serve hot.

**Gingersnaps.**—Into a double boiler put three-fourths cupful of butter, one cupful of honey and two and one-half teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger. Allow to cook for four minutes after reaching the boiling point. Remove from the fire and allow to chill, then stir in enough flour to make the mixture quite stiff, adding one teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll out thin on a well floured baking board, cut into small rounds, place on greased tins and bake in a brisk oven.

**Honey Fruit Cake.**—Beat together until creamy one and one-half cupfuls of honey with one cupful of butter. Add gradually, in alternate small quantities, two well beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour sifted with one tablespoonful of baking powder, one cupful of seedless raisins, one cupful of currants, one-half cupful of shredded citron peel, and two teaspoonfuls each of powdered cinnamon and allspice. When well mixed turn into a deep, well greased and floured cake pan and bake in a moderate oven.

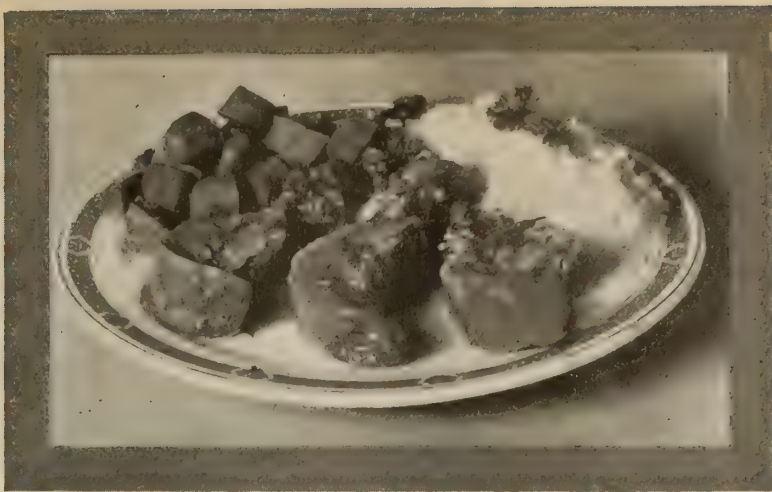
**Honey Salad Dressing.**—Beat one egg until frothy, then add two tablespoonfuls of honey, one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard, salt, pepper and paprika to taste; stir well together, then add one-half cupful of vinegar or lemon juice, and allow to come to a boil, stirring all the time. Allow to cool and add one cupful of whipped evaporated milk or thick cream just before using. Serve with any green vegetable.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



# Excellent Ways of Cooking Tongue

—Dishes to Please the Taste of Every Member of the Household



A dish of tongue, rice and carrots.

## An Informing Article on the Subject of Tongues

By

MARION HARRIS NEIL

Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes"

WHEN choosing an ox tongue, select one with a smooth skin, as a very rough skin is a sign of age. Wash and scrape off all the slimy substance. A tongue fresh from the pickle need not be soaked unless it has been very much salted, then two and one-half hours in cold water will be sufficient. A tongue that has been smoked will require twelve hours soaking, at least.

**Ox Tongue with Cauliflower and Beans.**—Soak the tongue, then run a skewer under it to keep it in good shape; put it into plenty of cold water; when it boils, skim it carefully, and then simmer for three and one-half hours. When the tongue is tender, take it up, plunge it into cold water, so that the skin will come away more easily, and skin it carefully, beginning at the point. Truss it into shape on a board by fastening it down at the root and the tip with fine skewers. When cold, take it up, trim some of the fat from the root, and glaze the tongue. Garnish with cooked cauliflower and cooked beans, and, if desired, decorate with beat butter. To make the glaze: Boil one-half cupful of water or stock, one-half teaspoonful

over this another layer of tongue and season as before. Repeat this until a sufficient quantity of the tongue has been treated; let it remain in a cool place for three or four hours. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute into a saucepan or a chafing dish, and when very hot add the slices of tongue and heat thoroughly. Add more shortening as required. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

**Jellied Tongue.**—One large cooked tongue, four and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine, one cupful of water or the liquid the tongue was cooked in, three cupfuls of gravy, one bunch of herbs, and one hard-cooked egg. Mix gelatine with liquid, gravy, herbs, and allow to dissolve, strain and cool. Rinse a mold with cold water, pour a little of the jelly into the bottom of the mold and allow it to firm, then arrange a layer of the hard-cooked egg cut in slices on it, pour in a little more jelly and allow it to firm, then a layer of tongue, and so on until the mould is full. Put in the refrigerator over night, turn out and garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

parsley and seasonings. Melt the butter in a small omelette or frying pan; when quite hot, pour in the mixture, stir slowly with a fork over a quick fire. When quite set, tip the pan toward you and scrape all the mixture toward the handle, allow it to take color in the oven, then turn it out on to a hot platter, and serve immediately.

**Cream of Tongue Soup.**—Take the liquor in which a tongue has been boiled, add to it two diced carrots, one diced turnip, two diced onions, and some chopped celery, boil for three hours, then strain it. Reheat, adding one cupful of hot cream or milk. Serve garnished with chopped parsley.

**Roast Ox Tongue.**—Rub a fresh ox tongue with one-half pound of coarse salt, and leave for three days. Then wash it and boil it in boiling stock or water gently for two and one-half hours, peel off the skin, and brush the tongue over with beaten egg or milk, and cover it with plenty of fine breadcrumbs. Now roast or bake it for forty minutes, basting it with hot drippings. Serve with hot brown sauce.



On the left is seen a dish of ox tongue with beans and cauliflower. On the right is pictured a simple tongue salad. Below is a dish of piquant deviled tongue.



of meat extract and one tablespoonful of gelatine for five minutes, then brush the tongue twice with this glaze. To make the beat butter: Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter with a wooden spoon until soft and smooth, then add three teaspoonfuls of flour, and mix well. If desired, the butter may be made pink or green with a few drops of vegetable color. Put the butter into a forcing bag with a star tube, and with it decorate the tongue.

**Tongue on Toast.**—Break two eggs into a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of milk or cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the pulp of two tomatoes, one cupful of chopped cooked tongue, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of paprika. Stir well over the fire until thoroughly heated. Have some buttered rounds of toast on hot serving dishes, pile on the mixture, garnish with parsley, and serve hot.

**Tongue with Rice and Carrots.**—Skin three small tongues carefully; boil for seven minutes in slightly salted water. Put four slices of fat bacon into a saucepan and cook with it one sliced onion. When the onion has browned, put in the tongues, season with chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste; pour in two cupfuls of brown stock, cover, and cook gently for thirty minutes. Serve hot with boiled rice and glazed carrots. To make the glazed carrots: Cut carrots into neat pieces, and put them into a saucepan with enough stock to cover them, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of grated maple sugar. Cook in the oven or by the side of the fire without covering the pan, so that by the time the cooking is finished, the liquid has evaporated and the carrots are coated with a thick gravy or glaze.

**Simple Tongue Salad.**—Chop fine one cold cooked tongue, add two hard cooked eggs chopped fine, one cupful of chopped celery, one-half jar of chow chow, a pinch of red pepper, salt to taste, one small chopped onion and one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar. Mix and serve on crisp lettuce leaves and pass mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

**Deviled Tongue.**—Cut into slices a good-sized boiled tongue; put a layer of the tongue on a platter; sprinkle over with dry mustard, red pepper to taste and one tablespoonful of salad oil; place



**Tongue with Raisin Sauce.**—Trim and wash a fresh beef tongue, put it into a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of salt, and simmer for two hours. Take it out, remove the skin and put it into another kettle, add one small sliced onion, one carrot scraped and diced, six whole white peppercorns, six cloves, one bay leaf, one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of seeded raisins and two quarts of boiling water. Cover and cook gently for two and one-half hours longer. Slightly thicken a portion of the liquor with a little flour, add the raisins and the vegetables, and serve with the tongue as a sauce.

**Tongue Sandwiches.**—Remove the crusts from bread stale enough to cut nicely, butter and cut into thin slices. Chop one and one-half cupfuls of cold tongue, add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and a few drops of onion juice, and mix well together. Spread on the bread and roll each slice, carefully tying with narrow ribbon.

**Tongue Omelette.**—Four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked tongue, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Break the eggs into a bowl, beat them until frothy, then add the tongue, milk or cream,

**Braised Tongue.**—One fresh ox tongue, one carrot, one turnip, two onions, one bunch of celery, four tablespoonfuls of drippings, one tablespoonful of flour, the strained juice of one lemon, one bunch of herbs, salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Wash the tongue first in lukewarm water and then in cold water, until thoroughly cleansed. Then put it into a large saucepan with hot water to cover it and a little salt, and let it cook gently for two hours, skimming when necessary. Now lift the tongue out of the water, skin it, trim it neatly and skewer it into a round shape, fastening the tip round the thick part. Melt the drippings in a saucepan, add the vegetables all cut up into small pieces, fry them until they are nicely browned, and lift them out on to a plate. Coat the tongue on all sides with flour, put it into the hot fat left in the pan, and brown it also, turning it over and over. Return the vegetables, add six cupfuls of the liquor the tongue was boiled in, add the bunch of herbs, and put the lid on the pan. When it has cooked for one and one-half hours turn it over, strain the lemon juice on the top, and cook it for three-fourths of an hour longer, and by this time it ought to be quite tender. Lift it out, put it on a hot platter, and keep it warm. Strain the gravy and boil it quickly until there is sufficient to pour round and over the tongue. Serve the vegetables separately, and also hot tomato sauce.

**Tongue in Tomatoes.**—Chop very fine, or grate the tip of a cold cooked tongue sufficient to make four tablespoonfuls, put this into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of drippings, one egg beaten, one-half cupful of milk or cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and a pinch of powdered nutmeg, and stir over the fire until it thickens. Cut four well-shaped tomatoes in halves, remove the seeds, season with pepper and salt, dot with butter, and cook in a moderate oven. Put each half of tomato on a piece of buttered toast, and fill them with the tongue mixture. Serve hot as a breakfast dish.





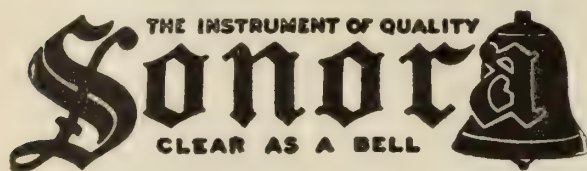
Nocturne, \$268.00

# SONORA==

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If there was only some way of making you realize through this printed page just how this remarkable Phonograph reproduces the human voice and the sweet and mellow tones of the violin!

There's a delicacy of feeling and a sweet resonance—a difference between the Sonora and most Phonographs you hear—that can only be realized when you hear the



The Sonora's Sweet Tone received at the Panama-Pacific Exposition a higher marking for tone quality than that given any other Phonograph.

For your own satisfaction, go to your nearest dealer and hear it. Hear records that are really masterpieces—Records which require an instrument of quality to do them justice. Ask to hear the Sonora play a piano record—the severest test you can give a phonograph.

You pay no luxury tax on a Sonora

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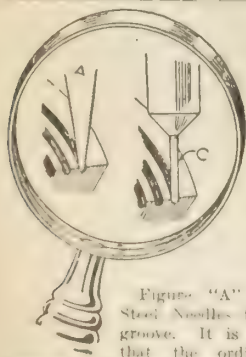


Figure "A" — Ordinary Steel Needles fitting record groove. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engagement point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and

thus tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C" — Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

**Sonora==Needles**

Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

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Dept. "C," RYRIE BLDG., TORONTO

### HEALTH AND THE HOME

Read our Family Physician Department, which opens in October and will mean health, happiness and new interests to our readers.

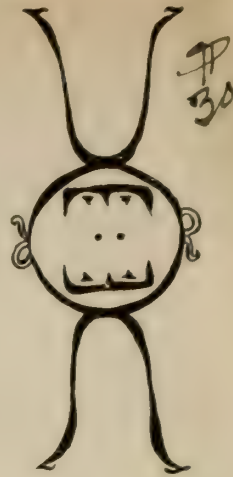
# The Land of P'raps

By BETH SADLEIR

## The Story of a September Journey



TOIL



OVER OVER

AS Diddy Happen and Dedder Naherrin entered upon the September road, the procession that they had seen in the distance came nearer and nearer. A small, white stone by the wayside marked the first Monday of the month, and it was here that Diddy, Dedder, and the little If halted to see the procession pass by.

"Why, they're all letter-men!" exclaimed Diddy. "Why are there so many of them, and why are they marching?"

"This is the Labor Day parade of all the working word-people," replied Dedder Naherrin.

"Oh, I can make them out now," cried Diddy. "WORK, comes first, and then there is the band. Each band-man is a PAY, and all the rest of the

"Are there really beds in that box? Why, it wouldn't hold one big enough for me."

"Yes, there are beds in the box, homes for little winter sleepers, and before long, birds, butterflies, and all those who hide away through the cold, will come for their beds," said Dedder Naherrin.

"But birds don't sleep all winter," objected Diddy.

"They must have winter beds just the same," said Dedder.

Diddy wished to open the box, but it was locked, and Dedder told him that the only key which would open it was one Jack Frost had.

There was not as much sunshine, the air was cooler, and the grass had lost much of the fresh green of summer.



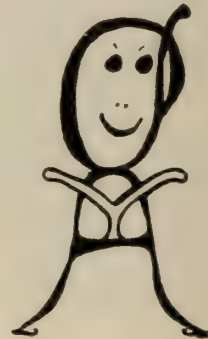
WORK



WAGE



LABOR



PAY

letter-men seem to like the tune they play."

After the first band had passed, there came more letter-men—L A B O R, T O I L, and many others. There was more music from the WAGE band. All the letter-men were cheerful and happy, but the most contented-looking were the word-men who formed the last of the parade. They were the RESTS, and though they played no tunes, Diddy could see that they were liked even better than the bands.

The flags and the gay music had passed, and Diddy and his friends went on along the broad September road. The flowers by the roadside were deeper and quieter in hue, dahlias and asters, and the golden-rod was everywhere. There were orchards, too, with ripening fruit, and along this part of the road the travellers journeyed slowly.

Dedder Naherrin would linger under the apple trees, and Diddy would stop whenever he came to a peach-orchard. They would stop at every plum-tree, and rang the little silver bell on the end of his tail until Diddy would come and pick plums for him.

Presently they came to a little dip in the road, and saw in the middle of the path a square black box, on which were printed these letters—BEDS. Diddy looked at Dedder Naherrin in astonishment as he asked the old man:



TEST

Here it was that the travellers, after climbing quite a long slope, found before them a short, steep hill, down which ever so many letter-men were turning cart-wheels. Diddy stared in amazement, for, whether the letter-men stood on their hands or their feet, they seemed to be right-side-up.

"Who are they?" asked Diddy.

"The OVER and OVER men," replied Dedder Naherrin.

"They can't help doing that, for, if they did, they would be just OVERS."

At the bottom of the hill the OVER and OVERS disappeared, and when the travellers reached there too, they found themselves on the edge of the steep bank of a stream whose waters ran both ways at once. That part of the stream nearest Diddy and his friends flowed to the right, while the current nearest the farthest bank ran to the left. That was strange, of course, but stranger still was something in the middle of the stream that spun round and round at a tremendous rate.

It was their old acquaintance, the Pink Star, that had succeeded in getting only half-way across. But the stream was narrow, and by standing in the water Diddy reached the Star, and a push sent it all the way across.

Diddy waded to the other side, while Dedder followed carrying the If on his shoulder. The Pink Star shook its points until they were dry again, and, rising in the air, sailed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)





# Through the Looking Glass

By VAIN JANE

9/15

**H**APPY though vacation days may be, there is a certain feeling of enjoyment in returning to the trend of things at home, to slide back pleasantly into old habits, and to rest once more in accustomed places. In the matter of the toilette at any rate, it is always to me a satisfaction to arrive once more to things in their proper places, the light just where I want it, and to my own particular—and to me, precious,—way of performing this interesting part of the day's duties. They say it is a sure sign of approaching old age to resent change, but little as I like to acknowledge this allegation I must still be honest and admit that I prefer my own, worn-in-the-groove way of doing things.

You, dear ladies, who have been holidaying, too, no doubt will agree with me that you enjoy your own dressing table more than that provided by the management of any summer hotel, no matter how palatial it may be. Just at first the flaw in the mirror is all a part of the vacation idea; the fact that four times out of five there is no hot water for your bath, does not seem so discouraging for the first few weeks, neither are you greatly dismayed when nothing but a rusty stream can be induced to flow into your tub. These are all trivial matters compared to the great fact that you are away from the rush and hurry of city life, that the air which you are breathing



A DAINTY CHAPEAU

This chic little hat is designed in blue velvet, with embroidered motif in rose and grey.

is filled with the pure fragrance of pine, that you have only to listen to hear the lap-splash of waves upon a sandy shore. This, I say, is the manner in which we argue for the first few weeks of our holidaying.

On the other hand, you may be the guest of friends at their shore or country home. The place is beautiful and everything that is hospitable may be done for your comfort. However, here again, well-established duties of the toilette must be abandoned. You desist from putting the accustomed coating of cold cream on your face at night, and from covering your nose with a pore ointment that gives you a white and funny appearance, because in such war paint you hesitate to meet the searching eye of the little maid who taps upon the door at seven to serve your morning tea. Later you rush through your dressing in fear of the summoning bell for breakfast (a perfect guest is never late!) and hair and complexion suffer in consequence. That begins the day badly—all your old habits are upset, and you have an irritated feeling of looking anything but your best.

The same and many more similar inconveniences occur no matter where

we may be, in camp, in our own summer cottage, a guest at a hotel or a visitor in a country home. As I said before, it is all a part of the holiday fun for the first fortnight or so, but at the end of the season there are few among us who are not happy and satisfied to return to home and the old habits. Haven't you found it so?

**H**AVE any of you, I wonder, seen the charming little perfume lamps which are becoming so popular for use in the boudoir? I came across one the other day, which had been brought from New York. It was just the size of a small rose jar and was of beautifully decorated china in a flower design. The stopper is removed and a tiny electric bulb inserted into the jar which is filled with the particular perfume which one affects, with the result that when the current is turned on, the most delicious fragrance fills the room. It is a fascinating conceit and will be welcomed by those of us who love to surround ourselves with vanities.

## CORRESPONDENCE

**ELEANOR.**—You are doing a very unwise thing, Miss Eleanor, in washing your golden brown hair every week. No wonder it is oily—the very thing you are doing is causing that condition. Washing may dry up the oil for a brief period of time, but such constant washing simply creates a greater flow. It is evident that

your hair needs a tonic—one that should be rubbed in every night when preparing the hair before sleeping. The formula for this I shall send you in my private reply. Also, I beseech you, use no soap for shampooing other than a pure Castile, and be sure that it is pure. Such soap may be difficult to find these days. I had some difficulty just this summer in obtaining a supply for myself, and after inquiring for it at a dozen or more city stores I happened upon some old stock of it in a little country shop that kept everything from a plough to a Gainsborough hat! It was quite discolored on the outside but white and fresh when you cut it and was of real Castile production. As to the enlarged pores that are troubling you, alternate use of hot and cold water is not of much use without the use of an astringent. I shall send you the name of one which I feel I can recommend.

**C. S. S.**—I am sending you the name of a henna preparation for the hair which is quite the best of its kind, if you feel that you must use it. It includes soap for a shampoo and powder for rinsing. Be careful about following the instructions; I have heard of rather startling results from carelessness.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)

## THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



The  
ENO  
Symbol  
of  
Happiness.

**A**S the lion stamped upon your silver denotes the purity of the metal, so this symbol, wherever you see it, betokens the goodness of ENO, which ministers unflinchingly to health and well-being.

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Its gentle blood-purifying action, which cleanses the system and renews health and vigour, makes ENO a health drink of supreme value in summer time. In addition to its medicinal properties Eno, with its appetising sparkle and agreeable after-taste, will prove, even in the hottest weather, a cooling and refreshing thirst-quencher.

The words "Fruit Salt" are our registered Trade Mark, and have been known for half-a century to mean the preparation of J. C. ENO, LTD., "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E.

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Perfect  
Beauty

A busy day preparing for the evening's social affair has left you flushed and tired. The pleasure you look forward to having is marred by your knowing your appearance will not be at its best. How you long for a beautiful soft velvety skin—for the beauty of youth back again. If only we could induce you to try

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

at such a time, you would realize why it has been the choice of the women of fashion for 70 years. It will render to your skin a soft, beautiful transparent appearance that will bring back to you memories of youth.

Send 15c. for Trial Size

## Gouraud's Medicated Soap

For a permanent improvement in your complexion, your skin must be constantly kept pure and clean. Gouraud's Medicated Soap thoroughly clears away all dust, dirt and poisonous matter. Its soft refreshing antiseptic lather penetrates the pores and removes impurities. Ideal for preparing the skin before using Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 15c. for Trial Size

**FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON**  
344 W. St. Paul St., Montreal.





# The Business Man

As Sometimes Seen by  
The Business Woman

By A. H. HERBERT

[This article is written by a woman who has had some years' experience of business life. Her views will probably not meet with general acceptance and we shall be glad to hear from our readers on this very live topic—both from those who agree and those who disagree with the writer.—*Editor's Note.*]

WE have had innumerable articles, speeches and dissertations on the characteristics and qualifications requisite for a business woman. Of course the entry of woman into commercial and professional life in the last thirty years has undoubtedly violated the fixed laws of a thousand climes and countries, and long centuries of time. So perhaps it is not surprising that men in business and men in journalism find the new era seriously disturbing, and waste endless reams of advice and precept upon the hapless victims of an absurd ambition.

Woman can now earn her living and need not marry for a home; that is the real vital principle of the great emancipation. If love passes her by, it is not now necessary to sell body and soul to the best advantage, or sink into the ignominy of an oft-times starved and despised old age. But she has at one bound escaped from the thralldom of domestic bondage, only to emerge beneath the shifting tyranny of the masculine commercial autocrat. Consequently following close upon the entry of woman into all departments of wage-earning, we have the sudden and curious development of the suffragette.

It is extraordinary how vast a majority of mankind do hold that "woman is undeveloped man," but so long as she remained man's wife or sister, woman did not realize the attitude. As soon as she entered the business world she became aware of a slow deadly daily pressure forcing her to understand and appreciate the rigid masculine estimate of her inferiority. So long as she adorned his drawing-room, mothered his children, darned and washed his socks, or gave cheap service at the tasks too full of drudgery for the lords of creation, such as extra salesgirl at the shop counter, patient slave at the telephone board or steady toiler as a factory hand, man was willing to lavish gifts upon or marry her with such deference and generosity of manner as seemed a concession to her superiority. As long as he held the role of My Lord Patron he could be magnanimous to a fault, but once the honors were divided it became necessary for him to withdraw the courtesy hitherto accorded the inferior because the inferior became so impudently outrageous as to claim equality.

Now I believe that just this very attitude of man is responsible for the female genius called suffragette, and by suffragette—I mean SUFFRAGETTE—not just a woman who wants a vote. For strange to say the vast majority of men favor votes for women, in a subtle way fully understanding it might really enhance their own opportunity were it not for the suffragette. But down in his soul he realizes that the suffragette has penetrated the sophistry of his chivalry, fully appreciates his contemptuous rating of her sex, and intends to advertise and expose his hypocrisy and his unjust and jealous treatment of womankind in the industrial marts of the world.

THE situation is a perfectly normal and natural one. The woman who has gone to work has unveiled the reality behind the pretence, and the discovery has stung her to animosity. Man knows that he has been found out, and is correspondingly nasty. For centuries, so far as the material world is concerned, woman has been entirely at the mercy of man, and she is very largely at his mercy yet. And it is this material tyranny of the business man that creates and multiplies suffragettes. Of course business men are just as fine husbands and good fathers and splendid sons and brothers as they ever were. But outside their little home circle of exceptions they are more or less committed to the feud between the sexes. It may be that man's unshakable chivalry in compliance with the ancient custom of the ages decrees that woman

should be protected by the shelter of home, but he fails to realize that a woman sometimes is forced to give her soul as the price of that shelter and the degradation to herself far transcends the physical hardships of laboring as a free woman for her daily bread.

Outside the realm of gentlemen, and they are a minor handful of masculines in any sphere of life, the business man is more or less deeply bitten by antipathy to feminine employees. Even in cases where he clamors for their cheaper and more satisfactory services he is unjustly critical and hostile in his attitude. Watch carefully and you will find that few men entertain the same tolerant leniency to the mistakes of a female as a male clerk. If a boy or man makes a mistake it is pre-eminently his masculine prerogative, if a girl blunders it comes of inherent disability and is duly reprimanded, referred to and magnified as an unerring signification of her inefficiency. Of course if she has dropped into the easy chummy intimacy with men that is required she will be graciously dealt with, not as a matter of justice but as a special personal favor.

It is useless to gloss over the matter. Where there are four men anxious and eager to smooth the path for the woman who wants to keep her soul, there are twenty who constitute themselves special constables to spy upon her work and her person and peddle detestable derogatory criticisms far and wide through her business domain. Sooner or later every woman who earns her bread is forced to confront this biting narrow injustice, and sooner or later if she possesses normal strength of character she will be roused to resentment as she comprehends the breadth and depth of masculine business snobbery. For many years man's pocket has been the financial repository of household funds, and this very control of the family purse has been the rock upon which so many homes have been wrecked. The reason for this arrangement, of course, is that man earns the money, woman only spends it. And if you make a close study of the business man's attitude to-day to the business woman you will quickly realize how jealously he hugs his badges of superiority, the right to criticize and indulge in familiarities with all female labor, and the privilege of handing her out her wages.

The persistent, supercilious proffering of advice to all women by man is the funniest side of the masculine composition. In business technicalities women have a lot to learn, but strange to say that phase of their ignorance never enters into the text of their advising critics. But they are continually being reprimanded in newspapers and public speeches for their lack of punctuality, their unsuitable dress, their lack of method, their dragging in of personalities, their want of business dignity and reserve. That is always the gist of their arraignment. Rarely or never do you find them berated for their ignorance of international exchange, banking procedure, legal proceedings in real estate transfers, nor the conditions and laws governing the stock market.

STRANGER still there is a protest against these criticisms by only half the women at work. It may be they are so glad to be independent that the verbal injustice of man passes them by as a negligible folly. It may be that many women have a sense of humor and likewise deem it wise to let sleeping dogs lie; or it may be the century-old habit of abiding by man's dictum in the business world still enthalls them, and they have come to accept the charges against their inadequacy simply because these charges are man-made.

To say that man is over-critical of the woman wage earner is to run the risk of infuriated protest. But as an old science master at school used to say, "it is the dog that's hit yelps."

Fresh from the fields comes  
nature's most delightful

## One-Cent Dish

Remember this whenever you think of food cost.

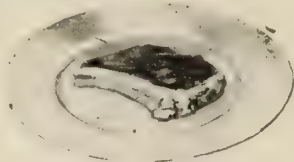
Quaker Oats form the supreme food. Pound for pound, they supply twice the calories of round steak, and nearly three times eggs.

They are almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Oat eaters are well fed. Yet the cost is but one cent per dish.

8 to 12 times as much



8 times the cost of the oat dish



Costs 12 times a dish of Quaker Oats



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A Quaker Oats breakfast costs about one-ninth what meat, eggs or fish would cost. As a food it far excels them all.

The average family saves about 35c in serving oats in place of meat foods. And that helps pay for costlier foods at dinner.

Measure foods by calories of nutriment. Note the difference in cost, as per table below, based on prices at this writing.

### Calories and Cost

| Quaker Oats            |      |
|------------------------|------|
| Calories per pound...  | 1810 |
| Cost per 1,000 cals... | 6c   |
| Average Meats          |      |
| Calories per pound...  | 900  |
| Cost per 1,000 cals... | 45c  |
| Average Fish           |      |
| Calories per pound...  | 400  |
| Cost per 1,000 cals... | 50c  |
| Hen's Eggs             |      |
| Calories per pound...  | 635  |
| Cost per 1,000 cals... | 60c  |

# Quaker Oats

From Queen Grains Only

Use Quaker Oats for their exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This matchless flavor costs no extra price.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover



And one could prove the charge from the experience of every woman who earns her bread. I know a case in point where for several years a university graduate, clever, capable, orderly and dignified, filled a responsible professional post. Previously it had been held by a man. She gave excellent courteous service, but absolutely refused to countenance familiarities and vulgarities in the men with whom she did business. Consequently she was deferentially treated, deeply respected, and subjected to a daily and weekly persecution of childish and petty criticisms, of idiotic and ridiculous espionage. Having a cool head and a high ambition, her temper never once recognized the undercurrent animosity nor swerved in unruffled serenity. Then a man took her place. He was illiterate, ill-bred, untidy and incompetent, irresponsible, slipshod and unreliable, yet he was received with cordial eagerness. The rawest girl graduate from a business college would have known more about the work than he did, for he could neither write properly nor reason, and his attempts at the problems in hand were ridiculous in the extreme, but he possessed unlimited cheek and colossal conceit and from the hour of his inauguration became *persona grata* with the men whom he was incapable of serving.

Lack of punctuality and promptness is one of the outstanding counts against woman workers. Yet after the most careful investigation the charge cannot be substantiated. Of course it is a very ancient joke that man is always kept late for social engagements because it takes his feminine companion so long to dress. In the same way mothers-in-law and "old maids who have never given up hope," have been the butt of the male writers' contributions to the funny columns of journalism for generations. But because man has seen fit to be rather vulgar in his quips about women does not prove that his individual venom should be accepted as a bona fide report on all womanhood. Set hours, punctuality and orderliness are esteemed the inseparable requirements of business life. But when girls come out of the same homes as boys, and are disciplined at the same public schools, when for centuries the peace of thousands of homes has depended on the promptness with which the husband's meals are served, it is scarcely rational to maintain that a woman does not understand punctuality. That she is less conscientious than man in applying her knowledge would hardly be considered seriously. In big concerns she usually pays for her lateness in cash. And as a delinquent her percentage is as small as her male confreres, but there is no question but that her delinquencies are much more fully and persistently advertised. But to insist that she is constitutionally unable to realize the importance of punctuality as man does is the silliest nonsense. An age long devotion to housekeeping is the most exacting teacher of punctuality, energy and thoughtfulness.

WOMAN and her foolish devotion to dress and fashion has rendered man a never failing source of cynical amusement throughout the world. And one wonders why she has never retaliated in kind. I have seen a reputedly faultless business man keep several ladies waiting fifteen and twenty minutes whilst he indulged a prolonged and minute toilet of hairbrushing and tie fixing in preparation for church, and he was a married man of many years standing. I have seen a busy city Doctor keep a lady waiting for ages whilst his housekeeper brushed his immaculate blacks just after his return from church on a fine dustless day, merely because he deemed his caller a socially nice person, nothing more. And it would be unwise to stir up a discussion about the amount of money men spend on their barber, tailor, hatmaker, haberdasher and laundress. Nobody ever seems to consider how seldom a man washes, dawns or makes his own clothes, nor how universally woman attends to her own wardrobe.

Of course, too, girls in business dress unsuitably, high heels, exposed throats, thin blouses and elaborate ornaments. Quite often they do—but how scathingly do the male staff report and jeer at the low heel, the durable dress, the serviceable color and plain cut!

Does nobody ever think of the doctor, lawyer and merchant who run about in trousers and braces, who persistently work without their coats, who hoist their feet on their office tables and who neglect to air their clothes and cleanse their persons? What reams the working girl could tell of the unshaven employer, the man reeking of stale tobacco, the persistent smoking in business hours, the recurrent expressions of rough slang, oft-times profanity, the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)

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*Has every refinement you would demand in a high-priced car:*

- One-man top with snap-on curtain fasteners, glass windows in back.
- Sloping, double ventilating windshield.
- Demountable rims.
- Tire carrier.
- Non-skid rear tires.
- Leather door grips.
- Horn button mounted on top of steering column.
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*Electric starting and lighting equipment furnished, if desired, at additional cost*

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Lumena finished artificial silks wash well, are brighter and more durable than silk, and are ideal for ladies' and children's costumes, blouses, negligees, etc.

#### "Apret-de-Laine"

is a soft permanent finish for black cotton Italians, which gives them a very close resemblance to Botany wool linings.

*Look for the B. D. A. mark.—It means the best in cotton and woolen cloths.*

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De Luxe Streamline Hood. Covers the Brass Radiator, places your old style car in the \$1,000 class. Write for circular.

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## REGAL

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THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED  
MADE IN CANADA C200

*Canadian Artists*

In the near future, we shall publish an interesting article by Miss Long, on this subject of national importance.



# Jaeger

## Should Be Worn By Ladies

Constitutionally women are much more delicately constructed than men, and their bodies being of a much finer texture, are more susceptible to weather changes. Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear affords complete protection in all weather and at all seasons.

*A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.*

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

**DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen CO. LIMITED**  
System  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
*British "founded 1883"*



# The Future of the I.O.D.E.

By JEAN GRAHAM

DURING the past winter several articles have appeared in this journal concerning the work of the I.O.D.E., which, as every Canadian woman knows, are the initials for the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. One of these was concerned with the philanthropic work of the Order and inadvertently aroused the ire of a Hamilton woman journalist by failing to mention the work done by the chapters in that City of Ambition and Achievement. No protest came from the Hamilton Daughters, who are well aware that the writer of this article has dealt more than once with the work so successfully and harmoniously carried out by the Chapters in Hamilton. It may be remarked, with due regard for geographical facts, that Canada is a large country and that it was impossible to mention specifically the work of a philanthropic nature undertaken in each city and town in the fight against tuberculosis—and the Hamilton campaign had been so frequently mentioned that it seemed as if it must be familiar to all. The London work was not mentioned—neither was Winnipeg—nor was there re-ordered the splendid work in Saskatchewan. It could not be done—within the limits of that article.

Now that (I hope) it has been made clear that no affront was intended to Hamilton, a city which is dear to the heart of everyone who knows her, may I be permitted to take this Wentworth centre as a text or illustration—or whatever you will—for an article on the future of the Order? There is a wonderful spirit of co-operation in Hamilton which must be the spirit of the whole if there is to be progress in the future. Hamilton was fortunate in having for years the guidance of Mrs. P. D. Crerar as Municipal Regent—a woman whose genius for organization was equalled by her warmth of sympathy. Brilliant in intellect, loyal to friend and church and country, the memory of Marion Crerar, whose life was shortened by her untiring devotion to the cause in which she fought as truly as her three soldier sons, will long remain an inspiration to all who knew her. It was fitting, then, that when there was formed an Ontario organization of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. Burkholder of Hamilton should be chosen president of the Provincial Chapter.

It is inevitable that an Order so large as the I.O.D.E., stretching in Canada over nine provinces and including a vast variety in its membership, should know its brisk and even breezy discussions and that differences of opinion should mean more or less publicity. Have you ever noticed that a meeting may run along smoothly and have fifty-nine minutes of amiable conference and receive little notice from the press; but if there is one moment of frank disagreement, the world is likely to be informed of the matter? Wherefore, since the last three annual meetings have had more than their share of animated debate, the newspapers have sometimes given the impression that the proportion of disagreement was

much greater than was actually the case. The members of the I.O.D.E., are sincerely and sanely patriotic in their aims, and the Order, with its sturdy past of service and achievement, has now to face new conditions and demands. It is more important than ever before that there be union in matters essential and that there be a realization of the after-the-war needs.

Let us admit that we all feel "let down," after the extraordinary strain and suspense of the war years. Bewilderment is undoubtedly the mental condition of most of us, as we consider the world story since 1914 and wonder what the next decade will bring to Canada. Here, the value of organization should be made evident when our after-the-war tasks are to be undertaken—and the I.O.D.E. can do a wonderful work in helping and stimulating wherever women are working together.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the sole condition for membership is British citizenship and a desire to work for the good of the Empire—that being construed in the broadest interpretation of the phrase. There is a membership representing every creed and class—and such is the only condition on which an Imperial Order can be surely founded. Any attempt at church or political supremacy within the organization would be fatal to its success—and no such attempt at control has been made. Most of the members belong to church and philanthropic organizations—but the I.O.D.E. is the common meeting-ground, where the bond is that of country and service to that Dominion and the Empire to which it belongs. We have referred before to that false sentiment, commonly known as "funkeyism," which is confused by some superficial observers with the true imperialism. Even at the risk of repetition, let us say with emphasis that the British imperial idea means unity and service. When we think of the far-flung posts of the Empire and recall the courage and fortitude of the men and women who held them, we realize that there is a sense of obligation, rather than a sentiment of pride, to be associated with that oft-abused word, "imperialism." There have been vain and self-seeking citizens who have made the word an excuse for personal advancement and aggrandizement—but such persons are found under every government on which the sun rises—and, if we were to visit the planet Mars, we should probably find the tuft-hunters occupying a more-or-less conspicuous position.

It is because this word of fine origin and noble significance has been so often misused, that the I.O.D.E. now has a unique opportunity to show its true value. There are many Canadians, not of British birth, to whom "empire" means tyranny and oppression of all individual ambition. Is it any wonder that whole communities which have experienced the degradation of a government, iron-clad in its caste system, should



PRESIDENT OF THE I.O.D.E.

Miss Joan Arnoldi, elected President of the I.O.D.E. at the recent annual meeting in Calgary, went overseas with Miss Mary Plummer. They were among the earliest Canadian war workers in England, for they were appointed officers in charge of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, for sending comforts to the soldiers, the very month after war was declared. They went over with the First Contingent of deathless memory, and were at Salisbury Plain till March, 1915, when they were moved, first to Ashford, and later to Shorncliffe.

to that Dominion and the Empire to which it belongs. We have referred before to that false sentiment, commonly known as "funkeyism," which is confused by some superficial observers with the true imperialism. Even at the risk of repetition, let us say with emphasis that the British imperial idea means unity and service. When we think of the far-flung posts of the Empire and recall the courage and fortitude of the men and women who held them, we realize that there is a sense of obligation, rather than a sentiment of pride, to be associated with that oft-abused word, "imperialism." There have been vain and self-seeking citizens who have made the word an excuse for personal advancement and aggrandizement—but such persons are found under every government on which the sun rises—and, if we were to visit the planet Mars, we should probably find the tuft-hunters occupying a more-or-less conspicuous position.

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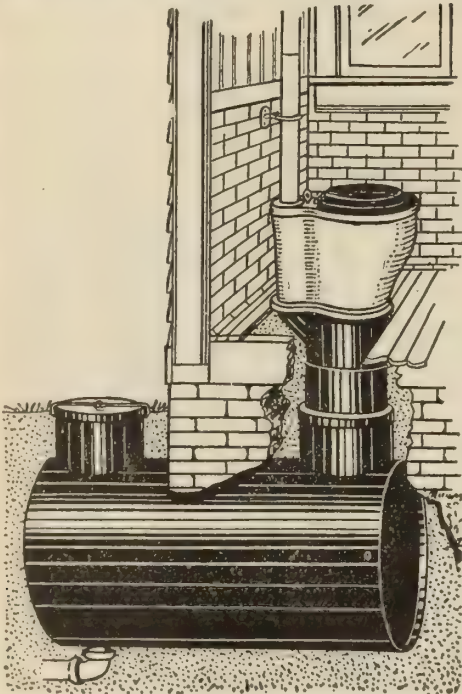
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

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## An Indoor Toilet For Rural Homes

KAUSTINE WATERLESS TOILETS bring the same standard of comfort, sanitation, privacy and refinement to the rural home that the water closet brought to the city.

Chemical sterilization and scientific ventilation make Kaustine equipment as satisfactory a sewage disposal system as could be desired.

This modern, convenient, sanitary, indoor toilet system is putting an end to disease danger in unsewered localities all over the world, from Australia to the Arctic.

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TOILET





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Manufacturers of everything in Knitted Goods.

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**A**NITA STEWART, screen star, recently declared herself a three months vacation and has been attempting to outwit the heat waves at her summer home in Brightwaters, L.I. Miss Stewart plans to return to California and the Mayer Studio in the early autumn to resume picture production at the head of her own company.



# Gillette Safety Razor



You can shave yourself perfectly in FIVE minutes with this razor!

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 KNOWN THE WORLD OVER  
 No Stropping - No Honing  
 \$5.00 the set



Bulldog Set

## For The Journal Juniors

THE delightful story "Land of P'raps" is nearing a conclusion, but Bertha E. Green, who conducts our Journal's Juniors' Department, has equally enjoyable journeys and adventures as those which fell to the lot of the travellers in these original tales. Let the young people read that column and they will be sure to take an interest in the friends, old and new, they will meet at the Journal Juniors' Club.

## "Please Excuse My Back" \$5

HOW frequently one has heard the trite expression, "Please excuse my back," and how frequently one has answered with equal triteness, "Don't mention it! The back's the best part of a goose!" Surely "Please excuse my back" should be worked overtime these days, and I think the retort courteous has never been so apt, so appropriate. For when has the human back been the subject of so much controversy, and is not the girl or the woman who wears one of the fashionable backless gowns most fittingly described as a goose? Should she not be in a constant state of apology?

Recently I saw in one of our best magazines an advertisement for a certain kind of ivory toilet article. A young girl with a sweet, innocent expression on her pretty face gazed enraptured at a box containing brush, comb, etc., which she held in her hands. She was gowned in a shade between rose and scarlet, and her back was turned to the gaze of the spectator. The picture might have been entitled "Please excuse my back," or "The Scarlet Woman" would perhaps have served equally well. But she had a beautiful back—there is no denying that fact. It was soft, white, just plump enough—and how few, how woefully few such backs one sees in these days of backless evening gowns!

I could write a whole chapter on "Backs that I have seen." There is the fat, bulging back; the thin back, where, if one were a devout Catholic, one could tell one's beads on the little humps of the spine, a sort of human rosary, as it were.

At a dance given a week or so ago my partner and I were promenading before the encore. Directly in front of us, also promenading, was a girl with her partner. The former, a very pretty young debutante, was gowned in an exquisite creation, except for the fact that it was backless. My partner turned to me. "I didn't know until to-night that Peggy is deformed," he said. Neither had I known. She has a slight, a very slight curvature of the spine. In an ordinary decollete gown it would have passed unnoticed, but in her extraordinary backless affair, the poor, pitiful little deformity was revealed to everyone.

"Why?" and again "Why?" you ask. You might as well question the Sphinx. There is no answer.

"We don't have to wear gloves to the dances any more," said the young brother of a friend of mine the other day.

"Yes, you do, Jack," contradicted his sister. "Why not?"

"Well, the girls can wash their backs now," answered the youth nonchalantly.

What would ever have happened if one of these girls had appeared in a drawing-room in our mother's or grandmother's day? Can't you see some woman with presence of mind quickly throwing her silk shawl around "the creature" and hurrying her from the room? Can't you see the blushes and embarrassment of the women forced to remain?

FROM the subject of backless gowns to that of women smoking seems only a step. I'm not one of those narrow-minded people who believe that because a girl smokes cigarettes in this world she will smoke (but not cigarettes) in the next. Nor am I one of those women who tried to keep our soldiers from having their tobacco and cigarettes to help them bear the terrible discomforts of the trenches, to say nothing of their pain and suffering. I like to see a man enjoy his pipe or cigarette, provided he doesn't make a chimney of himself. But I must confess I don't like to see the girls enjoy their cigarettes! Who ever heard of a girl making sachet-bags of tobacco and placing them among her lingerie and other belongings? Yet it would be just as sensible as constantly perfuming her breath with cigarettes.

Recently I was visiting a friend who smokes a great deal too much. She has a dear wee sprite, a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, and I often thought how the memory of her mother's good-night kiss would be associated always in the child's mind with the smell of tobacco.

It is so unromantic. One reads of "the fragrance of her tresses," the delicate, subtle fragrance of violet, off lilac, but—tobacco!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)





THERE is a natural association between tea and talk, which every woman knows. Our clubs and our societies, even in the churches, may go heavily and unbrightened until there is a clink of cups and spoons, when everyone revives, and Mrs. A—is moved to confide in Mrs. B—that the trimming of silk braid which the former is wearing on her blue serge gown was bought before 1914, and is therefore much to be preferred to any of the shockingly poor material you can get now. Yes, tea is a loosener of tongues and an opener of hearts, and it is to be hoped that it will continue to have an honored place in the rites of the home or the club. There is a corner in the JOURNAL, therefore, where we may “just talk,” that is not intended for any particular information or instruction, but merely what the heading (and don't you think it is a pretty one?) tells us—teacup time. Of course, someone will say that it is going to be “gossipy”—and perhaps the someone will be right.

Have you noticed, though, that gossip, in the mean sense of that word, is not so common as it used to be? The small affairs of our neighbors do not concern us as they once did—and we do not waste time in wondering how Mr. Goldbrick got his money, and whether Mrs. Goldbrick is going to wear her fur coat another winter. The contact with world affairs which the war brought to us has made us aware of wider interests than the town or the county in which we live—and the world needs were never more insistent than they are to-day.

Just here someone may say indignantly: “What do you mean, Anne Willow, by suggesting that teacups and gossip have anything to do with each other? Women don't gossip—at least, not a bit more than the men.” That is quite true, my new friend—and do let me give you a lump of sugar in your tea.

SPEAKING of sugar, however, isn't it a sinful price — and aren't those dusky Cubans coining money, while Canadian housewives wonder where the next jam and preserves will come from? We know that there has been a vast amount of profiteering, and that the poor consumer is having the hard time of it—literally bitter in these trying days; but it is so hard to find just where the trouble lies and what is the address of the arch-profitteer. Perhaps we have eaten more sugar than we should, in the sweetened days that have gone by, but we know that a sugarless existence would be almost as depressing as a saltless salad.

There is one thing of which we are assured, that life is not going to be dull. It may be hard and exacting, but it will not be without its changes. Some of us long for the good old days before we knew about Germany's “kultur” and the ways of the Bolshevik; but the before-the-war security will not come back. While we all wish fervently for all wars, civil and international, to be banished from the Earth, it is not to be denied that part of our restlessness comes from the “looking for trouble” attitude which the tremendous sensations of the war gave us. Even in the smaller things of life, uncertainty is not always unwelcome. And here let me quote a delightful poem, “Dream Ships,” by F. C. Palmer, which I found in the “Spectator”:

“If every night at six o'clock,  
As punctual as the postman's knock,  
Our dream-ships from the dreamland seas  
Sailed back upon a homeward breeze,  
Bearing piled high in every hold  
The treasures that our dreams foretold,  
Books and soldiers, dolls and guns,  
And chocolates and currant buns,  
How happy would be every face;  
This world would seem a different place.  
And yet if laden stern to stern,  
They never failed at six p.m.  
To wander back to me and you,  
And each and every wish came true,  
And ne'er a vessel came to harm,  
The thing in time would lose its charm,  
And wonder, light and glad surprise  
Would fade away from children's eyes,  
And we might even sit and long  
For something awful to go wrong,

If every night at six o'clock  
Those dream-ships all sailed back to dock.”

AMIDST all the chances and changes of securing a habitation after the years of unsettlement, it is pleasant to hear of those who have found just what they like—round pegs which have slipped easily and securely into round holes. There was a bright-faced English girl who came out to Canada for two years during the war and found congenial employment teaching what she most liked. Then the war was over, and a certain young Englishman who had fought for many weary months found time to think of more pleasant things and came to Canada, where, in a pretty church in a northern city, there was a quiet wedding and a honeymoon journey of the old-fashioned kind. New York and the West Indies were the scenes of “a home for a week end or so,” and then their Canadian friends lost sight of the happy couple. Now they have been writing once more—and what do you think they have decided to do? They have taken an old farm near Brighton in England, and are real back-to-the-landers, going to learn all about the modern methods of cultivating the soil and looking after the hens.

It is a farm which is of the small but historic variety, and the house thereon is hundreds of years old. The bride is wisely avoiding the modern style of furniture, and is obtaining from an antiquarian friend all the suitable old chairs, tables and settees which post-war finances will permit. It is going to be the most lovable old farm-house when it is all dressed in its antique garb—and there are going to be roses and pansies and snap dragon—and I'm going over there to call next summer or the year after—or sometime before 1930.

THERE is a kind of propaganda going about our country now which reads so smoothly and so plausibly that, at first, we do not realize its source or its meaning. It assures us that war is a horrible thing (as if we were unaware of its practical realization), and that peace is the one desirable condition. Then we are informed that it is the privilege (nay, the duty) of women to encourage peace and to cultivate international friendship. This sounds very well, and the guileless citizen thinks how noble are the men and women who are announcing such views. Then there is a plea of “Canada for the Canadians” (whatever that may mean) and some pleasant talk about developing our own resources, looking after our own communities and being splendidly and aggressively Canadian. What does it all mean? Some of it undoubtedly implies that those who were unannounced friends of the Huns and who were pacifists during the war are seeking to make us anxious to buy German goods once more.

As for the “Canada for Canadians” cry, it has not been explained to us in any satisfactory way. When the French arrived in this country, the Algonquins, the Iroquois and other stalwart tribes were the Canadians. When the English (not to mention the Scotch and the Irish) arrived on the scene there was eventually a struggle for the land, and an entirely new “Canadianism” began. The other day, I heard a pretty little Roumanian (born in Montreal) announce herself as a “Canadian—sure!” It would be interesting to inquire: “What is a Canadian?” Those of English, Irish or Scotch descent have been accustomed to consider themselves the true Canadians, while the descendants of the French settlers, in their old farms near the Ancient Capital, are really Canadians of more settled standing.

We need a robust, patriotic spirit—but we cannot, dare not cultivate an aloofness from international affairs. When circulars regarding this peace propaganda and this latest thing in Canadianism are sent to us, let us ask ourselves—and others—the question: Is there an unwritten invitation to German trade in these paragraphs? Is there a secret hostility to British connection in these plausible appeals? Does “Canada for the Canadians” mean an attempt at separation from the League of Nations forming the British Empire?

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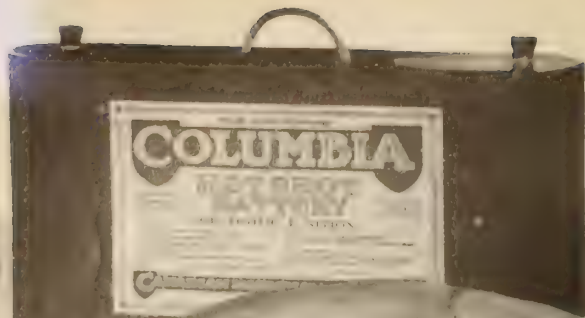
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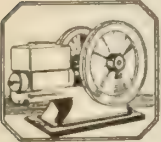
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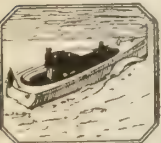
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# Vanda of the Latin Quarter

A Story of Love and Art  
Under the Shadow of War

By BILLEE GLYNN

*Paid for  
in advance*

**A**MIDST the clamor of the crowd, the sway of military music, the click of feet and the clang of accoutrement, the careering Gallic cheers, the flashing joy and panting enthusiasm alone possible in Paris—crushed and jolted out of breath, and with white, tense face lifted to the serried, cheerful profiles of the marching soldiers, Vanda Carnot edged onward. Even in that crowd of contrast, color, and intensity, in that turmoil which filled the sky, she was noticeable. The slope of her shoulders was lyric, a line of poignant allure; the elegance of her figure, betraying itself in glimpses, and simply garbed, was something to make the looker pause even in such madness. To real beauty there is always that veiled wonder of spring which stops one in the greatest storm. Her evident anxiety betokened only the deeper beating of her heart—like one of those cold winds that shake a wild flower. She forced her way onward with difficulty.

At the corner of the Chaussee d'Antin a tall, mustached American sculptor, about thirty, catching sight of her, plucked the sleeve of his companion.

"It's Vanda," he whispered, "the famous model of the Quartier. She married Paul Carnot, whose picture was given first honors at the Louvre and was the talk of Paris two years ago. He went to the war. I wonder if he has returned? Perhaps his regiment is among these. She appears to be looking for him. Their marriage was one of the romances of Paris."

The young Italian to whom this speech was addressed raised his hands with that inimitable gesture of the Latin denoting the divinity of beauty and its worship. "J'en suis ravi, J'en suis ravi," he breathed transcendently. "To see her is to know that God is the one great artist."

It took Vanda more than an hour to reach the caserne where Paul's regiment would disband. By this time her heart was beating frightfully and her limbs trembled under her. She had seen his regiment pass, but had not recognized him among them. With the breath tight in her throat she had tried to keep up with it, but found it impossible owing to the denseness of the crowd. She had a ghastly feeling that he must be dead. The thought hammered on her intelligence till she felt sick and faint. At the Gare de l'Est, where the statue of Strasbourg stood resplendent with wreaths, she had been disappointed first. After, it seemed, having waited for hours, she had been swept back and out of range in the rush of the immense crowd as the train arrived. But she had raised herself to her utmost height and watched the bedraggled uniforms emerge quickly and form while the bands played a thrilling welcome and the people broke wildly the restraint of months. And all about her had been the sound of laughter and sudden weeping, the convulsive embrace, the shouted greeting, the happy gesture of recognition—but for her there had been nothing—nothing at all.

At the caserne she waited in front of the main entrance with other women. They spoke of sweethearts, husbands, brothers and sons. But Vanda stood silent and a little apart, the terrible strain in her face increasing.

**T**HEN a touch on her arm, and he stood looking down on her. Grand Dieu! She put her hands to her eyes. She could scarcely recognize him, his face was so scarred. And one eye was gone. It was horrible, horrible. So much so that she shrank instinctively while his other eye smiled down on her. And then she fell forward, sobbing, into his arms with the gladness of having him.

She raised her head in a moment and stood proudly. The throng had broken into the cry, "Vive la France! Vive la France!" and a block away a band had struck up "La Marseillaise." A small party of the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth issuing from the caserne

took up the cry. Then they spied Paul Carnot and his companion and raced toward them, dancing in a ring around them while they voiced loudly: "Le Sauveur de son regiment, le sauveur de son regiment!" A dozen mouths supplementing each other poured out the story to Vanda, and she listened with the wild color stinging her cheeks and her eyes beaming a softness close to tears. Paul, her Paul, a hero! And she had not known it, not a word of it, till now. Few seemed to have known it, indeed, but his corps. When his regiment would surely have been cut to pieces it was he, the artist, who had saved their retreat. A plain infantryman, he had taken a deserted gun and destroyed a pontoon upon which the enemy were crossing in great numbers. Hundreds of them had been killed and as many wounded and drowned. His own regiment and supporting troops could then retreat in good order. They carried him with them covered with glory and wounds. One eye was gone, the sight in the other impaired. He had been in the hospital at Havre. But he had got out in time to join his regiment on the way to Paris.

For a considerable time the artist and the beautiful girl on his arm were the centre of an admiring, hand-shaking crowd eager to voice its congratulations. Then with Sergeant Beranger, who was a celebrated journalist and an old friend, they set out gayly.

Paul Carnot had been a well-known figure in Paris. Every half block he was stopped by someone who had revered him as an artist and who held up his hands at the sight of his wounds and glowed over his medaille militaire. The flush of patriotism and the glory of France were in the air, the honor in arms and the gratification of the new peace. The heart swam in it, it seemed, forgetting everything else. The real sense of tragedy belongs to the impotence of its pause.

At length they reached the studio in the rue de la Tour des Dames. Sergeant Beranger had accepted their invitation to dine, and Vanda proceeded to prepare the meal herself.

How many joyous dinners they had had there before! What discussions and dreams! Litterateurs, bon viveurs, and artists of all characters and degrees had spoken their minds in this sanctum. Scarcely a dreamer in Paris but had smoked his cigarette here. For Paul Carnot stood at the head of that younger set of artists whose ideals were thrusting themselves like young flowers above the long frost of convention in art. His winning first honors at the Louvre had been recognition of this in the highest quarters. When the war broke out he stood at the April of his career.

They talked of art now while they ate dinner, with the gathering twilight at the window and in the soft glow of one big, shaded lamp. And Vanda with her golden hair was like a star in it all, one of those bright objects of Heaven that keep aspiration alive in the world.

**A**FTER the meal was over she brought to Paul the canvas upon which he had last worked before the war started—a picture of the genius of music evolving from a marvelous purple background. It was full of subtle tones and was but half finished. Upon inspecting the painting Beranger became enthusiastic, praising it in sparkling journalistic terms. Above everything else he ardently repeated: "Quand finira-t-elle, quand finira-t-elle!" (When will it be finished?)

And Paul Carnot, who had drunk freely, was completely carried along, forgetting that the picture could never be finished, or any other, because of his eyes. Only Vanda, her heart trembling like an autumn leaf, remembered—remembered, it seemed, in a sweeping tragic instant. The great gladness of having him had all at once dropped to this. And in the dark corner of the room, as she put away the canvas, her smile died as a dove dies in a flickering, pitiless moment.

## "Train up a child in the way he should go"

*and he will always use a*



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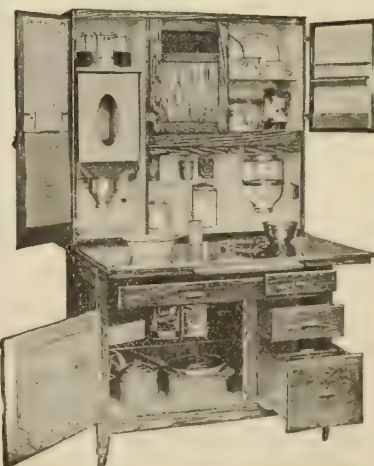
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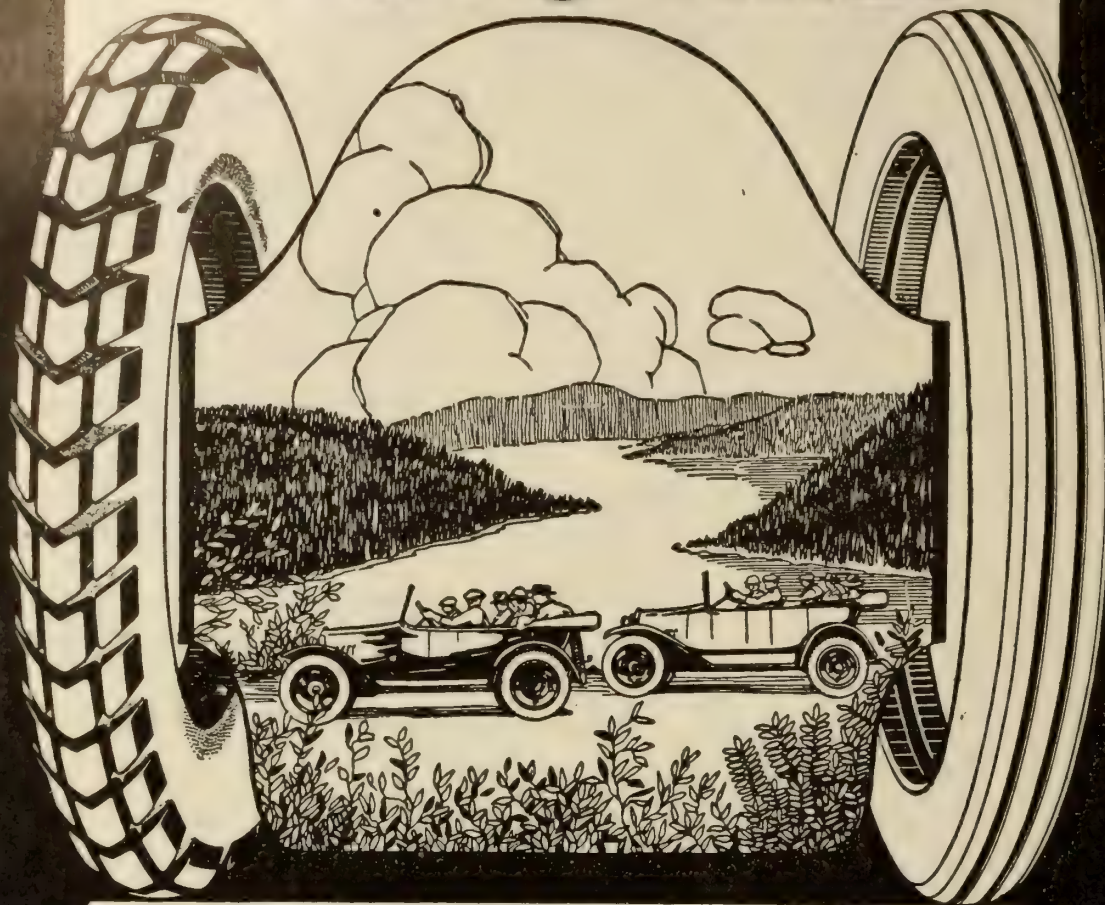
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**I**NSTITUTE members are asked to note our competition for photographs of quilts and samplers—prizes, fifteen dollars each. See page 50.



# DUNLOP

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## Health And The Home

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN is to contribute to our October issue the first article in a department which, we assure you, is to be of vital interest to every reader of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. The writer of the department is qualified, by many years of professional experience, to write on all topics which mean the welfare of the home. Read the first article and you will be sure to read all following contributions by the FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

But she could not, she must not, spoil his home-coming. Even a sob might plunge him into his years of torture. Of all the beings in the world she knew that an artist could suffer most. It was the awfulness of this fact, not that she must suffer with him. She must do something to fight the grip of the Thing. Sinking down on the piano stool, she played "La Marseillaise." It served slightly to control her.

With the first notes of the anthem the men had risen to their feet. In the pause which followed Beranger took out his watch and excused himself to keep an appointment. They bade him good-night at the door together. Then Carnot drew her in, kissing her. She returned to the piano and he asked that he might lie down while he listened.

It was the anthology of her life that she seemed to play so tenderly. The deep, sweet call of spring, the odorous blossoms and sighing, scented winds and shaping harmony. The beating of a heart, the birth of passion. The universe caught in the pure quality of the lyric. The height of dreaming and the elegie, that marvelous heart wall of Massenet. Through a dozen varying moods, improvisations and compositions she ran. Then her fingers rested idly on the keys.

"That was beautiful, Vanda," said Paul behind her. "Will you play me a lullaby, dear; I feel that I may sleep."

She did so, repeating it over and over—a lullaby like the drift of violets on a hillside and full of the velvet wistfulness of twilight.

She ceased only when she knew by his breathing that he slept. She stepped over and kneeling down kissed tenderly his poor, scarred face and his eyes. What a gift God had given him, and a German shell had shot it away. German or French, British or Russian—what difference! It was the needless, pitiless, hellish sacrifice of it, the century, world-heaping wrong!

With her hands clasped on the window-sill, she looked over the roofs of Paris. Perhaps a million tragedies unfolded there that night. All over Europe it was the same. A year ago and it had been so much happiness! Now he whose creed was beauty lay a wreck behind her. Never would another dawn bring him anything. He, the master of painters, would never paint again. His artist soul would die an hour at a time, day after day, and all for what?

Over the dry, hot rims of her eyes the tears burst in a silent shower beyond repressing. She flung herself back to the dark corner of the room and the canvas at which she had looked so often and so lovingly during his absence. With it clasped to her heart, she sank there weeping, her head buried in the cushions of a divan to still the sobs that shook her body. She must weep to-night, for she must smile to-morrow. Through ten thousand to-morrows she would smile for his sake—he, for whom every to-morrow would be born dead.

## "Please Excuse My Back"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

Suppose in the beautiful pictures or exquisite statues of Joan of Arc, she should be depicted with a cigarette in her mouth. Would not the Maid of Orleans cease to be the ideal of all that is noble, brave and chivalrous in womanhood? Or take "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat." Picture her smoking a cigarette while guarding the sacred shield of her beloved Lancelot. In some way do not her loveliness, her devotion, seem rapidly to dissolve into thin air?

"AND now, thirdly," for surely if I am preaching I should be allowed at least a thirdly. I am going to have a little bit to say about women playing bridge for points.

"Oh, yes," I hear some reader say. "I'll wager she can't play anything but 'Old Maid.'" Well, I'm going to be rude enough to contradict her. I do play bridge, and I love it, but I don't play for points. Most of my friends do, and in consequence I see less of them. I know a woman, a plain woman, who used to be bright, interesting, fun-loving, and therefore popular. Then came bridge and the subsequent playing for points. To-day that woman is a different creature. She loses steadily, and she cannot afford to lose. All her friends hate to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



# The Press and Nation-Building

How the Publisher and Writer  
May Help in the Development  
of a National Spirit

CANADIAN national journalism is yet in its infancy. It takes centuries to develop the genius of a people. Canada is slowly developing. Her history, while devoid of many tragic passages, yet exhibits a record of stirring growth and development which was not wrought without conflict of mind and soul, sometimes of body. It is when we come to look

dinner speeches. Our new Premier goes so far as to claim for Canada nationhood within the empire. It matters not which. Her development through the long and inevitable future will be hastened or retarded according as clear, progressive and liberalizing thought is brought into play. Where so ready an organ to a growing State as a healthy, unifying, national press?



A SUCCESSFUL WRITER

Miss Frances B. Taylor, London, Ontario, won the "Manitoba Free Press" prize for the best poem on the subject of Manitoba's fiftieth anniversary. One thousand poems were submitted.

back on what was that we can venture to prophesy for the future. And one thing is evident now, in the pages of Canadian colonial history, that as in the past a liberalizing, nationalizing, unifying press was in the main absent, it must be reckoned with as one of the future agencies of nationhood.

Consider a few outstanding points. Canada has inherited her utmost boundaries, but the development of her interior is still in progress. This mere physical fact, so great in its proportions, calls for imaginative, tactful and harmonizing literary influences. This, a free press, broad in spirit and locally untrammelled, can best give. Neither the East, nor the Centre, nor the West is the voice of Canada. From these three chords must there be evolved a true harmony. That unified tone will be found to be the voice of Canada. Is it possible to think that as rapid progress can be made in Canada if only provincial voices clash in discord? It is the part of the national press to collect the claims of East and Centre and West, and so find the truth and justice of the matter.

Canada has achieved political freedom that is slowly broadening down through precedents to her final destiny. To-day one publicist declares that she is still colonial despite after-

CANADA has but one great industry, the exploitation of the land and its resources. Somewhat opposed to this, but really depending upon it, is a growing industrialism barely four decades old and great enough to have its power challenged by the agricultural class. The line of cleavage between shop and farm has been felt socially in the past, yet now it bids fair to become an economic issue, threatening the content of the past. Where is the remedy? None may say, but a free and broad press, scanning all sides of the issue, can greatly assist.

And again, we have a neighbor, friendly yet powerfully aggressive. Against such competition on all possible lines there should be brought out in our borders such a development of economic and agrarian power as will yield the most for our citizens individually and increase our prestige nationally. Towards this powerful neighbor we must show the same aggressive yet friendly spirit of rivalry. This is part of the game of the nations. Nations, like individuals, grow in that way. We must neither despise nor become the bondslaves of our neighbors. So the cultivation of self-help and national pride of conquest is one duty to which the national press of Canada is addressing itself.

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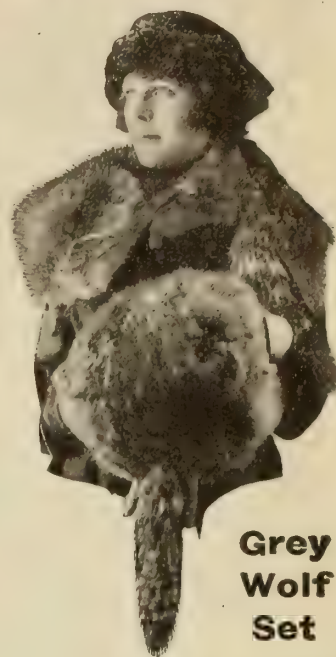
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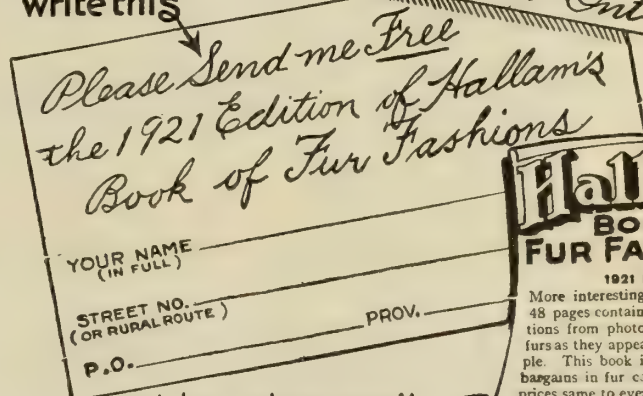
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## BRIGHT AND THRILLING STORIES

We are especially proud of our list of story writers—and in our next issue will be found several of our best fiction contributions. Miss de la Roche, whose work is always picturesque and brilliant, gives a tragic tale in "The Secret of the River." Miss Joynes, a new writer from the East, has a most unusual story about a Chinese tea-cup. Mr. Archie McKishnie gives an entertaining account of a duck-shooting episode in "The Show-Down"—and Miss Burkholder's "Klean-al" has a piquancy all its own.

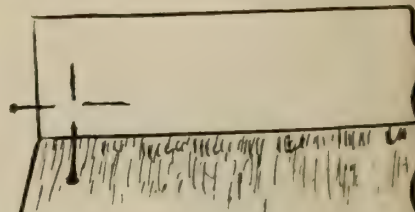


# Sewing in the Schools

By EVAN ETTA

MACHINING.

IN some schools, usually in the junior classes, the sewing lesson is chiefly devoted to hand stitching. This is as it should be, for one of the aims is to train the hand to use a needle deftly, another is to make the girls familiar with the various stitches used in making up garments so that they may be able to apply them. But a course of lessons in sewing would be incomplete, if the girls were not taught how to use a sewing machine. These time savers are now found in nearly every home and a percentage of the class will doubtless know something of the way to operate one type of sewing machine.



Pins inserted to hold corner in position ready for basting

One or two machines can be made to serve a large class if at the beginning of the term all the girls have plenty of practice in running only. It is wise to permit only one girl to be at the machine as better work results from undivided attention and an on-looker causes distraction.

It is not necessary that a girl should know how to wind the bobbin and insert the shuttle and thread the needle before being allowed to machine her work. But, as soon as possible, some of the more advanced scholars should be shown how to manipulate the different parts, thus leaving the teacher more time to devote to the backward pupils.

## Hints on Running the Machine.

THE children should be given plenty of practice in using the pedal with the power shut off before they actually stitch.

Lead pencil lines, creases or basting with colored thread may act as a guide to enable the children to do straight work. The pencil lines, of course, are hidden when the work is finished. A piece of waste material may be given to children to practice on first, as this gives them confidence.

The teacher should demonstrate that the children must only use their hands to guide the work instead of pulling the work through.

Leave a good length of thread at the commencement and the end of the work for fastening off. Only tie these ends when the knot thus made will be covered over when the work is completed.

Begin at the beginning and go to the end of the work so as to save odd pieces being sewn by hand.

To help the children, the teacher or another child may turn the balance wheel to begin the work. To ensure that the end comes just where desired, stop using the foot near the end of the work and do the last few stitches by simply turning the balance wheel instead of using the foot.

When the children are efficient in actual stitching and can use a machine correctly, they should be allowed to wind the bobbin, regulate the stitch, and put in the shuttle, especially being shown how to get the thread from the shuttle when it breaks.

Before machining, the work should be basted and knots should not be used if they are in the way. Small basting stitches should be used at curves or corners. (A knot in the basting very often will break the machine needle.)

## Fixing Work—Hints.

FIXING work ready for hand or machine stitching, is an important part in making up a garment. In schools this should be the work of the girls themselves, even if it is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



## Little Frocks

Soiled in no Time---  
Can be Washed just as Quick

TINY rompers of pink and blue, Mistress Betty's cunning little smocks and underthings—all are treated with a fine disregard by little people who love to play with all their might.

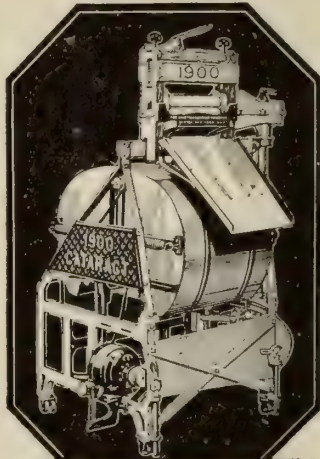
But Mother-Who-Is-Wise views the rumpled mussed clothes with unruffled calm. Into the shiny copper tub of her 1900 Cataract Electric Washer she pops them, and turns on the electric current. Back and forth smoothly rocks the tub, swishing the warm soapy water through the clothes in a Figure "8" motion—that famous, exclusive movement which makes the 1900 Cataract superior to any other washing machine.

No parts in that gleaming copper tub to rub against the tiny underthings. Nothing to wrench off buttons, or tear the finest Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

Through the swinging reversible wringer they go—which also operates electrically—and in less time than it takes to tell, out they come and are gaily nodding and fluttering on the sunny clothes lines, spotless and fresh as new.

And in the very same tub go the heaviest sheets and table linens; for the 1900 is a very democratic machine which washes everything equally well—all because of that famous Figure "8" motion.

If you would like to know more about the 1900 Washer write us for the book, GEORGE BRINTON'S WIFE, interesting fiction with some surprising facts included.



The water swirls through the clothes in a Figure "8" motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

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"We made \$344 out of 'Aunt Susan's Visit.'" "Toured June, 1920. All equally successful."

## Developing a National Art

IN an autumn issue of the JOURNAL we shall publish an article by Marion Long on this important subject, in which every progressive Canadian should be interested.





Above is pictured a group of the girl graduates, Practical Arts Class, Kelvin High School, Winnipeg. All these girls made their own dresses and hats. They were restricted to an expenditure of eight dollars for hats and twelve dollars for dresses. Let us hope they used Pictorial Review patterns for the latter.



The campaign against the high prices in England of clothing has spread to river parties on the Thames. Overalls are more practical and quite as comfortable as flannels for the punter. The photograph shows Mr. Bertram Burleigh, the famous British cinema actor, enjoying an afternoon on the river with a lady friend, both clad in overalls.



## Sewing in the Schools

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

unskillfully done and the time taken to finish the work is longer.

If the teacher fixes the work for the class, she burdens herself unnecessarily and deprives the girls of valuable practice.

All the teacher should do, is to turn down an inch or two, or put in a few pins as a guide or in demonstration.

The plan of allowing the senior grades to fix hems and seams for the juniors has been successfully tried in several schools.

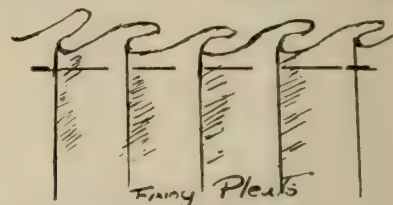
Beginners need to be warned against pulling and stretching the goods out of shape when making turnings.

### Fixing a Corner—Say on a Band.

All work to be fixed must be pinned before basting and basted before sewing.

If two pins are inserted in the manner shown in illustration, when fixing a band to a skirt, the difficulty of inserting the pins through several thicknesses of stuff and at the same time keeping the corner in position, is avoided and the work is made much easier.

When pinning a band to a skirt or petticoat, it is not a good plan to begin at one end and pin along to the other, for it will generally be found



that one or other appears to be too long. The better method is to pin both ends, the middle and the quarters, having previously measured and marked the divisions on both band and skirt.

When doing the second side of a band or of run and fell seams or pieces on the bias, see that there is no bulge on the back of the seam (i.e., the right side). It helps children to explain that machine stitches or running stitches must be just visible on right side when the work is pressed flat into position.

Wide hems and hems on curved edges are usually difficult for little inexperienced fingers but good results can be obtained in the following way.

(a) Turn down first narrow fold, pressing well.

(b) From this folded edge, measure the width of the hem and insert a pin at right angles to the edge pointing towards the folded edge. Do this at intervals round the garment.

(c) Fold where the pin is inserted, remove the pin, putting it in, in a similar way, through the double material.

(d) Continue to crease between the pins all round, pin the bottom of the hem if necessary and baste all round at the edge.

### Fixing Pleats.

Use a pencil (colored) or chalk rather than pins, to mark the stuff at regular intervals ready for pleating.

Exercise great care in putting these marks on the edge of the material so that they may be covered over and hidden when the band is put on.

## "Please Excuse My Back"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

play with her, but Mrs. John Smith, as we will call her, entertains these friends, and they must entertain Mrs. John Smith in return. They are forced to take her losings and with hot cheeks to place them in their mesh bags of gold or silver. Can you imagine the discomfort, the embarrassment, the humiliation of it all? Mrs. John Smith is playing a losing game all around. She has lost her brightness, her love of fun, and her popularity. Her once plain but attractive face has grown hard and furrowed with lines of worry and anxiety. She has lost the love and admiration of her husband, who used to adore her. She is losing the substance of her life and happiness, and is grasping at the shadow of a pitiful gaiety, a hollow mockery.

No, I do not play for points!

Backless gowns, smoking, gambling, these three, and the worst of these is —?

# Elgin Watches



## The Stenographer

Speed—Accuracy! These are the essentials.

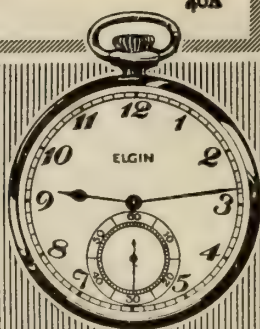
Important letters must be typed and finished "On Time." So the modern Stenographer who is no mere carbon copy of the girl at the next desk, but alert, alive and distinctly individual—works to the tick of the Elgin.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL  
71 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO



# Rich Colorings and Striking Designs for September Gowns



Dress 9000

Blouse 8931  
Skirt 8815  
Beading 12572

Dress 9024

Dress 8994  
Embroidery 12594Dress 9025  
Embroidery 12593

**9000.** Ladies' Dress (35 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch plaid  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44-inch white organdy  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards black satin ribbon for sash  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Closed in back. The kimono waist with short sleeves; and high neck, perforated for V-shaped and two depths of square neck outlines. The deep square neck is finished with a two-piece collar. The plastron on front of blouse may be omitted. Attached two-piece gathered skirt, and a wide sash tied at back.

**8931.** Ladies' Blouse (30 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. One-piece sleeves which extend beyond the deep cuffs forming loops.

**8815.** Ladies' Tunic Skirt (30 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. The two-piece gathered skirt with two-inch raised waist-line; closed at left side seam. Four-piece gathered tunic; the front and back sections in panel style. Side sections perforated to be made without the deep tucks. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe 1 yard brocade ribbon  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch lining for underbody and upper parts of gores

**12572.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 25 cents.

**9024.** Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (35 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch plain taffeta  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch striped taffeta

Dress has open front and convertible collar. The waist is perforated for square neck outline finished with a round collar. Back of dress, in one piece, laid in plaits at waist-line; the front skirt section is joined to front of waist. Long or short sleeves, a narrow belt and a panel which is loop-

ed up at sides. The front panel is laid in plaits at waist and closed on left shoulder; extensions at sides of front panel are buttoned in back over the plaits.

**8994.** Ladies' Dress (35 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires

$4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch black satin  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch white satin  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody and gores.

The blouse, closed on left shoulder and under the left arm, is perforated for round and V-shaped neck outlines; the

V-shaped neck is finished with a shawl collar. The neck of the front-closing underbody is perforated to correspond with the blouse. Long and short one-piece sleeves are provided. Two-piece skirt laid in plaits at the top lengthened with a one-piece flounce having straight lower edge and laid in a plait at center-back; skirt is attached to underbody at one-inch raised waist-line.

**12594.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 40 cents.

**9025.** Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (35 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires

$1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch plaid Georgette crêpe  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch satin Without lining, closed at back. The waist and short raglan sleeves gathered to a round yoke; front and back of waist slashed above waist-line and gathered to top of girdle extensions. Two-piece skirt, with gathered panels at sides and back, attached to lower edge of girdle; panels may be made the full length of skirt or cut about three inches shorter.

**12593.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 75 cents.

Never was such a variety of charming foot-wear offered for the delectation of women as is being shown this year, of glazed kid, suède, patent leather, and satin.

## STRIPES AND PLAIDS REFLECT THE GAY MOOD OF EARLY AUTUMN DAYS



The September Raiment Is More Brilliant and Varied Than Spring or Summer Showed.



# Styles Which Show That Autumn Has Arrived



Blouse 8803  
Skirt 8866  
Braiding 12426

Dress 8897  
Beading 12568

Dress 9004  
Embroidery 12510

Dress 9019  
Embroidery  
12594

Dress 9053  
Embroidery 12593

**8803.** Ladies' Kimono Blouse (30 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Without lining; closed in front. Round neck finished with a round collar.

**8866.** Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (30 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Skirt has two-inch raised waist-line; closed at left side seam. The plaited tunic sections at sides are stitched to the skirt along the front and back edges. The costume in medium size requires

4½ yards 36-inch charmeuse  
1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe

**12426.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 25 cents.

**8897.** Ladies' Dress (35 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires

4½ yards 36-inch chiffon velvet

¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

The waist with high neck, perforated for two low neck outlines. Closed on left shoulder and at left side-front under the tuck; the underbody is closed at center-front. Short sleeves with flare cuffs, or long, plain one-piece sleeves, sleeves are sewn in the armholes of the outer waist. Two-piece gathered skirt.

**12568.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 35 cents.

## SMART WOMEN PIN THEIR FAITH TO TROTTEUR FROCKS TO BE WORN WITH SMALL FURS

**9004.** Ladies' Dress (35 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of foundation skirt about 1¾ yard. Width at lower edge of outer skirt about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires

2½ yards 54-inch plain serge  
2½ yards 44-inch check serge  
3½ yards 36-inch

lining for underbody and foundation

The waist closed in front. Waist is perforated for round neck, the applied front and back may be omitted and a panel front used instead. Long one-piece sleeves perforated for short sleeves and finished with turn-back cuffs. Two-piece gathered skirt attached to

waist at one-inch raised waist-line and closed at left side seam. The skirt may be gathered at lower edge and stitched to the two-piece foundation or it may be allowed to hang free.

**12510.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents.

**9019.** Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (35 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires

5¾ yards 36-inch tricolet

1½ yard 36-inch satin for vestee

2½ yards 36-inch lining

Closed in front. Open neck finished with either of two styles of collars and an inset vest having

straight upper edge; the panel is included in shoulder seam and extends to lower edge of the center flounce, which is stitched on the two-piece skirt. Short sleeves finished with puffs, or long, plain one-piece sleeves.

**12594.** Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 40 cents.

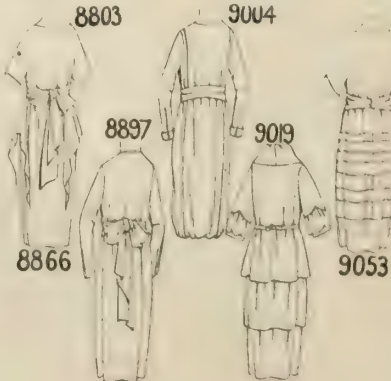
**9053.** Ladies' Dress (35 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 48-inch serge

¾ yard 36-inch white satin

¾ yard 36-inch black satin for bands

**12593.** Blue or yellow transfer, 75 cents.

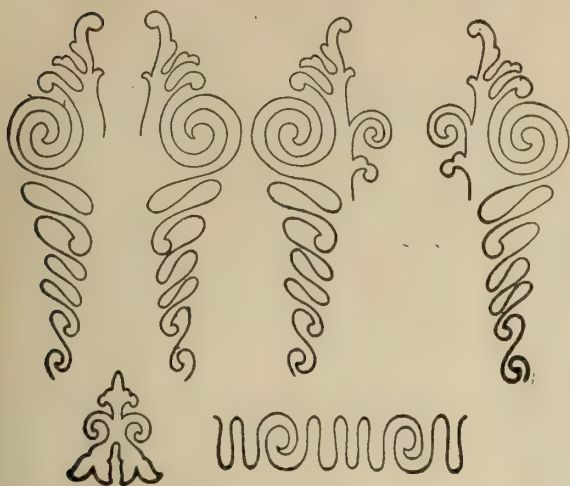


*THE amazing strides recently made by the silk industry in this country have prepared us for the beautiful array of gorgeously designed fabrics offered for the Fall season of 1920. There are a large variety of hand-blocked silks which may be used for charming overblouses. Lovely as these are, however, they have to compete with a fabric of more ancient origin—the exquisite tie-dyed silks which were first made in India. Printed Georgette crêpes are also to be had, and indeed, the woman who is tired of the conservative fabrics will find plenty of novelties from which to choose.*

Blouses and Skirts in the Latest Modes, with Fashion's Newest Decorative Touches.



# The Vogue of Embroidery is More Marked Than Ever in the New Designs

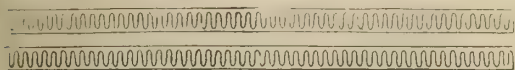


11823—Blue or Yellow

Transfer pattern 11823, blue or yellow, 20 cents. The pattern comprises 4 large and 3 small motifs with 2 yards of border 2 inches wide. For one yard of border it takes 6 yards of braid, for large motif 6 1/4 yards, and for the small motif 1 yard is required.

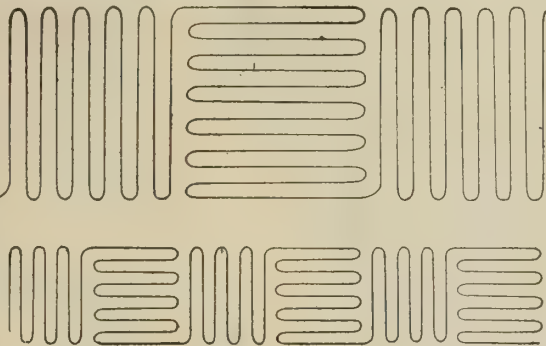


12376—Blue or Yellow



12089—Blue or Yellow

Transfer pattern 12089, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Pattern contains 1 1/4 yard of border 1 inch wide, 3 motifs 8 3/4 inches high, 2 motifs 5 1/2 inches high, 3 motifs 3 3/4 inches high, 4 semi-circular motifs 3 inches deep, and 4 motifs 2 3/4 inches deep. See pattern envelop for quantities of braid required.



12443—Blue or Yellow



Transfer pattern 11900, blue or yellow, supplies 36 rose sprays, 30 cents. These sprays are adaptable to household and personal linens and may be worked in colored cottons or all white as preferred.

11900—Blue or Yellow

Transfer pattern 11900, blue or yellow, supplies 36 rose sprays, 30 cents. These sprays are adaptable to household and personal linens and may be worked in colored cottons or all white as preferred.

12339—Carriage Pillow  
Designed for cut-work and eyelet embroidery

Transfer pattern 12339, blue, 20 cents. The pattern supplies design and shape of front and back. Raised satin, cut-work, and buttonhole stitches used. This slip is for a pillow measuring 13 by 17 inches.



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Madam:—Before making your Fall purchases, be sure to see

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# What Fashion Decrees for the Younger Generation

8640—Child's Short-waisted Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe.  
8653 Boys' Overcoat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch cheviot—1½ yard 16-inch lining.  
8652—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 12-inch plaid gingham. Cross-stitch design 12460 may be used.

Child's Dress 8640

Child's Dress 8436 Scallop 11659

8436—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch chambray. The scallops are design 11659.

## Artistic Dress For Children

By JANET PAYNE BOWLES

THERE is a two-fold significance in putting dress upon a child. Unless intelligently done, it may lead to mild corruption, but if wisely considered, it may mean education and true happiness to him. The child longs for beautiful clothes. Indeed, his first sentiment regarding them is pure admiration, which is the seed of art knowledge. His second thought is to use his clothes for imaginative play: to play the adult, or the fine princess, or a tree, a flower, or a fairy.

The moment this emotion is observed in him is the time to dress him decoratively and, in a sense, with his co-operation. During the nursery period, the only considerations for clothes should be those of purity and plainness. But when the child begins to create his images, he uses himself as a factor in them, and, like an actor, he must be appropriately dressed for his scenes. If not in reality, he will pretend to be so, and we may by dress supply this pretense with ground for further imaginative invention; so making him the practical illustrator of his dreams. The child's game of too much pretense, without appropriate symbols or attributes, leads to poetic starvation and the capacity for fruitless longings, if it does not soon end in apathy. Since this sentiment is the commonest curse of the race, it befits us as psychologists to impart to our children a different spirit. That is easily done by teaching them to master externals and to assimilate their beauty. Our dissatisfaction comes because we do not know how to make the most of the beauty of our small possessions, and to appropriate the spirit of what we do not actually and materially possess. No one who understands the law of beauty is ever unhappy from his limited circumstances. All children love color, and their delight to wear it is like the basking of insects in the sunshine. It is the atmosphere which they seek. Even an infant takes a mood directly from a color, and the result of incorrect combinations is to make a child restless. It acts as an obstacle to the flow of his fancy and the action of his reason, and if this grave error occur in his dress, he feels ashamed, without knowing why. But he will wear correctly produced effects of richness and brilliancy, with courage, in the presence of his plainly attired companions.

The dress having been adapted to the mental necessities of the child, there is a further and purely artistic question to be considered. This is a question of size. The rule of following the line of the figure, which is generally observed in artistic clothing for adults, does not apply to the garments of small children. Their forms have not yet reached symmetrical development, their space is too small to be considered in lines. They demand mass; although a detail which is in scale with them and which does not detract from the color mass, gives a peculiar beauty to childish dress. Striped cloth, made in a single piece, in which the lines are a feature of mass, would, however, afford an archaic beauty. Plaids, especially large ones, although having interest for children by reason of clan sentiments, are difficult to use, suggesting too plainly a geometrical division of a space already divided by Nature; although a square pattern placed on end seems a picturesque perversion and a design quite correct for use in small garments. The size and proportions of children constitute in themselves a lovable quaintness. Yet if these proportions be divided unreasonably, they become grotesque. We laugh unavailably at the sight of a little fellow cut up into compartments by his cap, the line of his hair, a sailor collar, a bolero jacket, a blouse, a belt, little trousers, by half-stockings giving two spaces to his very short legs, by his shoes making still another division: all these accented by arrangement of color. But the quaintness of children may be an opportunity for using an exaggerated figure with telling effect: such as an enormous plume, far exceeding the scale of the wearer's height, or a buckle, or a bow, if it be not placed out of balance. Still, these points must have the whole stage of costume based upon a solid mass of color, or they will begin to play tricks of jugglery with smaller details.





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A new, Fall model in which duvetyn, chenille embroidery and seal play the leading parts.

# A Forecast of Autumn Fashions

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

## Rich Colors and Beautiful Fabrics Are Made Up In Simple Styles



Here are two pieces of delicate machine-made lace to be used for neck and sleeves.

DOES any one who reads this page by any chance remember the rich coloring of the upturned earth, damp with springtime rains or drying

three-quarters on afternoon silk and satin models, and some of the dance frocks have quaint little puffs at the shoulder in lieu of sleeves. Many round necks are to be seen, but one learns on good authority that their popularity is passing, and that ere long we shall call those that are square or pointed *a la mode*.

We look back to the fashion plates of long ago, showing trim figures wearing redingotes, and rejoice that Fashion has been pleased to sanction their reincarnation, a little different perhaps, but redin-

gotes nevertheless, and we make bold to predict that they will meet with more favor than another old-time style that has also been revived for this fall, namely, basque dresses which show the curve at the waist line slightly. They are pretty and quaint and trim, but not quite so wearable as those planned on straighter lines, except, of course, for the dance frock, on which the bodice is quite snugly fitted.

Afternoon dresses of silk, say crepe de Chine or satin, the latter preferably, have loose or flying panels, sometimes very narrow, or perhaps a knee-length rippling tunic or a longer one, the fullness of which is emphasized by the narrowness of the underskirt, and it is interesting to observe that where the designer introduces bouffancy, on the smarter models, it is brought around to the back with a vague suggestion of a bustle, either in the drapery or the method of tying the sash.

The fall suit is an investment which, at present prices, one does not enter into lightly. One wants to be sure of it in every particular, hence this little resume of what will constitute the vogue when the stores announce their fall fashion parades a little later. There are two extremes of fashion—the very long and the very short coat. The short suit coat has long been regarded as impractical for the Canadian climate and to many the extra long one is regarded as too extreme, therefore a compromise has been made on one that is a couple of inches longer than finger-tip length. Under the arm there is just the suggestion of a curve without being snug. The shoulders are flat and narrow and the set-in sleeve is tight-fitting with a cuff that flares ever so slightly over the hand; and the collar,—and here we have some thing that is both new and sensible—it stands up around the neck instead of being flat with lapels. Even the swagger sport suit composed of plain coat and checked skirt does this. Of course there are some exceptions, but this stand-up-and-protect-the-throat type is the collar of the season especially if it is made of fur, and we must emphasize the vogue of fur trimmings; never mind if fur is almost priceless this season. Back panels and side pleats play a leading role in many of the new suits and as for embroidery, it is used most lavishly, especially on such materials as duvetyn.

And just at this season, wraps are a timely subject. Canadians have ever been noted for their conservative tastes, and one of the things we do not as a whole—meaning the womenfolk of course—take kindly to is anything in the nature of a wrap. We like something that is snug and cosy, and as a consequence give the coat with regular sleeves the preference. Nevertheless, wrappy coats are the fashion for this winter and it remains to see whether we shall accept the dictate of Fashion or follow our own sweet will. The wraps really are very charming and we believe will make a strong appeal to the women who wish to be smartly arrayed, and what woman doesn't? Just one word further regarding wraps, and for that matter coats too—they have huge collars that look like shoulder capes, and as if they proposed to defy what used to signify our worst type of storm—"a north-west blizzard."

New York's far famed Museum of Natural History has scarcely more to boast of in birdlife than the wholesale millinery houses have to offer this season. Feathers are made use of in almost every possible form, except as birds. They are substituted for the pressed felt hat shape, that is, a buckram shape, say a tricorne or a chin chin, is covered flat with feathers, or a turban crown and brim is composed of feathers so wonderfully pasted together that you can crush it in the hand and it goes back to shape as soon as it is released. There are brims and bandeaux of heckle feathers and of glycerined ostrich. Coq feathers and long whips with a tassel of the fibres at the end, sweeps that trail behind, ostrich mounts, small lacquered wings—everything almost, that can be devised with feathers, save birds.

in the sunshine, last spring at seed time? Do you remember, as you motored along the country roads, the sandy loam, the blackish and the reddish browns and the greys of the newly plowed ground and of the fields already planted? Also, do you remember the blue-grey haze shrouding the distant mountain, the green of the hemlock grove by the water's edge and the sombre gloom of the pine tree's tassels? If you do, you already have a mental vision, a forecast as it were, of some of the colors which Fashion has elected that womenkind shall adopt for street costumes this autumn, which, impossible as it seems, is only a few weeks distant.

It was April last when the tillers of the soil were preparing the ground for the harvest which they are now reaping, that the fall color card came to our desk, and on subsequent journeyings east and west, it did not require much stretching of the imagination to find a resemblance between the shades of the fertile fields and those of the card which had so recently come to hand. It seemed unfortunate to us then, that those who had the naming of the colors could not have taken names more indicative to suggest to our minds the exact shade of these new and beautiful colors the skill of the dyer had produced, instead of many of those they have given them, which convey little or nothing to our mental eye.

There is a soft, almost neutral shade, called *plover*, which resembles sandy loam when it is wet, and there is a darker shade, called *owl*, and darker still, and not unlike the tone so well described as *tete de negre*, is a color called *Nubian*, because each season we must have a set of new names. *Hindu* is a dark reddish brown, like the soil one finds at the root of a decayed tree, and *Zanzibar* is a little darker. *Stag* gets us back to the fields of sandy loam, and *Manchu* is a little darker than *Stag* and a little more on the rust cast. *Arctic* is the hazy blue-grey, and *Swamp* is the name given a color something like the green of the hemlock. There are two blues, one is called *Admiral*, and is very dark navy; the other is *Corsair*, somewhat brighter. In these colors come lovely cloths, such as *duvetyn*, *vel-de-cygne*, *evora superior* (pile fabric with a narrow rib), *cord du vel* (the same with a wider rib), *Dianora* (a silk duvetyn with an almost imperceptible rib)—these and others quite as beautiful are among the fall coatings and suitings, which even now are to be found displayed in the shops.

Tricotines, serges and duvetyns lend themselves admirably to the type of dress which Fashion has elected shall be the vogue for fall, yet, when we speak of the vogue, which of the three outstanding styles is going to take the lead? That is the question. One thing is sure, however, and that is that emphatic bouffancy for street wear, or even housewearing, is a thing of the past so far as the coming season is concerned. Parisian designers are featuring the straight silhouette in its simplest form, making up for any lack of drapery by a superabundance of embroidery, mainly on the skirt. New York is doing likewise, and Canadian designers are following suit. Navy-blue and white are gorgeously embroidered with white silk floss, wool or even white beads. Another trick the designer has this year is to pipe her creations with geranium pink. But this is getting away from the silhouette, which at all times is important, especially so at the beginning of a new season.

The very straight line dresses have a low waist line, possibly girdled with a silk cord, or if it is very youthful, it may have a Roman striped silk or satin sash, or better still, a sash of cire ribbon. Cire ribbon is a veritable rage. One finds it in all the fall fixings. The sleeves are long on street dresses and



A late Summer model in which navy tricotine and black satin conspire with a cire sash to captivate all and sundry.





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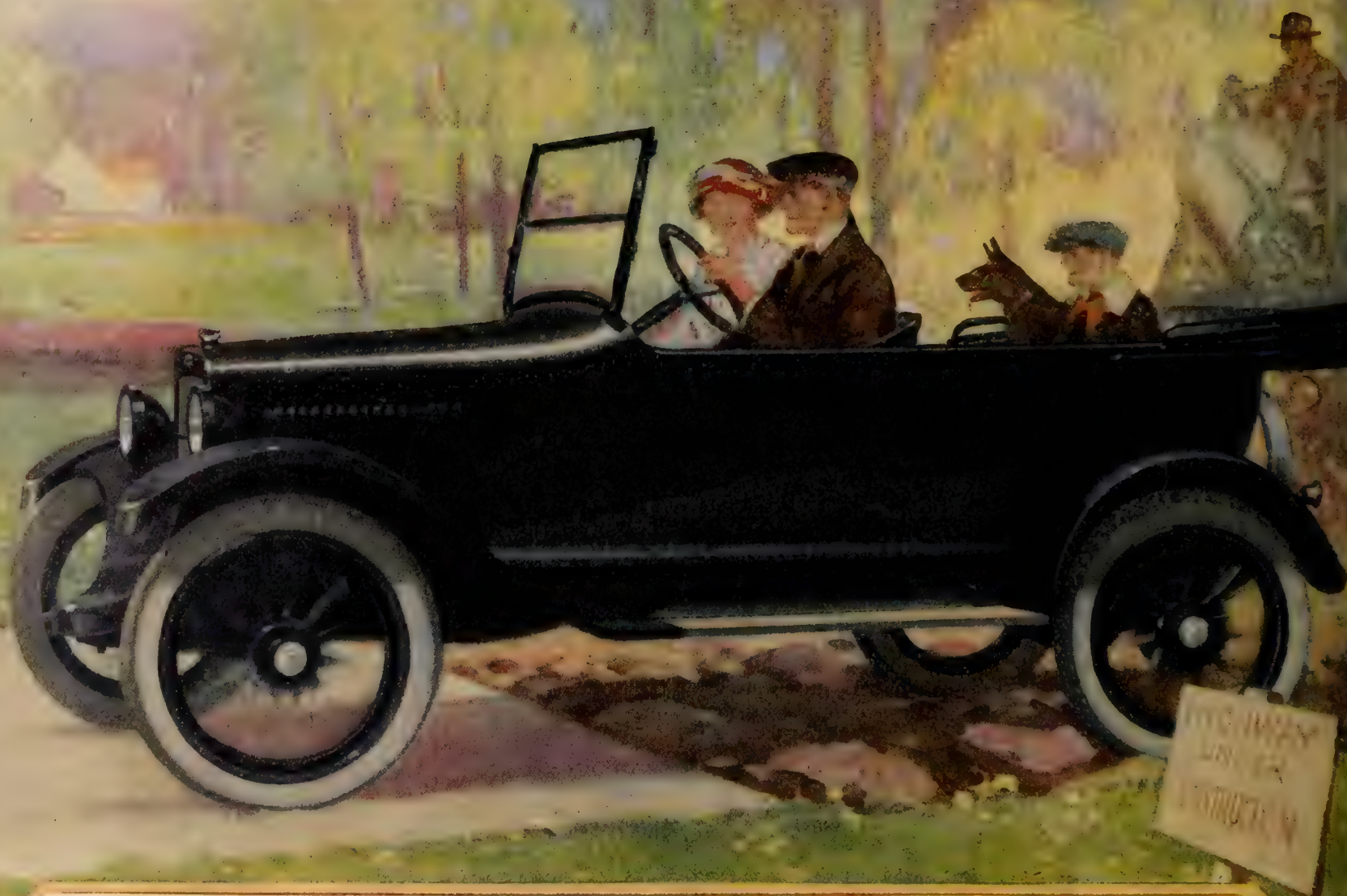
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## The Indian Dancer

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

Illustration by J. H. R. Millar.

Over his feet the fringes fell,  
The fox-fur fringes, white as noon.  
It seemed his feet were musical,  
They never stayed in the slow tune  
That ran and rippled and changed its bars  
And chimed forever in falling notes,  
As when the summer sings in stars  
Of music born in bobolink-throats.

All his wild strength was given to this.  
Scarce-plumed, the year's young grasses bent.  
The warm air followed with a kiss  
Along the pathway that he went.  
Giving no light, the round moon stood  
Behind the birches on the hill.  
The summer silence of the wood  
Was a gold cup for love to fill.

Red lily buds and blackening grapes  
And mandrakes gemmed with ivory bloom—  
The forest hid a thousand shapes  
Like music in the scented gloom.  
She saw, as flower or song made fair,  
The last light glow on crest and limb.  
One barred owl-plume was in his hair;  
Like a white moth it danced with him.

Into her willow flute she breathed  
Her soul with delicate outs-and-ins.  
Her soul was with the dew that sheathed  
Love's bead-work on his moccasins.  
Her soul was in the fern that laid  
Love's sweetness for his moving feet.  
Between the moon-dawn and the shade  
Her soul danced with the Malicete.

JHRM.





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# Hymn Tunes and Hymn Singing

How a Now Universal Christian Practice Overcame Neglect and Opposition

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

IF we look over the whole domain of music, its most widely applied form (on this continent, at any rate) still remains congregational singing as practiced in the Protestant churches of North America and in a lesser degree by the Roman Catholic communities. In the latter it does not hold a definite place as part of the ordinary agenda or ritual, but is nevertheless not neglected. The ordinary hymn tune is a type of music which is familiar to nearly everybody, even in districts where secular music is unavailable. Its beginnings should therefore be a subject of interest to most of the readers of this journal.

It is a singular fact that, though humanity has always sung songs, and

while it may embody praise and teaching, also contains a prayer. In fact, a prayer, however brief, constitutes the logical ending of a hymn.

According to the early Christian tradition as voiced by St. John Chrysostom, in his Sixth Homily, the Apostles themselves composed the first hymn; and he tells of the methods employed in his own time when he says: "The Psalms which we sing unite all the voices in one, and the canticles arise harmoniously in unison. Young and old, rich and poor, women, men, slaves and citizens, all of us have formed but one melody together." There is even evidence relating to the numbers that were sung. Clemens Romanus, who is known to have been contemporary



MONA BATES

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made music according to the peculiar modes of its nation, relics of the past in this particular art are very meagre. We have a vast body of remains of ancient architecture, ancient sculpture and ancient literature, but our knowledge of the music of humanity in the intimate sense inspired by concrete examples goes back not more than five hundred years. For that reason many persons carefully assume that the practice of congregational singing began with the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. Nevertheless the evidence is positive that music was associated with religious devotion not merely in ages before Christ, but continuously after that until, in comparatively modern times, it began to be recorded in permanent form.

Nothing connected with Christian tradition is more certain than that hymn singing was adopted as a practice by the churches of the apostolic age. The early fathers mention "love feasts," in which choral singing played a part, and, according to Eusebius St. Mark, the author of the gospel which bears his name, taught the earliest Egyptian converts to chant their prayers. It is worth while remembering that every true hymn,

with St. Paul, records that at the evening meal the early Christians were in the habit of singing the twenty-third Psalm, and it is also known that the fifteenth chapter of Exodus (containing the songs of Moses and of Miriam, the prophetess) and the third chapter of Daniel (celebrating the deliverance of those who refused to worship Babylonian idols) also formed the basis of early Christian songs.

THE famous New England musical scholar, Louis C. Elson, who has written many books on the historical aspects of music, shows that the Catholic Church, after it had definitely attained a cohesive organization, made a sharp distinction between choir singing and congregational singing, and sought with only partial success to abolish the latter practice. And its councils passed edicts against the practice. In Germany, especially, the masses of devotees were rebellious, and the clergy, finding that they could not prevent their flocks from joining in the musical part of the services of the church, resolved to divert this popular singing into a fitting channel. They composed hymns to the Virgin



and songs of the Nativity for congregational rendering, as distinct from the choral portions of the mass which were rendered by choirs composed of members of the minor clergy. Here we have the genesis of the German Lutheran Chorale and the modern hymn. The best known survival among the old Catholic hymns is *Adeste Fidelis* (O Come, All Ye Faithful), which is, however, not Germanic. Strangely enough, it did not come into use in Protestant churches until less than a century ago, when an Anglican vicar in London, England, who was identified with the Tractarian movement and anxious to revive to modern ears the ancient beauties of liturgy, translated it from the mediaeval Latin.

To go back to the hymnology of the Middle Ages. In Germany they produced what were known as *Marien Lieder* (songs of Mary) and an interesting story is related with regard to one of the most famous of them. During the fourteenth century the "Black Plague" the most devastating pestilence that western civilization had ever known, swept Europe. In many cities inhabitants sought to escape the disease by gathering provisions enough for a siege and shutting themselves up in their houses to bar out the destroying angel. At Goldberg in Germany a citizen lurked alone in his house on Christmas Eve, 1353, imagining himself the last survivor of all the people of the plague-stricken city. Resolved that death was better than such loneliness he sallied forth from his home singing a *Marien-lied* that he and many of his friends had, in happier days, sung on Christmas eve. He was astounded to hear his voice joined by another, and presently a second citizen unbarred his door and came forth singing the same hymn. As they went about the deserted streets of the town they rallied by the lure of sacred song twenty-five men, women and children the only persons in the whole city who had escaped the "Black Death." Together the little band marched to Niederring singing the now famous hymn, "Uns ist ein Kind-lein heut geboren";

"To us this day is born a child,  
God with us.  
"His mother is a virgin mild,  
God with us, God with us,  
Against us who dare be?"

On how many occasions since have groups of human beings, in fear of death, awaiting the sinking of a ship or some other catastrophe found consolation in hymn singing!

For centuries Christmas Eve was celebrated by the inhabitants of Goldberg with the singing of "Uns ist ein Kindlein" and a march to Niederring, and the custom spread to many parts of Germany. I have spoken at some length of this hymn because it had a sentimental aftermath in the case of at least one Canadian officer, who was on duty in occupied Germany on Christmas Eve, 1918,—shortly after armistice. It was his fifth Christmas overseas and he was naturally depressed with all he had gone through. As he passed through the streets of the little town that was his headquarters, he heard a German peasant woman in a humble home singing this hymn with her children and the sentiment cheered him with the belief that there was still hope for tortured Europe. He did not even know the beautiful legend attached to that particular hymn, the words of which have formed the basis of many English adaptations, but I communicated its message.

It was evidence of the great organizing power of Martin Luther that he early seized on the importance of popular hymnology and greatly extended this rooted institution of his own country by identifying Protestantism with hymnology. His first hymn book which largely consisted of a revision of existing songs of praise was entitled "Enchiridion" printed at Erfurt in 1524. The last remaining copy of it, preserved in the city library of Strasbourg, Alsace, was destroyed in the German bombardment of that city during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

Nevertheless it would be an error to assume that our modern practice of hymn singing on this continent is directly traceable to Luther. Among the Protestant reformers there were many opponents of music in the churches. Calvin's anti-musical views strongly influenced many of the new sects, including the Presbyterians and Puritans, who restricted music to the most severe and ascetic forms.

On the other hand the "Separatists" originally a Dutch sect, otherwise

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



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We also wish to have photographs of historic or unusual quilts, with story attached—limit of eight hundred words in length. Prize, fifteen dollars.

Photographs and stories must be sent by November 1st, 1920. Competitors must be subscribers to this journal and also members of the Women's Institute. Mention branch of Institute when writing. The stories should be written on one side of the paper. Photographs will not be returned. Address "Institutes," Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

## Some Things You Can Make with Honey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

**Honey Custard Pudding.**—Toast very slightly eight slices of stale bread. Cut each slice into small squares. Butter the squares and with them cover the bottom of a well greased pudding or fireproof dish. Sprinkle with a few currants or spread with jam and dust lightly with powdered nutmeg or cinnamon. Put in another layer of bread, more raisins and cinnamon and continue until all the bread is used up. Make a custard of one and one-half cupfuls of milk, six tablespoonfuls of honey and a pinch of salt. Bring to boiling point in a double boiler and stir in three well beaten eggs. Remove from the fire and continue stirring until cool. Pour the honey custard over the bread and bake in a moderate oven for one-half hour.

**Honey Tapioca Pudding.**—Stir one-half cupful of tapioca into one quart of boiling milk. Continue stirring, and when it begins to thicken add one-half cupful of honey, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg and one tablespoonful of butter. Flavor with powdered nutmeg, vanilla, fruit, nuts or fruit juice. Pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven until firm. The egg may be omitted, or yolk of egg only may be used and white served as meringue. Or the tapioca may be cooked until transparent, on top of the stove in a double boiler. The stiffly beaten white may be folded in before serving. It may be served hot or turned into moulds and served cold.

**Honey Frosting.**—Boil one cupful of honey with one-fourth cupful of water until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240°F., on candy thermometer; pour on to the stiffly beaten white of one egg adding a pinch of salt to egg, and beat until thick enough to spread.

## Hymn Tunes

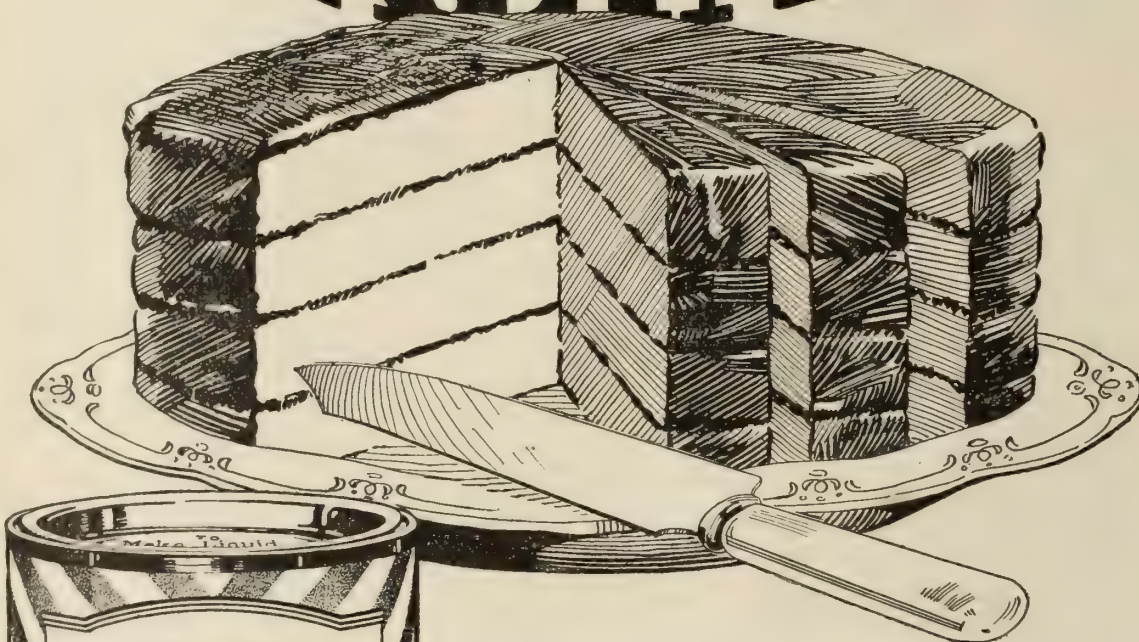
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.)

known as "Independents" and ultimately as "Congregationists,"—satirized by Shakespeare and Ben Johnson as "Brownists"—and sometimes persecuted by the Puritans,—tolerated and utilized hymns in connection with their worship. It seems fitting at a time when the tercentenary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to America is being celebrated to record the fact that it was the now scattered Congregational churches which introduced congregational singing to this continent. Though the Puritans, who settled in Boston afterward obtained domination, the original Pilgrims of Plymouth were not of that sect but Separatists. They brought with them from Leyden in Holland, their hymnal which contained at least five tunes still used in the churches of this continent. The most famous of these is "Old Hundred," but others which figure as accompaniments to many hymns of different literary contents are the tunes known as "York," "Windsor," "Hackney," and "Martyrs."

The history of the manner in which hymn singing gradually carried the day in all parts of this vast continent, with its many denominations, despite Puritan and Calvinistic opposition is long, but not especially interesting. It did not really take hold in Great Britain until the time of John Wesley's revivals,—and the foundation of Methodism. The Established Church, though maintaining choirs in its Cathedrals, paid little or no attention to hymn singing in its smaller churches until well toward the end of the eighteenth century. Indeed it was not until the famous spiritual revival within the ranks of the Anglican church, less than one hundred years ago, that hymnology became a definite field of literary and original musical effort in that communion, although, in connection with certain religious festivals, music had long played a definite and considerable part.

In this article the writer has not attempted to exhaust the subject; but merely to write a few suggestive notes on a subject which is familiar, yet unfamiliar, for millions of people sing hymns habitually, and are yet unaware of all that lies back of the practice.

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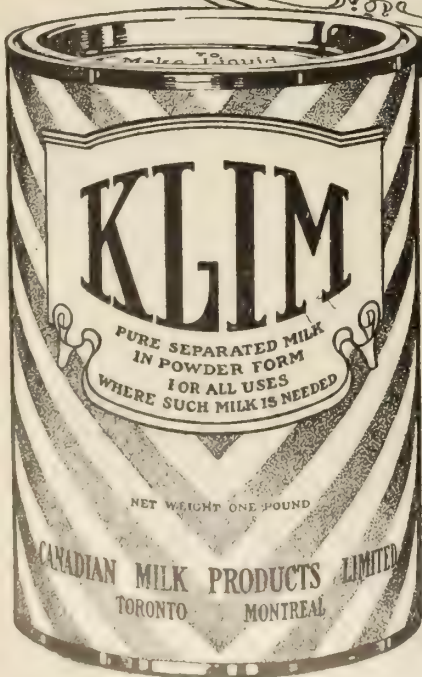
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# The Girls' "Carry-On" Club

By BETTY O'HARA

WITH the calm, clear days of early September comes the ambition to be up and doing. We have spent more money on our holidays than we even dare to think of by soothing our troubled conscience with the promise that we can easily make it up when we go back to the office, or that perhaps a few days' early rising and a rustling after bargains will do much to lighten the financial burden of the cost of our new fall clothes.

So with the best of intentions and the strongest of resolutions you return to your work. Everything runs wonderfully, alarmingly smooth. The exasperating habit of whispering and the constant chuckle of the girl beside you worries you not at all, or the crabby old lady who insists that you show her nearly every piece of goods in the store, and finally decides that she will not take any to-day, does not affect you in the least.

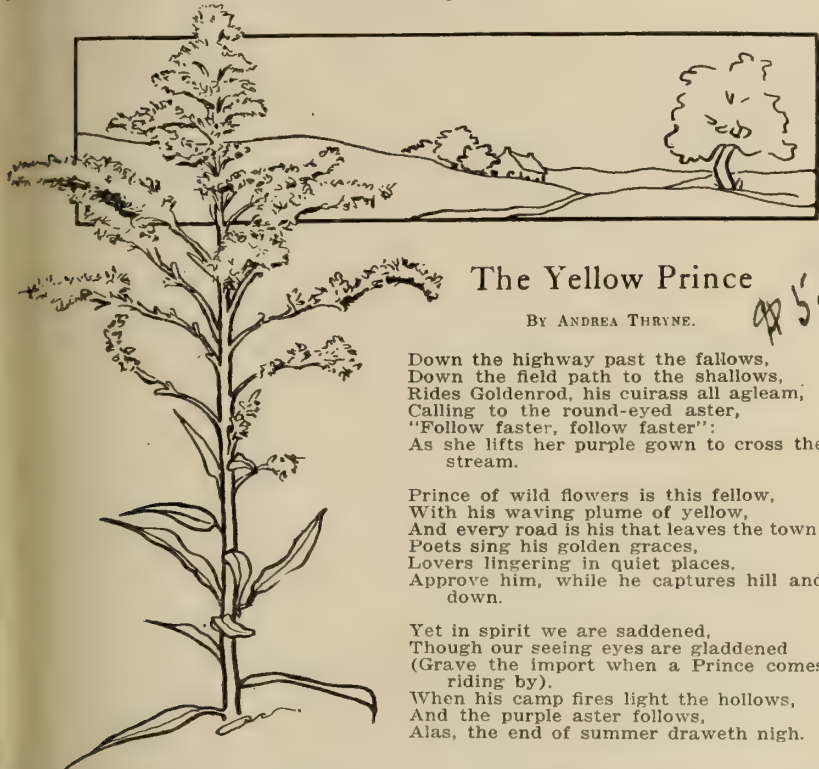
You never felt better in your life. And nerves! You wonder that you ever possessed any; so unobtrusive have they become that you marvel at the fact that they ever asserted themselves. And ambition has taken a marvellous stride; you feel that nine o'clock is none too early to be at the office; you have lots of "pep" for evening frivolities, and the day dawns for you no longer with a weary stretch

our aim a very useful and necessary one.

Mildred found that the club carried her to the height of her ambition when she financed a year's study in New York.

FOR the last two years she had saved almost half the money from her pay envelope she received as stenographer for Lewis and Sons, the wholesale grocers. Art, when she started out, had been her hobby, taking an evening class to enable her to reproduce more intelligently on canvas the varied lines in which Nature so gaily decks her flowers and fields. Then she became interested, so much so that the early morning found her busily at work on her canvas, while the sunrise burned and glowed under her deft fingers. Sunsets also came in for a fair share of attention, and moonlit waters danced and sparkled as she transferred her thoughts with brush and paint.

An unexpected streak of financial good luck enabled her to attend art school during the afternoons, and through the kindness of her employers, the mornings were fully occupied with her former vocation; and, although the weekly pay envelope was not as large as formerly, yet it was quite a little above what she might have expected.



The Yellow Prince

By ANDREA THRYNE.

Down the highway past the fallows,  
Down the field path to the shallows,  
Rides Goldenrod, his cuirass all agleam,  
Calling to the round-eyed aster,  
"Follow faster, follow faster":  
As she lifts her purple gown to cross the stream.

Prince of wild flowers is this fellow,  
With his waving plume of yellow,  
And every road is his that leaves the town:  
Poets sing his golden graces,  
Lovers lingering in quiet places,  
Approve him, while he captures hill and down.

Yet in spirit we are saddened,  
Though our seeing eyes are gladdened  
(Grave the import when a Prince comes riding by).  
When his camp fires light the hollows,  
And the purple aster follows,  
Alas, the end of summer draweth nigh.

and a yawn and the vain hope that some miracle may be performed that you will not be expected to be in your accustomed place of business.

Strange to say, your finances are the only part of your equipment to be depleted, and the tragedy of it all is the fact that the weekly salary is insufficient to cover the current expenses and pay the back debts of the holidays, not even forgetting the sad but astounding information that greets you on your return that your room rent has gone up a dollar a week during your absence.

THEN there is your fall wardrobe to be considered, and with the ever-soaring scale of the high cost of living, this is indeed the hardest problem the average girl must combat with. The morning bargains that you had put such faith in as a money-saving device have resolved themselves into a clearance of summer garments and dress materials, and the fall suits have risen in price beyond your wildest fears, which the dreamy memory of a wonderful summer cannot easily dispel. But fact, and not fancy, is what the modern girl must deal with; she must pay dollar for dollar for her purchases. The girl who buys on the instalment plan, paying ten dollars down for a fifty-dollar suit, will sooner or later be wrecked on the rock of her own indiscretion. So Elva thought when she wrote to me a few days ago asking the Carry On Club to help her out of a financial difficulty in which she had become involved.

Of course, you must not think that the emblem of the "Carry On Club" means trouble; in fact, it is quite the reverse. Most of our club girls find

The weeks stretched into months, and the months to a year, and Mildred's hobby began to be her one aim in life. For six months she attended the art school in her own city mornings, afternoons and all the evenings she could spare. And it was just at this time that she and the Carry On Club became acquainted, for she wrote to us, asking us to help her make some extra money.

"You know, Betty," she wrote, "I can only spend a couple of hours a day for money-making, and as you know, I could not get a position for that short time. So, I thought the Carry On Club would help me."

The Carry On Club did help her, for Mildred is leaving this fall for New York to finish her course as a commercial artist. Of course, she hopes some day to be able to paint some of the large canvases that the public admire so much, but in the meantime she wants to insure for herself a good financial basis.

We are all so proud of Mildred, and we know she is going to make such a wonderful success of her work, that we want to help the other girls to make a financial success of their ambition.

Our wish is to help the girls who need just a few dollars to put them on Easy Street or give them their heart's desire.

That is why we want you to write to the Girls' Carry On Club, so that you, too, can make the money which will help you follow your ambition into the mists of the future.

Address correspondence to  
BETTY O'HARA.

Girls' Club,

Canadian Home Journal.

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# The Business Man

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)



## Westclox Sleep-Meter—to start the day

**T**HERE'S something about Sleep-Meter that catches the eye, pleases it and rouses a friendly interest.

It owes its compact appearance to the trimness of its lines, the roll of the front case, the bell on the back. The novel ring adds a jaunty touch. It looks and is a sturdy, up-to-the-minute time-keeper.

It is another West-

clox achievement—a fine looking, moderate priced alarm. Its trusty way of ticking off minutes, its punctual habit of sounding the rising call, its broad, deep-toned, cheerful gong have enabled it to build up a big practice.

The name Westclox on the dial and tag is your final assurance of quality—a good feature on the face of a clock.

Western Clock Co., Ltd., makers of Westclox  
Peterborough, Ontario

thousand and one intolerable, selfish vulgarities that man indulges as his privilege in business whilst thrusting upon woman as the price of his deference the most stringent subservience to convention.

When a woman goes into business she is expected to submerge personality in the firm's methods. This a man never does unless under compulsion. In nine cases out of ten a man will try when dealing with a woman to force her to make her office methods fit his own trifling idiosyncrasies. Stenographers and women clerks could explain how their efficiency is gauged by their ability to cater to all the silly little fads of outside business heads. Indeed there isn't any person on earth more old maidish than the ordinary man in business. For every man in a law office or behind a counter has his own special band box, bird cage and carpet bag that he insists on each female clerk doing homage to as a guarantee of efficiency and adaptability. All things being equal you will find woman in business display an amount of orderliness far outshining her masculine confrere. She is usually simpler and quicker in her methods. But method to her is second nature, and she never talks about it or advertises it. By subtle finesse she will usually reach the goal without fuss whilst man is laboriously wading his way by sheer brute force, and, of course, the noise he makes is proof positive of the importance of his task, and the goal being reached of the superiority of his methods.

**T**HEN we come to the impersonality of business life, the self-control, self-effacement and suave neutrality of the individual required in offices. Well, if as a woman you go to consult a strange business man you usually are submerged in pompous dignity and enigmatic non-committal neutrality. But if you go to work for a hum-drum or a professional big-wig it is another story. You have left the shelter of home to work, therefore you cease to have a claim on man for deference to your sex. It is truly appalling sometimes to note the difference between a man's tone to any kind of a woman who doesn't earn her living, and the woman with whom he is associated in business. And usually young girls never realize the barrier they should raise in order to prevent slipshod familiarities until it is too late. You will hear lawyers and court officials call their stenographers by their Christian names as a matter of course, just as you would address your horse or your dog. You will also find that three-quarters of the business men when associating with woman at work will indulge and even manoeuvre an intimate personal proximity, the touch of hands or fingers, the pressing of shoulder to shoulder, that he would study to avoid were he with a lady he respected, and that would never occur to him were he with a man. You will find that few employers know much about the home life, the love affairs or the religious and political views of their female clerks, but you will find that a woman can nearly always furnish you with the most startling details concerning the life history and domestic affairs of her employer. This, of course, you will say is because she insists upon prying into personal matters. That is not generally the reason. Women no doubt talk more but they probably tell less than men. Likewise her employer is very rarely the man towards whom a woman indulges a sentimental interest. He is the concrete evidence of her wage

earning status, and he is usually the least romantic figure in the universe. But man knows, however circumspect a woman, her attitude is rarely impersonal. She is by nature a born sympathizer and as such should be utilized, and so, reckless of consequences, business men almost invariably insist on their feminine employees assuming the role of personal confidant. And it sometimes is as dangerous and difficult to evade this expansiveness as it was the ancient mariner.

Whatever the reasons, and they are legion, the fact remains that whilst women in business refuse to become machines and fossils, they are nevertheless of the two sexes the least responsible for interchange of personalities and intimacies. You can argue and talk forever but the fact remains that man daily refuses to admit women to the same bread-winning status as man. Of course, he maintains that she does not want equality, but superiority, privileges and pampering, less work, big pay and fantastic accommodations, and no responsibility. Strange if she does that in business, for she has never done it anywhere else. For a woman will work uncomplainingly at home with tools and utensils that no man would tolerate for a moment. And you will never find her demanding the latest make in swivel chairs nor accumulating all the office trinkets and fads with which men litter their desks, neither does she consider three-dollar pencil sharpeners indispensable. You can shove two men's work onto one girl for the same pay and get excellent service. The banks did that during the war: I know cases where instead of taking a competent senior ineligible male and giving him two men's work and pay, a junior girl was raised to the two-man job and given one man's salary. To-day I know several banks where the female staff are gingerly selected from matriculated students of courteous bearing and nice social standing, whilst the male juniors are cheeky, ill-bred sons of uneducated or illiterate laborers and mechanics. And their incompetency is a shining example to all customers who do business. Women in public life do demand a greater deference to the amenities of life than men have been perhaps accustomed to give. They are critical of uncleanly habits, of vile odors and vulgar informalities. But they do not ask for light work and big pay. A superabundance of work and no pay has been their lot for too many centuries, and, sad to relate, in order to keep their posts they are compelled to give extra service, to cultivate efficiency and present and substantiate testimonials as a mere boy or man would never be required to do. Only a gentleman with astute understanding and seeing eyes will admit the "fierce light" that beats upon a business woman "and blackens every blot." And by a gentleman I don't mean a parvenu nor an idler nor an arrogant bouncer.

But I fear all the eloquence of the ages would never convince man that these charges are true. The heavy influx of female workers into the world's market-places will in time force a juster status. But in the meantime suffragettes will continue their agitation hoping to hasten the end. And man will blink and storm and berate their lunacy, but he will find it hard to appreciate the cause of the tempest. For the deadliest enemy to platonism is the male sex. And he cherishes little other philosophy concerning woman save good old Shakespeare's dictum: "She is a woman therefore to be wooed. She is a woman therefore may be won."

## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

**NIAGARA FALLS.**—It is encouraging to hear that you find this page helpful and the advice you ask for will be gladly sent to you privately. To my knowledge the treatment I am suggesting has never been the cause of any ill-effect. I quite agree with you that the inconvenience is great and I hope that you will find this remedy worth the trouble.

**SCHOOL MA'AM.**—Resting from your task of teaching the young idea, you lucky girl! and starting up on that long holiday which your sisterhood enjoys. Think of all the time you have for the pursuit of beauty. Red hands are a trial. Poor circulation may be responsible for yours as there seems to be no other cause, but the preparation of which I am writing you will be helpful, I am sure.

**STELLA A.**—Here I am at last with apologies for the long delay. You are a lady after my own heart, Stella, and indeed I do think thirty much too young to be sallow and wrinkled! Are you sure that the glass spoke truly when it told you that you were either or both of these? For the sallow skin, it may be that you are not enough in the open air, are not careful about your diet, or that you do not get sufficient sleep. Perhaps, it is just a skin tonic that is needed and if this should be the case I shall supply you with the name of one which I have known to be beneficial. Meanwhile, Stella, cheer up! Wrinkles at thirty are not too deeply rooted to hold the fort against well-planned beauty warfare.



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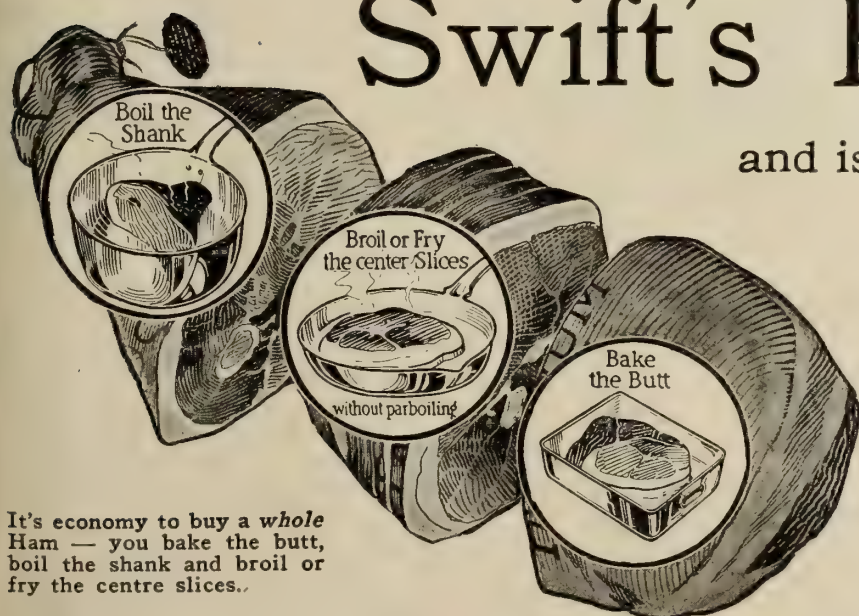


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V6

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

over the top of the bank and was lost to view. As it disappeared, Diddy discovered that something else had gone, too; the little If was nowhere to be seen!

Dedder Naherrin was in a great way, as was Diddy, for they both knew that in some way the Pink Star had sailed away with the If on its back. They climbed the bank, and though the September road stretched straight and level in front of them, neither Star nor If could they see.

"Never mind," said Dedder. "Nothing bad ever happens along this road, so the If is sure to be all right."

There were more orchards by the roadside, as they walked onward. The forest grew denser, too, as they neared the end of the September road. Soon there was nothing but woods on each side of the path, and, almost before they knew, they were at the beginning of the October highway.

October morn, a mellow sun, the wood of Fancy Free,

The first lace-patterns of Jack Frost still lingering in the shade,

The squirrels holding carnival up in each spreading tree,

For it is nutting-time, you know, within the magic glade.

The sunshine of the summer days, and summer blossoms, too,

Are quite forgotten in the joy October mornings bring;

For it is nutting-time, you know, and all the forest through,

Glad voices of the woodland folk come echoing as they sing.

We garner in our forest store against the winter day,

For we are Autumn's harvesters a-bringing in the sheaves.

While all around, and up above, the morning sunbeams play,

And make the gold and jewels in the rainbow of the leaves.

## The Future of the I. O. D. E.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

regard suspiciously the word "empire," and should be caught easily by the devices of the demagogue? We, who are Canadians by birth, and have known all the blessings of a free country and a constitutional government can have little idea of the bitterness with which many European newcomers regard all governments with which the word, "imperial," may be connected. It is more important, at this time, to have imagination than even to have sympathy. Put yourself in the place of the strange citizen, try to grasp what imperialism has meant (to him or to her) and then endeavor to show our new Canadian what our imperialism means.

THE War Memorial Fund of the I.O.D.E. to which this Journal devoted an article last December, is a project which is in keeping with the needs of Canada's new day. Educational opportunity is craved to-day as never before, and you have only to ask the presidents of our universities and the principals of our secondary schools to be assured that the youth of Canada is eager for the class-room and the campus with a new zest for all that school work and play imply. There is no one more deserving of educational opportunity than the child of a soldier or a sailor, who has given his life or his strength in the service of his country. Hence it is encouraging to know that already applications have been made for the scholarships which form part of the I.O.D.E. War Memorial plans. Young women are to have equal share in these opportunities and the good which will accrue from the widened outlook of these young students will be the Order's best reward.

The educational campaign of the I.O.D.E. has already accomplished much and the libraries and pictures have proved a boon, indeed, to many of the schools.

To help in the great work of Canadianizing the new citizen, to encourage the ambitious young student will surely be enough to absorb any institution's energies. Above all, the I.O.D.E. can remind us that Canada has a dual loyalty, fealty to the Empire and patriotic pride in the Dominion.





Copyright 1920—The Palmolive Company

## Every complexion needs soap

**I**F you have the superstition that soap does not agree with your skin, one of two things is wrong. You are either using the wrong soap, or the right soap the wrong way.

True, an oily skin needs different care from one which is over dry. But dirt, oily secretions, powder, that touch of rouge, *must be washed away*. Otherwise they will clog the pores and actually poison the skin.

Cleopatra knew this simplest of beauty secrets. Those who picture her as depending upon cosmetics to enhance her beauty are sadly wrong. It is true she rouged and probably powdered, as most women do today. But thorough, radiant cleanliness was her first law.

### *How did Cleopatra wash her face?*

In Palm and Olive Oils, Nature's gentle cleansers, just as you may today. While hers was a crude combination and yours the perfected blend, the principle is the same.

Buy a cake of Palmolive Soap, made from these same fine oils, and follow these simple directions. They will make your skin smooth and soft, your complexion clear, fresh, glowing and rosy.

### *If you have an oily skin*

Rub up a stiff Palmolive lather between your hands and massage it softly into your skin

until it penetrates every pore. Rub gently. You mustn't roughen the delicate texture of the skin with harsh treatment. Use pleasantly warm water.

Then dissolve this creamy lather with gentle rinsing, cooling the water until it is refreshingly cold. Keep on rinsing until you are sure that every particle is washed away—*carrying with it* the dirt, excess oil deposits, dead skin, dried perspiration, the remaining traces of rouge and powder—all poisonous deposits which clog pores and invite blackheads, blotches and general skin imperfections.

A clean skin is a healthy skin, as all physicians will tell you.

### *If your skin is dry*

If you must supplement the natural oils of the skin with applications of cold cream, apply a generous coat of Palmolive Cold Cream before you do any washing.

Then follow the same directions given above. Be just as thorough in applying the lather, rinse just as carefully. Dry your face gently with soft clean towel, and then look into your mirror. You will find your skin as smooth as velvet, supple and fine textured. A final touch of the cream may be added as desired.

### *The striking thing about Palmolive*

Manufactured in small quantities Palmolive would be a very expensive soap. But enormous production has reduced cost until its moderate price is a striking feature. The Palmolive factories work day and night—ingredients are imported from over-seas in

enormous volume. And so Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soaps. You can afford it for every toilet purpose. Remember there is no greater luxury than a bath with Palmolive. Palmolive soap is sold by dealers everywhere. It is made by

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.  
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

# PALMOLIVE



# Columbia Grafonola

*They all make records  
exclusively for Columbia*

There's an all-star bill appearing every night on the biggest circuit in the world.

Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, Van and Schenck, Harry Fox, Bert Williams, and Ted Lewis' Jazz Band are the headliners on this bill.

The audiences they entertain number millions every night—a vast and growing army of Columbia Record fans.

Stop at some Columbia dealer's. Buy the latest numbers of these song-loving and laughter-provoking Columbia stars. Join the happy family of Columbia fans. Enjoy an all-star bill each night at home.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, TORONTO



## The Only Non Set Automatic Stop

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. Exclusively on the Columbia Grafonola.



Standard Models up  
to \$360.





# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Federated Institutes, conveying best wishes to the convention. Resolutions of the 1919 convention were read and reported on. The report of the resolutions committee of the present convention was then called and the following resolutions were adopted:—

That whereas the majority of the Provinces along with the British Isles and Belgium have adopted the name of Women's Institutes, this organization for the future be known as the Women's Institutes of Quebec.

That a Committee of Agriculture be added to our Committees and a Convener be appointed.

That the "Canadian Home Journal" be made the official organ of our organization.

That the details of levying a tax to meet the needs for the Provincial and Federal funds be left to Miss Chute to work out.

That the wording of the Frederica Macfarlane memorial resolution be changed to read: "A girl from a rural district in the Province of Quebec, taking the highest marks in the first year in the School of Household Science."

That the County Executive approach the members of the Provincial Parliament in their counties urging upon them the necessity of so legislating that women may have seats on their school boards, and that efforts be made to secure the bringing of a resolution for this purpose before the House of Parliament.

Reports of the fifty-one branch clubs were then presented.

During the noon hour a school lunch conducted in Cafeteria style was served by the graduating class in the School of Household Science.

The afternoon session which was presided over by Mrs. Smellie of Dundee, comprised reports from Provincial conveners of committees and a demonstration in dyeing by Miss Babb of the Household Science Staff. Methods of using the different commercial dyes were given and illustrated by the dyeing of a white silk blouse navy blue. Hints on blending colors and "topping" were also given.

At the close of the session many of the delegates visited the Military Hospital of Ste. Anne's, others enjoyed visits to the various departments of the College, or walks around the campus.

Shortly after supper the members took advantage of the very kind invitation of the Ste. Anne's Horticultural Society, to join them in a tour of the College grounds under the guidance of Professor Bunting and Mr. Walker of the Horticultural Department of the College. Much information was gained regarding the many shrubs and perennials in bloom and the walk proved most interesting.

At 8.30, the last session of the Convention met in the Assembly Hall with Mrs. Beach of Cowansville in the chair. After several enjoyable selections on the organ by Mr. A. D'Arcy Chapman, Mlle. Leblanc, Demonstrator to the Cercles de Fermieres, spoke on the work of the French speaking clubs. Mlle. Leblanc's outline of the activities and aims of the Cercles and the work carried on by herself and her associates was listened to with great interest. She conveyed to the delegates her great pleasure at having been able to attend their meetings and learn of their doings. Mrs. Milne then very kindly contributed a solo and an encore which were greatly appreciated.

The second speaker of the evening was Miss Kirby, formerly of the Extension Staff, but now Director of the Home Branch of the Soldiers' Settlement Board of Quebec. Miss Kirby explained the scope of her work, and by her vivid pictures of the different phases of it, aroused the keenest interest among her hearers so that when she showed how the Homemakers' Clubs could help in enabling soldiers' wives to become acquainted and find a place in Canadian life it was felt, as the Chairman said, as if a new field of work had been opened up for the Clubs.

A resolution presented by Mrs. McCurdy, seconded by Mrs. Wood, and unanimously adopted, expressed the thanks of the delegates to the college authorities for their hospitality, to the various contributors to the programme for their kindness and to all others who had helped in any way to make the Convention a success.

## NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL POLICY OF FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF CANADA.

By Elizabeth Bailey Price.

THE Women's Institutes throughout Canada are taking an active part in the promotion of education and better schools, especially in rural communities. Mr. George Putnam, Superintendent of the Women's Institutes of Ontario and convener of the committee on education and better schools of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, has set forth a very aggressive policy, one that every institute member in Canada, whether she be in Peace River, Northern Alberta or in Grande Pre, Nova Scotia, can use her individual effort in helping carry out. Mr. Putnam has gone into the subject very exhaustively and has written each Province trying to locate the weaknesses in its educational system, with a view not to destructive criticism, but to see where the Women's Institutes can lend their energies and co-operation with the various provincial governments to "See that every child in Canada has a fair chance to secure an education under conditions which make for the best physical, mental and moral development."

"First," says Mr. Putnam, "the institutes from one end of the Dominion to the other should see that women get places on the school boards, either as a member or in an advisory capacity."

"Other important phases that tend toward the betterment of our educational system and ones which may be promoted by every institute are:—

1. Well equipped schools kept in faultless sanitary condition.

2. Medical inspection in every school.

3. Hot lunch in every rural school.

4. Supervision of play during the noon and play hours.

5. School sections so organized that the best salaries could be paid to the best teachers in order to retain them.

6. Consolidation of schools where possible.

7. The school house should be a social centre for community activities including games, study and amusement for grown-ups as well as children.

8. The school should be the hub of a circulating library to which every home should have access.

9. The school curriculum should be adapted to the needs of boys and girls who wish to apply their knowledge to the ordinary every-day activities of the home, the farm, the shop and the business world.

10. Provision be made for education along practical lines such as agriculture, domestic science, manual training, etc., and every school board should be induced to take advantage of government aid in this respect.

11. Encouragement of the study of Canadian authors.

12. Promotion of the moving picture as an educational and wholesome entertainment medium and the investigation of the character of many of the pictures to-day which are not only unwholesome but tend to lower the standard of family and social life.

### What the Institutes Are Doing Educationally in Each Province.

QUEBEC.—The small, poorly equipped, badly lighted and unsanitary school for which it is difficult to secure competent teachers, is engaging the attention of the few men and women of the Province. Consolidation with good roads upon which millions are being spent will, it is hoped, solve the problem. The Homemakers' Clubs are supporting compulsory education and hope to have the law amended to allow women to sit on School Boards.

The women of Quebec are rejoicing that one of their number has been appointed to act on the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction. School Fairs under the Department of Agriculture, are being held with very beneficial results, and are assisted by the Homemakers' Clubs. Travelling Libraries are available through McGill and also MacDonald College.

The School Lunch has been the subject of Demonstrations to each of the Clubs. Many Clubs have bought equipment and are serving hot cocoa



## Paying the Price

IN the struggle of modern business, he has lacked the stamina to win. His vitality is low, his wits dulled by the slow poisoning of infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Many a man of middle age thus pays the price of dental neglect. Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but its germs invade the body and weaken its resistance to physical ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

If you are nearing forty, watch your gums. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection—and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consist-

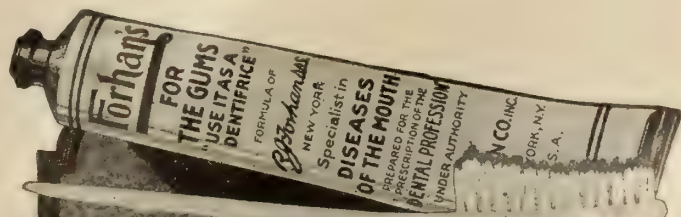
ently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

### How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U. S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
Checks Pyorrhea

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)





© B &amp; B 1920

## No corns exist with nurses—for they know

Nurses don't have corns.  
Nor do doctors or their wives.

They know Blue-jay and  
employ it. So do millions of  
others now.

It is time that everybody  
knew this simple, scientific  
way to end a corn.

### Do this tonight

Apply liquid Blue-jay or a  
Blue-jay plaster. Either re-  
quires but a jiffy.

The pain will stop. Soon  
the entire corn will loosen and  
come out.

What that corn does, every  
corn will do. So this way  
means a life-long respite from  
the aches of corns.

Corns merely pared or pad-  
ded rarely disappear. Harsh  
treatments often cause a sore-  
ness.

Blue-jay is gentle, scientific,  
sure. It is a creation of this  
world-famed laboratory.

It is the right way. It will be  
the universal way when all  
folks know it.

Buy Blue-jay from your  
druggist. Watch it on one corn.

## Blue-jay Plaster or Liquid The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When  
it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff  
appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful,  
dependable "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair,  
also double it's beauty. Try "Danderine" and see!



By NORMAN HARRIS

Hamilton, Ontario.  
Editor Concerning Investments:

Kindly inform me as to a good in-  
vestment for \$500.00.

B. A.

A LARGE number of issues might  
be named, and as I am taking  
the ground that this is the first  
investment, which should not be at  
all speculative, I will confine sugges-  
tions to conservative securities. First  
of all, the investor should not  
overlook Victory Bonds. I think  
many people have heard the  
name so often, that perhaps their  
attention is apt to be taken by  
something new. The situation as  
regards Victory bonds which people  
should keep in mind, is this: that it was  
only the extraordinary financial situa-  
tion induced by war that caused the  
Dominion Government to offer as high  
a rate as five and one-half per cent.  
per annum for its borrowed money.  
Practice in these matters, under usual  
conditions, becomes fixed. That is to  
say, normally, the Government could  
borrow all the millions it needed, at  
from four to four and one-half per  
cent. The issue of five and one-half  
per cent. bonds has of course cheap-  
ened the old four per cents. In future,  
if the time comes when Canada once  
again is able to borrow money around  
a four per cent. rate, surrounding  
conditions will have become such that  
conservative investors will not be  
looking for, nor receiving, the lucra-  
tive annual return now offered in  
mortgages, municipal bonds and cor-  
poration bonds. The return from issues  
of that kind will be down one or two  
points. In that case there will be on  
the market, new Dominion Govern-  
ment securities selling at par, and  
paying, say a point less than what the  
20-year issue of Victory Loan  
promised to pay running over a period  
of twenty years. The investor then  
will have his choice of buying a  
Government bond to bring him in  
\$4.50 or \$4.75 per year on each  
hundred he invests, or of buying a  
Government security that will pay him  
back \$5.50 per annum for each hun-  
dred dollars he invests. If the bond  
paying the smaller rate is to be worth  
par, or one hundred dollars per hun-  
dred dollar bond, on the market, what  
will the other be worth? Financial  
experts assume that under the con-  
ditions suggested, these 5½% bonds  
may rise to anywhere between 110  
and 125 on the market.

The opportunity offers to acquire  
bonds issued by the Province of  
Ontario, carrying interest at the rate  
of six per cent. per annum, and run-  
ning over a period of years ending in  
1930, which may be bought at par,  
that is to say, at one thousand dollars  
for a \$1,000 bond or five hundred  
dollars for a \$500 bond. Here is a  
straight six per cent. yield, interest  
payable half-yearly. The bonds may  
be registered as to principal, which  
means that the buyer may lodge his  
name and address with the Treasurer  
of the Province as the owner of a  
bond numbered so and so, and of a  
certain face value. In case then of  
loss, or theft, a notification to the  
Treasurer would result in a notifica-  
tion to all the Banks not to base any  
transaction on such numbered bond.  
When a bond is registered also as to  
interest, this means that the interest  
is sent to the buyer by cheque; other-  
wise a bond is a coupon bond, and the  
holder cuts off his coupon as it be-  
comes due and either cashes it or  
lodges it in his bank. These Ontario  
bonds, carrying such a high rate of  
interest, are very attractive indeed to  
anyone, and the security behind them  
is such as need not be called into  
question at all.

The municipal debenture, that is, a  
bond issued by a City or Town as an  
acknowledgment of money borrowed,  
is one of the sanest and safest forms  
of investment. I notice a bond firm  
offering City of St. Catharines 1943  
bonds at a price that will yield the  
investor 6.20% per annum. The de-  
nomination or face value of the bond  
is \$1,000. The price is put at 79.52,

or \$795.20 as the price for one \$1,000  
bond. The bond pays 4½% per an-  
num, and the yield over the entire  
term, supposing the buyer holds his  
bond to maturity and then gets \$1,000  
back for it, works out at 6.20% per  
year. This is a long-term bond, and  
it might have the disadvantage that  
if the buyer, instead of holding, wish-  
ed to sell before maturity, he would  
have to accept the rate offered for a  
bond carrying a low rate of interest.  
This might or might not be compen-  
sated for by the price he himself paid  
for the security when first purchased.  
I noticed some "odd lots" of City of  
Windsor bonds, paying 5½% per  
annum, offered to yield the investor  
around 6.30% per year. These bonds  
have varying maturities, running from  
1922 to 1950. There are City of  
Kitchener bonds, to yield 6.30%, also  
of varying maturities, also City of St.  
Thomas, and many other eastern  
Canadian municipalities which any  
good bond firm can supply. There are  
besides bonds issued by the Provincial  
Governments, offered running over a  
fair term of years, and at a very at-  
tractive rate. I think the reader may  
be able to make a selection from the  
above.

\* \* \*

V. S. Montreal.—A proper theory of  
embarking money comprises the  
policy that the holder of funds will  
deal with classes of securities  
before he analyzes the competing  
merits of issues in the one class.  
It so happens that both Zenith  
Companies and L. R. Steel Co., Inc.,  
issues are, as I would gauge them, de-  
cidedly in the class of speculations.  
That is to say, neither one is the equal  
of a Government bond, nor of a mun-  
icipal debenture, nor of a good cor-  
poration bond, nor of a strong stock  
in a going concern. If both fall out-  
side that range, they must then be  
catalogued as being of the speculative  
variety. If we place them in that  
class, and if we have in advance re-  
solved that our investment funds shall  
be split up so that only the tail-end  
of our moneys shall be permitted to go  
into speculative issues, the first thing  
the investor must decide is as to  
whether he is sound in considering  
these stocks. If he is not, he should  
not buy them, even though he decide  
they warrant purchase from an intrin-  
sic point of view. On the other hand,  
if the funds in this case are so well  
laid out and so balanced that there are  
funds available for speculation now,  
speculation always involving risk both  
to the capital fund and to the income  
over future years, then a consideration  
of the merits of the stocks is in order.

To take up the Zenith Companies  
first. The Zenith Companies is the  
name of a holding corporation which  
is not incorporated in Canada. The  
Zenith Companies as a corporation has  
entered into a contract or agreement  
between the company and several in-  
dividuals of the United States, under  
the terms of which Zenith agrees to  
purchase several insurance concerns,  
the principal stockholders of which  
were the few individuals before re-  
ferred to. The price to be paid runs  
somewhere around \$680,000 in cash  
for the concerns which form the back-  
bone of the Zenith Companies. I think  
that in about two years' time the  
Zenith Companies will have paid off  
this amount in full; if they do not,  
in other words, they must fail to own the  
companies outright. It can be seen,  
therefore, that one primary purpose  
of the present campaign to sell stock  
in Canada must be to provide the  
funds necessary to pay the vendors for  
these insurance companies. The par  
value of the Zenith stock is fifty dol-  
lars per share. The stock is being put  
out, however, at the price of one hun-  
dred dollars per share. Applied in  
actual practice, this means that if the  
Zenith Companies should make earn-  
ings at the rate of ten per cent. per  
annum on their total outstanding  
share capital, the purchaser of shares  
at one hundred dollars would be re-  
ceiving a return of only five per cent.  
on his investment. Zenith Companies,  
in order to pay shareholders a return

# DOMINION EXPRESS

## MONEY ORDERS

There is no better way to pay  
your out-of-town accounts.  
On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.



## Cleanse Your Skin For a Beautiful Complexion

Dust, dirt and poisonous matter of every description are constantly collecting in the pores of the skin. You must have a soap that purifies as well as cleanses if you would have a pure, clear skin.

## Gouraud's Medicated Soap

is a scientific blending of the best-known purifying and cleansing properties. It will destroy all poisonous matter in the pores and thoroughly clean the skin. Unsurpassed for delicate skins and the treatment of skin troubles. Delightfully scented. Ideal for use in preparing the skin before applying GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. In use over 75 years.

Every woman who values a beautiful complexion should try GOURAUD'S MEDICATED SOAP, especially those who use GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. You will find better results will be obtained by cleansing and preparing the skin with this Soap before applying the Cream.

Send us 10c for a small trial cake or 25c for a large cake.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON  
Montreal, Quebec




**Maybelline**  
Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes  
Making them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are — easily applied, harmless, shades black, brown.

**Lash-Brow-Ine**  
a pure, harmless cream, applied nightly aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Dark, luxuriant, eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep, soulful expression of eyes, adding charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybell Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?

"MAYBELLINE," "LASH-BROW-INE" Obtainable at your Dealer's. To avoid disappointment with imitations always look for "The Maybell Girl," same as above, on every box of both preparations. We guarantee you will be delighted or refund price.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES  
Chicago, Ill.



There's a Big Need for  
**KEATING'S**  
It KILLS  
Disease Carriers:  
Bugs, Flies, Fleas  
Roaches

of ten per cent., would have to declare dividends at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum. Can Zenith Companies, after selling perhaps two million dollars of stock at par value, earn a dividend each year sufficient to pay ten per cent. on four million dollars? It is questionable that they may be able to do so. Bear in mind also that Zenith Companies is not a Canadian company, although the chief insurance concerns composing it were Canadian companies, doing business principally in the Canadian West. The Zenith Companies is offering for sale common stock. The L. R. Steel Co., Incorporated, is offering for sale preference stock in L. R. Steel Co., Incorporated, which company has a Maryland charter. The total share capital is ten million dollars, of which \$900,000 is in preference stock and \$100,000 in common stock. The aim and purpose of the company is to create a chain of stores both in Canada and the United States to sell goods ranging in price from 5 cents to one dollar. L. R. Steel, Incorporated, is the American Company. L. R. Steel, Limited, is a \$2,000,000 Canadian company, which is owned outright by the company with the Maryland charter. I have spent considerable time investigating the circumstances surrounding the formation of this company and its methods of selling stock. There are two outstanding facts; one is that L. R. Steel, Inc., comes before the public of Canada with only a handful of assets to compare with its share capital of \$10,000,000. The other fact is that the company is utilizing the activities of a very large force of salesmen and saleswomen to sell its stock, which agency force are apparently giving out information which is not always accurate. To my mind, the plan of procedure would have been much more orthodox and more convincing if the proprietors of this company had formed a United States corporation, confining their offer of stock in that company to the United States, and had also formed a Canadian company of limited capital. By limited capital I mean that the dimension of the issued shares should bear a reasonable relation to the assets owned by the company when it first appeared before the public, and also should be in keeping with the true value of the assets when the company had become well started in business. If the Steel Company had organized a ten million dollar company in the United States, had sold four million dollars worth of securities, enabling it to create a chain of stores there and perfect its general organization, and had then come into Canada with offer of securities in a two million dollar corporation, or some such figure, the situation would have been much more reassuring than it now is. Under present conditions the Canadian is asked to purchase preference shares in a company incorporated outside Canada, which has a very large share issue. And, in addition, although the head office is in Buffalo, there has to date been more stock sold in Canada than there has in the United States. The reputation of L. R. Steel, head of the business, appears to be that of a successful chain store operator, although he has never before attempted to go into the business on any such scale as is indicated by the capital of the American company. Another circumstance which does not conform with the best financial practice is that, so far as I am aware, there has been no figure set as the exact size of the stock issue in Canada. Unless the Board of Directors allots a certain volume of stock to be sold in Canada, there would appear to be no limit to the selling until all the available stock might be exhausted. The public who are buying are entitled to know beforehand whether they are purchasing into a stock issue of \$250,000, or whether they are buying into a stock issue that may possibly run as high as \$4,000,000. My present opinion is that the stock is very highly speculative, and should be looked upon in that light by anyone who is asked to purchase.

### Information Coupon

September, 1920.

If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

Name .....

Address .....



# KODAK

First the picture of Jack in his golfing togs and then—written on the film at the time—his score with the date—the record complete.

From the first, Kodak has been the ally of every out-door sport; the Autographic Feature—exclusively Eastman—only draws this bond the tighter.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited  
Toronto, Canada

### You Can Have a Beautiful Skin

All the charm and fascination of a clear, soft skin may be yours. Do not envy the skin of others, when your own might be even more beautiful if you gave it the proper treatment. This Institute has experts with a life-long training, and makes a specialty of treating Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Undue Redness, Blisters, Eczema, and all non-infectious skin troubles. WRITE US IN CONFIDENCE, OR CALL AT THE INSTITUTE; CONSULTATION FREE.

|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Princess Complexion Purifier .....   | \$1.50 |
| Princess Skin Food .....             | 1.50   |
| Princess Hair Rejuvenator .....      | 1.50   |
| Princess Cinderella Cold Cream ..... | .75    |
| Princess Face Powder .....           | .75    |

(Sample on request.)

Sent carriage paid to any address on receipt of price.

**The Hiscott Institute, Limited**  
61B COLLEGE ST., TORONTO





## Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

## Select this Rich Finish for your Library, Den or your Billiard Room

**N**O upholstery is more in keeping with the general tone of the library—in the private home or the public institution—than that which gives the full, warm richness of Fabrikoid. No upholstery for this purpose is more economical. It possesses all the appearance of leather, but is superior in every way. No hard spots that break, no soft, spongy places that rot and tear in Fabrikoid. A surface that will not absorb water or grease, that is uniform throughout, and will wear years longer than many leathers.

Make this the upholstery for your library furniture—for your den or smoking room. Try the oak panelled-wall finish, with Moorish or Machine Spanish Fabrikoid—those rich, two-toned effects—in the panel centres. It will give a finish that is almost indestructible under ordinary wear, that is rich and handsome and easily kept clean and sanitary.

When you buy new furniture insist that it is upholstered with Fabrikoid and you will insure yourself of longer wear.

Ask your dealer about it today. Write for our free booklet, "Fabrikoid in the Home."

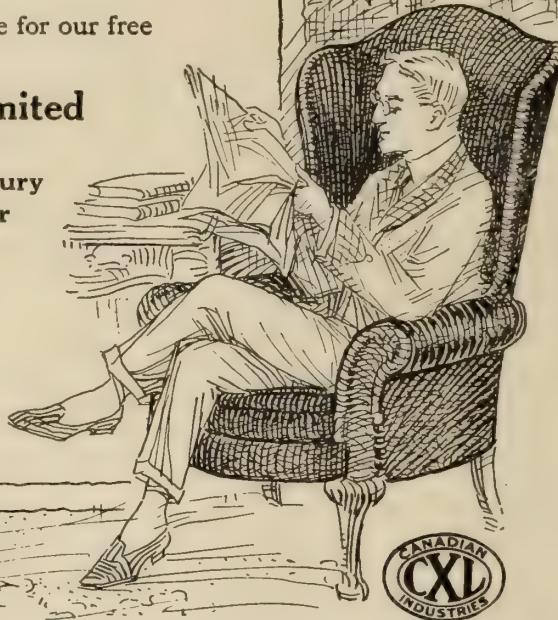
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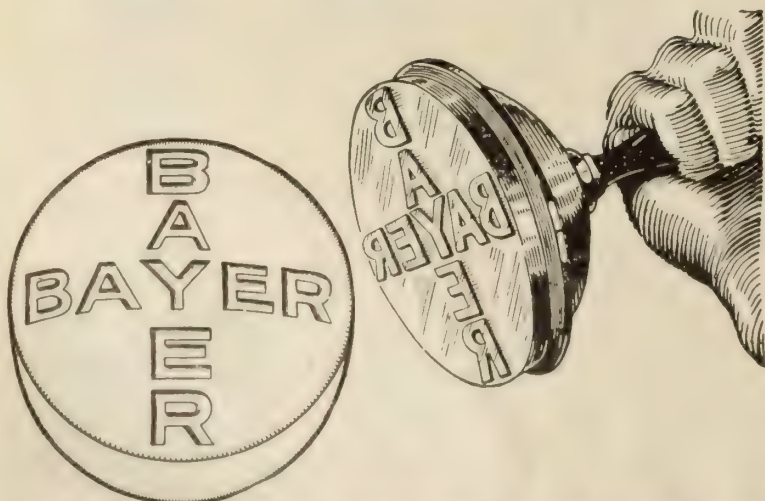
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holstered or topped with  
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Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" stamped on tablets positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

**There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"**

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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to the children for a nominal fee. The lunch carried by the children is better packed and prepared by mothers who are Club members. All the Clubs stand ready to help in this much needed improvement.

Many Clubs have provided musical instruments for their schools and the libraries of some are receiving consideration. The beautifying of the school grounds has also a place on the programme for the year in many communities.

**NOVA SCOTIA.**—In their school work, Nova Scotia has a new feature known as the rural Science Department, which is doing splendid work. They have 12 travelling teachers; each covering a district of about a dozen schools, establishing school fairs, school clubs, home garden contests, hot noon lunches, etc. There is a discouraging lack of good buildings and pleasant grounds. In some localities the Women's Institutes have installed sanitary drinking fountains and conducted sewing classes. The travelling teachers call upon the W. I. to keep their work going, between visits, and in other ways they work together.

These teachers circulate a Travelling Library, and "Magazine Tables" are encouraged.

Just now we are trying to introduce sports and supervised play into the rural schools. Here, too, the local women could secure leaders, equipment, and all the necessary accompaniments.

Often the teacher cannot give instruction in the home-making subjects. Here again, the women can come to the rescue. One woman might teach sewing; another, cooking; another, canning; another, first aid to the injured. The women can also induce men to give demonstrations in grafting, spraying, and seed selection. The good teacher will get this work done; but the average teacher will stick to her book subjects.

In some localities, the Institute has already organized school fairs, installed sanitary drinking fountains, and conducted sewing classes. Much yet remains to be done. Very few rural school buildings have hardwood floors, clean walls, good pictures, proper lighting, heating and ventilation. Outside, the grounds and buildings are unsightly, neglected and unsanitary. The children are unsupervised at the recess and noon periods. Here the good training of the home is too often entirely offset.

In some cases a new school house is to be built. If left to the men, they will put up the customary box shed with no thought of inside conveniences or outside architecture. The most hideously-colored paints will be used for both inside and outside decoration. Here, again, the women with their more artistic tastes must lead in the move for better and more attractive school premises.

**SASKATCHEWAN.**—Education in the foreign or "New Canadian" districts, is one of the chief problems. A director has been appointed to travel about among these districts, smoothing difficulties, and urging Canadian ideals in every way possible. Teachers' homes furnished, and with a plot of ground, are provided, as well as extra salary, in these sections.

The Department of Education has a staff of four who travel their Province, organizing Short Courses in Household Science in the schools. The noon hour hot lunch is being emphasized in their rural schools. An effort is now being made to arrange for Itinerant Household Science teachers to have charge of regular classes in four or five nearby schools. This is the first Province to have a duly qualified nurse on the training staff of the Normal School, to train the students so that they may carry out hygienic ideas later in their own teaching. The director of school hygiene, with a staff of nine nurses, covers the whole Province and considers in connection with their examination into the health conditions of the pupils, the hygienic conditions in rural schools and surroundings. Summer schools are also held with an aim to link up the teaching of Physical Culture with the Nurses' work. Library work in that Province is carried on under the Libraries Act and the Mechanics' and Literary Institutes Act. They have a system of travelling libraries to rural districts only, with over two hundred in operation at



present. They also have libraries, with rest rooms in connection, established in public hotels. But it is felt that though they have the legislation, yet the library work of the Province is not well organized and needs interest awakened in it.

**MANITOBA.**—Has 74 consolidated schools already with from three to ten teachers in each. There are also a number of graded schools in the Province. The plan there has gradually won its way ever since 1905, when the first two consolidated schools were built. The Manitoba Board of Health, with 22 nurses working in connection with the Public Schools, co-operates with the Women's Institutes in carrying on Medical Inspection of their schools, the Institutes acting in an advisory capacity, although they often do, as a matter of fact, take the initiative, the work being actually done through the school board. Manitoba has made great progress along this line and now has about thirty nurses working in connection with the public schools of the Province, in addition to those in the city of Winnipeg. Exchange Libraries and Package Libraries have been started in Manitoba; the plan for this work is now being remodelled.

In **BRITISH COLUMBIA**, besides Government Travelling Libraries, there have been established in some centres, Women's Institute Libraries. The report of the Cowichan Women's Institute Library is given below:—

The Library was organized from a nucleus of about 600 books loaned by the city of Duncan.

**ADDITIONS.**—By Book Teas, gifts from members, friends and purchases. Have also the use of a Provincial Government Travelling Library, changed at intervals.

**LIBRARIAN.**—The librarian receives an honorarium. Books are changed four times a week at stated hours.

**COMMITTEE.**—The library is managed by a committee of eight, five ladies and three men, and a monthly meeting is held. The Committee select the new books.

**BOOKS.**—The books are kept in cupboards with wire fronts, and the cupboards are locked.

**MEMBERS.**—Members of the Institute pay 50 cents per year for the use of the library. Outsiders, including men, pay \$2.00 per year.

**FUNDS.**—The money received for fees, after payment of expenses, is used for the purchase of books. We have now over 2,000 books.

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**—The Department of Agriculture gives to each institute which has carefully observed the rules, 6 volumes, four of which bear on Home Economics. Collections of special articles, newspaper magazine clippings, etc., are loaned to the institutes.

**ALBERTA** has three agricultural schools, Claresholm, Olds and Vermilion, where tuition is given free. The Women's Institutes of Alberta are interested in the scholarship idea, especially for girls. It takes the sum of two hundred dollars to send a girl to one of these schools for a year, this money being needed for sustenance and already two institutes—Daysland and Verdant Valley—have taken up the idea which was only introduced last year and Fleet is intending to send another girl this autumn. The institutes in Alberta have been very active for the betterment of the schools, providing play ground equipment, prints of the old masters, installing bubbler fountains, seeing that the school is cleaned and in many communities forming a committee to meet the teacher and to see that she has a suitable boarding place.

**ONTARIO'S** educational system has been held up as a model for many years, and recent legislation, additional financial assistance, aggressive work by inspectors, and a keener local interest and pride, have resulted in many new schools and the improvement of old ones, increased salaries, the introduction of domestic science, agriculture and manual training to a fairly satisfactory degree. Medical Inspection and the introduction of the hot school lunch are receiving Government aid and enthusiastic local support.

**FROM NOVA SCOTIA.**  
THE seventh annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Nova Scotia held its opening session in the Science Building, Truro, on Tuesday evening, June 22nd.

Dr. Cummings, Principal of the Agricultural College, extended a hearty welcome to the visiting delegates. He spoke of the important work carried on by the Institutes of Nova Scotia and of his sincere interest in all that they undertook.

A cordial welcome to the town of Truro by Mayor Coffin was fittingly replied to by Mrs. A. S. MacIntosh of Oxford, on behalf of the visiting delegates. Mrs. MacIntosh esteemed it a privilege to attend the convention and hoped all would return home with renewed vigor and enthusiasm to live up to the Institute motto: "For Home and Country."

Mrs. J. P. Landry in a pleasing way extended a welcome from Bible Hill Institute, which welcome at the close of her remarks took the form of a social time when refreshments were served and the delegates were given ample opportunity to meet new and renew old acquaintances.

Wednesday morning the meeting opened by the singing of the Institute Ode, Miss Macdougall, Superintendent of Women's Institutes presiding.

Mrs. Hatfield of Berwick, was appointed Secretary of the Convention. Then after the registration of delegates who numbered about eighty and came from all parts of the Province, reports from branch institutes were heard. Various reports showed a very active interest in all institute work, and one listening could not but be amazed at the amount of work done through the agency of this organization.

Thirteen of the institutes are yet in their infancy but the report from these showed what a wonderful work could be accomplished in a short time. Many of these societies are interested in public schools, particularly regarding sanitary conditions, the improvement of grounds, school libraries and circulating libraries. Others have undertaken the putting up of community halls, memorials for soldiers who fell in the world war and local improvements, such as beautifying the cemeteries, etc.

The reports were laid aside for the morning and the Superintendent submitted her report. There are now sixty-four Institutes in Nova Scotia, thirteen of these were organized this year. Ten of these were organized by Miss Macdougall, namely: Mahone Bay, Indian Point, Bible Hill, Carleton, West Gore, Glace Bay, Medford, Bear River, Cambridge Station, Onslow, Gaspereaux, Point Edward and Wentworth. Total membership of Institutes, 1567. During the past year the sum of \$10,000 was raised, thirty-five Institutes were personally visited during the year. During the winter ten courses in Home Nursing had been arranged for in connection with the St. John Ambulance Association, 241 students being registered. The course consisted of six lectures which proved highly instructive. Miss Macdougall told of her visit to the New Brunswick Institute Convention last fall; also of attending the Federation of Women's Institutes held in Toronto last November. Plans are under way to have a number of demonstrators at different points in the Province to give instruction in canning, and information as to food values. Also a short course to be held July 6-16th for "teen age" girls.

Miss Macdougall urges Institutes not to think that because their funds are low they are doing nothing; but always remember there are things of infinitely more value than money. Institutes should send in monthly reports regularly and promptly, as this is the only way for her to know just what each Institute is doing. After a short discussion of the work brought forth in this interesting report a nominating committee was appointed: Convener, Mrs. Hamilton, Mahone Bay, Mrs. MacIntosh, Oxford, Mrs. Jackson, North Sydney.

Miss Saunders, Superintendent of Women's Institutes for Prince Edward Island brought greetings and told of the work carried on by their various societies. As in other parts of Canada, Prince Edward Island had found this a hard year. The war work was over and it seemed hard to get the peace-time work started; but gradually they are finding that there is work to be done in peace as well as in war. The societies in the sister Province are striving for the same ends as in Nova Scotia. Some school buildings have been practically made over; sanitary conditions changed, the open bucket was done away with and in some cases pumps

## The Secret Delight of a Youthful Skin

THE woman who values her appearance may enjoy the blessings and the secret delight in the possession of a velvety skin.



Try this simple formula—"A little CREME ELCAYA rubbed gently into the skin; then if you need color, a very little rouge spread carefully over the cheeks before the cream is quite dry; and after that the film of Elcaya face powder over all."

## CRÈME ELCAYA

is a delightful, non-greasy, disappearing toilet cream that makes the skin like velvet.

In jars at 35c and 75c

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Distributors for Canada

The favorite for 20 years.  
Sold all over the world.

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THE ELCAYA Co. of CANADA, Limited  
James C. Crane, Pres't.  
Montreal, Canada

By Appointment  
The Greatest Chefs in the World  
use LEA & PERRINS'. They know its unvarying, supreme quality and strength. No other sauce can approach its piquancy and fascinating flavor. It is the original Worcestershire—the premier Sauce of the World, used by people who appreciate the best.  
Don't accept substitutes.

Lea & Perrins

The CANDY Cathartic  
The Whole Family says: "FINE"  
Cascarets  
PLEASANT LAXATIVE  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP



## Horlick's Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly 1/2 century  
Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.  
The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water. Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged. Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table

Ask for Horlick's And Get The Original

Mend Your Pots and Pans  
VOL-PEEK Mends Cooking utensils, Granite ware, Aluminum, Enamelled-ware, Tin, Copper, Brass, Iron, etc. Easy to use, no tools required. Ready for use in 2 minutes. Saves a pot for 25¢ a cent. 25 cents at your Dealer, or postpaid by Vol-Peek Co., Box 2024, Montreal, Can. Agents Wanted.

SINCE 1870  
SHILOH  
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS



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Represents greatest value  
and true economy

Never was price less reliable as an indication of value than today. In "La Camille" corsets you are sure of true value—good materials and careful workmanship that mean long wear and economy.

For comfort, fitting qualities and figure improvement, "La Camille" Front Lace has no equal, because of its three exclusive features:

**Ventilo** Back—a soft, ventilating section that relieves pressure along the spine.

**Ventilo** Front Shield—a protective insert under the laces permitting closer adjustment.

**LOX-IT** Perfect Non-Tilting Clasp Fasteners—the last word in fasteners—holds securely without gaping or pinching.

"La Camille" Corsets are on sale at good stores all over Canada. Write and we will gladly furnish name of nearest dealer.

INTERNATIONAL CORSET CO.  
118 to 136 Union St., Aurora, Ill.

## A Variety of Dishes

By  
MARION HARRIS NEIL

**Cheese Omelette.**—Separate the yolks of three eggs from the whites. Put the yolks into a bowl and the whites on to a plate. Add to the yolks of eggs one tablespoonful of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and work these well together with a wooden spoon until of a creamy consistency, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in an omelette or small frying pan, and pour the mixture into it. Stir the mixture round with a wooden spoon until it begins to set, stirring mostly on the surface and not scraping the bottom of the pan. Then hold it a little longer over the fire until the omelette is nicely browned on the under side. Slip a knife under it and double over first from one side and then from the other towards the centre. Then turn it on to a hot dish, sprinkle over with grated cheese, and serve as quickly as possible.

**Vegetable Dish.**—Peel enough potatoes, thickly sliced, to make five cupfuls, and prepare the same amount of shredded cabbage and sliced onions. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add the onions, allowing them to cook for ten minutes. In the bottom of a large fireproof dish arrange a layer of the sliced potatoes, cover this with a layer of cabbage, and then one of onions, seasoning each layer well with salt, pepper and paprika and sprinkling over a little chopped hard cooked egg. Continue these layers until the dish is full. Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch or flour with three cupfuls of cold milk and pour this over the vegetables. Then place the dish in a shallow pan of water and bake it in a moderate oven for one and one-fourth hours, adding more milk during the cooking, if the first supply cooks away. Serve in the dish it was cooked in.

**Fruit Salad.**—Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar in two cupfuls of hot water, then add the strained juice of two lemons. Cut three bananas, three oranges and one cupful of preserved cherries into small pieces, being careful to remove the seeds from the oranges, and mix it with one-fourth cupful of chopped nut meats. Pour the gelatine mixture over the fruit and set in the refrigerator until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

**Bean Savory.**—Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, one cupful of cooked or canned beans, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Toss over the fire until thoroughly hot, then add one beaten egg and cook for a minute or two longer. Serve hot garnished with small croûtons of toasted bread.

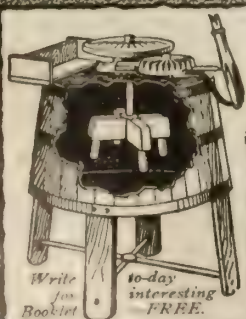
**Poached Egg With Cucumber.**—Poach the required number of eggs, drain them, allow them to become cold, and trim them neatly. Take the same number of china scallop shells, and put a layer of thinly sliced cucumber at the foot of each, and then lay a poached egg on the top. Mask the eggs with thick mayonnaise sauce and garnish round with a border of chopped parsley.

**Raisin and Celery Sandwiches.**—Cook two cupfuls of chopped raisins until soft in a little water, add two cupfuls of chopped celery, one tablespoonful of orange juice, and sufficient mayonnaise or boiled dressing to moisten. Spread between unsalted crackers. Put between two crisp lettuce leaves.

**Broiled Corn.**—Take sweet, tender corn, cook in boiling water for three minutes, or steam for fifteen minutes, then lay on a well greased broiler and toast over a hot fire, or under a gas broiler, turning the ears, as they need it, until they are brown. Serve hot with butter.

# McClary's

Make good stoves and  
Cooking utensils.



## Maxwell "Home" Washer

—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "skimping" by the "Home" Washer—light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either. And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, back-breaking washdays anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer. Just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe: "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. "K" St. Marys, Ont. 34



## Know The Joy Of A Beautiful Complexion Hair And Hands

They may be yours if you make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations. The Soap cleanses and purifies, the Ointment soothes and heals redness, roughness, pimples, and dandruff.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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# THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted by  
BERTHA E. GREEN

**M**Y Dear Club Members:  
It was a delight to get so many letters from you, and I have been very busy, indeed, registering all your names. Do you know any boy or girl who would like to join us? If so, get him or her to send the name to me.

I welcome each letter I receive from you, for it is through the letters and the stories that we get to know each other. The contests are for you all, and each one should enter, for then all will be helping to make our club just what we wish it to be—the club of those who always do their best.

There are still a number of our old members who have not reported their names and addresses. We are particularly anxious to hear from everyone as soon as possible. Can you not help us in this by letting me hear from you before this month ends?

And when the roll of old and new members is complete, we can feel that in each number of the Journal we can meet with not one member absent. We can do this in October — shall we?

Your sincere friend,  
BERTHA E. GREEN.

## Prize List for July.

1. "An Old Umbrella Tells Its Story." Awarded to Morley Brandreth, age 15, Strathroy, Ontario.

2. Camera Contest. Awarded to Ruth E. Hubbert, 152 Westminister Ave., Toronto.

3. "A Day at the Lake." Awarded to Mary E. Jackson, age 11 years, R.R. No. 1, Malton, Ontario.



PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH  
"My Favorite Spot in the Woods."

Sent by RUTH E. HUBBERT,  
Toronto.

Oh! would your footsteps stray along  
the path so shadow deep,  
Where winsome flower-faces in wel-  
come shyly peep?

—Bertha E. Green.

## A DAY BY THE LAKE.

By Mary E. Jackson.

went inside. It seemed hours before he came out again. The storm had ceased, and the sun was shining brightly. Hundreds of people were passing by, and I was so lonely and afraid. Bob and some companions hurried past me, and I was forgotten and lost in the big city. Oh, how frightened I was, and I felt as though my big green eyes must be full of tears—unshed tears—when a friendly hand took hold of me.

"What in the world is this doing here?" said a voice I knew belonged to a particular friend of Mistress Nell and myself. Often had we three taken long walks together. Often I felt I should close my big green eyes, at times, during these walks, but somehow I couldn't. Especially did I feel so when Mr. Norman was asking some very particular questions, or acting in a way very puzzling to me; but dear Nell seemed to like it and approve of it, so, of course, I concluded it was quite all right. Here was Mr. Norman again, and I was so glad he had found me, and I felt safe in his care.

Hark! Whose voice is that? It is Nell's—and in this old shop, too.

"Mr. Menderman, have you my umbrella recovered yet? It is to be blue silk to match my suit, you know, and we must have it next Wednesday, for we leave on our wedding journey that day, and I cannot go without my beautiful Green Eyes, you know."

**W**E had many expeditions this summer. The last one was an excursion to Silver Lake. The day set was Thursday, July eighth. Quite a party was invited—father, mother, Mrs. Brown and her children, Mr. and Mrs. Fish and Thirza, the Jones family, my friend Nora, and myself.

Great preparations were made. Baskets were packed with sandwiches of all kinds, cake and fruit.

We motored to a woods which surrounded the lake, and left the cars in a garage. We found there were several ways to reach the lake. We chose the quickest and easiest—a narrow path through the woods. This wood was quite a wild place, just as Nature's work had left it. The path was rough, with stumps of trees and rocks in it. We were all glad when the lake—a beautiful sheet of water lapping its grassy shores—came into view.

The grown-ups went fishing, while the young folks set out the lunch. We children went in search of wild flowers.

Soon we were called to lunch. What a jolly time we had, laughing and chatting as the eatables disappeared as if by magic. Dinner over, the party scattered. We had brought our dolls, and now chose shady spots to play "house." One kept store, using leaves for money, and twigs for articles of sale. Next we went for a



## Home-Made Cookies for Kiddies

The kiddies just can't help it — they've got to eat 'tween meals. Why, what's the use of having 'tween meals if there's nothing to eat? With

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

*Absolutely Pure*

you can make delicious, old-fashioned cookies that are—O so good! Wholesome too. "Ought to see Daddy eat 'em—My!" Royal is especially desirable in baking for children because it

Contains no Alum Leaves no Bitter Taste  
Never Disturbs Digestion

### Cocoa Cookies

|                          |                                 |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons shortening | 2 cups flour                    |
| 1 cup sugar              | 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |
| 1/4 cup milk             | 1/2 cup cocoa                   |
| 1 egg                    | 1/4 teaspoon salt               |

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk and well-beaten egg; mix well; sift flour, baking powder, cocoa and salt together and add. Roll out 1/4 inch thick on floured board; cut with cookie cutter. Bake in hot oven about 12 minutes.

### Cookies

|                            |                                      |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 3/4 cup shortening         | 1 teaspoon vanilla extract or grated |
| 2 cups sugar               | rind of 1 lemon                      |
| 1/4 cup milk               | 4 cups flour                         |
| 2 eggs                     | 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder      |
| 1/4 teaspoon grated nutmeg |                                      |

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk to beaten eggs and beat again; add slowly to creamed shortening and sugar; add nutmeg and flavoring; add 2 cups flour sifted with baking powder; add enough more flour to make stiff dough. Roll out very thin on floured board; cut with cookie cutter; sprinkle with sugar, or put a raisin or a piece of English walnut in the center of each. Bake about 12 minutes in hot oven.



Send for New Royal Cook Book—it's FREE. Contains 400 recipes just as delightful as these. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal.





**SUPERIOR**  
6-lb. IRON  
No. 12

# Superior

**An Iron That  
It Will Pay You  
To Look For**

Perhaps all irons look alike to you—in reality there is a wide difference.

The "Superior" heats rapidly and uses a minimum amount of current. It is perfectly balanced so that it will not tire the arm, and although it is so beautifully finished, yet it is very sturdily made and will last for many years.

The "Superior" Iron is entirely made in Canada—the purchaser gets fullest value. Every "Superior" Iron is fully guaranteed for twelve months. Insist on the "Superior." Your dealer has it or can get it from his wholesaler.

NOTE—For heavy domestic work use "SUPERIOR" small size tailors irons, 10 or 12 lbs.

"SUPERIOR"—all that the name implies

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**Superior Electrics, Limited**  
PEMBROKE, ONT.

"The Largest Sale of Any  
Medicine in  
the World"

## A Poor Complexion

Most women regard as a serious affliction, and it certainly lessens the attractiveness of any woman; but sallow skin, blackheads, pimples and blotches are really signs of a disordered system. It does not do much good to try to cover up disfiguring blemishes with cosmetics. Nature has a better way. It has been proved by the experience of thousands of women that the underlying CAUSE of poor complexions

## Can Be Driven Away By

timely use of the world's most famous family remedy, Beecham's Pills. Besides, the same troubles which cause a poor complexion will also cause a loss of health and of bodily vigor. Beecham's Pills assist nature. Try them, and you will find yourself so well able to digest your food that your body will be nourished and strengthened. Headache, backache, jumping nerves, low spirits and unnatural suffering will cease to trouble you when your system has been cleared of poisonous accumulations and your blood purified by



# BEECHAM'S PILLS

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

IN BOXES, 25 CENTS AND 50 CENTS.

## Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

put in the schools. Hot lunches were served during the cold weather, and prizes offered in School Fairs. In closing, Miss Saunders wished the Institute of Nova Scotia a prosperous and successful year.

Miss Jennie Fraser of New Glasgow, who for several years was the Superintendent of the Women's Institutes, was the next speaker. She expressed great pleasure on being able to be present at this convention, and remarked about the wonderful growth of the work since she left. Miss Fraser on looking over the programme, commended Miss Macdougall for the splendid selection of subjects and speakers. She especially mentioned community singing and thought the possibilities in connection with the practice of community singing were unlimited and that too much stress could not be laid on its revival. She considered Child Welfare a subject that could not fail to interest every woman. The State had taken it up, every woman should be interested.

The "Value of a Library," was the subject of an address given by Mrs. John Stanfield of Truro. Mrs. Stanfield before taking up her subject welcomed the visiting delegates in the name of the Women's Council of Truro, and gave a short outline of the work done by them.

Taking up her subject we found Mrs. Stanfield very much interested in the work of libraries. She explained how the library at Truro had been established and of how anxious the children were to take advantage of the privileges offered them in this way, and gave out many suggestions that will prove helpful to Institutes which are interested in the establishment of libraries. A library is not a collection of books but places before the individual what will apply best to his or her needs.

Dr. MacMurphy called the Women's Institutes the salt of the earth. They know of the needs of the Community and are able to meet them. Canada does not know enough about her children. The importance of registration should be strongly impressed. In London, England, at the last record, all but 91 out of 1,000 were saved. New Zealand has lowered her child mortality to 38 per 1,000. Canada can do it; why not try? Dr. MacMurphy claims the greatest insurance of the child's life was the nursing of the baby by the mother. Artificial feeding of children, she claims, is one great cause of infant mortality. During the four years and three months of war, Canada lost 60,000 men; in the same period infant mortality, under one year, was not less than 70,000.

The Department of Child Welfare has been established to remind the nation of the supreme value of the child, and she would too, remind them of the value of home life. All present were very attentive to Dr. MacMurphy, who handled her subject with rare ability.

Thursday, meeting opened with Miss Macdougall presiding. Report of nominating committee was given by Mrs. Hamilton, and the following recommended as conveners of standing committees:—

Agriculture.—Mrs. L. A. DeWolfe, Truro.

Home Economics.—Mrs. Collins, Port Williams.

Education.—Mrs. L. A. Moore, North Sydney, N.S.

Health.—Mrs. Lovitt, Bear River, N.S.

Publicity.—Mrs. G. A. McIntosh, Oxford, N. S.

Legislation.—Mrs. Wallace, West Gore.

Financial.—Miss Annie Stuart, Grand Pre, N. S.

Discussion re Provincial organization opened by Miss Annie Stuart with the matter of Finance. The organized women of Canada are doing a wonderful work and need funds. Miss Stuart thought a set sum might be voted by each Institute to help bear the expense of the Federation.

Miss Macdougall explained that the Federation was not a department, but the women, and is not financed by the Government although they had received some help. The Dominion Minister of Agriculture was approached by a committee to ask for a fund and they were received graciously and promised support in this way.

The following members were appointed to work with Miss Stuart on



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the Financial Committee. Mrs. Ogilvie, Glace Bay; Mrs. Balcom, Lawrencetown; Mrs. Meisner, Bridgewater; Miss MacDonald, St. Andrews; Mrs. Sollow, Port Maitland.

Miss Campbell of Ottawa addressed a later meeting on the subject of the Soldiers' Settlement Board. Mrs. Muldrew, who was to have taken this subject being unable to be present.

Miss Campbell explained in a very full manner the workings of the board—how, when the period of reconstruction was first considered it was realized that many of the returning soldiers would never be able to take up the work in which they had been engaged before the war, and so the Government determined to make it easy for those who wished to go on the land. To that end money is loaned to returned men wishing to buy a farm at the low rate of 5% with a period of twenty-five years in which to pay this back. Money is also loaned for equipment, payable in six years. The man chooses the land, submits his plans to the Government and his claim is investigated. If married, it is necessary to obtain the wife's consent to settle there, or he is not allowed to take it up. Many are willing, of course, to do so, but many are not used to farm life and it was to help these soldiers and their wives that the Home Branch was established, with Mrs. Muldrew as Director; Miss Campbell as Assistant, and soon there will also be District Directors. In the East, this work is just beginning, but it is expected that at least one permanent director and possibly two, will soon be appointed in each Province. Miss Campbell gave an interesting account of work done in the Western Provinces. There are many soldiers' wives, the great majority of them from the Mother Land, who are in need of assistance and companionship. Institutes are urged to look those up and make them feel at home. Miss Campbell wished the Women's Institutes all possible success and thanked them for help received.

Mr. E. H. Blois, Superintendent of the Society for Neglected and Delinquent Children was the next speaker. The work of this society is of a special character, they are caring for 2,000 children with 1,000 as actual wards. Mr. Blois told of conditions existing in the Province which are almost unbelievable. Their object is to prevent cruelty and although not generally known, there have been many cases in the Province since this Society was started in 1912.

The matter of prohibition was brought up by Mrs. Ogilvie of Glace Bay. Much discussion followed and a strong feeling predominated that the responsibility rested with the women. Are we going to allow liquor to come into our Province without protesting? That is the big question we are to decide for ourselves. Get the voice of different Societies and then take action as a body and register their opinion.

The closing meeting dealt with health topics, Dr. F. V. Woodbury of Halifax, organizer of the travelling clinic, telling of their good work and Dr. McArthur of Truro, emphasizing the importance of the care of the teeth, while Professor Brittain of the College of Agriculture, Truro, made a variety in the programme by an interesting address on bee-keeping. Altogether the convention was declared a stimulating success.

#### LES CERCLES DE FERMIERES.

MOST institute members in Canada are interested in "Les Cercles de Fermieres" of Quebec, which are clubs among the French-speaking women of Quebec corresponding to the Homemakers' clubs among the English women. The first Cercle was organized in 1915, and they are under the directorship of Mons. Desilets of the Department of Agriculture at Quebec. The number of Cercles now number forty, with a membership of two thousand seven hundred, showing a very healthy growth during their four years of existence.

The work of the Cercles embraces the study of home problems such as methods of cooking, laundering, care of children, home care of the sick, etc. Much attention is given also to vegetable and small fruit gardening, poultry raising and bee-keeping. The provincial government assists by furnishing seeds, shrubs, settings of eggs and hives of bees.

Demonstrators visit the clubs for periods of three or four days, giving demonstration lectures.

At the first convention held last year in October, the Cercles organized provincially with Madame Camache, Pont Rouge, as President; Vice-President, Mme. Bouchard, Ste. Anne de Chicoutimi; Sec.-Treas., Mlle. R. Couture, Department of Agriculture, P. Q.

#### NOTES FROM ONTARIO.

**Coulson's Hill.** membership very scattered and regular meetings appreciated. Held pillow shower last fall for Hospitals, 12 were given to free ward in Toronto General and balance (12) to Davisville Convalescent. Another shower will be planned when poultry is disposed of in the fall. Have decided to waste no feathers while there is need of them. When canning and preserving, each member has arranged to set aside one jar each time. Collections will be made and sent to Muskoia Hospital, also packing butter the same way for same purpose. Membership 25, four new members added at meeting.

**Stroud,** attendance 20, supporting a French orphan for three years, and working for Consolidated School (where it is needed very badly). Ladies are taking the initiative support of French child for three years.

**Mitchell Square** remain organized for the benefit of the social times they enjoy. Members are widely scattered, but succeed in having pleasant times.

**Guthrie Institute and Church** are one and the same. Community work is taken up by the church, have a Girls' Club, part of church property being used for park, and basement for social centre. It is purely rural and all belong to the church, but enjoy the Institute for the broader outlook upon other lines. They are Highland Scotch people who speak Gaelic, and offer free and genuine hospitality. Have undertaken care of French child for one year.

**Delta** has a splendid Branch. They are going to undertake the care of a crippled boy in the village and will give him a business education. He is 16 years old and an orphan.

**Phillipsville** is a new Branch but a splendid one. They are full of energy. They have twelve quilts on hand which they are quilting for the Refuge at Athens. Each lady donated a flour sack or two for the linings of the quilts. This is a good idea which might be passed along, when even factory cotton is so expensive.

**Morton,** a new Branch, has a splendid start. They are interested in a Community Hall.

An Institute was organized at Bond Head, in South Simcoe; also at Deloro in North Hastings.

**Bishop's Mills Institute** is a very active one. Last year they lighted the village with gasoline lamps, also built a cement walk. In connection with the latter they had community bees and the men assisted them greatly. The members of this Institute have been influential in interesting all in the neighborhood in a Consolidated School.

A Girls' Club, or Junior Institute, has been organized in Perth. The Secretary is very much interested in the factory girls and has planned a programme which will be of value to them.

**MacDonald Corners** bought a piano for the Agricultural Hall, and have already given a play to help pay for it.

The members of the **Perth Institute** have made a special visit to the Public Library for the purpose of finding out just what magazines were on file, and found that there was only one Canadian magazine there, all others were published in the United States. This investigation will result in a change being made.

**The Janey Canuck Girls' Institute** (in Lanark County) has fitted up a Hall as a Community Centre Hall. It is interesting to note that this Hall was not being used at all before the girls took it up. They provided Victrola, Basket Ball, Crokinole Boards, etc., for amusement. This last winter they started a Junior Literary Society which takes in three school sections.

**Claxton Institute** women helped the men in the neighborhood to buy a field of three acres for athletics and they are going to build a community hall. The field is already levelled and sodded. They are giving \$10 in prizes for essays on "Thrift"—\$2.50 to each four schools. This Institute is doing much for the new wing of the Almonte Hospital. They have given a linen shower, feather pillows, sheets and pillow slips, \$10 in cash and at each meeting take up a collection for it.

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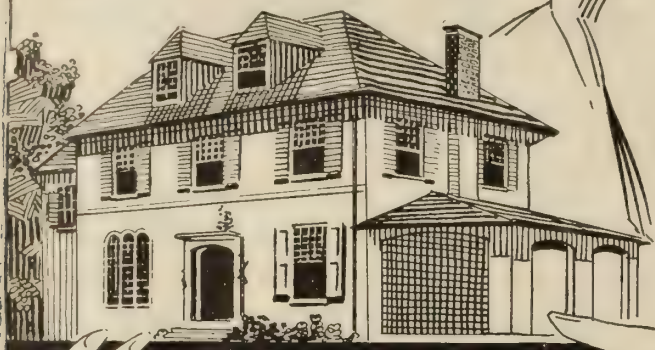
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## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.)

row on the lake, but had to hurry in, as rain began to fall.

The party gathered hastily for our walk through the woods. The storm broke so violently that we were compelled to take refuge in a cottage near the edge of the woods.

When the rain ceased, we hurried to the garage. The whole party came home with us to supper. Everyone was tired and wet, but happy.

### THE FLOWER STAR OF HOPE.

By Bertha E. Green.

**I**T was in the summertime that the star was born. It did not make another light high in the heavens to help make night more beautiful. Its birth was lowly, and unheralded, yet one might say that it brought to this earth more joy and hope and beauty than many a shining, starry world so far away.

The river wound its mirror ribbon between fields, past marshes, through forests, always lazily, and silent. It made no rippling music, no dancing laughter such as came from the brook which joined it; it flowed on its even, quiet way, one long, unbroken mirror. Sometimes it ran over sandy shallows where tiny minnows played; sometimes the banks were reed-fringed, and there were nests close hid amidst their tangles.

In a curve of the bank, by an open field, the waters seemed to rest altogether, and here beneath its shelter the star was born.

There were wild iris, with their flat, sword-like leaves, that in the summer days bloomed in royal purple. Patches of duck-weed grew in floating patches, like green rafts, here and there. Below the surface, within the slimy ooze of the river bed, lay the heart of a plant, and as it rested there, the plant-heart yearned for better and for brighter things. To it came bits of sunbeams, their light softened as they drifted downward through the green waters. To the plant-heart came whispers from swaying rush and waving iris, of soft, warm south-winds. The little leaves of duck-weed whispered, too, as they turned joyous faces to the sun and the passing clouds.

And the heart of the plant yearned for all these things which it had never seen; a great longing grew, to rise and to behold all these beauties of the air-world. So it was, that with the longing came the effort, and from the plant-heart was sent forth upward a strange, round stem that balanced a fan-like leaf. The stem grew, the leaf rose, and at last floated upon the surface of the river. This was the first step of the plant to reach the day. Another stem and another leaf grew upward as had the first, and still another one. Then came a day when a stem was pushed toward the light, bearing a round, green ball, which in time floated beside the leaves.

This was the summertime—the warm sunshine, the soft winds, that come to make the dreamy days. The round ball stirred, budding, unfolding, till there lay upon the waters a snowy blossom-star with a bright heart of gold.

The new-born star gazed at the summer sky and found it beautiful. For in the sunshine the plant had reached its heart's desire.

If the summer-world was a joy to the flower-star, the flower itself made that world more beautiful for others. The birds sang to it, the soft winds played their sweetest melody as they passed. For it was in the summertime, and all the world was fair.

Not far from where the flower-star was born lay a city, and in it lived a boy, Bertram, the son of a laborer. Bertram's father hoped and planned that his son might be a smith, but the boy had far different longings, and his day-dreams were of pictures. The doors of the great cathedral were always open, and the lad often sought the quiet of the church, and gazed at the wonderful frescoes on its walls. Could his dreams ever come true?

A bit of charcoal, a whitewashed wall, something or someone nearby for a model, and Bertram could sketch, true to the least line.

But all this was thought waste time by the lad's father, who did not, because he could not, understand that the making of beautiful things is just as great, and as needful, as the making of ploughshares, or the care of oxen.

And it was in the summertime when Bertram was sent alone to the river-bank to cut the sword leaves of the wild iris. All morning he worked faithfully; when noon came he ate, and drowsy with the heat of the sun, he stretched out on the cool grass by the river's edge, and fell asleep.

An hour passed, and Bertram awoke, then, as he brushed sleep from his eyes, a white water-lily gazed up at him. It was the flower-star.

Bertram waded into the water and plucked the lily, its long stem slimy and mud-covered. As he held the flower, and its fragrance came to him, into the lad's mind there came a thought, a hope, and then at last a plan. So, with the flower in his hand, Bertram went home to his mother. She understood and encouraged his plan, as she so often had his dreams. A sheet of coarse paper and a few crayons were procured, and then, with his heart in his work, Bertram drew a sketch. It was the river, reeds and the wild iris, and there, amidst them, the white water-lily. It was this sketch that an eager, anxious boy carried to a great artist in the city. And that was many years ago.

There is a large hall in a great city, with galleries that branch from it, and all the walls are hung, at a certain time of the year, with paintings of artists of fame in many countries.

In one year, among the rest hung a picture of the summertime, of a mirror-river, of reeds and wild iris, and upon the shore a barefoot boy gazing at a white water-lily held in his hand. This was the picture that all wished to see; some drawn there because the story of the picture's beauty had been told. There were others, too, who came that they might look upon the work of the great artist, Krause.

And now to you the tale has all been told, how from the longing of the plant came the flower-star, how from the water-lily hope came to Bertram, then success. For the painting in the great hall was the work of him, who, as a boy, plucked the white lily on that summer day so long ago.

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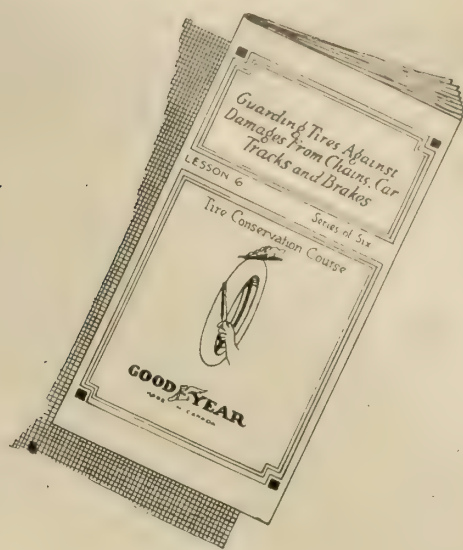
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TRADE MARK

## A Consideration of Wherewithal the Baby Shall Be Clothed

### Clothing and Other Things

By DR. LAURA HAMILTON

TODAY I received a letter about a very particular baby. I might almost call him a grandchild because his mother has been one of my girls since she was little more than a baby herself. She says: "I find I haven't very much spare time these days. My neighbor next door teases me, believes I take in washing. An old lady three doors away watches for the baby's washing every morning, and if I am late she wonders what has happened. She calls Douglas 'the clean sweet baby,' so expect I must live up to the reputation. Now that he has started creeping I want to make a few dark slips, for I wash three or four dresses a day besides petticoats. It takes such a lot of time."

Now just listen to that! Three or four dresses a day and petticoats! And a boy baby too! And this after all my educating! I feel like using a lot of good old College slang, but of course it would not look nice in print.

I hope to have opportunity to reply to this letter before the writer sees THE JOURNAL, but if I do not I know she will forgive my publishing it when I tell her she has provided me with such a splendid text for this particular sermon.

And now we will have a very homely chat about the actual garments that it is customary for babies to wear. And the changes that I am going to suggest to you are not mere desk talk, or theory, but have been honestly tried out and proved not only feasible, but beautiful, and healthful.

We will consider first the following factors as having a great bearing on the question on hand, to wit: Nine-tenths of the mothers of to-day are without any help, and even if a laundress be obtainable the majority would most wisely prefer to do baby's washing themselves. Materials of all sorts are increasingly expensive. The rapid growth of a little child makes its garments of no service after a few months. The fewer garments a child or anyone else wears the nearer to natural conditions are they and therefore the healthier. The women of to-day have been and are still under an intense nervous strain. The very atmosphere seems surcharged with irritating currents. It therefore behooves us for the sake of the children, for the sake of the world to simplify our methods of living in every possible way, to take—rather to make—time to get close to Nature, and to Nature's God, to plan to keep ourselves from being too tired to laugh and play.

Second, let us consider the baby's garments piece by piece.

First, then, comes the band. Now the function of the band is to keep the dressing of the cord in place, and later to hold a little pad on the part till it is quite healed and forms a pretty dimple. The band or bandage has no other real use, though many have been attributed to it. So when the navel is properly healed the first band may with advantage be discarded. The best material to use for this garment is a union goods of wool and cotton mixed, or else a soft piece of flannelette. It should have been washed and ironed. I consider it much better to leave it in the piece, and let the nurse in charge tear it into lengths and width to suit the babe when it arrives. This band should not be hemmed or stitched or ornamented in any way. Imagine hemming a bandage for a surgeon! It is well to have at least three of these bands, and when not in use they should be kept neatly rolled just like any other bandage.

When the first band has been laid aside, the woven band of wool and cotton or wool and silk mixture should be used. This buttons on the shoulders, and has diaper tabs back and front. Do not buy these of pure wool. With care three of these should suffice. They should be bought a size at least too large. At present their price is very high. If you are lucky enough you may get "seconds" or slightly soiled goods, either or both of which answer perfectly well, since they must be washed anyway before you can put them on the babe. The diaper tabs may be reinforced by stitching some soft material on the under side. Wear on them may be saved by always pinning them between the folds of the diaper instead of on the outside.

BEFORE leaving the subject of bands let me relate an experience I had long-anteceding my study of medicine. I had undertaken the care of a mother

and babe after the first week of the baby's life. I was as much interested in babies then as now, though I had not quite so much "book learning" in the matter. This was a beautiful, planned-for baby. Everything should have been perfect about it. It was "wanted," welcomed, loved. It was being nursed. There was plenty of milk. Its parents were healthy, happy young people. There was nothing in the physical or psychic atmosphere of that home to work on the baby's nerves. Yet that baby would vomit, would have colic, would scream miserably, as if in pain. A week or more went by. Its mother and I were almost in despair. Then one day owing to some disarrangement of things the baby's nursing time arrived just when she was all undressed for her bath, and rather than have further disorder she was nursed, wrapped up in a shawl, and laid on a big bed in a sunny room, while I attended to half a dozen things that happened all at once, as they do sometimes. That baby fell asleep in the sunshine. There was no vomiting, no crying, no fuss of any sort.

Then I proceeded to do some thinking, and I confess in some fear and trembling, for I was not sure of the temper of the doctor with whom I was dealing. I substituted one of her daddy's big soft silk handkerchiefs, loosely folded and very loosely pinned for the baby's band; noting as I did so that there was a fine little "rash" under where the band had been. It had not been tight either. Two happy days went by. The little mother inquired how I had mesmerized the baby. Then came the doctor, fortunately a woman. In considerable uncertainty I confessed my sins, to be told that the lady always had had her doubts of those bands anyway, except as dressings for the cord, and to go ahead, I had done very wisely. That baby never wore the regulation band again and was noted for her sunny good temper.

The next article of clothing is the diaper. The days of beautiful linen diaper cloth have faded into the past for any except babies of very wealthy parents. Even our old friend and standby, flannelette, has become aristocratic in price. As far as I am concerned I would be quite independent of either of them, for I consider that the material par excellence for "diddies" is supplied by old sheets, the skirts of worn flannelette nightgowns, even the "tails" of worn shirts. Such material is soft, absorbent, clinging, and warm. These are the qualities required, and it takes weeks of washing to bring new material no matter how fine to just the degree of pliability that the old stuff has at once.

Two dozen diapers should be ample. You can manage with one dozen of the small ones if you are careful. You will have to have large ones later anyway. It is little short of barbarous to fold a big clumsy new three-fourths yard of cotton up again and again till it is small enough to pin on a wee baby. Moreover it will make them bandy legged, and so uncomfortable you cannot expect them to be contented.

In making diapers try and have the square exact, and do not hem the edge, but turn down once and secure with herringbone, feather stitch, or blanket stitch. If you are determined to hem them, being possessed of some abnormal idea of tidiness, then let it be by hand, and don't have the rough edge of the double machine hem in the folds to hurt those soft little legs.

The diaper should be pinned with three pins in front, and one little flat one behind. If it is folded the usual method in three cornered shape. There is another fold that is preferred by some and is certainly better for plump boy babies. The diaper is folded long, and brought up between the legs, and pinned at each side, making a sort of little sack, with the legs coming out at the two lower corners. Whatever way you pin it as the baby grows, be sure it neither rubs, nor yet forms a wet cord chafing one groin, the while the child is as naked as any little darkey under the equator.

As soon as the child gets on his feet the diaper should be discarded for tiny drawers. The nicest material for these is blanket flannelette. One yard will make six pairs or more. It is two yards wide. You should have at least six, either gray or white. Make them quite plain and draw long stockings up over the legs in the cold weather.

## PALL MALL

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-at the Tea Hour



THE shirts should be wool or silk, and cotton, mixed. Never buy all wool. They are too warm, and will shrink while the baby grows. Forms may be bought on which to dry shirts and also stockings. These are easily made if any one is clever with tools.

Shirts are best long sleeved and opening down the front with buttons. Buy two or three sizes too large. Don't let the simpering little know-nothing behind the counter persuade you that "they say" that shirts of all sorts of fancy styles or tiny sizes are best. Such goods are too expensive to get only in order to use them for wash cloths in a few months.

Socks or booties are of no use for little babies at any time. In cold weather get long woollen or mixed stockings. In warm weather the feet are better bare, unless they feel cold to the touch. One or two pairs of socks are enough at a time, and will last till grown out of, if the forms for drying are used. Otherwise they may hurt the little feet after they have been washed a couple of times.

Next in the regulation outfit comes the barrowcoat or flannel, petticoat, a useless, expensive garment, troublesome to make and to keep clean, and usually with a shrunk spot at the back that spoils its chance of being remodelled after the baby is "shortened."

In the same category as the above, except for dress occasions, we may put petticoats of all kinds. They are not any use as warmth producing garments. They certainly increase the discomfort of the babe in hot weather. They get wet when the diaper is wet without being a protection. Nevertheless they re-

There is no reason for the clothing of babies and children altogether in white. I am sure judging from their later actions, could you consult their individual and personal tastes they would decidedly condemn the custom.

Beautiful little dresses may be made from dull blues and fawny chambrays. One can make such a dress in a couple of hours. In cutting these kimono dresses there is no difference for boy or girl, but the trimming of the boy's dress may be made to come down the front on the left side from shoulder to hem, while the girl's may outline a yoke or go down the middle or almost any other way the fancy desires. The boy's dress a little later has a belt low down below the waist, the girl's does not need a belt at all. Little bloomers to match the dresses are in order after two or three years old.

The coat may be made from a kimono pattern, too. For common, every-day usefulness nothing surpasses corduroy, and here it is possible to indulge one's fancy for white without being extravagant. Later, when shabby, the first coat may be dyed for play.

Of course every mother wants a couple of dear fine little white dresses and fluffy petticoats, but such should be kept strictly for visitors, etc. No mother with thought for the baby's best interests will wash several white dresses and petticoats daily. Nor need she sacrifice the baby's sweetness to her economy. He would be just as sweet (or sweeter) without any clothes at all providing he were clean.

Remember every bit of fatigue, every quivering nerve is not without its answering effect on the sensitive little be-



A PATRIOTIC PARADE

These little girls are from the Foundling Hospital, London, England, and were photographed as they marched past Prince Albert in the Parade of League of Empire in Hyde Park.

quire as much attention in the laundry as dresses.

For the tiny babe instead of the barrowcoat an easily made and cared for footwrap is formed from a square of material, union wool and cotton, or flannelette. It may be one yard or three-fourths yard square. One corner is cut off, bias, giving an edge about eleven inches or less in length. This is bound with a piece of goods on the straight. The other edges may be finished as suggested for the diapers. The cut off corner forms the waistband of the little garment, and is pinned up under the baby's arms, later it gets down to the "waist." The two other edges are pinned down the front, and the remaining point is turned up envelope fashion and pinned to the middle of the front where the edges meet. This keeps the feet quite cosy, and at the same time gives plenty of room for movement. Four of these wraps are sufficient, and the four corners cut off if fastened together with a fancy stitch will make a pretty little kimono jacket.

For the little baby the flannelette dress or nightgown is quite sufficient clothing. Of course it is then wrapped in a shawl or wee tied quilt. There should be no "dress occasions" for such a little babe, so none need be provided for. Later and on through the months when he is learning to walk, the little dress is quite enough, the foot wrap having been discarded for warm diapers and stockings, or little drawers as described above.

Little dresses are easiest made and laundered, kimono style, and this admits of quite enough variation and trimming to satisfy any reasonable love of such fancies. The simpler in line and style the clothing of a child the more beautiful, for the child itself is far too lovely to need adornment.

ing you must handle continually. So sacrifice much to preserve your own buoyancy of body and spirit, and be sure that in the years to come your baby will thank you for what your wisdom has given him.

When the baby begins to creep, did you ever think of making an absurd pair of overalls out of a pair of your own stockings? Cut from the top about four or five inches down the back seam, and join the two stockings together, put an elastic through the hems, and cut off the feet but leave plenty of length so that they will come right over the little boots. Now if you pin up the little dress, pull on the overalls, and in addition put on a short little coat of some sort, for it is often draughty on the floor, you may put Master Baby on the floor with safety, and when you pick him up only his face and hands will need washing, and the toes will be in his shoes.

There is no better place for baby than on the floor, except out on the grass. He cannot fall off you know. He learns so many things. He can exercise those growing muscles in a way quite impossible on some soft or confined place.

There is so much more one could say on the subject of clothing, but I have given you the ideas, now you can work them out.

Remember, simplicity is the great ideal. It is not the embroidery on the baby's dress that will make the real difference to him, but the soothing power of the steady nerve in the hand that touches him. Not the shining smoothness of many little well ironed garments but the shining health of his mother's eyes as she smiles above him, while her arms can hold him oh so strongly and steadily. Better coarse or even ragged garments than coarsened mind or ragged nerves. Let us put first things first.

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AND WONDER NOT, FOR SHE IS  
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Your silver should be cleaned gently — with much care — with soft cloths — with a smooth, creamy polish that will not mar its brilliant finish.

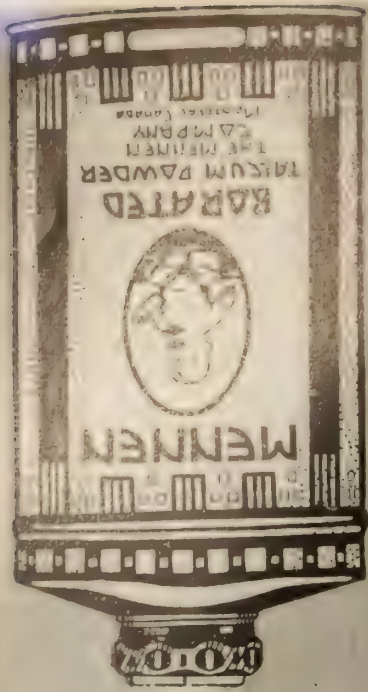
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Preserves the beauty of your silver. It can neither scratch nor stain; it will not stick in the chasing. Smoothly, gently but surely it removes all tarnish. It is the Ideal Silver Polish. IDEAL SILVER CREAM is also invaluable for cleaning cut glass, gold plate, mirrors, brasses, copper and statuary.

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THE MENNEN COMPANY  
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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Limited  
TORONTO

# The Journal Puzzle for September

By TOM WOOD

"Know Your Own Country."

On the leaves of this sprig of wild grapevine are pictured the names of eight islands—or groups of islands—which are to be found in Hudson Bay. Can you name them? The letters comprising the monogram in the lower right corner, when properly arranged, spell the name of the birthstone for September. Can you puzzle it out?



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by September 20th to be included.

### Correct Solution of the July Puzzle.

- |              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Wish      | 6. Lad        |
| 2. Armada    | 7. India      |
| 3. Tramp     | 8. Lady       |
| 4. Entrap    | 9. Youngsters |
| 5. Raspberry |               |

First prize awarded to Jessie E. Craise, Bass River, Kent County, New Brunswick; second to Blanche Horton, Botha, Alberta.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



## When you Perspire

You are bathed in Acids and Salts. Your skin becomes soft and sensitive, and friction makes it raw.

*You chafe.*

MENNEN KORA-KONIA will bring you blessed relief.

It is a healing, antiseptic powder, which covers the tender places with a thin protective film which will not readily wash away.

Relieves chafing  
Prevents chafing  
Dries up sore spots  
Prevents sunburn  
and blistering  
Cures sunburn

## The Babies' friend

When little legs are raw, it cleans up diaper rash like magic.

Its silky protective film and medicinal virtues soothe and comfort.

Get it for yourself, get it for the family—and get quick relief.

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One of the Mennen Family.

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Sales Office  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.  
Toronto





# How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

THE khaki-colored complexion, the nut-brown V of skin at the throat that you so blithely acquired this summer will gradually pale and disappear.

But the exposure that caused this tan often inflicts deeper, more permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

## How to overcome the tendency to glisten induced by sunburn

To overcome the tendency to shine that repeated sunburn brings, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by instant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face. If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face; now powder. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder to the face twice

as long as ever before and banishes the wretched shine that has been troubling you.

## How to overcome the coarseness due to the wind

The coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened and protected from further injury. It will gradually make your skin finer and finer in texture.

## How to remove dust from the pores

Dust is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores, darkens and irritates them. Worse than this, it often carries into the skin various germs which cause skin troubles. To restore clear color to the skin and bring it back to normal,

Do not live in terror of the powder coming off, revealing a shiny face. Hold the powder on with the right greaseless powder base.



Motoring can permanently injure your skin. Before you go out in the sun, wind and dust protect your skin from their ravages.

you must give the pores a deep cleansing. For this you need an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base—to dissolve the dust. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed and whenever you have been exposed to unusual dust and grime rub Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the skin, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. In a few weeks your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

About once or twice a week, massage your face with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the smoothness that makes it perfect for massage.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these two creams. They are 50 cents each. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.



Deep into the pores the crafty dust-specks work. You need a different cream to get them out—a cream with an oil base.

## POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

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One with an oil base and one without any oil

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Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

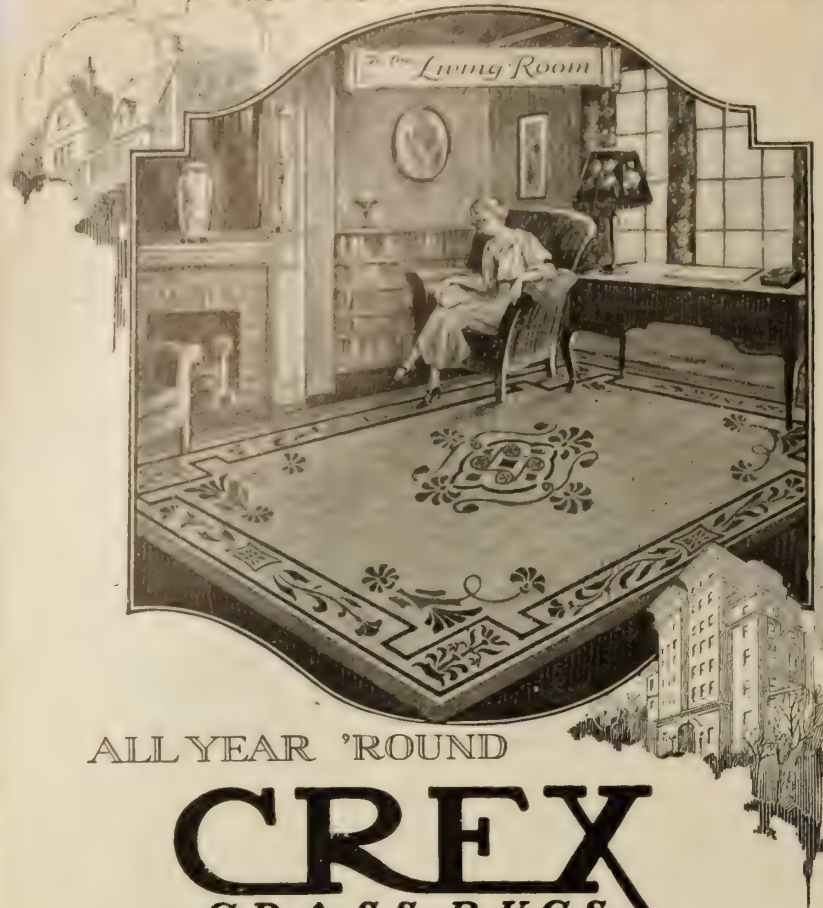
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GRASS RUGS  
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### The Ideal Floor Covering

**W**HEN buying a piano a woman asks for a certain kind of piano. She knows before she buys it just what kind of a piano she wants and why.

It is just as important in buying grass rugs to insist on getting the genuine CREX. There is the same relative difference in tone and quality.

CREX rugs are sanitary. Light in weight yet strong in body and made to withstand ordinarily hard usage. Easily handled and as easily cleaned they lighten the burden of housekeeping while their low cost is in marked contrast to cotton and woolen coverings of the lower grades.

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Beware of imitations, some of which are even made of split or crushed straw.

Patronize and encourage home industry. Buy CREX rugs that for more than twenty years have graced the floors in millions of homes—modest and pretentious alike.

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Look for name in the edge of side binding

CREX CREX CREX

It's your protection and our guarantee

## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Well, I'm with you," said Tony decisively. "I hate to spoil their fun, but there's a limit. They can't treat thorough-breds like these in that way. What's your scheme?"

"Just this. Leave the girls with me, and you drive in and tell that bunch the girls got wise to what was waiting for them, and insisted on staying overnight at Barlow's. That's nine miles out, and there's no telephone; so, if you're as good a liar as you used to be, Tony, you can make it stick."

"Leave it to me," grinned Tony, "I'll look after your team while you go and break the news."

The situation was soon made clear to the girls. A letter from Mr. Harrigan, per F. H., introduced the bearer as Mrs. Frushing, who had kindly consented to meet Miss Ingraham at Soda Creek and have that young lady as her guest until the wedding.

"I was on my way to town when I heard what they intended doing, so I decided to put a spoke in their wheel. Now put on your coats—that blue dress would identify you as far as Fort George, Miss Ingraham—and hop into my democrat. Tony'll shift your suitcases."

The girls bade farewell to their chauffeur, thanking him effusively for the enjoyable ride he had given them. Tony grinned his delight at the praise, paid a charming compliment to Miss Ingraham, and sped on his way with a last injunction from Mrs. Frushing to "lie like the very deuce."

"Where are we going now, Mrs. Frushing?" asked Mollie as the bays trotted along the road.

"To Soda Creek, of course. That's the last place in the world they think you'll be to-night. We'll stay at a boarding house I always patronize, instead of at the hotel," answered that good lady.

The scheme worked to perfection. With a little necessary coaching the two girls passed themselves off as Miss Roberts and Miss Thomas, school teachers on their way to Quesnel, and old friends of Mrs. Frushing.

After supper Mrs. Frushing suggested that, as the girls were probably tired after their long ride, they would defer discussion of their plans until the morrow.

"You'll probably want to go to bed early," she said, "so don't stand on any ceremony. As for me, I'm going to primp up a bit and take in that dance. It isn't often I get a chance like this."

"I just love dancing," sighed Mollie.

"I just love dancing," sighed Bessie, looking hard at Mrs. Frushing. "Couldn't you get invitations for a couple of school teachers bound for Quesnel, please?"

"You don't need invitations if you come with me," answered Mrs. Frushing, "but you're taking a chance of being recognized, and if you are, good-bye to peace and quietness."

"But nobody here has ever seen us," urged Bessie, "I'm sure it would be quite safe."

"There'll probably be a crowd there from the Hundred and Fifty, and some of them may have you spotted." Noticing a look of incredulity on the faces of her companions, Mrs. Frushing added, "Oh, it's nothing to go twenty-five or thirty miles to a dance in this country. Still, if you change your clothes you can probably get away with it."

So they went to the dance arranged in honor of the future Mrs. Harrigan, and they had a lovely time. The two girls were good dancers, and were eagerly sought as partners. Mrs. Frushing, who knew everybody, kept a watchful eye on her charges, and blasted the hope of many a young man by a frown. The girls obeyed

these silent hints without demur, feeling that disregard meant disaster.

Only once did Miss Ingraham smile on a young man in spite of most pronounced frowns. He came across to her as the orchestra struck up a dreamy waltz, and with a pleasant "May I have the pleasure, Miss Roberts?" he glided away with her and was safe in the maze of dancers before Mrs. Frushing could interfere.

"Tony's a beautiful dancer," said Bessie, after the waltz, "he's going to dance the next two-step with you, Mollie."

"Tony'll spill the beans if he gets much fresher," grumbled Mrs. Frushing.

But the wily chauffeur did not make himself unduly conspicuous. He danced the two-step with Miss Alken, then he danced a three-step with Mrs. Frushing, jollying that lady back in good humor in no time. Later in the evening he danced with Bessie once more.

It was after that dance that Miss Roberts, alias Miss Ingraham, whispered to her friend that Tony had suggested a very daring thing.

"And I've taken him up," she added.

Mollie looked aghast. "What is it this time?" she asked weakly.

"You know they're going to pick out some girl from the crowd to cut the big bridal cake they made for me. Well, the master of ceremonies has asked Tony to deal out a deck of cards among the girls, and the one who gets the ace of hearts is to cut the cake, and be hailed as the next bride. Tony's going to slip me that card, and I'll go right up and cut my own cake. How's that for turning their joke on themselves?"

"That's fine," said Mollie, very much relieved.

Tony handled the cards with an ease born of many midnight vigils, always profitable to that bright youth, and it was a small matter for him to deal the ace of hearts to Miss Ingraham. He offered her his arm and escorted her to the raised platform where the cake stood between the two huge bouquets which had graced the Emporium window all that afternoon.

The master of ceremonies briefly introduced Miss Roberts to the assemblage at large. She was a stranger, he said, but he hoped the winning of this coveted honor was a happy augury for her future in Quesnel, where ladies were always welcome, but if, for any reason, the young men of the northern town were backward or bashful,—er,—ahem,—er, there was no doubt Soda Creek would esteem it an honor to always give a hearty welcome to Miss Roberts. Would she please now cut the cake?

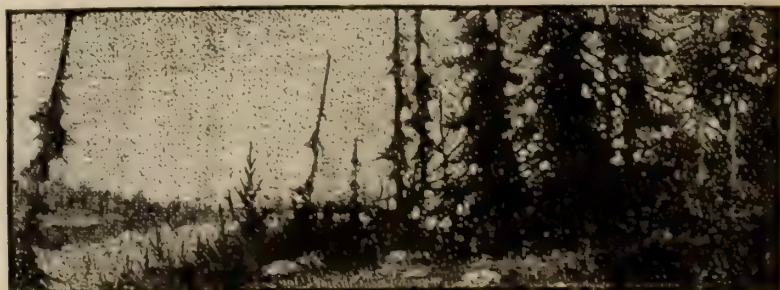
The speech was hardly the brilliant oration Soda Creek had a right to expect from its popular master of ceremonies. But that gentleman was sadly handicapped that evening. First he had prepared a masterly speech for Harrigan's bride, and she had failed to appear. Then he had prepared another, anticipating that some local girl would cut the cake. And at the last he had had to extemporize to a perfect stranger, whose grey eyes warned him that liberties would not be tolerated. Behind Miss Roberts he could see Tony Dalzell, casting meaning glances at a clenched fist concealed in the crook of his arm.

But though Tony might intimidate the master of ceremonies, he had no control over the orchestra. As Miss Roberts drove the point of the knife into the cake, the instruments burst into sound of the tune of "Harrigan, That's Me," and a hundred voices took up the noisy chorus.

"H-A-double-R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan."

"That's Me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)







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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL 17 N° 6

OCTOBER 1920

TORONTO



OCTOBER 1920

PRICE 20 CENTS





#### CHOCOLATE DE LUXE

FOR this chocolate cake half a cup of grated unsweetened chocolate is melted with a quarter cup of sugar and two tablespoons of milk. To this is added one-third of a cup of butter creamed with a cup of sugar, two eggs (one at a time), a half a teaspoon of vanilla, and a quarter of a cup of milk. Last of all a cup of flour with a teaspoon of MAGIC BAKING POWDER is sifted in, and the batter is poured quickly into two layer pans and baked. Between the layers, on the top and side of cake is spread a filling made by taking the white of an egg, two tablespoons cream, one half teaspoon vanilla to which add sufficient icing sugar to make a thick paste. Sprinkle between layers and on top with pecan nuts chopped fine and decorate with half pecans.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA

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# Canadian Home Journal

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to all Progressive Canadians

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Volume Seventeen

Number Six



## October—and Others

By THE EDITOR

ONCE upon a time, at an art exhibition in a Canadian city, an observer exclaimed, almost with petulance: "Why does a Canadian artist always paint at least one picture of October?" When we looked around us, we found that there were half-a-dozen studies of October scenery, some of them flamingly brilliant, some of them subdued in that veiled splendor which is Canada's special kind of October. There is no denying that the poet and the painter, in this highly-favored Dominion, have an especial fondness for October. The English poet writes with greatest enthusiasm about the springtide—so does the poet of France; but when we come to the new countries, we find that Nature keeps her rarest coloring and kindest mood for the autumn days—and our poets and artists are merely writing and painting in accordance with the facts when they turn to October for inspiration.

Where, in Canada, is October seen at its fairest? Someone whose soft voice proclaims her of Halifax suggests that, in Nova Scotia, this month of ripe fulfilling comes into its own. Then another voice declares in brisker fashion that Vancouver Island is the spot to spend October. A certain Montrealer, who always goes to a little lake among the mountains for this month, says that October in Quebec is the most wonderful time of the year—cold and bright and a tonic in every sunrise.

SO it goes, throughout every one of our nine Provinces, each of which lays claim to an October all its own. For most of us, even the grown-ups, the month of Hallowe'en means pumpkins and lanterns, with the delightful smell of roast chestnuts giving a joyous farewell party to the month of crisp days and rich sunsets. Few of us have a good word to say for November—but who does not remember the wonderful sensation which came with the last night of October when the hallowed pumpkin was lighted, the false faces were donned and the most enjoyable thrills of mystery and fear chilled our youthful spines? Yes, the Month of Witches is one to remember, and as the night "when churchyards yawn" draws near, we recall the many old tales and games which made the passing of Octo-

ber memorable. The modern Hallowe'en party is a rather elaborate affair, with artistic lanterns and favors of pumpkins, with witches on the menu cards; but it some way lacks the flavor of the old-time party, with its taffy-pull and bobbing for apples.

Wherefore, we enjoy our October cover, with its suggestion of Hallowe'en and the lights which shine athwart the darkness and illuminate the games of the night when witches take a special joyride across the autumnal sky. You will be interested, too, we hope, in the illustration on this page, which shows the quaint cover design for November, in which a modern Young Person in ancient garb makes her bow to the magazine public.

THERE is a certain spiciness in these before-winter days which someone has called "The Aroma of Autumn." It comes from hundreds of Canadian kitchens where tomato catsups and pickles of all varieties are being "put up" for the winter. Wherever you go, even down by the lake or in the depths

of the woods, you are pursued by these odors which promise all manner of pungent accompaniments to roast beef and cold chicken. In fact, in spite of all the talk about the high prices, most housewives manage, in some wonderful way, to keep the table spread with good things to eat—and even to take thought for those in far-off lands less fortunate than we Canadians, who yet have plenty in our barns and market-places.

So, as our harvest home festivals approach, when all the beautiful fruition of autumn makes a glowing picture of church or hall, we realize that October is the real Thanksgiving month, and that no country has greater reason for gratitude and optimism than our own Dominion, with its golden West and its smiling East. Problems we have a-plenty—and the winter's coal supply is yet uncertain. But there is work to be had, there is beauty to be enjoyed—and there is all the inspiration which comes from the "kindliness of this vast land"—as a Scottish delegate to the Imperial Press Conference said in response to a greeting from one of our cities. The world is far from peace—yet we feel that the Thanksgiving of this year is the happiest we have known since 1913.



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# Three common mistakes that mar the skin

*Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes*

**F**IRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Many women who appreciate the importance of powdering, fail to understand the right way to do it. Again and again during the day, on the street, in the shops—everywhere—they are powdering, in a frantic effort to overcome a shiny face.

Yet the ugly glisten keeps cropping out.

This is because people make the mistake of applying the powder directly to the skin.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face. See how much it softens and refreshes your skin.

Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

Dermatologists say that such a powder base is actually a protection to the skin. It keeps its texture from the coarsening due to exposure.

## Failing to protect the complexion from the weather

A second mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and

roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.

## It is a bad mistake to omit the cold cream cleansing

Because you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing Cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream.

The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base in Pond's Cold Cream makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known.

When you are all ready for bed, rub some Pond's Cold Cream into your pores and wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Yet it will please you so to realize how much cleaner the pores of your skin are than ever before that you will make this face bath a regular habit. In this way your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

If your skin is dry or rough, leave some Pond's Cold Cream on over night to make up for the deficiency of natural oil in your skin.

You will find, too, that you can give yourself a wonderful massage with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin.

Get a jar or tube of each of these two creams today at any drug store, 50 cents each. Every normal skin needs both.

# POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

*One with an oil base and one without any oil*



Wind dries your skin, sunlight darkens it. You can protect it by applying, before going out, a cream without oil



To keep your complexion clear don't neglect the nightly cleansing with a cream with an oil base

Made  
in  
Canada



You can make the powder stay on twice as long by using a greaseless cream for a powder base

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 150-B Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada

Please send me, free, the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount.

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....





CANADA, like other young countries, is apt to set up a fetish and honor it beyond the bounds of reason. Our fetish is democracy, and in that statement lies crystallized pretty well all there is to say in criticism of the social life of this country. Now Demos is a very good domestic god for pioneers. They themselves have come mostly from the loins of the horny-handed, and in order to make progress under difficult conditions men must believe in themselves and all that they stand for. Doubt of their own value as compared with the value of others, distrust of their own standards and ideals as compared with the standards and ideals of others, spells weakness for the fight that lies before them. So it is by a nature-given instinct that men gather together in a spot like Nova Scotia or Massachusetts or Cape Town or Tasmania and celebrate themselves, and go on doing it while their breed increases, their children thrive and their borders spread, and presently there is a nation. There is nothing in the world like that nation—her climate, scenery, resources, fish dinners and fair women, in the eyes of her people, and it is this conviction that has helped enormously to make her what she is. The present Imperial tour of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is a remarkable illustration of this. Wherever he goes, the superlative note is sounded. There is always a best-in-the-world of something to offer to the Royal inspection. It is by our conceit of ourselves that we grow—into something perhaps worthy of it.

Then comes the hour in the life of the nation where it takes stock of itself, when it can afford to examine the grounds of this self-confidence, and indulge in a sense of humor and of justice and of truth, possibly at its own expense. We have arrived at that hour in Canada. Perhaps these articles form a tiny symptom of it.

Now the most practical, the most radical, and the most doubtful decree of Demos has to do with education. The same bench and book and desk and teacher for all the children of the community. In early days it was a necessity. There were neither facilities nor resources for anything else. People in specially good circumstances, mostly educated folk in exile, could and did send their boys to England to school and got governesses out for their girls, but such folk were few. Here and there in a thriving place a decayed gentleman would set up a "private" day school for little children, but the terms had to be low, and such enterprises never thrived long in competition with the more efficient public school. For older girls there were scattered seminaries, which soon became denominational in their character, and the convent, of course, was always open to them. For boys, Upper Canada College has had a long and honorable career, and Eastern Canada has others. Of late years, smaller preparatory schools for the University, and for Kingston have begun

to appear and to bulk more largely in the minds of well-to-do parents, while the "finishing" academy for young ladies was, up to the war, exceedingly prosperous, especially in so central a city as Toronto. As we have prospered we have reached out for educational luxuries according to our lights. It is just a question whether our lights are quite adequate to our present growth and position.

THE Germans give its full value to one postulate of education. "Give us a child till he is nine," they say, "and you can have him afterwards." It is, of course, a *facon de parler*—nobody

the care and the contacts, the influence and the example, offered by the common schools, are entirely what we want for our children. For many a long year we did well to want them, for they were all we could get or pay for; but now that such a large percentage of our population drive their own automobiles, build expensive houses and constantly winter South, these reasons vanish, and it may be worth while to look into the question.

We have always been proud of our insistence on general education in Canada, and on the system we have evolved to meet it. The first sign that a tiny Western town has got its root into

the prairie is a solitary square building, bigger than the church, more solid than the town hall, which is the school-house. You see it from the train, new and smart with the taxes wrung from the land, and soon you know without asking what it is. The training of teachers has reached a high pitch in Canada and they are well paid, at all events by comparison with the eighties, when two hundred dollars a year was not thought an inadequate salary for a junior. The teaching is efficient, and as a rule the class-rooms are well lighted, well ventilated and comfortable. But there are other considerations of the deepest importance. One of them is the chance for individual training, which is almost non-existent. No public school teacher, especially of crowded primary forms, has either the time, the opportunity or the energy to give special care to the idiosyncrasies, the aptitudes or the defects of individual pupils. They take their share of the daily ration, if they fail to digest it so much the worse for them. There is no immediate financial relation between the teacher and the parent, which tends so greatly to responsibility. The work is not done for the parent but for the State. The

State pays for it, the child takes his share of the common provender. He may be made to distance the average or to lag behind the average; in neither case can he get the facilities he needs if he is not of it.

OF even greater importance is the consideration of contacts. Here to be fastidious is to lay one's self open to the charge of snobbishness, and it is easy to hear Demos thundering. Not only is the education offered to one child to be "good enough" for all other children on pain of losing our national self respect, but the companionship of one child must be good enough for all other children too, because we have decided that there is to be no such thing as class in Canada, and we must begin the promiscuity of society at the earliest possible. So the children must all herd together. In a new country like ours, with its constant tidal wave of immigration this is an even more unfortunate circumstance than where society is more settled. The rules of the school (CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)



A COMMANDER OF ACADEMIC FORCES

Sir Arthur Currie is here seen in his new office as President of McGill University.

wants to give up a child at nine; but it puts emphatically the importance of the early years. Now from the vast majority of Canadian homes, even Canadian well-to-do homes, the child of nine, has been attending a public school. I use the word in its Canadian sense, of course. In England a public school is another thing altogether, a high-class residential college for boys from about fourteen until they either finish their education—at about nineteen—or enter the University. The English equivalent of our "public" school is the Board School—or free day school open to both boys and girls for primary education. I do not know how the education given compares in the two countries, but I do know that no self-respecting English parent who can afford to do better for his child will send that child to a "Board school," while we take it for granted that the Board school is the proper place for him.

We can examine the matter upon its own facts, without deferring to anybody's example; and the principal question we have to decide is whether

## OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome and truthful.

To be a leader in thought and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To publish as far as possible, and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature and their own country with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.







# Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

**W**HAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. No longer could she gesture freely. She could not even lift a spoon with grace. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail.

What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them.

People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely. Thousands of busy women the country over are learning to look after their nails with the same regularity that they do their teeth and hair.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week will keep your nails looking so well that you need never be humiliated by their appearance.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows. The cuticle is Nature's way of protecting the sensitive root which is only 1-12 of an inch below the surface. If you slash away at this ragged cuticle you keep it constantly sore and unsightly. That is what gives your nails that uncared for look that makes you want to cover them up when you see people's eyes on your hands.



*This method is the secret of the perfect, even cuticle of many fashionable women*

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Once or twice a week use Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, carefully

pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

The Cutex manicure keeps the cuticle in perfect condition. It never becomes torn or ragged. You never again are embarrassed by hangnails or rough, thick cuticle.

If you care to have the tips of your nails snowy white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails.

Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. It gives a brilliant, lasting gloss. Cutex Nail Polish comes in cake, powder, paste, liquid and stick form.

If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on going to bed.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 70c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

**Six complete manicures  
for 20 cents**

For 20c you can keep your nails looking lovely for a month. Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren Dept. 1109, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

*You can get the Cutex preparations separately or in complete sets at all drug and department stores*



Mail this coupon with two dimes to-day.

Northam Warren, Dept. 1109, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Name .....

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## A Story Showing How East and West May Meet

## THE CHINESE TEA-CUP

By AGNES B. JOYNES

Illustrated by  
BEVERLEY MacDonald

It was a beautiful bit of china, that cup and saucer. Its grim owner acknowledged that. In truth a keen appreciation of beauty had annoyed Anne Clenser considerably all her life. She fought that handicap, as she considered it, to her spiritual growth desperately and daily, but it would creep into her being now and then and warm things up a bit in spite of all she could do to the contrary.

She was drinking afternoon tea from the cup. In all the bustling forty years of her life (which bustling consisted chiefly in scouring from morning until night at an already immaculate house) she could remember no afternoon when she had not taken time for her tea. It was her only comfort on earth, she said. And in spite of the oppressive heat of the day she sat where the sunlight could fall upon the dainty china and glint from its shining rim.

She sipped slowly, thoughtfully, until in the bottom of the cup the picture of the rain-god, Lung-wang appeared riding through space upon a seemingly well trained and docile dragon. She counted the disciples of the rain-god painted upon the outside of the cup and on the saucer and admired the soft coloring of their robes. She glanced inside the cup again at Lung-wang:

"Humph!" she exclaimed and uttered his name contemptuously and aloud. "Lung-wang! Rain-god! Humph! Much you can do about it, you heathen!"

The "it" referred to was the drought which seared and crumpled up Canada that summer, not favoring in the least Miss Clenser's immaculate front yard with its prim rows of red and white hollyhocks. You do not remember? Ask your grandfather to tell you about it.

"Much you can do about it!" the woman repeated. Then she washed, wiped and polished the cup and set it in a cupboard on one side of the wide fireplace. She turned quickly and stooped to examine the edge of a braided mat where a fluffy ball of a kitten played unmolested, straightened again with a smile on her lips that was sweet, and took up her broom.

A strange woman was Anne Clenser but pure gold at heart. The black kitten knew that, and one or two of her fellow beings. In most people's eyes she was—well, Smithson the schoolmaster expressed it pretty well when he confidentially told his wife one day that "that old woman next door is all the virtues conglomerated and hardened to flint, and the jagged and stony edges of her goodness leave black and blue spots on my soul every time we meet."

Detail of the woman's life would be uninteresting. At the death of her mother, her missionary father being absent, the little Anne was taken in hand by a grandmother who tried faithfully to lead her young charge along a properly straight and narrow path. It was a very different path from that in which the broad-minded, generous father would have led her, and some ill-natured people intimated that he should have been at home minding his own business. I do not know. At any rate the narrowness of the said path must have been perfectly satisfactory even in the eyes of the dear old grandmother. Its straightness? Never mind! We need not worry about that. According to appearances Anne Clenser had walked it straight, neither looking to the right nor to the left. In her own mind the woman had uncomfortable doubts upon the subject.

It was sweeping day. Every day was sweeping day with Miss Clenser. If you saw a poor, little bit of dust scurrying in any direction you might know that she was after it and it was getting out of her way as quickly as possible. It seemed that if she could have swept the entire earth down to

bed rock she would have done it (leaving perhaps a narrow margin for hollyhocks) and she would have risen early the next morning and scrubbed the bed rock with soap and water and a stiff brush until it shone, and then lived happily ever after, flourishing her broom as a sceptre and making everybody wipe his feet before he entered. Extremely tall, extremely thin, the woman suggested an animated broom, a

The cup was still in her hand. It seemed the only thing upon which her thought could concentrate. Her mind turned for a moment to thoughts of the land from which it came. She looked upon it as she looked upon every Eastern country, as a land of the "heathen"—which word, in its broadest sense, expressed to her imagination a people horribly distorted by generations of a hideous worship of hideous idols, whose minds differed not from one another and who were altogether degraded. But she had a special grudge against China because, so she liked to believe, it had taken her father from her childhood.

LISTLESSLY the hand which held the cup dropped to her side. Her eyes wandered spellbound to the thirsty earth about her; the burned fields, the heat quivering over the house-tops, the red, dismal sun making its way through the veil of smoke which rose day after day from the distant hilltops, where at night the crimson banners of forest fires were seen. She jerked the cup to a level with her black eyes again and looked viciously for a moment at the picture of the rain-god within it, then turned it upside down upon the saucer to shut him from her sight. There was a splash as she did so, and the saucer was full of water.

The woman stared hard for a moment, then concluded that she must have unconsciously rinsed the cup in the bowl of water on the table by her side. She could not account for the act, careful as she was of the water which was drawn from a spring some distance away. Still she must have done it. She tossed the water from the saucer toward the dying ivy, then regretted that waste until she forgot it in watching the fascinating sparkle of its drops. She chanced to glance again at the mocking rain-god and again turned the cup upside down to hide his face. Again a little splash as the saucer filled mysteriously with water.

The woman's heart suddenly lightened. The dazed feeling was gone. Playfully she tossed the water toward the burned ivy and again watched the drops sparkle upon its leaves and, as she thought, the leaves come to life under its miraculous influence. She turned the cup upside down once more, fully expecting to see the saucer fill with water, but it did not. Instead, the cup became suddenly restless in her hand. With difficulty she retained her hold upon it for the moment and then it was as motionless and inanimate as before.

The woman pondered the strange happenings for a time but they gradually faded from her consciousness.

She tried to hold them but for some reason her mind would not work that day. She did not care. The blankness was comfortable at any rate. Dreamily she began to admire the cup as she had so often done. She turned it this way and that to get the play of light upon its white interior; she held it toward the sun and smiled to see her shapely fingers showing through its sides; she contemplated Lung-wang and the dragon once more, and the rain-god smiled upon her a smile of pity and paternal love.

She had no time to wonder at that latest bit of magic for the fascinating piece of china was again strangely in motion in her hand. It was being drawn by some unseen force away from her. She clung to it fiercely but gradually it was drawn from her grasp to rise gracefully into the air. She reached for it with a cry of distress but the smile of the rain-god calmed her and she lay back against the pillows resigned, wondering.

Away the inverted cup floated, increasing in size as it ascended, swaying rhythmically in the air and glinting little iridescent lights as it swayed. Away it floated, growing larger and larger until it filled the whole sky above her with its



"Step your heathen feet among my hollyhocks and I'll beat every one of them to splinters over your head."

broom dressed in a black gown with buff spots, about which hung a frightfully starched and ironed and clean apron; a broom which was never seen in its corner at rest.

Upon the day of my story the real broom dropped from the sweeper's hand. "I'm sick!" she cried to the kitten that was tearing the mat. "I declare I am sick! Oh-h-h! my head will burst! This weather is enough to kill anything alive!"

She sat down in a rocking chair and pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. She loosened the shining, black hair which was drawn so fiercely back from her brow. "May be just a little more tea," she muttered, and she rose again and took the Chinese cup from its place among the "best dishes."

She carried her tea that time to the shade of a roomy, old porch and throwing herself with much abandon for Miss Clenser upon a settle, leaned heavily on her elbow and sipped the comforting beverage to its last drop. The tea certainly soothed the pain in her head, she thought. She sank back upon the settle somewhat refreshed but with a dazed feeling which frightened her a little.



bowl-like form and the wonder of its misty, changing lights. The woman watched fascinated as blue sky and cloud filtered everywhere through its sides, leaving out all the smoke and stifling heat of the day. And in the midst of it all was the majestic figure of Lung-wang carried through space upon the dragon spirit of the rains.

But about the woman there was only the burnt and suffering earth. The haze of smoke which had not succeeded in getting through the sides of the cup settled suffocatingly about her. She watched the headlong, despondent flight of a bird from one tree to another—the only living thing which seemed to have the will to move. She looked beseechingly toward the rain-god above her.

"But who are you?" she impatiently exclaimed. "I shall impute my own—the true——"

"Oh, he!" And so I am left out!" interrupted a clear, powerful voice from above her. The woman started at the words. Lung-wang was to her only the finely-colored miniature painting in the bottom of her Chinese cup, in which beauty-lending capacity he was admissible to any Christian home. But the picture was coming to life, to real life, and that made all the difference in the world. It might at any moment step its unhallowed feet in her very dooryard, believing that it belonged there. A heathen god camping on the premises of any respectable spinster in that village would make a terrible sensation, she knew. And besides, in his live condition she had no use for him.

She was on her feet in an instant and brandishing a broom in her hand. "Go away there! G'way! G'way!" she cried. But the rain-god remained unmoved.

"Can you see nothing of the 'true' in me?" he calmly asked.

In her astonishment and horror at such blasphemy the woman did not notice a slight irony in his emphasis on the "true."

"Oh, how dare you?" she gasped. "How dare you? Look out there! Step your heathen feet among my hollyhocks and I'll beat every one of them to splinters over your head!"

She stood threatening, the picture of righteous wrath, ready to defend the God of her ancestors against a "heathen" pretender even at the cost of the spick-and-spanness of her front yard.

"Why, my dear woman, my feet are not anywhere near your hollyhocks! Do be calm, will you not? Poor child," he continued, "blinded by ignorance! Ignorance!"

Ignorance! Indeed! The statement made the woman speechless with rage.

"But you will grow!" continued the rain-god. "The Divine Intelligence is acquired in good time!"

THE woman's attitude changed slightly at the words. She was really a very reasonable person. Of course she never could put any confidence in the words of a heathen but she would allow him to try to explain himself. In the meantime she might slip in a word that would be the saving of his soul. He began to seem really worth the trouble.

"Well, talk along as much as you like," she condescended, "but you must not expect to be considered orthodox in this country, you know. And besides you neither look nor speak in the least as a god should. You look like a—heathen, and you talk just like any ordinary man."

The rain-god smiled and spoke more like an "ordinary man" than before:

"It is interesting to meet a lady who knows just how a god should speak, but why do you insinuate one minute that I am not a god and find fault with me the next because I do not speak like one? That is woman's inconsistency, as I live."

"I do not see how you can be living when you are only painted on one of my tea-cups, but since you seem to be, would you mind telling me the object of the bound and distorted feet among the women of your country?"

Curiosity—and something else—was getting the better of Miss Clenser's distaste for the "heathen." She leaned back against the whitewashed picket fence of her front yard and with folded arms awaited the rain-god's reply.

There being no immediate response, she continued: "My father brought some of their foot-wear home with him one time and—mercy, goodness—it is awful!"

"Deplorable!" readily admitted Lung-wang.

"Why, then, do you allow it?"

"Well, really," replied the rain-god smiling again, "I never have been considered wholly responsible for the footwear of China's ladies. But if it will comfort you any to tell you that that custom is some day coming to an end, you have my word for it."

"When? I should like to know!"

"I shall not set any exact date, my dear wo-

man, but I am willing to state my opinion that it will probably be about a century before a similar custom ceases in this country."

"In this country?" The woman actually laughed. "I should like to have you tell me where I could find any bound feet here! I would go a long way to see them."

"The exertion of travel is quite unnecessary in this instance. You need only to look at your own, and then at the feet of any woman and many of the men who happen to pass your way. And you are obliged to stand on your feet for the greater part of the day, too! If you were a working woman in China you would not be allowed the luxury of bound feet."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed the astonished woman.

"And besides," continued the rain-god, totally ignoring the compliment, "although I cannot deny the practice either here or there, a woman's feet are no more vital than those organs which the women of your country crush within their stays. Your own stays, for instance, are too small by three inches. And I am sorry to say that that hideous custom will exist in this hemisphere long after China's feet are freed."

Miss Clenser would have fainted at such criticism from any real, masculine creature. But Lung-wang was only a picture. To be sure he was only a picture! How could he be anything else? She gasped just a little, however, as she threw back her head to make emphatic denial—the usual feminine denial of the case since stays were first made:

"No such thing! I never know I have them on! I am ever so many inches bigger with them on than with them off! I know of course that some women wear them tight but I——"

"Then," interrupted Lung-wang, "as long as some women do, please remember that that quite offsets the feet of China's dames. But never mind," he comforted, seeing the fire of wrath kindling in the woman's eye, "that too will some day be outgrown."

"You spoke a minute ago of your father. It is of him that I would speak. A noble man he was; one of the greatest souls that ever came to China. Well I remember him, his stalwart form a god's own image, his splendid face reflecting Heaven's clear light. Always big brother to his fellow man; and friend. How clearly I can see him as he stood looking toward the sunset one warm day after his toilsome work, visiting with the folk at home, he said."

"The very same bright sun," I heard him say, "which leaves me now, will rise in just a little while upon the dear ones there. In but a moment it will turn to gold the grave of the sweet woman whom I love and rouse her bright eyed image to her play. I try to pray for all of them but cannot. And after all what are my little prayers? I will but ask my God to let me think with Him a little while of them. He understands."

"A moment back in the great stretch of time," he mused, "and I was happy with them in my home. Then some strange shifting of life's scenery and I stand upon the threshold of my brother here—but find myself in doubt as to the part I am to play. Shall I tear from their throne my brother's gods?—But if they be the True One clothed in Eastern garments made to fit the East? What then?—Shall I try to destroy their customs here? I dare not! If that need to be done, the work is for a wiser man than I. There is but one thing that I feel that I can do; one great thing I can give these people which they have not now—the teachings of the Christ. I shall do that. And I shall learn from China many things."

The woman listened breathlessly. Lung-Wang was "heathen." Moreover, he was only a painted picture; a kind of talking doll. Could there be anything in his words? Yet, as he pictured her father so clearly to her mind, she wondered. Tears came into her eyes at the thought of him—his dear head bent above hers, his hand caressing her curls, his last embrace as he left her and her mother to do that which he felt so sure at the time was his duty. She silently prayed that he had not got any wrong notions in his head as the result of his contact with those deluded people.

SHE was beginning to feel much ashamed of the rudeness which she had shown to the rain-god, but still felt it her Christian duty to show him plainly that she did not consider him anything in the way of a god, and to convert him to the true faith if possible before they were through talking.

"I have no doubt you are a pretty good sort," she said almost politely, "but your Eastern gods are far from being the God of my conception, of course."

"Woman, the difference between Eastern and Western gods is an imagination born and

nurtured upon earth. There is no war between the gods in Heaven. There never was. The myriad prayers from all the life of this vast universe ascend through divers names to one broad throne. One hand caresses all. Upon one bosom do we lay our heads. Life giving breath from one great source we draw. No earthborn vanity can hide the Truth."

The woman was silent for a moment then stubbornly argued: "If the gods of the East and the West be the same what does it matter since your people do not know it? Tell that to the poor, ignorant creatures for whom my father left me, an orphan, to the mercy of a pack of relations!"—And the "pack" individually must have squirmed some just then—"Broaden their minds! It is they who need to be told; not I!"

"No, of course not you!"

From the height above sympathy mingled with good-natured irony, and the woman who, in spite of herself, began to feel like a very small child beside Lung-wang, could feel the sympathy and gain comfort therefrom; could almost feel his fingers fondling her hair as her father's had so often done during the short time he was with her in her childhood. She felt a little more friendly toward the rain-god.

"You speak pretty good English!" she said by way of conversation and because she could think of nothing else to say.

"Why should I not?"

"And you do not look so foreign as you did. What has changed you so? It is hard to tell now to what nationality you belong."

"I am 'of all the nations and I have not changed. You only see me in a different light. You call me 'heathen, stranger'. No man nor faith on earth is strange to me. I knew the prayers which ancient Egypt made to Osiris and Isis, the prayers which brought Jehovah's host through the vast wilderness, from Olympus have I smiled upon the earth, and one dark night within Gethsemane I wept beside the man-for-saken Christ. And I can tell you this, I who have lived since time began and know the hopes and prayers of people everywhere, have always been the same."

The form of the rain-god which had been gradually growing indistinct among the clouds now disappeared from view. The woman felt very much alone when he had gone and very much discouraged. It occurred to her too, that she had not had time to ask the singular apparition if it could by any possibility hurry the long looked-for rain a little. But as long as she could see her cup in the sky there seemed to be some hope. And there it was, its soft iridescence showing here and there through the thickening clouds from horizon to zenith, a thing of marvelous beauty.

Slowly the clouds massed themselves and grew darker. Raindrops sparkled past broken shafts of light and struck the earth and bounced and then rested, little dust-covered spheres, where they fell. Faster and faster they fell until Miss Clenser fled for shelter to the settle in the old porch. In rhythmic torrents the water poured its new life upon the suffering land. Lightnings trickled from the dark cloud-banks toward the earth and the thunders crashed and rumbled and rolled.

The woman was not afraid. In a maze of strange thought she saw the dim form of an old neighbor, a very dear friend who was always around to comfort her when she had one of her headache spells, bending above her; but she was too comfortable to speak. Her eyes closed and she lay motionless enjoying the restful coolness about her. Gradually the torrents ceased until only a few diamond drops sparkled down as at first, and which now lost themselves in tiny, muddy streamlets which sang and splashed and played on every side.

Miss Clenser thought again of the rain-god and her doubts regarding his standing among immortals returned—"But he is certainly not a heathen!" she found herself repeating. "He is far above them in intelligence. He must be! He even seems to understand and love his fellow man."

The thought was answered although Lung-wang did not again return to view:

"Child, the Divine Intelligence and Love extends to the remotest rim of the vast universe and finds no 'heathen' anywhere therein!"

"It seems to me that I have heard my father say that!" muttered Miss Clenser. "No, he did not say it!" corrected the accurate woman. "He wrote those very words to me just before he died."

She yawned and opened her eyes. The old neighbor was in reality bending above her, smiling as she drew the Chinese cup from her unconsciously resisting hand.

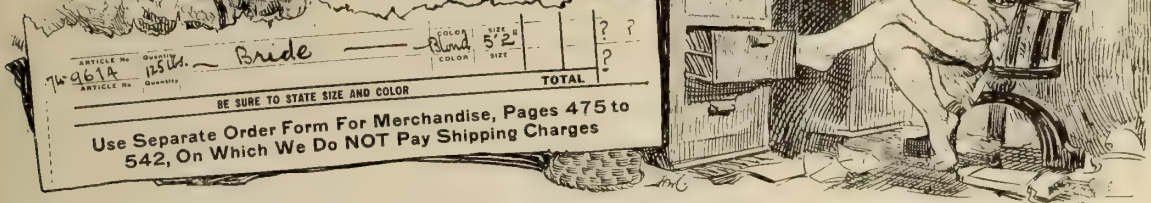
"Most a wonder you hadn't let it fall, dearie, and smashed it all to pieces!" she was saying.





# A Mail Order Bride

P.W. Luce



ILLUSTRATED BY H. W. COOPER

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ST. MATTHEW IS INTRODUCED.

MRS. FRUSHING was explaining a few things to her two charges in the cosy parlor of the Soda Creek boarding house: "We had our fun at the dance last night, but this morning we've got to get down to business. Cory Harrigan asked me to supervise the buying of anything you need for your outfit. Having seen what you brought in that suit case, we'll go down to the store presently and proceed on the assumption that you brought nothing but a tooth-brush and six moth balls."

"As you're going to be my guests for a few days, I'm going to be quite frank with you. I don't like this way of getting married, but that's your lookout. You know what kind of a man Cory Harrigan is, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Ingraham coldly, "I've decided on this step after due consideration."

"And you know what kind of a house Cory has?" continued Mrs. Frushing.

"We've had the place described in detail, and I think I'll be quite satisfied with it," was the answer.

Mrs. Frushing looked seriously at the young woman. "You're a remarkable girl," she said, "and if there's anything you want to know about Cory, just ask me."

"Thank you, I will," said Bessie. But she asked no question.

To preserve the incognito of Miss Ingraham while shopping, the goods were charged to Mrs. Frushing's account. The two city girls were surprised and not a little disappointed at the goods selected by their chaperon. She was buying a winter outfit, and warmth and durability were the only consideration. The styles in winter goods did not change, the store clerk said; they were the same last year as they would be ten years hence.

"But these rubbers are so clumsy," protested Miss Ingraham, when trying on some atrocious footwear.

"The clumsier they are, the more stockings you can wear," consoled Mrs. Frushing. "Put aside half a dozen pair of those German socks, Bill," she told the clerk.

When Bessie finally had an outfit that almost broke her heart, but satisfied the requirements of Mrs. Frushing, the latter hinted that possibly it might be wise to buy a few articles of kitchenware. But such a proceeding was unthinkable. If she found out later there was anything she needed, Bessie said, why, then she would get it. But she did not think it dignified to walk into a stranger's house carrying an armful of kettles and frying pans.

Mrs. Frushing said no more about it. If this extraordinary girl wanted to live in Cory Harrigan's style, she couldn't stop her.

It had been the intention to spend the day in Soda Creek, and start for the Frushing ranch early the next morning. But Tony sauntered into the Emporium and told a tale that meant a hurried change in the schedule of departures, as he expressed it.

It seemed that the town was getting "wise," Tony said. News had come up from Barlow's that no young women had stayed there overnight, and news had come down from Quesnel that no school teachers were on their way to that place. The citizens of Soda Creek were inclined to be very angry with Tony for the part he had played in the hoax, and he planned to start with his car as soon as the young ladies could get away with him. If they didn't give Soda Creek the slip mighty quick, yesterday's programme would be carried out in full, with some important and noisy additions.

"I can't possibly get away until two o'clock, and that means skipping dinner, too," exclaimed Mrs. Frushing. "I've got quite a bit of my own business to attend to before I leave, so I suppose you'll have to take the young ladies out of town for lunch, Tony, and meet me on the Soda Creek road at three o'clock."

"I'll have the bus here in a minute," said Tony, very cheerfully.

"Fifteen minutes will be time enough," warned the chaperon.

A quarter of an hour later the two girls were being spirited out of town in Tony's car, bound they knew not whither, and caring not at all. They were finding a lot of enjoyment on this

trip, and someone else always turned up to do the directing and worrying.

WHERE they had lunch the girls never knew. Tony took them to a quiet place a few miles from town, and played the part of host in capital style. They were alone in the little dining room, making merry over the second discomfiture of the people of Soda Creek. Like three children on a holiday, they freed themselves from the formal trammels of a cramping etiquette. Unconsciously the girls were calling their host by his Christian name. Tony had reached that degree of familiarity which enabled him to call his companions "you kids." And he did it unreprieved by look or gesture.

After dinner they drove down a side road until they came to a lake with a sloping pebbly beach, where Tony decided to wait for Mrs. Frushing. Here they reclined under the shade of a huge cottonwood tree, while thousands of winged insects buzzed and droned over the lake shore. On the broad leaves of the water lilies little birds were hopping about chirping merrily. The iridescent sheen of the gauzy wings of the mosquito flies made a flash of color here and there, then was lost to sight. High up in a dead fir tree a woodpecker tap-tap-tapped industriously, his brilliant plumage showing vividly against the sombre brown of the tree.

Mollie wandered away, gathering wild flowers, lupins, painter's brush, larkspur and gorgeous tiger lilies.

Tony remained stretched lazily under the cottonwood, watching Bessie throwing pebbles into the lake. After a while he spoke, very quietly:

"They told me in Soda Creek you've never seen this man Harrigan. Is that so, girlie?"

Bessie nodded an affirmative. She did not look at Tony; he had called her "girlie."

"But if you don't like him, you're not going to marry him, are you?" continued Tony. "If you find Cory Harrigan is different from what you expect, you'll quit in time, won't you?"

Bessie's gaze remained fixed on a brood of wild ducklings swimming in the pond. After a while she spoke, in a low voice:

"I'm not going to marry Cory Harrigan. I'm going to marry his bank account, and his cattle and horses, and his ranch, and his leases, and his implements and all his paraphernalia. Though I will promise to 'love, honor and obey' him, and I'll be a good and true wife, I'm really coming here to hear a rich man say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' I'm tired of being poor. Tony, tired of having to think twice before I spend a dime or a dollar. I've been working ever since I was fifteen, and I'm no better off now than I was then, but more disappointed with everything. It's not that I mind being an old maid, if I have to be one, but I'd sooner die than just eke out a miserable existence. And when I heard of Harrigan—Oh, I hated to do it, Tony, but bit by bit I yielded. At first it seemed a horrible thing, and then I began to think less and less of the

marriage part, and more and more of the comfort and assurance of having enough money to live on. So I said I'd come. But if Cory Harrigan is the kind of a man I can't like, I'm going back to work for nine dollars a week."

"I think I know just how you feel about it," said Tony. "It's pretty tough, all right. But if you should decide to call it off, and go back to the coast, will you promise to ride down the Cariboo road in my car. That's all I'll ask, now. You'll do that, won't you?"

Bessie promised.

A few minutes later Mrs. Frushing's democrat drove up. The girls climbed aboard, said goodbye to Tony, and started on the last leg of their journey.

THEY had about twenty-five miles to cover to reach the Frushing ranch, and it was quite late when they got there, after a journey that seemed very uncomfortable, following as it did the cushioned ease of the automobile. The girls could just distinguish the outline of a number of buildings when Mrs. Frushing stopped and hallooed for the hired man to come and look after the horses. Then she led the way to the house, and bade her guests welcome to their temporary home.

The apartment which the girls entered was evidently the kitchen and living room. It was a large, airy room, furnished with every possible rural convenience. The furniture was substantial, though many of the bulkier pieces were evidently home-made. The table did not betray its native pine origin under the snowy damask cloth, but the chairs quickly caught the eyes of the girls. The backs and seats were of interlaced rawhide, pleasing to look upon and yielding to the body when in use. Mrs. Frushing had a large rawhide rocker which she declared "had more spring and comfort than anything you could buy in New York," and it had cost nothing but time on rainy days.

The kitchen walls were neatly papered in light blue and white of tasteful design. Racks, made of deer feet, supported shot guns and rifles. A five-antlered buck's head served for hat rack. Close to the big six-hole range was a large enamel tank, with hot and cold water faucets.

Mrs. Frushing introduced her maid and companion, Mary Parsons, to her two guests, and then led the way to a bedroom, where the girls tidied themselves after their long drive. Two splendid bear rugs greatly excited the admiration of the visitors.

"I suppose," said Mollie, "you shot those bears yourself?"

"No," answered the truthful hostess, "I'm not much of a shot. One of the men shot that one three years ago, and the other was caught in a deadfall last year."

"What is this beautiful scrollwork on the bedstead?" asked Bessie. "It isn't pyrography, is it?"

"Not exactly," laughed Mrs. Frushing, "it's grubography. That's where worms had eaten under the bark of the dead tree from which we made these bedposts. You see," she went on, "we make all the furniture we can in here, chairs and tables, and cupboards and bedsteads and so on. It saves a lot in hauling freight over these roads."



Tony remained stretched lazily under the cottonwood, watching Bessie throw pebbles into the lake.



When they returned to the kitchen Mary had supper ready, and the hungry travellers did full justice to an excellent meal. After supper an hour was spent in the parlor, where Mrs. Frushing entertained her guests with her piano and her violin, playing both with fair skill.

Several shelves of books filled up one corner of the room, and a number of recent magazines and newspapers were scattered on tables and chairs. The walls were adorned with a number of mounted heads and a few framed pictures were hung. Dozens of small and enlarged photographs were pinned to the walls or placed in racks, the subjects being mainly farm scenes.

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Frushing, as they were about to retire for the night, "this is the first real backwoods house you've seen. Now tell me what strikes you most?" The good lady was not without vanity and was particularly proud of her running water system. But she received a shock when Bessie said quickly:

"It's the lights. I've been just bursting all evening to ask about them."

"The lights!"

"Yes. What are they?"

"Why, they're ordinary coal oil lamps, child. Do you mean to say you never saw one before?"

"Never," said Bessie positively, "but I think I've read of them somewhere."

"Probably in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew," remarked Mrs. Frushing, drily, "though they've been improved since that time. And I thought you girls would have something to say about my hot water system."

"Why, Mrs. Frushing," said Bessie in amazement, "every house in Vancouver has running water piped to the kitchen. That's nothing new at all."

"Did you expect to find every house in these jungles fitted with hot and cold water, electric lights, gas stoves, furnace in the basement, telephones, door bells, and all the rest of it?"

"I don't know that I ever thought of those things in detail, just like that," confessed Bessie, "but I've never seen a house without them. Those coal oil lamps still puzzle me."

"Child, go to bed," murmured Mrs. Frushing, sadly.

She was thinking of Cory Harrigan's shack!

#### CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

THE SICK COLT HURRIES THE DOUBLE-BARREL WEDDING.

AT breakfast next morning the two girls heard Mrs. Frushing and the three hired men discuss the day's work, but the ranch jargon they used was as Greek to the city visitors. Only one thing was clear: the attenuated man called "Slats," was to "Beat it to Harrigan's" and tell that gentleman that Miss Ingraham and Miss Aiken had arrived, and would be pleased to have him call that evening.

Later in the morning the girls were shown over part of the ranch. They did their best to understand the explanations of their hostess, but as it was the first farm either had seen at close quarters, many things perplexed them just as much as the oil lamps had puzzled Bessie the previous night.

There was the mystery of the corrals, for instance.

"What are those big enclosures for?" Bessie had asked.

"Those are the corrals, where we cut out the cattle, and catch any horses we want," Mrs. Frushing explained.

"Oh, yes, I see," exclaimed Bessie, "it's where you butcher the cattle when you want to send beef to town."

"When we want to send beef to town, it hoofs it there, young lady. We don't butcher here, we cut the cattle into bunches, after a round-up; we separate the cows and calves from the beef drive; and we pick out the weak stuff to feed heavy in winter."

"You mean," said Mollie, who was trying to grasp it all and so failing to understand anything, "this is where you bring the cows to be milked night and morning?"

Mrs. Frushing burst out laughing: "Oh, you goose! We don't milk range cows. Why, we don't even see the critters for weeks or months at a time."

"I'm glad of that, though I don't understand it," said Bessie. "I somehow thought boys and girls were always running away from the farm because cows had to be milked night and morning, in addition to the other chores, whatever that may be. And I was afraid I might have to milk Mr. Harrigan's 441 Aberdeen Angus cows twice a day."

"What a lot you have to learn, girl, what a lot you have to learn," repeated Mrs. Frushing, shaking her head. "Why, if you were an expert milker you couldn't milk a hundred cows by daylight on the twenty-first of June—and that's the longest day in the year."

"All I know of cows is what I've read on condensed milk tins," confessed Bessie.

Despairing of understanding the main purpose of a corral, Mollie undertook to segregate the visible parts, and so absorb information piecemeal. That small stall in one corner, for instance?

"That's a branding chute," said Mrs. Frushing.

"For target practice, I suppose." This from Bessie.

"For what?" asked the amazed ranch woman. Then she understood, and by a supreme effort controlled herself. "It's a c-h-u-t-e, not a s-h-o-o-t. That's where we brand the cattle. Branding, that's putting an owner's private mark on his stock. Is that clear?"

## Self-Expression

By NELLIE McCLUNG

If I were a fortune-teller, there is one thing I would tell to all my clients when I read their palms, and it would be true of every one of them. I would say: "You have hidden forces within your soul that have not yet been touched—the richest, greatest mines of your heart have not yet been tapped! You need to cultivate self-expression—to set free 'the angel in the marble'."

It is true of every one. We are all unexploded shells, unplanted bulbs, uncultivated gardens. It doth not yet appear what we shall be!

That depends on the avenues of self-expression.

There lies, away to the north-western part of Canada, a rich prairie land, with wooded slopes and running streams, teeming with fish. Its soil is fertile, its climate is mild. It is rich in mineral wealth, and has deposits of coal, with indications of oil. There is only one hindrance in that rich country. It has no outlet! When the crop is grown—it has no market. When the cattle are fat and ready to sell—the market is so far away that it costs almost as much as they are worth to send them there. "It will be a great country"—the people say—"when we get a railroad!"

People are like that!—but with one great difference. The North Country goes merrily on, railroad or no railroad. Flowers bloom, wild strawberries red-dens the hillsides, cattle fatten and increase, streams go on flowing, the rich black loam grows richer and blacker as each successive crop of leaves and grass fall upon it; the attitude of the North Country is one of supreme indifference to the railroad.

With people it is not so! Their life depends on self-expression! Without it the fountains of life are choked and dried or like the stream which, impeded in its course, ceases to be a thing of life and beauty and becomes a pestilential swamp.

Once I visited a woman in prison. She was under sentence of death for a terrible crime. I found her unrepentant and hard and bitter, and when I tried to soften her heart and awaken in her some pity for the children whose mother she had shot, she glared at me with an evil eye. It reminded me of the glitter I once saw in the eyes of a wolf that was caught in a trap.

"I never had a good time like other people!" she cried. "I never could do any of the things I wanted to do; there was nothing but hard work for me—and I got ugly." This was her defence for becoming a criminal. I do not suppose there is a jury in the world who would accept it as extenuating circumstances. But it is, just the same!

If that woman had been taught to sing, to play, to paint, to draw, to make anything that was beautiful, she would not be there to-day in a criminal's cell; but her desire to express was curbed, hindered and smothered, and so turned inward and poisoned her soul!

When we understand the psychology of the human family a little better, we will educate our boys and girls along the lines of self-expression, without rendering slavish obedience to any set curriculum. We will seek to give human beings an outlet for their imagination and their desire to create. Manual training in the public schools has changed many a "bad boy" into a law-abiding young citizen, before whose eyes there has opened a new vision—and in the creation of a piece of furniture, a lamp, a table, a work-box, he finds that exaltation which all human hearts crave.

When a boy or girl can do anything of which he or she can feel proud, the young feet are thereby firmly set on the Road to Happiness.

"Quite," said Bessie, pleased that she could understand this, at least. "We had private marks on all boxed goods in the store, to show what they cost, and what to sell them at. Our code word was 'Cematorphus,' in black ink for cost, and in red for sale price. But I don't see how you put private marks on cattle, or how you know what to sell them at, when they're growing all the time."

Mrs. Frushing gave up in despair. "You understand so much now," she said, "that you'll have a headache if you try to master much more. And I thought I was making things clear by describing a brand as a private mark! Honestly, if you girls keep this up, I'll have hysterics."

So the guests finished the tour of inspection in reasonable silence, letting the older woman do most of the talking. They were shown the hay carrier and the baler, they saw the blacksmith shop, they popped into the icehouse, and popped out again very quick, they looked at the chicken coop and the pig pens, they were mystified by the farm machinery, never having heard of a mower, or a disc, and having a firm conviction that the style in hay rakes had not changed since the days of Maud Muller and the Judge.

As they were returning to the house, Bessie exclaimed: "I don't see how anyone can possibly run a farm. It's ever so much more complicated than I thought. Mrs. Frushing, may I ask you an awfully personal question?"

"Certainly, Miss Ingraham."

"Tell me, are you running this place by yourself? I mean, are you the sole owner, or is there a Mr. Frushing?"

There was a harsh note in Mrs. Frushing's voice as she replied:

"I'm the sole owner. There isn't a Mr. Frushing any more, for which I have every reason to be thankful. They tamped him down under six feet of Texas soil three months ago, and he'll be extremely lucky if he oversleeps the Judgment Day. That's the kind of a man he was. I haven't seen him for twelve years, not since I horse-whipped him off our ranch in Western Oregon."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry, and if I'd known—it always makes me feel bad when people are in trouble." Bessie was genuinely sympathetic.

"Don't fret, girl. I made a mistake when I was twenty-two, and got tied up with the wrong kind of man. But that's long ago now, and I hadn't hardly thought of him for years until I got word recently that he was dead. It meant less to me than if one of my horses had died. . . . Who's this coming up the trail? Bill Laflamme, I should say, by that buckskin cayuse."

It was Bill. He rode up to the group, greeting Mrs. Frushing familiarly, as he swung himself from the saddle.

Mr. Laflamme acknowledged an introduction to the newcomers with the courtly grace of a true Frenchman, though he was only, as he said, "a Frenchman two honore' year' remove'."

"Mr. Laflamme is the postmaster at Khakala, and of late has been a veritable Cupid," laughingly explained Mrs. Frushing.

"Oh," broke in that gentleman, "I'm not so very stoopid lak' all dat, Jo. I'm more smart dan you lak' to tink."

"I didn't say stupid, you stupid. I said Cupid. That means one who carries whispers of love."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. Den dat's me. I tell you, Jo," this in an intensely dramatic manner. "I done more v'ispers of love lately dan never before in ma life. I got to v'isper, because if Sam Floyd hear me ta'k love loud to ma li'l Alice—Zeupp, it's all off." Bill flung his arms high in the air, then drew them back slowly to his side, where they hung limp, the calisthenics being intended to portray the flight of hope from a fond heart, and its succeeding tenancy by dull despair.

"Well, forget your troubles, Bill, and tie up. . ."

But Bill didn't let Mrs. Frushing finish.

"No, no, Jo, I ain't got de tam' to stay for dinner, becous I got to mak' Ol' Man Fraser as queek lak' I can. I got to get heem come back wit' me for Cory Harrigan, he's got seek colt, and mebbe Ol' Man Fraser can feex heem up. Me—I tink de colt die before we get back. But anyway, we wan' Ol' Man Fraser to be de judge at de double-barrel weddin' to-morrow afternoon."

"To-morrow afternoon!" chorused three feminine voices.

"Sure t'ing," grinned Bill, "everybody's all ready. My li'l girl say any tam' we can get de judge, it's de good tam'. Cory, he's all ready all de tam', and you, Mees, you don' wan' wait, neider. I'm cer-tain. And den Ol' Man Fraser has to come for de seek colt, so it's no use mak' heem mak' de trip twice. He can bring de Bible and de Hymn Book right wit' heem."

"Who is this Old Man Fraser?" asked Miss Ingraham, with some asperity, rightly feeling a somewhat personal interest in the Frenchman's voluble but vague explanations, "is he a veterinary surgeon, or a preacher?"

"He's a Justice of the Peace, with a local reputation as a 'hoss doctor'," explained Mrs. Frushing. "He's also a regularly ordained Presbyterian minister, though he doesn't look like it now."

"You meet Ol' Man Fraser to-night, Mees Een-graim," volunteered Bill, "we all stop here to-night, me and Ol' Man Fraser, and de two Polees-man he's goin' to swear in for de double-barrel weddin'."

"Why two policemen?" asked Mollie, in some anxiety.

"What's a double-barrel wedding?" asked Bessie, in more anxiety.

The polite postmaster hastened to make things more confused with voluble explanations, out of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)



# THE SECRET OF THE RIVER

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

## A Tale of the Canadian Woods Where Waters Run Deep

Illustrated by  
P. C. SHEPPARD



**N**AZAIRE RONDEAU sat in a corner of the bar-room of "Le Chien Noir" with his eyes shut, feigning sleep, that he might hide the tears of bitterness which he could not keep out of them. In an opposite corner, sprawling over two chairs, was the object of his resentment, the big Englishman, Magrath. He had appeared in St. Loo a month before with a gun and two dogs, Boris and Nell, that never left his heels. He hired as a guide, Léon Gosselin, the best chasseur in St. Loo, with the exception of Remi Leduc, landlord of "Le Chien Noir." These two hunted the country for many miles around, but never remained away long. They would reappear in the village when least expected, and Léon intimated that it was for the sake of Cécile Racette that his patron sought civilization so frequently. That was the cause of Nazaire's bitterness.

Baptême! How he hated Magrath with his insolent smile and his big white teeth! For what had he come to St. Loo to bring coyness into the honest eyes of Cécile and jealousy into the heart of her lover? Everybody in St. Loo was laughing at him and Léon was crowing with joy over Cécile's sudden coldness toward him. Well, let him crow—she had slapped his ugly face once for him, hein? He braced himself and opened his eyes. Through the blue haze of tobacco smoke he saw the lounging figures of the men around the bar, listening to a story of Léon's. Magrath was listening, too, with his brazen grin.

"So Meestaire Magrath," finished Léon, speaking English out of courtesy to the guest, "he's say to her ver' nice an' tranquille, 'Cécile, eef you don' lak me for carry you over de stream myself, why den you stay here all night in de wet alone, an' dat's too bad, a nice li'l gal lak you!' So den she's see he's in earnes' sure 'nuff, an' dat's bring her roun' pretty quick an' she's let Meestaire Magrath carry her over, tout de suite, lak dis, an' den he's set her down an' kiss her on de mouth, an' she's look mighty dam' well please', too!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" chuckled old Belanger, slapping his wooden leg, and the others joined in discordantly. Léon became aware that Nazaire was awake and listening. His nostrils dilated and he raised his voice.

"An' now, ma frien's, le's all drink de health an' ver' good tam of ma boss Meestaire Magrath an' hees gal Cécile!"

"Polisson! Son of a

cur! Not before me! I'll wring you the neck first!"

The whisky slopped over. Léon's mustache as Nazaire sprang at his throat.

"Saprie! That's good!" gasped Léon. "I am waiting for this since a long time. You shall have it now, par dieu!"

He threw his arms around Nazaire's body and squeezed him hard. You could hear his bones crack. But Nazaire hung on like a wolf and Léon's face showed purple and his eyes glared in a surprised stare. He let go Nazaire's body and clutching him by the head, forced him suddenly across the room and bent him backward over the table among the mugs of whisky. Old Belanger sprang out of the way with surprising alacrity.

"Young Rondeau, he's de devil when he's rouse'," said Remi Leduc to Magrath, "but Léon's go for give him de awful batage dis tam, Ah'm 'fraid."

"Why don't you pull him off, then?" asked Magrath. Remi shrugged his broad shoulders deprecatingly.

"It ees not de politesse dat Ah interfere me in de li'l affaire of ma guest; bezzide, m'sieu, Léon, he's your man, you'd better be pullin' him off

yourself, hein? He's killin' dat li'l Rondeau."

Magrath caught Léon by the collar and shook him.

"See here!" he said, "Let go! Do you hear? Vite. Right away, or by the Lord Harry you'll lose your job!" He wrenched them apart and pushed his broad figure between them. Léon pranced up and down the room clenching and unclenching his hands and yelling fiercely.

"Let me at him! Let me at the young cochon! I'll teach him the one great lesson, me! And I fight also any man in 'Le Chien Noir' who says I am not the best chasseur in St. Loo!"

Remi went close in front of Léon till their eyes were on a level.

"Et moi, Léon?" he asked, quietly.

"Mon Dieu, non!" said Léon, and put his hands in his pockets.

Nazaire's right eye was torn and bleeding. The muscles in his face twitched with rage. But his anger was toward Magrath, not Léon. He swayed for a moment against the bar and then straightened himself, facing the Englishman.

"You have protect' me, m'sieu, but Ah do not t'ank you. You have save' me, perhaps, de eye, but Ah am sooner dat she is scratch' out. You t'ink it ess fonny for come to St. Loo an' mak' de flirt on ma gal Cécile, but Ah won't stan' it an' if you ain' afraid dere's one man in dis room dat's fight you now—dat's be maself, by gosh!"

He walked close to Magrath with that springiness in the knees that means danger in a Frenchman. Magrath smiled down at him.

"Mister Leduc," he said to Remi, "I think you'd better put this little bantam out, before he gets hurt. He's insulting."

Remi pushed Nazaire to the door.

"Tiens! Nazaire," he whispered, "for what should you make another fight? Monsieur Magrath has done nothing. As to your fancy that Cécile cares for him, that is but a bagatelle. She loves you yet. Anyone can see that with half an eye. Go home, now, mon p'tit, and be content for it is only a fancy. No, no, you are not going back. Saprie, that English hog would eat you up!"

He patted him on the shoulder. Nazaire went. What Remi Leduc said in St. Loo that was done. He had force. And if he did not love his God as he should, he loved the men of St. Loo quite unselfishly and that counts. Is it not so? He loved the women, too, but that does not count, hélas!

Nazaire stumbled into the street dazed and resentful. He lingered at the door of "Le Chien Noir," hoping that Magrath might follow him and have it out. Why had Remi interfered with him? Was it not his place to defend the honor of Cécile



He forced him suddenly across the room and bent him backward over the table.



even if she did not love him. He shuffled along the narrow street. A young girl passed him and he wondered at the terror in her eyes. He turned and gazed after her. She was looking back, her apron to her lips. He quickened his steps—on past the little low-browed houses that turned passive white faces to the red glare of the sun, on past the saw mill where the air reeked with the smell of fresh cut timber, on into the open where the harvest fields lay on each side of the long white road. To the left and far below he could hear the Rivière du Diable with its same old sleepy song, tink-tink over the stones. Presently he heard the rumble of a wagon behind and the rasping breath of a horse with the heaves. He knew what horse that was, poor old Lu-Lu the Gosselin's worn-out mare. He stood aside while they passed, old man Gosselin bent nearly double half asleep, but sucking diligently at his pipe, and his two younger sons Henri and Jacques gray with dust from their work at the limekiln, no touch of color in the group except where the sun made a point of amber light on the old man's pipe. They gazed at Nazaire with some compassion but did not speak, and finally disappeared from sight beyond the hill St. Mary Pilar, leaving only an impression of creaking wheels and staring gray faces.

He came to the little farm of the Racettes. They were plowing their last furrow before night-fall, Cécile and her father. Nazaire stood in the shadow watching them. A horse and an ox were hitched together, Cécile driving them, while her father held the plow. They were plowing on the steep side of a broken gully in sandy soil. It gave small promise of a harvest there. Even the horse and the ox seemed oppressed by a sense of useless toil, drooping their heads dejectedly. They turned the last furrow and the girl crossed the field homeward. Nazaire watched her eagerly as she pulled off her flapping sun-bonnet and fanned her face with it. Mon Dieu! how he loved her! He thought of the days before Magrath had come. He had not realized till now how happy they had been, when Sunday morning he had walked home with her from Mass, he in his best clothes and gay silk handkerchief, and she—he forgot what her dress was, but he remembered the two little red earrings that glanced and coquetted from under the brown hair just as the two dimples came and went in her cheeks. He could almost feel the moist warm clasp of her fingers as they stood hand in hand on the river's edge watching the old Diable writhe and fret between his banks. Well, he had walked home with her last Sunday and they had watched "Le Diable" as before, but he had not held her hand and the dimples had only flashed once, that was when he had said that Magrath was ungainly like a bull and she had smiled and said—"Mais oui, and you are graceful—like a rat."

Bitterness rose in him at his own insignificance and his resentment that she should compare it with the beauty of Magrath. It died away as he watched her. Who could be angry with Cécile? He longed to run to her and kiss her bare arms as she stood laving them under the pump. She held them up dripping for a moment and then entered the cottage, closing the door behind her. The last furrow was turned. The last shadow fell. Nazaire went home.

Nazaire sat in the doorway of his cabane cleaning his gun. Where he sat he could see the Rivière du Diable lying tranquil in the evening sunshine. From behind the Pointe des Rochers, where it curved suddenly out of sight, he could hear the muffled roar of the Rapides du Diable where the river spent itself in short-lived fury before it rounded the point, only once in a while a ragged and battered log was borne round in the undercurrent and floated listlessly on till, in a sluggish part of the stream, it was caught cross-wise in the weeds and formed a little rapid of its own.

Nazaire cleaned his gun, and as he rubbed each part with oil, he whistled that doleful nameless tune that men whistle when they clean a gun; boys, when they whittle a stick; and women, sometimes, when they comb their hair. He loved his gun—was there a better in St. Loo?—when it glittered all in place again, barrel and stock, hammer and trigger, he raised it tenderly to his shoulder and took aim at a solitary loon perched on the topmost peak of the Pointe des Rochers.

"One little tug at the trigger, now," he whispered, "and we could kill, mon ami, you and I, that saucy loon or even perhaps a bull, hein!"

The loon slowly left its perch and circled down to the water and rested for a moment on something floating there. Nazaire was curious. He ran to the water's edge to see. It was the dead body of a dog clinging to a paddle. Nazaire's Indian canoe was light and he was quick—ten sweeping strokes and he was beside the dog's body. It was Boris, the hound of Magrath. On the paddle was roughly carved a man's arm, with the fist clenched. "It is the token of Léon!" murmured Nazaire. Léon and Magrath! Magrath and Cécile! The names sang through his head as he rounded the Pointe des Rochers. Midway in the river, clinging to an overturned canoe, was Léon Gosselin.

"Ah, Nazaire, pour le bon Dieu!" he cried. "Is it that you have come at last! Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

Nazaire was at his side. Léon dragged himself into the canoe; he was bleeding at the mouth. Nazaire grasped his hands and kissed him.

"Not much time to spare, eh, Léon? I saw the dog Boris and I knew at once. How did it happen? You knew better than to run the rapids at this season, n'est-ce pas?"

He did not ask the question that was uppermost in his mind.

"He dared me and I have never taken that yet. Fool that I am! The rocks tore me to pieces. See my lips. I'll bet he is drowned a dozen times himself, that sacré Magrath!"

"Mother of God!" said Nazaire. "Is he back there?" Léon threw out his hands, palms up.

"That I cannot say," he answered. "It may be." Nazaire turned on him.

"Mille tonnerres! Here is gratitude for you! You drink the whisky of M'sieu Magrath in 'Le Chien Noir,' you smoke his tabac, he gave you

## The Little White Shawl

By Norma E. Smith.

Come from the years that have vanished,  
Years that are dark as a pall;  
Steal from yon battlement golden,  
But come in your little white shawl.  
Kiss me, and tell me you love me,  
Hold me close to your breast;  
I am weary of striving and waiting,  
Weary, and fain would rest.

Leave all your glittering raiment  
Behind you, Mother of mine;  
Come in familiar garments,  
My hands may not touch the divine.  
Come with your sweet eyes faded,  
Your hands all knotted and worn;  
But bear in your features the love-light  
That rivals the beauty of morn.

Come as the frail little lady  
My young arms loved to embrace—  
With a smile of wise understanding,  
With the wrinkles upon your face.  
A mother I want, not an angel;  
A kiss, not a blessing, I crave;  
Let me creep to your arms as I used to,  
And give as you always gave.

Then I will tell you, beloved,  
How it has fared with me  
Since you've been dwelling up yonder  
In sight of God's crystal sea.  
Then I will listen and hear you,  
Comfort, soothe and advise;  
And, looking up through my teardrops,  
I'll catch the gleam of your eyes.

Knowing, alas! you must vanish  
From my arms in a golden flame,  
As your spirit goes soaring upward,  
Returning whence it came.  
So come to me, now, in the twilight,  
Dearest Mother of all;  
Come, for my heart is aching  
For you in your little white shawl.

even the trousseaux"—he stumbled on the English word—"you are wearing, and then, après tout, you shrug the shoulders and say, 'Perhaps he drowns. It may be!'"

"What of yourself, then?" snarled Léon. "I saw it in your face that you were glad! You could not deceive me with your—Mother of God! I know you too well, Rondeau, my brave!"

"You lie!" yelled Nazaire. "You"—his voice failed him and he half-sobbed—"Ah, Léon, you do not know what it is to bear a grudge—"

"Hein!" growled Léon.

"A man is not himself. I know I have wronged M'sieu Magrath. It is true that I—but I swear that I will save him! I will go back, I swear!" He crossed himself, and with compressed lips bent to his paddle. Soon the bottom of the canoe ground on the shore.

"You get out here, Léon," he said. "The canoe must be light." Léon got out resignedly.

"You are quite mad," he said. "You will be smashed to pieces."

"What must be, must be," said Nazaire. "What does it signify? Beside, I have wronged M'sieu Magrath. I wished him evil and now I must prevent it. It is necessary that I save him."

"I will go also then. You think me a coward."

"No, no. You are weak yet. Stay here; and if I do not come back soon you will go for help."

Léon nodded and knelt at the water's edge, bathing his bleeding lips.

Nazaire slung the canoe to his shoulder and picked his way among the rocks. He was as sure-footed as a goat and he knew every rock-ledge. He walked lightly, with the confidence of one who knows he is doing well. He would not only benefit his soul by the saving of M'sieu Magrath, but he would give himself charm in the eyes of Cécile. There is nothing a woman admires so much as valor! She would be proud when she was told that her Nazaire had saved the life of the big Magrath. And who knows, perhaps M'sieu Magrath would be so grateful that he would go back to Montreal and cease to trouble them!

Twenty yards up the shore, at the next bend, he saw Magrath struggling in the water, his straw-colored head bobbing in the waves; near him was Nell, the hound, fighting for life. From a point of rock that jutted out, higher up the river, Nazaire, in his little boat, set out, with a brave heart, on his penitential voyage. The canoe quivered and reeled in the grasp of the old "Diable," but Nazaire fought him inch by inch, with the sweat running down his temples and his lips drawn off his teeth. The speed was furious. What if he should go spinning past and miss him! Ah, if Remi Leduc were only here! Mais non, he must save him alone, for the admiration of Cécile!

Magrath saw him coming and waited with a half-smile on his sun-burned face.

"Courage!" called out Nazaire. "I'm coming!" But the rapids drowned his voice.

He and the canoe seemed to become one for a space. They crouched like a lynx in a lull of the rapids and then sprang forward as from a catapult. Nazaire caught Magrath by the shirt as he passed and dragged him along.

"Save Nellie," gasped Magrath, "my dog!" At that moment the dog's claws scratched on the bow and she scrambled in, snarling fiercely at Nazaire.

Two minutes more of the crunching water and the aimless buffeting of the rocks, then a cessation of noise and the steady lap of the ripples underneath. Nazaire seemed suddenly to waken up. Magrath's grasp on his arm had slackened. He was apparently unconscious. Nazaire shook him.

"M'sieu Magrath," he said, "I cannot lift you into the canoe. You must help me. See, it is I, Nazaire Rondeau."

Magrath's fingers gripped his arm. Something on the smallest finger caught Nazaire's eye; it was a woman's ring. He knew very well what ring. Was he likely to forget? Mon Dieu! he had bought it himself at the fair at St. Jude, a year ago. It had cost two dollars and had a beautiful red stone set in it, that matched her earrings! The Englishman's fingers gripped his arm. He looked up grinning.

"Good little Nazaire," he stammered, "good little man to save me—for Cécile." His eyes closed, but the impudent smile hovered yet on his lips.

The sickness of hatred rose in Nazaire's throat.

"Mais oui. Curse me for a fool! I save him for Cécile!" He laughed out loud. "Yes, the brute Englishman—for my little Cécile. And she will thank me—how? With her lips to his cheek and her fingers on his neck!"

A white film passed over his tanned face. The eyes narrowed viciously and the mouth took an ugly twist. He raised his head and looked around him and above—no sign of life but the witless circling loon. Magrath was heavy. How strong the undercurrent is! Nazaire undid the strong fingers from his arm, one by one. Sacre-dam, that ring again! He is slipping—slipping. Nazaire leaned over the canoe and watched him go; watched the ruddy face turn to green, watched the fair hair turn to bronze, then the whole figure black and shadowy like a sinking log. Then a cat-fish swam slowly by where it had been. Nellie the hound, watched also, whimpering. Nazaire wiped his hands on his jersey and paddled slowly around the Pointe des Rochers.

Léon met him on the shore.

"Mon Dieu! You have not found him?"

"Why ask me? You can see. They are treacherous, these Rapides du Diable."

Léon wrung his hands. "Aie, aie, but he was the good boss! He had the free hand! Think, Nazaire, he is gone out, like that—and his dog lives! Come Nell—ie, come to Léon?"

But the hound crouched at Nazaire's feet, looking up in his face with wistful, questioning eyes.

The red splash faded in the west; the evening vapors rose, and the stars peeped into the river and saw nothing; but the old "Diable," he knew what he hugged to his breast and he slid away down through the meadows, singing his same old sleepy song, tink-tink over the stones.



# The Story of An Invention Which Brought Cleanliness and Ultimately Happiness

"I'm here again," said Rose Kolton. "I often wonder why I come back."

She stood at the gate of the humble little dwelling where old Signor Baretti, the Italian chemist, lived with his daughter.

"The first time I called, Minna peeped out with a scared look, and nearly shut the door in my face," she laughed to herself. "I know who you are! gasped Minna: 'You're Rose Kolton, the daughter of the rich old man who lives on the hill! Well, what if I am! I'm not ashamed of the big house on the hill, nor my father. He has made his money out of soap powder—Kolton's Klean-Al—but it's honest, if it is a very homely article!'"

Ever since Rose Kolton had heard that Minna Baretti was making dainty perfumes, much favored by society ladies, in her father's queer, dingy little laboratory, she had been seized by a generous impulse to order it wholesale for all her aunts, cousins, and friends.

"For it's money they need," thought Rose, glancing about the tumble-down little place. "Minna's tremendously clever, and very proud; I believe some times she suffers for food—and her clothes, how very cheap they are! I guess her queer old father would starve, too, if it wasn't for the dainty perfumes Minna makes and sells. He may be a great chemist, a famous experimenter, always on the verge of some grand discovery or other—but I don't think his work brings him in a dollar."

She saw Minna in the yard, and beckoned to her. Minna no longer looked scared at seeing her, but, as usual, she took her as far as possible away from the laboratory, where her father was working, and spoke in lowered tones, as though afraid the old man would find out that they had a caller. She entertained her in solemn grandeur in the front room, where a wreath of feather flowers stood in a glass case in the corner, and a stuffed bird stood on a stand, and a little old-fashioned organ, with keys that "sang" occupied the position of honor. Minna knew well that there was something the matter with the front room. But it was her father's wish that all be left as her mother had arranged it before her death. That is why the girl avoided it, and made herself happy in the laboratory instead.

"Let's go into the laboratory; I want to see your perfumes."

Rose walked toward the door as she made the suggestion, for she was an indulged only child, used to getting her own way.

"You mustn't! Oh, do come away! My father

## KOLTON'S KLEAN-AL

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

ILLUSTRATED BY MANLY MacDONALD

would be very angry—I don't know what he would do to you!"

And Minna flung herself against the door, with her hand grasping the handle.

"Do to me? What do you mean, Minna?"

"Don't stand where he can see you!" Minna's face was almost as white as the muslin dress she was wearing. "I tell you he would be very angry. Sit down, and I will tell you why we can never be friends—why you must stop coming here."

Rose Kolton sank down on an old sofa.

"Now tell me."

"Perhaps you'd better ask your father," said Minna. "He knows."

"Go on, Minna!" cried Rose impatiently. "I could shake you! Tell me, I say!"

So Minna plunged into her story.

"Many years ago, when my father and yours were young men, they were friends—Oh, such dear friends. Both were chemists, but my father was cleverer. He made out the formula your father uses for his Klean-Al."

"That's not true!" interrupted Rose, whose temper was impulsive. "Daddy has often told me he thought that out himself."

Minna continued, as though she had not heard. "It was to have made father and me rich, Oh, very rich—but as we were trying to get money to put it before the public your father stole the secret, set up a factory, and got the stuff on the market, labelled with his name. There was a law-suit—but we lost, of course, being poor. It was good powder; you know that. Your father made a fortune out of it, while mine went nearly crazy. Do you wonder that he hates the name of Kolton, and that he would drive you away, if he knew you were here?"

Rose was very angry.

"I don't believe a word of it! I'll ask daddy!"

"Yes, do," said Minna.

Rose stood hesitating. She knew that part, at least, of what Minna Baretti said was true. Her father always got so angry when discussing old Signor Baretti.

"Daddy puts the blame on your father," she told Minna. "He says he borrowed money, and didn't try to pay it back."

"Perhaps that is so," said Minna, trying to be

just; "though I never heard it that way. Anyway they're bitter enemies. Father is very poorly, completely broken down. He lives on one ambition; it is to make a better soap powder than Kolton's Klean-Al. Yours is good, but dear—too much money. He thinks he can

make something ever so much cheaper. When father has accomplished this, I think he will die. He may die before, but I think God will give him strength to finish his task. I warn you that he will give his great secret to your worst enemy, who will take all your business from you. Now go away, please. I don't want to see you. I don't hate you—but I am my father's daughter, and I know what he has suffered."

ROSE KOLTON was so angry that she was afraid to speak, for fear she would say terrible things, for which she would be sorry after.

"I will tell Daddy this," was all she jerked out.

"Yes, do," reiterated Minna, with exasperating coolness.

As she spoke she opened the door of the laboratory to go to her father, and Rose caught a glimpse of what was going on inside the queer room. She would not have stayed, only Minna caught her arm, with a faint exclamation. Something was wrong in the laboratory.

Signor Baretti was deep in one of his experiments. The gaunt form stooped low over the bottles and retorts. Eager fingers were outstretched like claws. And all the while the old chemist kept up a queer muttering of words:

"Patience! Patience! A little more labor! A little more thought!"

"He is going to be sick," Minna cried, in alarm. "He talked like that once before, and was very ill afterward."

The shaggy head of the old chemist was thrown up suddenly, and a loud "Ha, ha" startled the watchers. Scribbling something on a scrap of paper, he cried, "I have it! At last! At last!" Then the head fell forward, and the old man sank helplessly to the floor.

"He is dead!" shrieked Minna. "I knew he would die, when the great secret flashed before him."

Rose Kolton, who had seen few of the hard scenes of life, was horrified; yet in the midst of all the confusion and tumult of thought, one fact stood out clearer than all else. On that scrap of paper lying on the table was written the grand secret, which was to be given to her father's worst enemy. It should never be accomplished—not while she was her father's daughter! Minna, in her excitement, had forgotten all about it. Not so Rose. While appearing to help her distracted companion, she quietly doubled up the paper, and put it in her pocket. Soon after she left the laboratory, and went home.

She stumbled into her father's arms in the quiet library of the big house on the hill. For five minutes she could not speak.

Then came the sharp exclamation,

"Signor Baretti is dead!"

The rich man rose to his feet, holding her at arm's length.

"No!"

"Yes—I saw him die!"

"So he failed to accomplish his revenge!"

"He completed his task," she panted.

Her father's face went grey.

"He got a new formula? Where is it? Did he give it away?"

Rose opened her fingers, and gave him the paper.

Greedily he read it, over and over again, until he knew by heart all it contained.

"My good little girl!"

"Oh, daddy, I don't feel good!" cried Rose wretchedly. "I guess I'm a thief—I don't know why I did it—I just couldn't let them ruin you, could I? Yet now I think we shouldn't—"

"Tut, child!" he said shortly, and went away; so that she did not see him again that evening.

She knew that he passed a restless night, for in her wakeful hours she heard him move restlessly in his room across the hall. What a quarrel that had been! And how strange that fate should always make a puppet of the old chemist, and throw the lucky cards right into her father's hands. If only she could analyze her own part in it! Was she terribly wicked? Yes, she was quite sure now that she had done wrongly to take the paper. They had all the money, and Minna had not enough to bury her father.

Her father came to her early in the morning.

"I didn't sleep well," he said. "I got thinking about Baretti. I think I'll go down and see what I can do for the girl. Want to come along?"

Did she want to go along? She fairly ran beside him, to keep pace with his strides. Through the grey mists of morning they hurried, as if now to make up for the delay of years.



Signor Baretti was deep in one of his experiments.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73.)



# A Day With the Ducks, with Cupid Counting the "Bag"

## THE SHOW-DOWN

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY P. C. SHEPPARD

IN Martin's defense, let it be said that he started in the race to Marion Nevill's favor sadly and woefully handicapped. Perhaps no wooer since that old maid and woman placed beside him to awaken yearning and discontent, had ever found himself in such a dilemma as did he this momentous season when, in response to Captain Gregory's invitation he was spending the coming Autumn days in Shag Villa, the country home of the girl he adored.

Now, had it been an open field and no favor—but even so it was not; very much not! Two competitive wooers toed the scratch with Martin in the race to Marion's favor, either of whom, he felt assured, could have given him five yards and beat him to the rope with time to spare.

And the fiendish part of it all was, he confessed to himself, he knew it. Yes, Martin knew it all right and the knowledge did not serve to help him in the least. He liked Captain John Simms as a man, very much indeed, and he possessed a wholesome admiration for Billy Gregory, too. Man to man and with man that is; as rival to rival, he hated both, and would have enjoyed tying them together and hurling them over the highest cliff into the lake.

There was something prehistoric about Martin's nature and it was nothing for him to jump back a couple or more centuries and become a cave-dweller. Particularly was this liable to happen when, as now, he played golf with his rivals and heard their derisive chuckles and Marion's sigh of sympathy when he missed a drive. At such times that slender, steel-nosed golf-stick took on enormous proportions with knotty protuberances along its sides, and he longed to make one fell swipe at the Captain and Billy, grasp Marion by the hair and drag her to his lair among the cliffs.

Only there were impediments to the design. In the first place, Martin was not fashioned by nature to carry it out. He stood only five foot three, which fact perhaps, explained why he was being frequently mistaken by visitors for the caddy; in the second place this spirit of outlawry was but an obsession that lasted not longer than the flicker of an eye-lash.

However, of one thing he was positive. Neither the Captain nor Billy cared for Marion just in the way he cared for her. They were not capable of it. They were both big, raw-boned, aggressive individuals delving away at life for the kernel the shell afforded. In other words they were brute men, veneered by civilization into fairly perfect specimens, with aims and motives selfish ones; and they drank too much and played poker too late. Martin was no saint, himself, but he knew a girl who was as near one as it is possible for human being to be, and he wanted the man to whom she granted supremest happiness to be worthy of her, that's all.

This morning Marion came upon him seated on a mound behind the wood-hedged links slowly and carefully filling his pipe. A broken golf-stick lay at his feet. The peak of a plaid golf-cap protruded from the much battered piece of old mute evidence of Martin's recent sojourn on golf in general and two players in particular.

Laughter danced in the girl's eyes at sight of him, and quickly she unslung the kodak from her shoulders. At the click of the instrument Martin turned enquiringly, and admiration and appreciation of the picture before him wiped out six weeks of failure from his memory. She matched the environment so well, the gold of her hair, the pink of her cheeks, her wild bubbling life.

Then he turned the picture to the wall. She had frowned.

"Exhibit number one hundred and twenty," he shivered. "What are you going to name this one, Marion?"

"The Quitter," she returned icily.

"Eh?" Martin sat up. "What do you mean, the quitter?"

"That's what you are, aren't you, Jimmie?"

He looked away. "I'm not long on golf," he said rather lamely. "I can't play golf with any degree of success any more than I can play billiards or ride horse-back; but listen, Marion," pleadingly, "I'm no quitter. No siree, I'm no quitter. Haven't I stuck and done my level best only to be beaten by the Cap and Billy every time. They're players, those chaps," he acknowledged. "I'm just a misfit, that's all."

"You allow the Captain and Billy to beat you at everything, Jimmie." There was banter in her tones, but Martin did not get it. To him, it was a brief, cold statement of fact. According to her own words, he was done.

He sat frozen of soul, numb of mind. A man sentenced to be hung may live a thousand deaths before the big day, but after all there's nothing to be compared with the real hanging.

Martin plucked his cap from the earth and flapped it on the log. There was a certain finality in the action which the girl intuitively read. "Jimmie," she said, gently.

He looked up at her. "I'm going back to the city to-morrow," he said shortly. "I'm not going to spoil your last snap-shot, Marion. I'm a quitter."

PERHAPS the Autumn day was in harmony with his depression of soul. As he spoke, the sun went out from the skies and the gold on shrub and tree-top faded to bronze and grey. Even the face of the girl he loved better than anything in the wide world seemed to grow sad and dreary in expression. A cold wind whipped in from across the marshy lake lifting her cap and unloosing a strand of gold-brown hair. Never before had she seemed so dear to him—and yet so far away.

Yet all she said as they turned up the path together was:

"Of course if you wish to go, we cannot think of asking you to stay, Jimmie."

Wasn't that like a woman! Jimmie bit his tongue and stood it like the quitter she believed him to be.

That night, in the smoking room, Martin casually let drop the intelligence that he was striking cityward on the morrow. He fancied he detected a look of mingled contempt and relief on the faces of his rivals at the news, though both were profuse in their expressions of regret at having to part with him. However, they hoped to meet him later on in the city, and if he would visit a certain club of which they were members, they could promise him a sociable evening, etc.

It was the old Colonel, who had known Martin from boyhood, who upon learning of his intention came looking for him on the hop, skip and jump.

"What's this I hear, you young rascal," he shouted, catching sight of Jimmie. "Jumping

away just when the shooting is on! Gad, boy, it's not like you to want to get out just when the ducks are coming in. You can't go, that's all. To-morrow we'll go and have a day's ducking on the lake. Here, you fellows," he appealed to the Captain and Billy, who had resumed their game of billiards, "come over here and help me reason with this young outlaw. Wants to skip out just when the duck-shooting is on. Ever hear the like of it?"

Captain Simms came over, smiling. "Perhaps he is not sufficiently expert at the game of shooting to wish to try his hand," he smiled. "Of course, if you will stay, Jimmie," he added suavely, "we'll see that you have first choice of blinds and all that."

"Sure, we'll do our best to place you so's you can make some kind of a showing," backed Gregory, magnanimously.

The old Colonel doubled up in a loud guffaw. "Why you hanged idiots, let me tell you something," he cried when he could get his breath. "Do you know that this same Jimmie Martin —"

Jimmie grasped his arm warningly and broke in with. "I hate to go, Colonel, of course, but I've simply got to, that's all."

"I'm going to leave him in your hands," said the Colonel, turning to the Captain and Billy. "Convince him that his idea of going away now is a crazy one. I've got to go over to the boat-house with Williams to look over the decoys." And he stamped away.

"Better stay," suggested the Captain mildly, and "Do stay, old Top," grinned Billy.

"Thanks," grunted Martin. Then glancing up he caught sight of Marion in the doorway. He beckoned her over.

"And what is the question before the house?" (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



Laughter danced in the girl's eyes at sight of him, and quickly she unslung the kodak from her shoulders.



## How to Make Your Sun-Room Gay with Flowering Plants in Autumn and Winter

## FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE ALL WINTER.

By H. F. EAST

**F**LOWERING plants are always appreciated. No dwelling room is perfect without the personal adornment of a plant. The sun-room is a space set apart for rest, where one can spend leisure moments in study. The sun-room features a miniature conservatory, where also our visitors are welcomed, and where we like to see plants flowering throughout the fall and winter months of the year.

To purchase plants when they are full grown and in flower from the florist, and grow them in the sun-room—they last but a short period. The most economical method is to purchase a few plants half-grown and to acclimatize them to the sun-room temperature, before they come into flower. Plants can be purchased cheaper half grown, and they last double the length of time from this principle of introduction. Some of the most attractive and profitable plants adapted for the sun-room are cyclamen, cineraria, primula sinensis or Chinese primrose, primula malacoides and primula obconica. These plants can always be relied upon to flower profusely, also they come under easy cultivation. Primula malacoides is an exceedingly pretty primrose, and a few spikes of flowers can be gathered to grace the centre piece of the dinner table.

You can also make your sun-room gay by the introduction of some of the plants from your garden. If you have some roots of the bleeding heart, lift one or two roots and pot them into six inch pots. You must lift the bleeding heart roots very carefully as they are brittle and soon "snap off." But so long as you have some nice pieces of roots with a good crown, you can make an attractive decorative pot plant. You can also grow the lupin and it will flower abundantly under normal conditions. The lupin is a beautiful flower, grows in long spikes, featuring miniature sweet peas. Solomon's seal is also very showy, and lasts a long time in flower. The variegated funkia is represented in most gardens. Several of these give the surroundings of the sun-room a remarkable effect.

The yellow doricum must not be omitted from our hardy plants that will force or grow under artificial conditions. If you have not got any of these roots in your garden, it will certainly pay you to order them from a nurseryman or florist. They can be purchased now in a dormant stage, and as soon as you receive them, put them up in any garden soil, in pots that have been washed, and stand them in a cool, shady position outdoors, taking care to cover up the pots and crowns with soil or fine ashes so that the roots do not dry out. They can be introduced in the sun-room in the latter part of the year, to flower early in the New Year. At this season some forget-me-nots can be procured, also some pansy plants. These can be put into four-inch size pots and they will make early spring flowers. Blue forget-me-nots always make an attractive edging plant for the outside row of the plant shelf. Give these a light sandy soil and always give your sun-room or winter garden plenty of fresh air on all favorable occasions. In the fall you can buy some baby rambler roses in the dormant stage, much cheaper than when grown and in flower. In

fact, it is more interesting and educative to bring them into flower yourself under the natural conditions of a sun-room, than under the artificial conditions of the green-house. In potting roses give them ample drainage, medium rich loam, and pot them fairly firm. A six-inch pot makes a desired effect for a pot plant. If you would like two or three varieties of the baby rambler for effect, you should get Baby Dorothy, Mrs. Cutbush, Pink Soupret. But Mrs. Cutbush is a pretty carmine pink that seems to light up the surroundings of the sun-room or any living room. White and pink Killarney will give you some rose buds and bloom grown on steadily. Do not introduce many rose trees in your collection as they are often subjected to mildew and insect pest, and will affect the nearby plants that are thriving. But try



The Charming Cyclamen.

two or three plants for an experiment if you have ventured on rose growing. Perhaps the aspect of your sun-room may be in their favor and they will make profitable returns. In gardening circles there is an old adage which says that some plants will thrive where others will die under the same conditions.

In the fall there are always a lot of useful summer bedding out plants thrown away to make room for the fall planting of bulbs. Some of these could be prolonged instead of letting them be killed outright by frost. I do not say it is wise to pot up and give valuable space to old plants. But often in bedding out plants some half-grown plants can be made use of, and if potted will last for a long time. Snapdragons, after they are finished, can be cut down, potted, and the plants will make a second growth and furnish a lot of short stem flowers good enough for the table. Flowers are almost forbidden luxuries to buy them in the winter. Some choice variegated coleus will be worth saving. Cut them back and pot them in light sandy soil. Several plants of Dusty Miller, especially the fern leaf variety, will throw out some new leaves and give you a lightness of color that is not seen in any other class of plant. As for the beautiful little begonia vernon with its reddish foliage and pink flowers, instead of throwing it away at the end of the bedding season, pot up a few roots. They will often make a secondary growth and continue to give you some decorative work. If you have not the hardy roots as mentioned for potting up and have to order them, you should add three bushes of deutzia gracilis and three bushes of azalea mollis. These are delightful shrubs for the sun-room, full of fragrance and attractive. As soon as you receive them place them in large pots and stand them outdoors in the shade for a few weeks. When they make roots and establish themselves, bring them into the sun-room with the azalea mollis. The flowers

always come before the foliage. The plants and roots that you use for the sun-room can be planted out in the border the following spring and can be used again.

Do not forget to pot up some Dutch bulbs as soon as possible, as they come under easy management, and it is cheaper to grow them yourself than to purchase a pot of bulbs or some cut bloom from the florist. If you have any old pots, scrub them out. Put plenty of drainage at the bottom of the pot. Then mix up some manure with the garden soil. Five-inch size pots are very useful to grow the bulbs in, as they can be introduced in the vase in the living room. To the amateur it is almost a puzzle what selections are the most suitable from the numerous varieties in the bulb catalogue's descriptive eloquence. The best variety for the sun-room are a few bulbs of paper white narcissus. Get good-sized bulbs of these, as the large bulbs generally give you two spikes of flowers instead of one, and the fragrance will give the atmosphere of the sun-room a delightful freshness.

Golden spur and the double daffodil (Van Sion), the beautiful scented pheasant's eye narcissus (Porticus ornatus) together with the Emperor will give you a collection of daffodils and narcissus.

For tulips, Duc Van Tholl is an early scarlet; Cottage Maid is white edged with rose; La-Reine, white; Mous Tresor, yellow; and rose Gris-de-lin also Yellow Prince, which is considered the most richly-scented tulip in cultivation. You must also add a few immature hyacinths to your list. They are less expensive to purchase than the high-class named sorts; and the immatures last so much longer. You can get them in separate colors, but I recommend getting twelve good mixed sorts. The freesia is a charming flower for the house and winter garden. It must have a very light soil to grow in, as it makes tender roots. Freesia Purity is to be recommended for general purposes. To obtain success with bulbs is an easy matter. In the first place, you cannot make bulbs flower until they have made sufficient roots. After you have potted up your collection of bulbs, dig a trench in the garden and place at the bottom of the trench some wood to stand the pots on, so that the worms will not creep up the hole of the pot. Then cover up the pots and allow about three or four inches of soil to rest on top of the pots. They must be left in this way for some weeks, until they have nearly made the pot full of roots; by degrees they can be taken into the sun room, and the bulbs will come along naturally into flower. You must be careful in taking off the top soil or you will damage the little growth that the bulb has made. Do not overcrowd your sun room or the plants will be attacked with insect pest. But your ambition should be to always have something in flower, to interest you, also to charm your visitors. Watering is of vital importance. To know when to water a plant is an art that calls for years of experiment. So many amateur florists will merely water a plant by giving it a little on the surface, or stand the pot in a saucer of water and soak it. If you want success and your plant

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77.)



The Chinese Primrose.



The Sturdy Cineraria.



# The Show-Down

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

he smiled, glancing from one to the other of his guests.

"We're trying to persuade Jimmy to remain over the duck shooting," explained the Captain and Billy in a breath.

Martin wanted to look straight into Marion's grey eyes, but he knew he would find the word "quitter" there so he quitted and looked fully as uncomfortable as he felt.

Low chuckles from the Captain and Billy brought him back to himself.

"I'll stay on one condition," he said quietly. That condition is if I bag fewer ducks to-morrow than both of you gentlemen bag together, I go back to the city. If I bag more ducks to-morrow than both of you together, you go back to the city."

Silence, dead and awesome silence followed Martin's challenge. He glanced at Marion and was sure he read approval in her eyes. "Of course," he smiled, addressing the other two. "If you feel the odds against you are too great —"

"Oh we'll take the wager," cried the Captain, "that is providing Miss Marion is willing."

"Certainly not," murmured Billy.

"Oh dear me," smiled Marion. "Do not let me interfere. While I and my father will hate to see any one leave Shag Villa, I'm sure I voice his sentiments when I say—have it all your own way, gentlemen. Suit yourselves."

"Going to pack up, Jimmy?" sneered Billy.

Martin paused and half turned. "No," he answered. "Going up to unpack."

**D**AWN crept tardily up from the east to show curling waves of the lake champing white teeth at the low, dun-colored sky. Martin, crouched in his blind, eyed his bobbing decoys and wondered if Billy and the Captain were yet in their respective hides.

The sharp "tak-tak" of two "double barrels," speaking almost in unison, gave him his answer. He gripped the pump-gun on his knees and glanced up towards the blinds at the curve of the lake. Apparently the Captain and Billy were shooting from the same hide. Had they bagged any? Martin wondered.

As if in answer to the thought a long line of low-flying Redheads, grew up out of the mist and swung in towards his blind. As the frantic ducks swept in and turned against the wind with set wings, the Winchester coughed six times, deliberately as the ticking of a clock. And at every cough a duck crumpled up and fell sprawling on the wind-whipped water.

Again came the report of other fowlers' guns. This time Martin saw their skiff dancing on the

waves and knew that they were gathering dead birds.

"Swee-swish-swee-swish," and a flock of Blue-bills darted above his decoys and went down with the wind at express speed.

Now a novice at the work of duck-shooting would have taken a "snap" shot at that retreating flock of ducks on the chance of body-crippling a bird or two. But Martin was no novice. He simply sank lower in his blind and waited.

Far out on the lake the flock turned and curved back towards him, dropping low as they neared the decoys. Once again they swept low over the wooden ducks—then, as before, sped outward. Still Martin did not shoot. He knew from experience that a flock of Blue-bills will invariably come above decoys three times. He knew also that on returning for the third time, if they did not light, they would not return again. Accordingly he braced himself and waited the incomers which had again turned and were speeding towards him.

This time as they flashed above his decoys, Martin's "Pumper" spoke again, sharply and deliberately. Through the deepening light he was able to count the birds which the wind had driven into shore. Twelve all told. Not a bad beginning, he thought.

Other ducks came in to him, in singles, twos and in tattered remnants of flocks. Noon found him with eighty-one ducks as a showing. He wondered how the Captain and Billy had fared. All morning their guns had been kept busy. In another hour would come the grand show-down when he would know whether he or his rivals would have to go back to the city.

An hour later Martin loaded his ducks into his skiff and paddled shoreward. He had seen the other boats going in a few minutes before. Marion and her father had gone first, Billy and the Captain close behind.

They were waiting for him at the landing. "How many?" were the first words, of Billy and the Captain, as he landed. Martin saw Marion's eager face as she waited for his reply.

"Eighty-one," he answered. "And you?"

"Eighty-two," shouted the Captain, and Billy danced a hornpipe on the sands. "Tell the fellows of the city that we'll see 'em later, Jimmy," he chortled.

Marion, clad in a heavy hunting coat of her father's, came forward and bent to examine Martin's ducks in the bottom of his skiff. Martin longed to see her eyes, but her head was bent as slowly she counted the birds. The Colonel, official referee of the contest, stood by, smiling and watching her.

Martin was gravely shaking hands with his competitors when the Colonel's voice came to his ears. "I say, Jimmy's beat you two fellows, at that. He was just kidding you when he said eighty-one. He's got eighty-three ducks here!"

Martin pinched himself to see if he were awake. The Captain and Billy, their faces anything but smiling now, stood beside the Colonel and Marion, slowly counting the birds.

Then slowly they turned and faced Martin.

"Jimmy," spoke the Captain, "you got us. Shake, and good luck."

"Same here," echoed Billy in soulless cordiality. Then they turned up the path.

"We're on our way," waved the Captain from the knoll. But Billy did not echo the words. He was plodding along, head down.

The Colonel had returned to his own skiff to secure the birds he had bagged. Martin turned slowly and faced Marion. She was looking away across the now blue and tranquil lake. "Marion," he said softly, "you know of course why I made that wager."

She nodded.

He reached for her hand and took it in both of his.

"And are you sorry I won?"

She turned her grey eyes upon him. They were misty and full of a new and beautiful light. "No," she said chokingly, "I'm glad, I wanted you to win, Jimmy."

"Because?" he persisted.

"Yes," she whispered, "that's the reason."

They were standing, Jimmy's arms about Marion's shoulder, planning, when the Colonel's voice spoke for the third time, behind them.

"Jimmy," it said in mock severity, "you are an ambitious hunter, I must say. You have, I see, bagged the queen Duck of Shag Villa."

"I have," agreed Martin, frankly.

"But what I can't understand," said the Colonel perplexedly, "is where the mischief the only pair of Red-heads I bagged, went to. Some sneaking bog-shooter must have found 'em in the skiff and took 'em—eh?"

"Quite likely, sir," said Martin.

He was trying to read Marion's grey eyes. But they were turned from him, gazing across the blue, untroubled lake.



ON THE PICTURESQUE SHORES OF CAPE BRETON ISLAND

This photograph, by Miss Edith Watson, shows the beautiful South Bay, Ingonish, Cape Breton Island. The home-made gate is an interesting feature, peculiar to that district. It is made without nails, the hinge being made by the upright passing into a hole bored at the ends in cross-pieces, top and bottom.





# RINSING

ONE of the delights of using Ivory Soap is that it does not cling to your skin when you want to rinse it off. The first touch of clear water—warm or cold—carries away the bubbling lather, leaving the skin free from soap and dirt.

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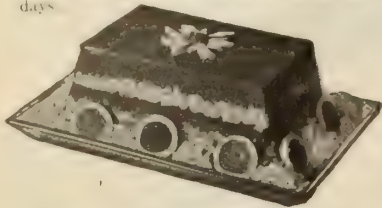


# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## Low-Cost Dishes for High-Cost Days

WHEN a ten thousand-dollar-a-year chef is paid to create popovers, cream puffs, from left-over muffins, unbaked custards with left-over cocoa or luncheon appetizers from unused slices of tomato, why shouldn't we home-makers be proud instead of apologetic at our own home talents in this direction?

There is nothing that the chef uses more than Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It will be just as helpful to you in making left-overs, canned foods, fruits and juices, into ten thousand dollar chef creations. It will transform half a can of tomatoes or other vegetables into a delicious salad, use up unattractive bits of fruit in a colorful dessert, or stretch cold meat from a roast into twice the number of portions it might ordinarily serve. Here are a few "low cost dishes" which you will find helpful in solving your home food problems in these high cost days.



### LEFT-OVER MEAT LOAF DE LUXE

Take two cups of any left over stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to boiling point, add one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one half cup of cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand—veal, ham, beef or chicken, which has been salted to taste. Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold to platter for serving, or cut in slices.

### JELLIED VEGETABLES LUXURO

Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes. Add one-half cup mild vinegar, two cups boiling water, one-half cup sugar and one teaspoonful salt. Strain and when mixture begins to thicken, add any left-over vegetables on hand, such as string beans, peas, beets, chopped cabbage, a few stalks of celery, a little cucumber or pepper. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. May be served with or without mayonnaise and lettuce.

### UNBAKED CUSTARD

Soak one-half envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of two egg yolks, one-third cup sugar, a few grains of salt and two cups of milk. Add soaked gelatine to the hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, two-thirds cup stale cake crumbs and one teaspoon vanilla. Turn into small cups, first dipped in cold water and chill. Any left over cocoa may be used instead of the milk.

### MUFFINS OR POP-OVER CREAM PUFFS

If pop-overs are left from breakfast, make an opening in each one just large enough to fill the center. For six pop-overs take one-half cup cream, two tablespoonfuls sugar and one-half teaspoonful vanilla, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine, softened in one-fourth cup milk 10 minutes and dissolved over hot water. When mixture is cool, fill pop-overs.

Not only does Knox Gelatine make up into many low cost dishes, but it is an economy in itself, for one box makes twenty-four individual servings or provides a family of six with four delicious salads or desserts for four different meals.

If you would like other suggestions for attractive low cost dishes, write for my booklet—"Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts." They are free of charge. Just enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover postage charges and mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

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"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife

In these days of Home Efficiency in Medical Treatment Such a Cabinet as This is Indispensable

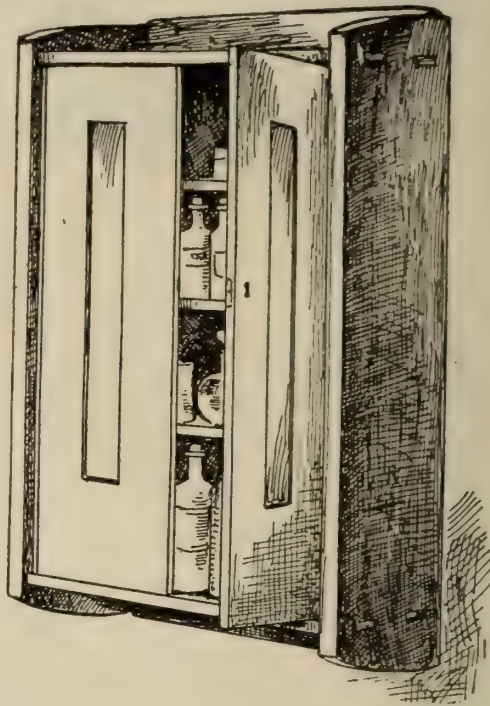
# HOME-MADE FURNITURE

## THE FIFTH ARTICLE

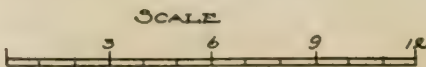
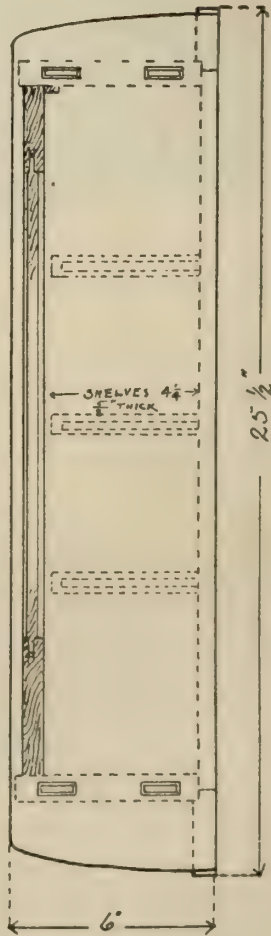
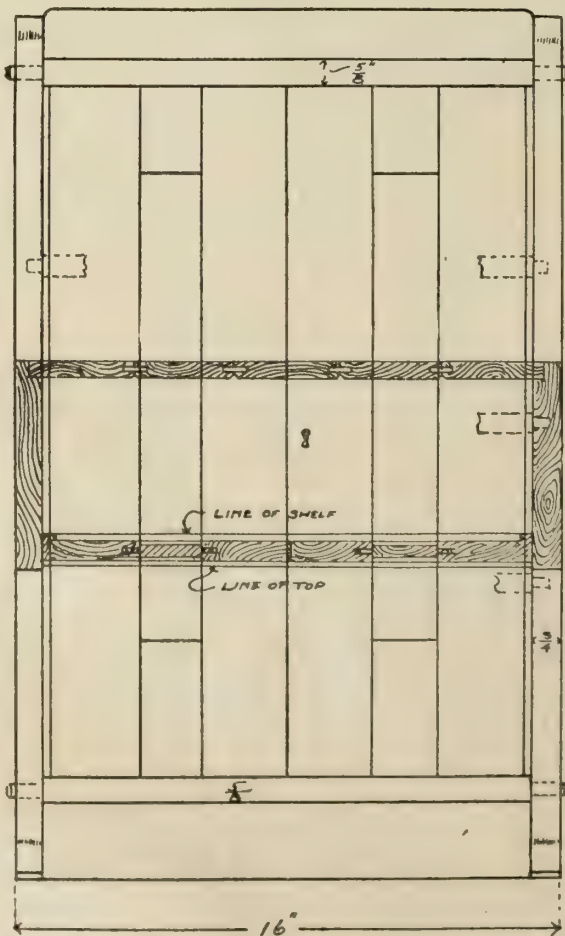
IN the medicine cabinet, one or two things that it is well to call attention to are that the stiles of the doors are rabbeted and the left one is 3-16 wider than the one on the right side, to allow for this rabbet. The shape of the top and bottom of the sides should be carefully studied so as not to become too straight or an ordinary curve—and in finishing, it is well to sandpaper all the corners or edges that stand out, as it will soften the lines and beautify the piece.

### MILL BILL FOR LUMBER IN MEDICINE CABINET

|                    |        | —Rough— |        |       | —Finish— |       |
|--------------------|--------|---------|--------|-------|----------|-------|
|                    | Pieces | Long    | Wide   | Thick | Wide     | Thick |
| Sides .....        | 2      | 26 in.  | 6¼ in. | 1 in. | 6 in.    | ¾ in. |
| Top and bottom.... | 2      | 17 in.  | 5⅝ in. | ⅞ in. | 5⅝ in.   | ⅝ in. |
| Top of back.....   | 1      | 15 in.  | 2⅛ in. | 1 in. | 1⅞ in.   | ¾ in. |
| Bottom of back.... | 1      | 15 in.  | 3¼ in. | 1 in. | 3 in.    | ¾ in. |
| Back .....         | 5      | 22 in.  | 3¼ in. | ¾ in. | 3 in.    | ½ in. |
| Stiles .....       | 4      | 21 in.  | 2¾ in. | ⅞ in. | 2½ in.   | ⅝ in. |
| Top rail .....     | 2      | 3 in.   | 3 in.  | ⅝ in. | 2¾ in.   | ⅜ in. |
| Lower rail .....   | 2      | 3 in.   | 4¼ in. | ⅝ in. | 4 in.    | ⅜ in. |
| Shelves .....      | 3      | 16 in.  | 4½ in. | ¾ in. | 4¼ in.   | ⅝ in. |
| Door stops .....   | 2      | 21 in.  | 1¼ in. | ¾ in. | 1 in.    | ½ in. |
| Door stops .....   | 1      | 15 in.  | ¾ in.  | ½ in. | ½ in.    | ¼ in. |



## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A MEDICINE CABINET





# Penmans

## Underwear

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

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least expensive---quality for quality---  
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*The ultimate choice of the  
Prudent Housewife*

*Ask your retailers for cot-  
tons bearing this mark*



# A Picturesque Page of Pigeons



To the left (top) is seen a splendid specimen of the Flying Homer; in the centre (top) is a fine pigeon, unkindly called the Runt; on the right are two Birmingham Rollers. The central picture shows a flight of Homers.



On the left (bottom) is seen a beautiful Jacobin, showing the white cockade of Bonnie Prince Charlie; on the right is a Norwich Pouter, called by the Scotch "King o' Doos." These are as fine as any birds in the Pigeon Derby.

Photographs by James & Son, Toronto.



# Appetizing Dishes With Leftovers

BY MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."



## Delightful Treat for the Whole Family

Small's Forest Cream Cake Icing and Bread Spread is delicious, nourishing and economical, ready prepared for sandwiches, filling and icing cakes. Packed in one, two and a half, and thirty pound tins.

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Hamilton, Canada



**Croquettes.**—Croquettes form one of the best ways in which to use leftovers, as by making proper combinations one can use almost any food that is left in too small quantities to be of use by itself. Any kind of cooked meat can be used alone, or a mixture of several kinds, being chopped fine and combined with bread crumbs in the proportion of from one-half to two-thirds meat. Potato can also be used with meat, making hash balls, or macaroni or spaghetti can be used with meat either with or without bread crumbs. Rice can be used in the meat croquettes instead of the crumbs, having the same proportion. The main point is to have the materials so bound together that the croquettes will not lose their shape while cooking, yet will be soft and creamy inside when done. When bread crumbs are used, no thickening is necessary, the materials being wet with milk or any gravy that may be at hand. Either bread or cracker crumbs can be used in mixing the croquettes, but for rolling them before frying, bread is better as it absorbs less fat than cracker crumbs.

When bread crumbs are not used in the croquettes, make a simple white or brown sauce slightly thicker than is commonly used, and mix enough of

the small end to look like the bone. Nest-shaped croquettes are sometimes made when rice is used alone, so that the hollow can be filled with jam or jelly when served. To make them easily, make first into small balls, then by pressing carefully in the centre of one side and working the finger around, a regular hollow is formed. These are more difficult to dip and roll, but it can be done by taking plenty of time.

The size should be carefully regulated, for, if made too large the outside will become too brown before the centre is heated through. The materials should be combined a few hours before they are to be fried, and set in a cool place to become firm. When ready to fry them, roll in beaten egg, to which one-half its bulk of milk or water has been added; then roll in fine bread crumbs. One should be very particular about this part of the work, for if the croquette fails to become perfectly coated with egg or crumbs it leaves an opening for the hot fat to enter, and the croquette will not only soak fat but will often burst and fill the saucepan or kettle with sediment that will scorch and ruin the fat unless removed at once. When perfectly dipped and rolled not a particle of the fat enters, and the



Leftover Meat with Rice.

it with the other materials to make the mass easy to handle. No rule can be given for the amount, but they should be mixed just as soft as it is possible to handle them and have them retain their shape. Brown sauce makes nicer-looking as well as richer-flavored croquettes; so it is well to use it whenever meat in any combination is used. White sauce is better for light colored materials.

Mashed potatoes, wet with hot milk or cream and well seasoned with butter, make very creamy croquettes that are liked by all. Parsley is sometimes chopped and mixed with it, or a tablespoonful of cooked corn or peas is placed in the centre, and the potato formed in a rim around it. When these croquettes come to the table they are usually a surprise to all but the cook. Codfish and potato make nice croquettes, and if the codfish used was creamed for a previous meal some of that sauce can be used to mix them.

Sweet potato croquettes need no binding whatever, but are made moist enough to handle with cream and butter, and will retain their shape perfectly without further trouble.

All croquettes must be well seasoned, otherwise they will not be a success. Celery salt and paprika and an abundance of butter usually make them perfect. The form of the croquettes depends entirely upon one's fancy, though cone-shaped ones are most often seen. Small, perfectly round balls, long rolls or small flat cakes can be made if desired. For a variety they can be made to resemble cutlets, making them as near the shape as possible, then inserting a short piece of uncooked macaroni at

centre is light and creamy as if it had been baked in the oven.

All bread crumbs used, both inside and outside the croquettes, should be very dry, and on this account it is well always to have a supply on hand, keeping them in an air tight can. Bread which is perfectly dry can be put through the food chopper, and will come out as fine as that which is grated, and with much less trouble. For convenience have the crumbs on a good sized piece of white paper. The egg should be broken on a plate, yolk and white together, and beaten with a fork until it ceases to be stringy, then add the milk or water and beat again. Put the croquettes to be egged one at a time into the egg, and coat them all over with it, using a small brush for the purpose. Do the brushing over quickly, otherwise the egg soaks into the croquettes and makes them soft. Then drop on to the top of the crumbs, lifting it with a knife. Cover it with crumbs, by taking hold of the sides of the paper and tossing the crumbs over it, then press the crumbs well on with the hands, and shake the loose ones off.

The fat most often used for any fat kettle is beef suet carefully tried out, with the addition of a little lard occasionally or the grease tried out from chicken fat. This would seem too oily for the purpose, but if a pound of suet is added at the same time the combination is a perfect one. The fat must have a faint blue vapor rising from it, and should not be allowed to vary in temperature. A frying basket is an absolute necessity, for the croquettes will be almost a complete failure without something

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



# "Isn't That a Dainty Dish to Set Before a King!"



The upper (left) illustration shows the bakewell pie. On the right are shown two promising pumpkins, beneath which is a pie. On the left (below) is a mince pie, while the good old-time apple pie is on the right.

7  
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## HOW TO MAKE GOOD PIES

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES."

"Where girls are wooed for the pies they make,  
Where women are loved for the pies they bake,  
And the husbandman prays when he comes to die,  
He will go to a heaven where all is pie."

Where only bread flour is available more fat and moisture usually are needed than when pastry or winter wheat flour is used. With a pint of sifted flour, one-half cupful of fat is a fair proportion. The fat may be butter or lard, or half and half, or any of the vegetable solidified preparations. For the richest puff pastry, all butter is preferred, and twice as much is used, or one-half pound of butter to one-half pound of flour. A simple pastry may be made by using one cupful of fat to three cupfuls of flour. To mix the materials into a stiff mass about one-fourth as much water as flour is needed, or one-half cupful of water to two cupfuls of flour. This water should be as cold as possible.

**Apple Pie.**—Line a pie plate with pastry. Core, pare, and cut into thin slices six tart apples, arrange them in pie plate. Mix three-fourths cupful of grated maple sugar with the grated rind of one-half lemon, add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, and sprinkle over the apples. Dot over with small pieces of butter. Wet edges of under crust with cold water, cover with upper crust, and press edges firmly together. Brush over the top with beaten egg or milk and bake in a hot oven for forty-five minutes. Dried apples may be used in place of fresh fruit. If used, they should be soaked over night in cold water.

**To Make Deep Apple Pie.**—Invert in the centre of a deep fireproof dish a small cup or pie funnel, then fill the remaining space with apples, pared, cored and quartered. Sprinkle over with one cupful of sugar or honey, or molasses, and grated maple sugar, half and half. Roll out a strip of pastry one-half inch wide, wet edge of dish with cold water, place paste on edge, then cover with a crust a little larger than the dish, with the fulness thrown back in the centre. Pinch cover to the rim and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are ready. Sometimes deep apple pie is served with cream cheese. Beat one cream cheese with one cupful of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, add one-fourth teaspoonful

of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Put this mixture into a forcing bag with star tube and press out on top in a fancy pattern. Serve hot.

**Pumpkin Pie.**—Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup, one-fourth teaspoonful each of powdered ginger, mace and nutmeg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, grated rind and strained juice of one-half lemon, one cupful of milk, two beaten eggs and one and one-half cupfuls of steamed or baked and strained pumpkin. Bake until firm in a moderate oven in a pie plate lined with pastry. Sprinkle sugar over the top and serve cold. To bake pumpkin. Wash and cut the pumpkin in half crosswise. Scrape out the seeds and stringy parts. Place in a baking pan shell side up and bake until it begins to fall in and is quite tender. Scrape the pulp from the shell and strain. If desired drier, finish by turning, being careful not to have the oven too hot.

**Bakewell Pie.**—Line a greased pie plate with pastry, then spread with jam or jelly. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, take from the fire and add three beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extracts, four tablespoonfuls of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Spread this mixture over the jam or jelly and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Dust over with sugar and serve hot or cold.

**Mince Pie.**—Line a deep fluted pie tin with pastry. Mix together in a large bowl one-half pound of chopped suet, one-half pound each of seeded raisins, seedless raisins, currants, chopped apples, shredded mixed peels, such as lemon, orange and citron, three tablespoonfuls of marmalade, one pound of brown or grated maple sugar, one tablespoonful of mixed powdered spices, one-half teaspoonful of salt, grated rind and strained juice of one lemon and one cupful of fruit or grape juice, mix well. Cover and stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Then mix once more and place into the prepared pie plate. Cover with pastry and bake in a hot oven for forty minutes. Any remaining mincemeat may be put into sterilized jars, cover securely and keep in a cool place. If desired, sprinkle over with chopped nut meats and decorate with a stewed dried peach.

**Custard Pie With Cake Crumbs.**—Mix one-half cupful of dry cake crumbs with two cupfuls of boiling milk, allow to stand for ten minutes, then press through a sieve, add two tablespoonfuls of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77.)

**P**IES and pastry of some kind have so long been made by all races of mankind that it would seem as if perfection in their construction might have become instinctive. Even the cook who prepared food for the Canterbury Pilgrims could "well bake a pie" according to Chaucer's record.

Wedding feasts and other holiday celebrations during the Middle Ages were occasions for the display of marvelous culinary skill in pastry architecture.

The pies mentioned by Mother Goose, and associated with Jack Horner of the corner, and another yet more remarkable pie containing four and twenty blackbirds, which began to sing when the pie was opened, probably really appeared on some royal table. A huge pie served to Charles First and his Queen at the home of the Duke of Buckingham was brought in by four men, and when the crust was divided, the court dwarf was found comfortably sitting within.

The standard of pies was quite different from that which would be acceptable to-day. We have discarded many of the customs of our ancestors and demand greater delicacy in our foods and their preparation. Perfection, then and now, would differ in pastry making and baking as in many other things.

Use plates of agate, aluminum, glass or tin ware when making pies. Roll out a piece of paste into a circular piece one-eighth of an inch thick and a little larger than the pie plate; lay the pastry on the plate so as to exclude the air from beneath.

To prevent the juice soaking through into the crust, making it soggy, wet the undercrust with the slightly beaten white of an egg before putting in the pie mixture, or mix one tablespoonful each of sugar and flour and sprinkle over the pastry.

After the filling is in, brush over the edge of the pastry with a little cold water and spread a second round of paste, cut a little larger than the pie plate, loosely over the filling; press the edges lightly together and trim if required.

Cut several slits in the top crust before putting it in place; this prevents the steam escaping through the rim of the pie, and causing the juices to run out at the edges. Some pies, such as pumpkin and squash, only require an under crust.

Sometimes the crust is baked and then filled with a cooked filling.

The digestibility of pies has been called into question, but properly made pies are as digestible as anything else. There is no more appetizing dish than pie for a hearty dessert, and now that colder weather will soon be upon us a good pie will often be relished.

Flour made of winter wheat is better adapted to making pastry than that from spring wheat, though the latter is superior for bread making.





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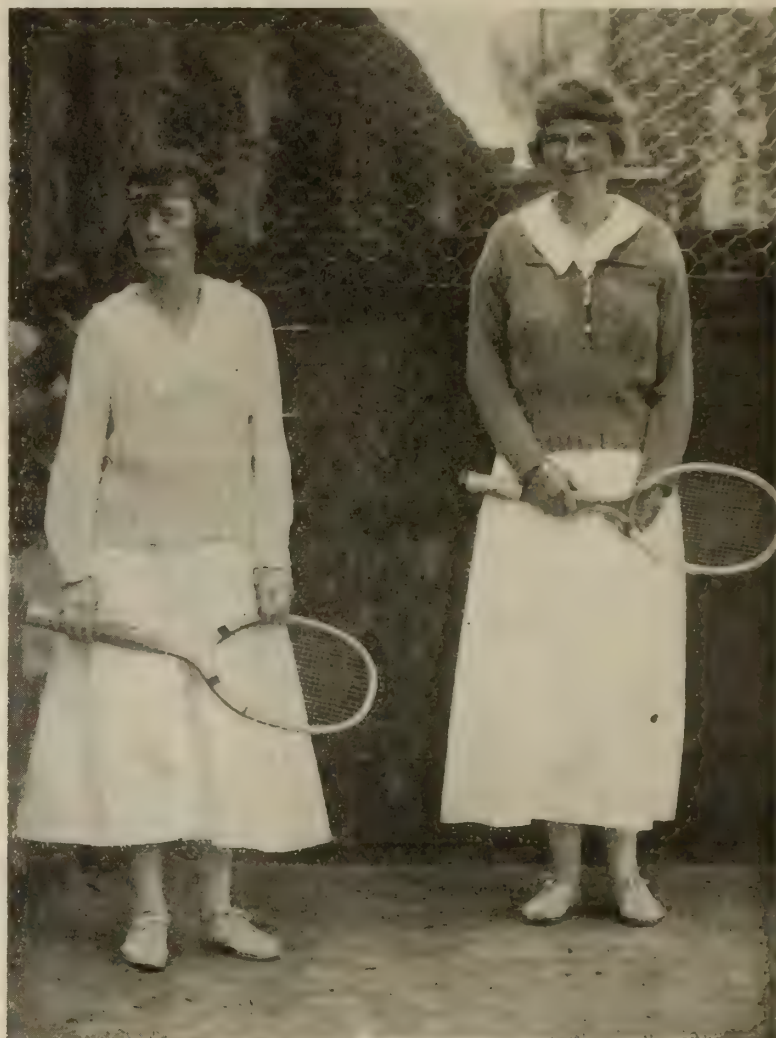
## The Athletic Girl

**I**F there is one thing that is more freely offered than another to the modern maiden, it is advice. The girl of to-day is solemnly and sadly told that she is not as her grandmother was, that she is sadly lacking in modesty, grace and refinement. We are referred to the little samplers that our grandmothers worked, the proof of their surpassing industry, and are shown specimens of the delicate old Italian handwriting as indications of a feminine refinement forever departed. Mrs. Lynn Linton and Miss Marie Corelli have both been given to deploring the athletic girl's healthy ways, and prophesying national calamities if women do not return in haste to the samplers and currant-wine which once absorbed feminine energies.

However, the athletic girl has arrived, and most of us hope that she will unpack her trunk and remain in the community. Let us consider her

and oft by those who think that she desires to rival man. She has no such idle dream of physical power. All she aims for is the best and sanest development of her own bodily resources, not that she may become a feminine pugilist, but that she may enjoy to the fullest the nature that has been given her. The joy in physical well-being, in existence on so good a "brown old earth" as ours, is a sensation of the gods.

Perhaps the athletic girl's negative advantages are among her greatest charms. She has not nerves, and her talk is not of her neighbor's ways and meanness. The open air has changed all that, and the talk of the links precludes the dissection of our dear friends' characters. It is the woman who stays everlastingly indoors who begins to wonder whether she is understood and whether her household companions are congenial. If she would only get the Rosedale or River-



TWO TENNIS "PLAYERS OF THE GAME"

Mrs. Bickle (right) is our lady champion in the game of lawn tennis, and Miss Florence Best (left) also has an excellent record.

advantages for a moment. In the first place, she does not have the blues nor does she indulge in the vaudeville specialty known as hysterics. She is that best of all beings, a jolly young person, who weeps not, neither does she frown. Suppose that by tarrying too long at the links her complexion becomes the fashionable shade of champagne. There is such a range and variety of cold creams in these days of skin specialists that no embrowned maiden need worry long. A diligent use of these oily restoratives in September will soon repair all the harm that an August sun has accomplished, and give back such an epidermis as our grandmothers would not need to blush over.

In spite of modern physical culture, there are still a few benighted persons who fancy that there is something to be ashamed of in good health when the possessor is a woman. They would doubtless prefer the old ideal of Amelia Sedley and Dora Copperfield, dear young creatures who fainted on the slightest provocation, and wept on the nearest masculine shoulder. Fancy Amelia playing golf or Dora attacking a punching-bag! The very mention of these blue-eyed, white-muslined heroines is enough to irritate the average woman who doesn't believe that any girls so abjectly foolish ever lived. The athletic girl, is misunderstood many a time

mead breezes, she might find that sympathy and congeniality are as nothing in comparison with the anxiety of taking care of a diminutive ball. Who could have nervous prostration when there is a score to be made? Who cares whether Martha Robinson is engaged or is trying to be, so long as the lady has acquired the proper swing? Golf and tennis are more than gossip, and the caddy than tea. The woman with nerves is an agitation unto her friends, and is never a present help in time of trouble. But the athletic girl has a bright, outdoor way of looking at things, and drives her troubles and her friends' troubles into a hole from which they dare not emerge.

How fetching are the garments that belong to the royal game! You may talk of the charms of chiffon, and the seductiveness of lace, but the golf girl in her trim brown or grey with a gleam of scarlet or green, is as bonny as the fluffiest debutante that ever floated in white muslin at the ball of Scotland's saint. The Canadian girl has usually a foot that is firm and not too expansive, and it never looks better than when it is planted on the green fields of golf-land or the tennis lawn. White satin slippers are all very well in poems, such as Debson may write, but they are poor things in comparison with the jaunty golf shoe that tells of sport and health and good fellowship.



**A**N empty space surrounded by metal.

What happens mechanically inside the lock when the key enters, you don't much care about—provided it does happen with perfect ease and regularity, and keeps out gentry who use everything but the key to get in.

A key and a lock are instruments of moral welfare. They keep good to the best.

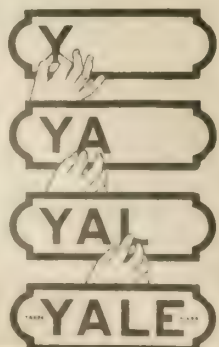
They have to be made with a care, too, to stand up to the wear and tear of standing in with it.

The outward sign of this care is the name YALE on both lock and key.

Sign of a stronger metal where strength is the point, sign of fewer parts where fewer means fool-proofness, sign of heavier metal where weight makes for permanence, sign of a smoother finish where this means facility in use, sign of quality from conception to finish.

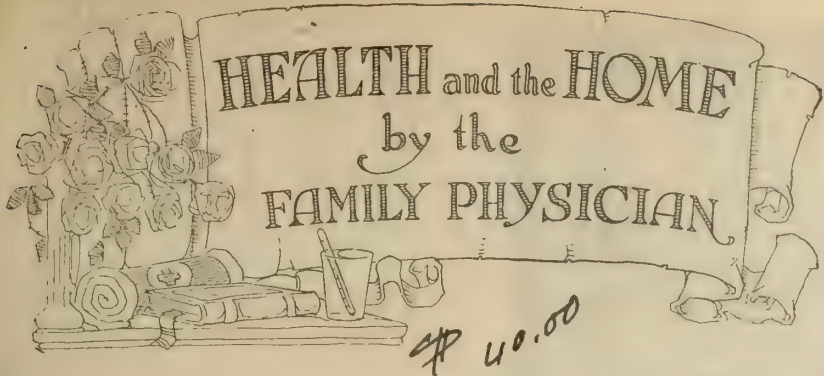
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YOU thought I was dead and gone, did you? Oh no, I am not "too much dead" and I am not gone at all. Institutions like me do not go, they simply stay on in some other form. Everybody is lamenting the passing of the good old family doctor and right you are to lament him, for he was the best friend we Canadians ever had. But you should take five minutes to think out what has really happened. Don't you see that any intelligent Canadian understands more about health and disease now than the wisest family physician could have known when the B.N.A. Act was passed and Canada became a nation? Of course he does, and so does his wife. Typhoid, Smallpox, Malaria,—you have neglected your education if you do not know how to protect yourself and your family from these diseases. In that sense, you should be your own family physician. And there are a great many family physicians still practising in Canada. You can find one and you should. You need him.

Yes, I know what you are thinking. You think that if we just "put it up" to you and set you down at a desk to write down what you know on the above subjects, you would pass a very poor examination. That is just why we think that "Health and the Home" would be a good title for a new Department, and so we are starting it off with this number. We are going to try to help you to keep up with the times in Health Matters.

If you have some question in your own mind along this line put it down on paper just the way you put it to yourself—the simpler the better—and send it to the Editor of "Health and the Home." What we need now is not so much a family physician who will attend to the family, but a Community Physician who can educate the Community. The old family physician was a great educator. He was a force in all the country round. His word was law and none but the Angels know how many sins he prevented and how many sinners he gave a second chance to.

We need somebody nowadays who can reach the popular ear and the people's conscience,—somebody who can teach people how to keep their good health of mind and body. For people who are grown up or partly grown up, the first step to secure health is to realize our own responsibility for the health we have. Very few diseases nowadays are visitations of Providence. Not at all. Heaven does its best for us all and the people who put the blame of their ill-health on the Almighty are not far from the sin of blasphemy. When David, the Psalmist, called on his soul to bless the Lord—"who healeth all thy diseases" he was far nearer the truth.

"Nature"—that is—God—when He created us seems to have made it part of our vital endowment that whenever by our folly or misfortune we break the law of health, everything in us tends to try to make up for our mistake or mischance by turning all the powers of the body towards recovery. If we have the sense to go to bed when we are ill and thus save in every minute about ten heartbeats and two or three breaths (an enormous saving), Nature turns in that saving to Capital Account and gives the Savings Branch, or the Healing Branch the benefit of it. Everything tends towards the recovery of the sick. Marvellous are the weapons in the armoury of Nature. Marvellous are the "loans," too, that we can negotiate between man and the so-called lower animals to aid man's recovery. Not less wonderful are the "loans" we can negotiate with the world of bio-chemistry—a world which we are just beginning to discover.

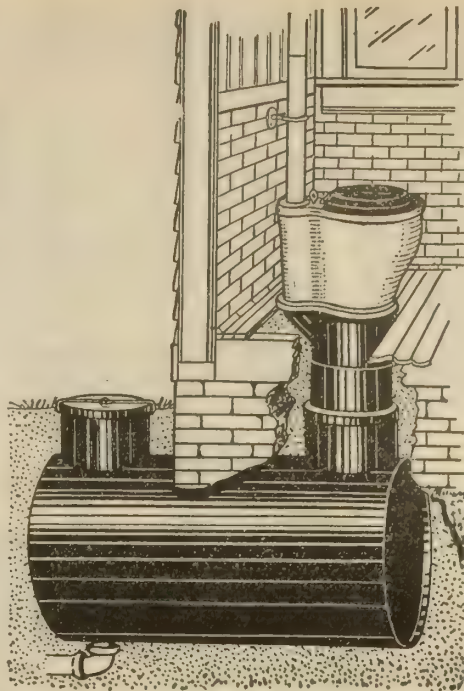
Most wonderful of all are the healing effects of air and sunshine, and rest, to the body.

And to the mind! Who can minister to a mind diseased? Why—many people—and many things. Insanity or mental illness can be prevented, and can often be cured, if the doctor is called in time. This will, perhaps, be the next great lesson in which the modern physician will educate the modern community. Moreover, the whole medical profession will be advancing its knowledge in regard to mental disease, for all doctors need to learn something every day.

Many minds are starved into sickness—often through starvation of the heart. "What seems loveliest to me in life as life goes by," said John Richard Green, the historian, when his own life was near its end, "is not the wit and cleverness and grandeur of learning, grand as learning is, but just the pleasant voices by the fireside, and the laughter of little children, and the sound of music, and the sight of flowers." These things nourish and stimulate the normal powers of the mind.

The human body, like the human mind, has its rights. Fish to the sea, and birds to the air, and man to his own life and the laws of it. What are these laws? There is the habitat, or environment, or, to speak more plainly, the place where you spend your time. Happy the men and women whose work takes them out of doors.

Two doctors, consulting over the case of a man under their care, decided that the patient had tuberculosis. But they called in a third. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. The third physician did not agree. "Why?" asked his two brethren. "It is very seldom," replied the third, "that a farmer has tuberculosis; this man may have tuberculosis, but I don't think so." Nor had he. What he had, as a few days made clear to his three medical advisers, was typhoid fever. People, who live in the fresh air are protected from many diseases by that condition of life alone. From many diseases, but not from all. Those whose work must be done within four walls must look to it well that they get their share of fresh air and exercise before and after working hours, because their occupation does not provide them with both of these necessities of life as the farmer's occupation does for him. How much fresh air do you need? As much as ever you can get. Go out this minute and take a stroll and see how much better you feel. The old sea-captain's habit of walking the quarter-deck before turning in, whether he is at sea or on shore, is a good one. Take it whenever it suits you best. Some people like a walk before breakfast. Well and good, take it when it suits your mind and body best—but take it. You cannot do your best, as a rule, without two hours in the open air, out of the twenty-four and you had better not try to do with less than one hour. Take some exercise. Oh, no, it is not impossible. There are twenty-four hours in the day. Always look for a place where some fresh air can come in where you are, sleeping or waking. In moderate or warm weather the windows should be wide open, in severely cold weather they should be opened at regular intervals, sufficiently to keep the air good. Never go to bed without seeing that your supply of fresh air for the night is secured. No bedroom is large enough to give you that supply unless there is some opening through which fresh air can enter. Of all the necessary foods, the oxygen in the air is the most important.



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## A Variety of Dishes

By  
MARION HARRIS NEIL

**Fish and Potato Soufflé.**—Use any tender white fish and break it into flakes or small pieces free from skin and bones. Take five or six small fireproof dishes, grease them, and put a little of the fish at the bottom of each. Next pour in some good white sauce, enough to moisten the fish. Then sieve one cupful of cooked potatoes and heat it in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of hot milk. Beat well until perfectly smooth, and season with salt, pepper and a pinch of powdered nutmeg. Now stir in the yolk of one egg, and lastly, and very lightly the white of egg beaten to a stiff froth. Fill the dishes with this potato purée, sprinkle over with grated cheese, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Then serve at once. If desired, this mixture may be cooked in one large dish.

**Lentil and Potato Cakes.**—Melt one tablespoonful of drippings in a frying pan, put in one cupful of cooked lentils and beat them with a wooden spoon, then add one cupful of cooked mashed potatoes, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Mix well together until a smooth paste is formed, then spread the mixture on a plate to cool. When firm, form into small flat cakes, using a little flour, egg and bread-crumbs, these, and fry them in smoking hot fat to a brown color. Serve with tomato or brown separately.

**Peas and Spaghetti.**—Rub two cupfuls of cooked peas through a sieve. Boil two cupfuls of spaghetti broken into small pieces until tender, and drain it well. Melt two tablespoonfuls of drippings in a saucepan, put in the spaghetti, three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and make all thoroughly hot. Make the pea puree hot in a small saucepan adding two tablespoonfuls of melted drippings. Serve arranging the pea mixture in a border round a hot dish, pile the spaghetti in the centre and sprinkle over one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

**Chocolate Cornstarch Mould.**—Melt one square of unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Heat one cupful of milk, mixing three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with one-fourth cupful of cold milk, then add to hot milk. Stir gradually into the melted chocolate, add one-fourth cupful of honey and a pinch of salt, and cook in a double boiler for thirty minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and pour into a wet mould. Turn out when firm and serve with stewed or canned fruit or milk.

**Marble Cake.**—Beat three-fourths cupful of sugar with one-half cupful of butter until creamy and light, then add two beaten eggs and beat again, add one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of cake flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. To one-third of this mixture add one tablespoonful of maple syrup, one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered cloves, nutmeg, allspice, mace and cinnamon, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Pour into a greased and floured cake tin, the light and the dark mixtures irregularly. Bake in a moderate oven and when cool, cover with pink icing. Decorate with a few chopped nut meats.

**Honey Rice Delight.**—Wash one-fourth pound of rice. Bring three cupfuls of milk to the boil, and sprinkle in the rice. Boil for twenty minutes, add one-fourth cupful of honey and cook gently for another twenty minutes. Turn into a bowl, add one tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in one-fourth cupful of hot water, when cool add two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Pour into a wet mold and turn out when firm. This mould when served alone or with a macedoine of fruit is excellent.



Some Reflections on a Means of Artistic Recreation That Could Be Adopted in Many Communities

# Women's Choruses

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

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THE Twentieth Century is pre-eminently an age of women's organizations, not merely for the promotion of feminine interests in the matters of politics and social reform, but for the furtherance of artistic objects. The most hardened male must admit that much of the awakening with regard to the arts which is noticeable on all sides is directly traceable to literary, musical, and other types of clubs, organized by women who possess a real enthusiasm for the finer things of life. On this continent, at any rate, these elements of civilization would starve if it were not for the enthusiasm of women, however much humorists may sneer at the various fads and cults that from time to time arise.

The women's chorus is by no means a new idea. In some of the larger Canadian cities it has been successfully adopted as a form of pleasant recreation in connection with women's musical clubs. The Choral branches composed of women, some of them young, and some of them mothers of families, who have preserved in their hearts that essential well-spring of youthful feeling, a love

or more of its women members. Specially devised "arrangements" are in most instances necessary for the ordinary standard choral compositions are for the most part based on the usual four-part grouping of sopranos, altos, tenors and basses. Thus certain transpositions are necessary in arranging a work for women's voices exclusively. Many of the ideas on the subject which I present in this article are those of Mr. Taylor, who is a recognized authority on the subject.

TO follow existing standards of harmony, it is necessary to preserve the four-part method usually followed in arrangements of compositions for mixed choirs; but as every one knows, the voices of women are not arbitrarily divided into two registers, soprano and alto. There is a wide intermediate mezzo range between the brilliant tones of the soprano who is able to sing very high notes and those of the alto who can produce a pure and beautiful tone on a low note. It should not be difficult to sort out the different voices so as to secure four distinct tonal shades.



Photograph by Rossie, Regina.

## A REGINA PIANIST

Miss Muriel Kerr, of Regina, a pupil of Mr. Paul Wells, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has recently been amazing more than one community by her brilliant performances.

of singing, meet and sing together, not necessarily for public performance, but for sheer enjoyment and the educational stimulus involved. It has struck me that the system could be widely extended in smaller communities where it should not be difficult to find a score or two of women with passable voices and sufficient leisure to constitute a competent singing coterie. And there is in almost every community some woman with adequate musical knowledge to direct effectively such efforts. Indeed, the day of the woman choral director may be said to have arrived. At the recent Saskatchewan Music Festival chief honors went to a lady choir-master from Saskatoon. The movement is so well recognized in the United States that many composers (some of them Canadians) now write concerted works, especially for women's voices.

In the concerts of the leading choral cities in the great civic centres, there are invariably one or two numbers, exclusively for women's voices, which never fail to rank among the most popular features of the programme. In New York, there exists a large and influential women's singing society known as the Schumann Club, which specially employs a well known musician, Mr. Deems Taylor, to arrange compositions for it to sing, although I understand that its actual performances are conducted by one

Naturally women with enough musical enthusiasm to join a chorus want to sing interesting music and take an especial pleasure in rendering the nobler order of ballads. Here a difficulty arises among the purists. Some protest against four-part arrangements being made of celebrated solo compositions, unless the composer has bethought himself to provide one. It is supposed to be sacrilege to touch the classic. This is, of course sheer priggishness. Any composer of common sense would be as glad to hear his music sung by a group of voices as by one.

In truth it may be said that the best way to maintain the vitality and interest lies in securing arrangements of the better order of compositions, not specifically composed for women's voices. The growing number of works deliberately composed for women's choruses suffer from one cardinal defect. The vast majority of them are so insipid in theme, as to indicate a certain condescension in the composers, a rooted theory of the limitations of the feminine mind. According to Deems Taylor, who made a collection of such works for the Schumann Club, a considerable percentage of such compositions deal with the night. Either these are serenades or they sentimentalize about the evening hour. Another popular theme is the joys of boating, preferably in gondolas. Nature songs

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



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## A Real Club

The Journal's Juniors' Club, as conducted by Bertha E. Green is a real meeting-place for our younger readers who are proving their ability with pen and camera. We hope to have a large list of young correspondents in every province, and the co-operation of every interested young reader is expected.





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# The Land of P'raps

By BETH SADLEIR

## A Tale of Travels in the Month of October



HOP

THERE was no sign or stone by the roadside to mark the beginning of the October highway. In spite of that, Diddy Happen and Old Dedder Naherrin found out where they were, right away, for they were greeted by the October harvest song. Somewhere on each gaily colored leaf Autumn had written an X to mark the month number of October.

There was no sign of those who had been singing the October song, and though they heard birds and squirrels in the wood on either hand, they saw no one.

"October is just a bit lonesome, don't you think so, Dedder?" asked Diddy.

The old man smiled as he replied, "Only to those who are sad to see that summer has gone. The October road is just as pleasant as the others, par-

They walked onward quickly for both of them could hear the If's bell ringing.

Diddy spied the If first. The little creature was perched on the edge of a crow's nest, high up in a solitary tree that grew in a field by the roadside.

Diddy coaxed and coaxed, but the little If would not come down. From his perch in the crow's nest, he explained that, although he could descend by himself, he could not manage

to bring with him the alarm clock that hung on the end of his curly tail.

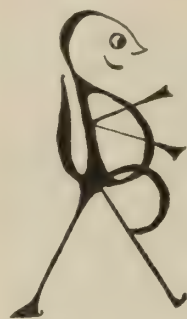
"And I really can't leave it behind," said the little If, "for it gave me the best time I ever had."

The If's alarm clock had been ringing steadily ever since Diddy and Dedder had come within hearing.

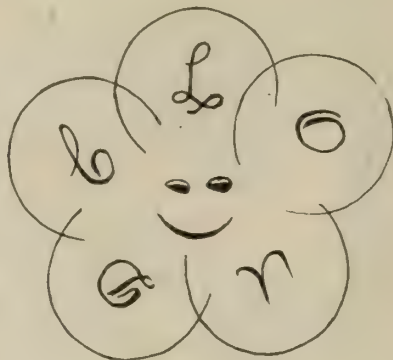
"Why don't you let the clock run down by itself?" asked Diddy.



HIDE



SKIP



SEEK

ticularly in the Province of the Unexpected."

Just as Dedder finished speaking, several little figures dashed madly across the road, disappearing under leaves and in shadowy corners. No sooner were they out of sight, than some other little creatures rushed across in front of the travellers. This second crowd searched quickly for the little chaps who had run across the road first.

"They found one! They found one!" cried Diddy excitedly.

The searchers marched their captive to the centre of the pathway, and Diddy now saw that all were letter-men. The searchers were S-E-E-K-S and those they hunted for were H-I-D-E-S. Every one of the Hides was found at last, and when the last one of them had been hunted out, they all rushed into the woods again, the Seeks following them soon after.

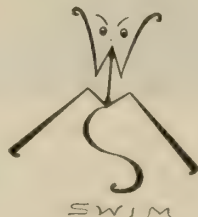
"Do they do that all the time?" asked Diddy.

"Only when they are playing," replied Dedder, "They have their work to do. The Hides put the nuts where the squirrels have to search for them, first in the nut burrs and husks, and then under the leaves and grass. The Seeks help the forest folk to find the nuts."

The travellers walked slowly onward, and soon the path ran between fields and orchards instead of the woods. All was clear, fresh, and beautiful, but to Diddy something was wanting.

Suddenly he cried out: "The If's coming back. I can hear his little bell."

Old Dedder Naherrin shaded his eyes with his hand and looked ahead, but could see nothing of the little If.



SWIM

"Just the thing," said the If, as he unhooked the clock from his curly tail and set it down in the crow's nest. The If then started carefully down the tree, but his alarm clock reached the ground first, having come down the tree at a great rate.

"How did the clock manage to keep from falling?" asked the surprised Diddy.

"By using its hands, I suppose," said Old Dedder, as he hung the clock in its place on the If's curly tail.

Diddy was happy, for his little If was back again. There had been quite a trip for the If on the back of the flying Pink-Star, who had shaken him off. Luckily the If had fallen into the empty crow's nest, where he had waited ever since.

The travellers went onward over three hills, and on the farther side of the third, they came upon a crowd of letter-men who barred the way. These little fellows were very active, and it was some time before Diddy could see just who they were.

There were three kinds—the H-O-P, the S-K-I-P, and the J-U-M-P. All were having such a good time that Diddy could not help joining in the fun, while the little If almost lost himself in the crowd of letter-men.

Just beyond where they were playing was a stone wall, and when the fun was at its height, the letter-men suddenly ran toward it, and each went over the top of the wall, with a hop, a skip or a jump.

The travellers followed the letter-men. Dedder Naherrin hopped over, Diddy skipped over, and the If jumped over.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



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# THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted by  
BERTHA E. GREEN

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My dear club members:

The holidays have come and gone, and school has "commenced" for some weeks for most of you. I do hope, boys and girls, you have had the happiest time that could possibly be, and that now you are ready to study, and make the most possible out of this year ahead.

We want as many as possible of our Canadian boys and girls to join us because I think they would enjoy it. Don't you?

There is no fee, but we should like to have all the members send in a contribution to the prize contests that appear each month.

I was much pleased to get your letter, Vivien Connolly, and hope we shall hear from you again.

It is a great pleasure for us to enroll you, Daisy Aspinall, as a new member of our club. There are no fees, and in sending in contributions, you may use your own name. And so you are a real outdoor girl—that is fine, and you must have lots stored about outdoor life to tell us. Let us hear from you soon again.

We warmly welcome you, Ruth Finley, as a member of our club, and your sketch of "Laddie" was very nice indeed. I am sorry it was not a prize winner, but try again. Next time, who knows—the prize may be yours, and it helps us all even to try. Doesn't it?

Your story, Margaret Fuller, is worthy of mention, though not the prize winner. I am sure you enjoyed "Little Women," and it is splendid to be able to live with the characters in a book, especially with such a one as was "Jo."

A new member, Vera A. Johnson, is enrolled, and we are very pleased indeed to welcome her. I am glad you are fond of poetry—I am, too, and we shall all be glad to have you contribute in the prize contests. You have won the prize this month, too, Vera, and the members of the Journal Juniors' Club and myself

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

wish to extend to you our heartiest congratulations. Your story is very nicely told, and a pleasure to read.

Your sincere friend,

Bertha E. Green.

## Prize List for August.

"My favorite book and why," awarded to Vera A. Johnson, age 12 years, North Battleford, Sask.

## List of New Members.

Ruth Finley, Regent, Manitoba;  
Daisy Aspinall, Almonte, Ontario;  
Vera A. Johnson, North Battleford, Sask.

## Prize Story.

### "MY FAVORITE BOOK AND WHY."

By Vera A. Johnson, age 12 years, North Battleford, Sask.

IN thinking over what book I like best, there are two books I like almost equally well—Miss Mullock's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss," but on further reflection, I like the former best.

There is nothing very original or startling about this book but it is written so that every word seems to be about what really happened and

every incident to stand out clearly before one's eyes. It is more like the story of a good man's life than a book. John Halifax, himself, is a striking figure, a figure which any youth could look up to as an ideal. He was a true gentleman in every sense, having great self-control and gentleness. John Halifax was a just and clear-minded man. He was no father who would, with sinful indulgence, only think of his children's present, momentary happiness, and not of their future and lasting welfare, this is proved by his refusal of the hand of his daughter Maud, to Lord Ravenal. If the story had no special merit in itself, a character like John Halifax, would make it worth reading.



## KITTENS AT BREAKFAST

These pussies were snapped in the North Country as they were seated in the "flap" of a birch bark wigwam enjoying the morning meal.



## THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER

Miss Lilian Meighen, the only daughter of Hon. Arthur Meighen and Mrs. Meighen, was greatly interested in the pressman's camera on the occasion of her father's recent visit to Portage la Prairie.



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## Health and Home

Read our Family Physician Department on page twenty-three of this number, which should mean better health and new interests to our readers.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

eulogizing the bee, the butterfly, the dove, the lark, and even the "darning needle," or dragon fly form another class. Then there are the flower songs, in which the rose and the violet are extolled and songs of spring in which the expression of "glee" is involved. Lullabies are of course a special field for women's voices. The comparatively narrow groove in which compositions for women's choruses run is perhaps explained by the fact that such themes require delicate tones for proper expression, and composers naturally think them suitable to women. Nevertheless, there is no reason why a woman's chorus of respectable dimensions should not tackle a hunting song or some noble subject like that of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which happens to have been written by a woman. The persistence of the "lady-like" in choral works for women should and can be varied by a more robust bill of fare.

OTHER well founded criticisms which have been made against the available literature for women's choruses deal with the music, apart from the words. It has been pointed out that composers are apt to treat the higher feminine voices as though they were violins or clarinets, and place the melody a tone or so higher than it can be performed with ease. They are apt to ignore the difficulties that singers, especially the inexperienced, encounter in sounding certain syllables on high notes. As Mr. Taylor has put it: "They seem to have a sublime faith in the power of numbers, their idea being, I presume, that what is an obstacle for one is half an obstacle for two; in other words, the more the easier." Now this theory is palpably false, for what is difficult for the single voice is much more difficult for two score voices. The aim should be to get hold of compositions that, while beautiful, are also comparatively easy of execution.

Contrary to the usual practice, experience has shown that in a women's chorus it is more advisable to place solo passages with the first altos than with the first sopranos. The low voice rising through the general mass of tone is more effective and attains a richer appeal than when the solo passages in a concerted number are left to the first sopranos. The latter voices on the other hand are admirable for giving a touch of ornamentation to an ensemble passage. The good choral arrangement also makes provision, whereby the words of the song can be distinctly placed before the minds of the listeners instead of being lost in a jumble of tones, which while they may be technically good harmony, do not permit of distinctive enunciation. Any woman undertaking the management of a choral organization must remember in choosing the programme for a season's study, that a goodly percentage of the membership will sing by ear rather than by note and should endeavor to avoid choosing numbers whose intricate harmonic tracteries demand a rigid attention to the notes. If she aims at intricate effects, she will probably find that the interest of her associates will pall.

From the preceding paragraphs it will be seen that the task that faces a women's singing organization is not altogether an easy one. It requires careful and devoted study by some chosen director from whom the membership will voluntarily accept discipline. Yet the obstacles to effective and enjoyable performance are by no means so serious that they should deter any of the many women's musical clubs that exist in Canadian towns, from trying the experiment of starting a choral branch as a part of their season's activities. Nothing could serve as a better stimulus to interest in the attractive things of life.

Many of the feminist leaders are anxious to broaden the intellectual interests of their own sex. The great merit of the women's choruses is that they put social intercourse, especially in smaller communities, on a better footing and bring women together for a most charming recreation. The reaction involved in the spreading of interest in music to their own homes is also obvious. To put it on a very practical ground, interests of this kind do furnish a relief from boredom which it is one of the irresistible inclinations of the modern woman to escape.

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By NORMAN HARRIS

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INVESTORS have laid their individual problems before this department, their questions being as to whether it would be the best course to sell preference or common stock securities, and take a loss, to provide funds enabling them to purchase something else. No general answer can be given, save that one might state comprehensively that it may be better to possess a dozen firm, sound apples, rather than an abundance of spotted or unsound specimens.

A LARGE part of investment is the human end of it. A security will appeal to a man as offering all he desires, and he will not hesitate to acquire it, to lodge his savings in that issue, and to "put his friends" into it. And as the years go by, and experience comes to him, he finds his opinions undergo a change. His education is progressing. I do not think it will be seriously debated, that the tendency of the individual is constantly towards his embracing a policy of true investment and increasingly against forms of speculation. As to whether the man or woman should sacrifice his holdings, involves not alone the amount of present loss involved in a sale on the market, but includes what is more important, the question as to what the investor will do with the funds in hand through selling. What is to be determined, I think, is as to whether the point of view that impels the holder to be willing to sell at a loss, is or is not a more valuable asset to him than his former financial opinions and theories; and whether if he employs this new standard of judgment his investment estate at the end of five years, or ten years, will or will not present a more solid and more sound aspect than it did at the end of the last period. One of the financial firms has issued an advertisement with this heading, "Time, the Breath of Investment." The idea is one that the individual should think over. His investment span of life is limited. He is thirty years of age; he has before him only five or six periods of five years each, at the maximum; actually, at age thirty, he has before him only about four investment periods of five years each. One cannot judge an investment policy at the end of one year, because untoward developments or bits of extraordinary action, or luck, may affect the result momentarily. The five or ten-year average, however, tells the story. I would advise anyone who has come to the conclusion that he has been pinning his faith to the wrong class of securities, and who, because of their unproductiveness over a period, has no funds with which to take advantage of favorable conditions enabling him to make a proper investment, not to hesitate very long, but to sell. His point of view, as amended, is worth more to him than his former policy; he will probably do more with less money, properly administered, than he did with greater funds lodged in issues that have failed at the pinch.

\* \* \*

Kingston, Ont.

Editor Concerning Investments:

Would you be kind enough to give your opinion on the purchase of £100 Saskatoon, registered stock, 5%, 1961, at 72 to yield 7%?

Do you consider this a wise and safe investment?  
S. L.

THE registered stock is the English method of styling what would be called here a municipal debenture issued by the city of Saskatoon. The term "registered," means that you will receive interest payment by cheque, there being no coupons attached to the stock.

You should make certain as to whether the principal and interest on this security are payable only in sterling, or also in Canadian currency, at a fixed rate to the pound. I assume

interest is expressed as payable in dollars. If it is not, your yield will not be as large as indicated because the English cheque will be discounted here to the extent of the exchange rate adverse to British money.

The security you name would rank as first class. It was of an issue floated in England, and I presume the bonds were bought back here to resell on the Canadian market. If you are not an experienced investor you should keep in mind that the yield of a bond, in this case 7 per cent. is calculated on the price paid by the holder, in combination with the theory that he will hold it to maturity, that is until 1961. If you held this stock five years only and then sold, the yield would not be 7 per cent. providing you sold at what you paid. The yield infers that at maturity you will receive 100, back again, as principal. This stock, subject to the above, should be a fairly good purchase, although its 5 per cent. interest, and its long term make it rather more suitable for an insurance company, a corporation or an estate.

\* \* \*

HOLDERS of the Canadian Northern Railway Income Charge Convertible Debenture stock, which should nominally pay five per cent. interest, will not apparently receive any special consideration from the Government, which has absorbed the Canadian Northern into the Government-owned Canadian National Railways System. Holders of this security in Canada, and also in Britain, have been uncertain whether the Federal Government would regard this issue as a bond on which it might be their paternal duty to pay current, if not overdue interest. A question was asked in the House on this point, and by way of reply, it was pointed out that the Trust Deed covering this issue provides that interest shall be payable only if the net earnings after prior charges, permit. The Government stated that it saw no reason why there should be any variation from the terms of the mortgage. Accordingly, the holders of this security, for which I believe most of them paid par or very near it, cannot receive any return from this debenture stock until the Canadian Northern is able to make earnings. Perhaps little else could be expected, but as this special issue of debenture stock was freely purchased as being of an investment nature, both in Canada and elsewhere, there was a feeling that perhaps the Government might have based its purchase price of the C.N.R. on the intention to use capital in retiring a portion of the issue. These debentures have no market in Canada, and the last record I have seen of a London price is where a buyer paid \$30 to acquire the security. This is some ten or more points down under the price ruling a few years since. Under the circumstances, one might perhaps speculate as to why one should be willing to pay even \$30 for this issue. Unless the Government roads are able to make a much better showing than present conditions would seem to forecast, there will be no interest paid on these stocks for many years, and the privilege of conversion with common stock appears to be worth little or nothing.

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"DOMINION RAYNSTERS" are all-purpose coats; for all kinds of fall weather; smart and stylish for every-day or Sunday wear; absolutely waterproof when it rains.

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| Princess Complexion Purifier   | \$1.50 |
| Princess Skin Food             | 1.50   |
| Princess Hair Rejuvenator      | 1.50   |
| Princess Cinderella Cold Cream | .75    |
| Princess Face Powder           | .75    |

(Sample on Request)

**The Hiscott Institute, Limited**  
618 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.



## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Another reason I like this book so well is that the pathos is sweet and true. The gentle way in which John treats poor, weak Phineas Fletcher is touching in a character so strong and manly as John's. The character of blind Muriel is beautiful, yet somewhat sad; so also is the love between her and John. Still more lovely is her death, a quiet sinking into sleep and being taken by the angels which was Muriel's beautiful idea of death. There is a beautiful and delicate thought expressed by the author when she called the harp, "Muriel's voice."

John and Ursula Halifax were of those who believe in the charity of doing good deeds without thinking what is the opinion of the world. This quality is portrayed by their taking Lady Caroline Brithwood for the last years of her life into their home. In writing this it may seem I am showing more reasons to admire the characters in the book than the book itself. But after all, it is the characters make the books.

What I like about the book is that it portrays a type of clean, pure manhood, rarely seen in books or life and the atmosphere in which the book is written is clean and pure to fit in with him. No doubt there are many other reasons to admire this excellent book but my pen is not eloquent enough to describe them.

VERA A. JOHNSON.

### WE GO A-VISITING.

By Bertha E. Green.

THE Whiteheads have their home on an island, and although they do not care much for visitors, we got to know them pretty well. It is only a small island, not more than a quarter of a mile from the main land, and too rocky to grow much beside a few stunted oak and juniper, with a little grove of poplars, with bracken beneath their branches.

Not the most inviting place to spend all summer, with the storms driving over it, and no roof to shelter. But it suits the Whiteheads, who need neither house nor tent—they are gulls.

We visited them first, at their island home, and knowing their shyness, landed on the other side as quietly as possible. It was late spring, with the ice just out of the rivers and the great lake, and the Whiteheads had just returned from a winter spent far to the southward. We had seen them wheeling and diving in the distance, and so felt reasonably sure of finding them at home.

A short walk took us across the island, and as we neared the shore, we advanced cautiously, for we heard a loud "kra-a-au."

Under cover of boulders and juniper we came a little nearer the shore, and caught our first glimpse of Mr. Whitehead at close quarters. He was standing right at the water's edge, with neck outstretched and bill wide-open, calling to his mate who was swimming some distance out in the lake. In response to his call, Mrs. Whitehead swam shoreward, taking her own time about it, and was soon perched beside her mate. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead were at home to visitors.

They were beautiful birds, as large as a tame duck, but much more graceful. Their feathers were snowy white, excepting those

of the back and wings, which seemed as if they wore a soft, slate-grey cloak. The wing tips were almost black, each feather edged in white. The bills were butter-yellow, the same color as the eye, and the feet were a plain pinkish buff.

A more careful inspection disclosed a bright red spot on each side of the lower part of the bill. There was but little difference in the two birds, except that the male was somewhat larger, and as we afterwards found out, was the one who "bossed the roost."

Still they were an affectionate pair, and were seldom seen far from each other, flying, fishing, or parading along the shores of their island home.

We did not introduce ourselves on this first visit, but our next trip to Gull Island brought us to the attention of the birds, whose welcome was most noisy, if not warm. They had a nest, a makeshift affair, of sticks and bracken, carelessly built, or thrown together, in a shallow hole in the rocks not far from the water's edge.

The birds were both at home and noisily objected to our taking a peep at the nest, remaining quite near, and keeping up an angry squawk. In the nest were three greenish-grey eggs, well spotted with black. They were large eggs, and any hen should have been proud of them. Mrs. Whitehead was proud, and when she saw we did not molest the eggs, she stopped scolding us, and merely looked anxious.

Our third visit caused almost as much excitement in the Whitehead family as the last one: This was the reason: There were three babies in the nest, downy birds speckled over with brown, heads and all. When we arrived, they were snuggled together in the nest, but when we came near, the three youngsters hopped out, followed their father and mother to the shore, and swam swiftly and easily to a tiny islet a few yards away.

A fourth visit some weeks later, found the gulls busy at dinner. The three chicks were almost as large as the old bird, but still retained their speckled markings. The young ones were not yet old enough to catch their own dinner, but were well fed by the father and mother who did the fishing for the family.

Dinner over, there was a general washing of bills in the lake, after which each of the two old birds retired to its particular rock to preen, to smooth its feathers, and generally "dress up" for the rest of the day.

Succeeding visits found the three young gulls losing their spotted markings, and becoming much like their parents in appearance. Both the young ones and the old pair had become quite tame, indeed, they stayed quite near us every time we visited their island.

In all the journeys made to the home of the Whiteheads, I had never found out just what they had for dinner, so I asked the man who always paddles the canoe. "He doesn't care for fish, on account of the bones. He must have been thinking about those bones, for to my question he replied in a tone of disgust, "Herrings"

Beginning with the present contest, no club member will be awarded more than three prizes. Such members will, however, be made Honorary Members of the club, and will be advised as to what they can do to make use of the gift of writing stories.

### CONTESTS FOR OCTOBER

- 1—Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than six hundred words—"A Christmas Story."
- 2—Boys and girls 8 to 12 years. Not more than five hundred words—"My Idea of a Christmas Tree."
- 3—Camera Contest. Subject—"A Country Scene."

### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry. Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper. Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs. Closing date, the 24th of October. Those who have taken three prizes in the various contests will not be eligible for further competition. Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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## Through the Looking Glass

By VAIN JANE

\$15.00

I HAVE been greatly interested in the photographs which have been appearing in the papers lately, of the woman the English artist-photographer, Mr. E. O. Hoppe, has chosen as the most beautiful in all England. The gentleman is in quest of the most beautiful woman in the world and expects to find her, I imagine, in England. The United States, of course, intends to be in the running, and its illustrated journals are already publishing photographs of women whose beauty it is thought will compare with or even excel that of the women of all other countries. Mr. Hoppe is a daring man to undertake this self-imposed task. If his final choice falls upon an English woman he will be accused of prejudicial selection; if he prefers a foreign type of beauty he will find himself disliked by the women of every other nation. No matter what his ultimate decision, there will not be one person in every hundred who will agree with him.

After all, it is true that "beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder" and it is doubtless an excellent thing that we do not all see alike. In my own humble opinion, beauty is not so much a matter of perfection of feature as it is of coloring. The trained eye of the artist naturally is attracted at once to a beautifully proportioned

face, whereas the ordinary observer would be more struck by expression and coloring. And it is, after all, more important to appear well in the eyes of the many, rather than the few; by which I mean to suggest that though we may not possess those qualities of beauty which would appeal most strongly to the artistic sense, we may go far toward cultivating an appearance that meets with popular approbation.

I have spoken of coloring as an important attribute, and by that I mean the gleam of the hair, the delicate tint of the complexion and the clear iris of the eye. It is this color that makes youth so alluring. Compare the face of a girl of sixteen with that of a woman twice that age. The latter suffers by the comparison. She need not be wrinkled, she need not be grey—she may be a perfectly healthy specimen of womanhood, but the difference lies principally in her coloring. The older woman is faded—she has lost the freshness of early

youth. And that is the first thing about which she must concern herself when she begins her scheme of—what shall we call it?—rejuvenation. The complexion in the first place—and we have told you here, several times, I think, how a clear, fresh skin may be attained—and then the hair. Drab or faded hair has the effect of giving the whole person a drab and faded appearance. As we have said many times before, persistent care will keep the hair from losing its color and we should even relent from our conservative views sufficiently to advise the use of henna in preserving the natural shade. But, remember, dear ladies, it must be used expertly. I have seen tragic results from amateur applications—hair with shades of iron red and even

tones of green that made you wonder if there could be anything amiss with your eyesight. Inexpertly used, hair coloring is likely also to leave the hair light close to the scalp and to give a streaked appearance to the remainder. And it is not every so-called hair specialist either to whom we may rush with a certainty of having our faded tresses "restored" to their original coloring. We must know our man, or woman as the case may be, and be assured that they are versed in the peculiarities of henna and

familiar with its changing little ways.

For example, your hair-dresser may induce you to have what is generally called a "henna rinse" after your shampoo, for the purpose of giving brightness and lustre to your hair, and not with any intention of changing the color. All well and good; henna gives a softness and fluffiness to the hair and produces a shining effect that is most attractive. If afterward, however, you observe a faint mahogany shade to your locks, then the rinse has not been a success and you know that the hair-dresser is not familiar with the proper proportions which should be used to obtain certain results. Know your hair-dresser, is my advice.

Now that we have provided for a clear complexion and shining tresses, there are still the eye-brows and lashes to be considered and these, you probably know, are most important in giving expression to the face. Both lashes and brows should be somewhat darker in shade than the hair. There



A DAINTY LADY

The famous movie star, Miss Anita Stewart, is here photographed in a pretty pose and a charming afternoon frock.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)

### THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



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Wind sores, and cracks, on the lips not only irritate but are unsightly. Keep your lips healthy and beautiful with

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Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Courters!

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 71-81 Richmond Street W.  
Toronto, Canada



## A Ramble Among Country Schools

By ELIZABETH CRONE

AFTER a recent gypsy jaunt from Lake Huron to Lake Erie and back we came home with a long line of schools in our memory. Like the cat who went to London to see the Queen and came home with the memory of a little mouse running up the stairs, we went out for a good time, and had it, but afterwards remembered best that in which we were most interested, country schools.

And some of them were good, some of them were bad and some of them had such possibilities. As a matter of fact, I never before saw so many attractive schools in the same number of miles but it makes one's heart more sore over the bleak ones. In driving through the country, past fine farms and well-kept homes it has a depressing effect to see one of those bare, jail-like structures in yards devoid of trees and flowers, and usually, at this time of year, grown up with hay.

But to come back to the beginning. The first school we stopped at called itself Number One. Maybe it was thinking of what it might be. It was quite a modern building in a good location, with a fine view of the river. But the board walk leading to the front door was so badly broken as to be dangerous and a hedge of thistles two feet high grew on either side of it. The rest of the yard was in hay. Though it was only a few days since school had closed, the building and yard had the general appearance of not having been in use for years, but the chauffeur said it was used up to the present time, and in the dust on the doorstep leading into the basement were the prints of little bare feet.

We did not see the inside of the school, but I think I could make a good guess—good lighting, probably slate boards, fairly good equipment but in bad repair, bare walls needing re-decorating, no pictures excepting two or three old calendars, a library but no new books added recently, a dusty floor scrubbed four times a year, the whole place cheerless. Now if I've made a bad guess, I'm sorry, but that's what the outside of the school told about the inside.

We went away still wondering how the children kept from trampling those hedges of thistles so close to the board walk. If they had been hedges of flowers we might have understood.

We passed other schools along the river; but the next one I remember particularly, was a little red brick down in a rather rough-looking part of the country. We weren't close to it but it had an up-to-date appearance and its gay window boxes gave one a cheerful feeling and made one think that maybe since the children were getting their training in a well-kept school the roads would some day improve and the whole country side take on a well-kept appearance.

AT summer school at Guelph I had often heard teachers speak of some of the fine old schools of Kent County. Somewhere between Chatham and Erie Beach we passed one. At least we didn't pass it; we stopped to look at its mown lawn surrounded by big maples and its window-boxes full of red geraniums and, forgetting our dignity or remembering that gypsies were unhampered by it, we climbed in an unlocked window. We wanted to see if the inside of the school could equal the outside. It did—clean, hardwood floors, slate boards, well kept library and tidy maps, a teacher's room, a cottage organ, good pictures on the walls, one particularly beautiful one at the front, and the red geraniums nodding in the windows. Of course it was not perfect, no school is. The lighting was from both sides, a defect hard to remedy in an old building, the ceiling was dark and the walls darker, but this latter could be easily remedied. The school was in keeping with the good homes and prosperous farms about it.

The next morning, on the way from Erie Beach to Rondeau Park, we passed a fine building with a beautiful lawn and fine old trees, and one of the party remarked on the nice country home, another mistook it for a country church, and then it suddenly dawned on us that it was a school; and back we went to see if it really was. Well, I thought I would recog-



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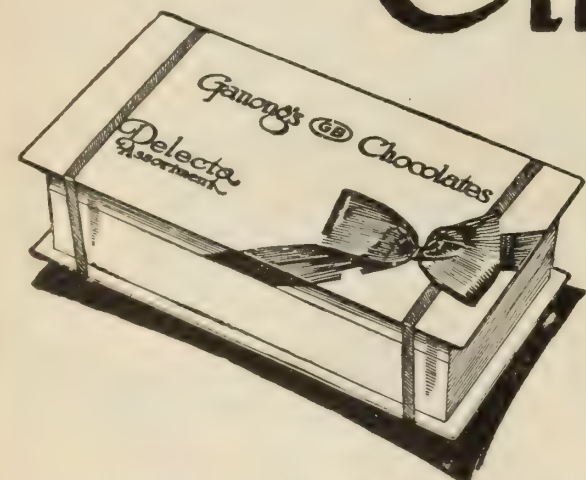
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The Pratt's Roup Remedy to prevent as well as to overcome colds, coughs, croup, destructive diseases common in bad weather. Just put the remedy in the drinking water. Easy—sure!

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#### WHEN SCHOOL IS "OUT"

This is the West—not the Ontario of this article. But you will all be interested in these happy children, going home from Consolidated School No. 3, St. Boniface District.

nize any Ontario rural school if I met it in Mars; by unmistakable signs I would know it. But I'm glad I've lived to see the day when I passed by a country school and failed to recognize it as such because it was so pleasant to look upon.

The lawn I have already mentioned; but I was glad to see it was not considered too good to play baseball on. There was a bed of cannas at the front and flower borders at the back. The school garden was over the fence in a corner of a neighboring field.

The front door was unlocked; so we walked in. It was not a new building but it was well finished inside and out, and had evidently always been well cared for. Everything was extremely clean, from the basement to the teacher's room, and the teacher's room actually had a rug and a library table and two cushioned wicker chairs. I must not forget to mention the piano in the school room, and in the children's cloak-room there were wash basins and paper towels.

While we were taking a parting glance around, one of the others burst in with the announcement that she had found something better than the school, namely the school woodshed, as neat as a good housewife's kitchen and clean enough to eat in.

We came away feeling that we would like to have the honor of shaking hands with the trustees or the people or whoever it was who had kept that school up to its high mark. And the best of it was there was nothing but what might be done in any section. All that's needed is a little community pride and then perseverance.

**I**N the afternoon we saw one which had great possibilities. It had started well—a fine building, but not kept up; trees had been planted, but most of them had died; there were flower borders around the school but the soil was light and they were not prospering. Inside, the school had the same discouraged look. But, with a fresh start, it could be one of the best schools in the district.

Coming nearer home, we visited the school where one of the party had first taught. It was in one of the best farming districts we had seen in our trip, with good houses, barns, roads, and good crops and there, five minutes walk from a very attractive village, in its own little hay field stood this little old school.

We stood on a convenient ledge and looked in through the windows. "Not one bit of improvement," said the former teacher, "same old walls, same old floor, same hand-carved double desks, same old box stove at the back of the room and same an-

tique pictures of the royal family over the teacher's desk."

They say all things change but they don't; some rural schools don't, not for the better anyway. The first one I taught in did; it burned down one night, (peace to its ashes!) and a fine little modern building stands in its place. I was glad it didn't happen until after I had left else they might have thought I did it. 'Twas the only time that school was ever warm, I think. One I taught in later changed too. It blew down one windy day just after the new school had been built and the old one was moved off for a hay barn. I was sorry it blew down; it would have made a good hay barn. I haven't one bit of sentiment about those schools, but I have a great deal of admiration for the ones which stand in their places.

There is a lot of talk in the newspapers and magazines nowadays about improvement of rural schools and what the present Government may do along that line. But I believe the chief hope for improvement lies in the fact that the Women's Institutes are taking it up. While I taught school and hadn't a chance to attend Women's Institute meetings I will confess I thought their chief interest lay in new ways of making pickles and hot weather desserts. Now I know better. At our district meeting in June the space devoted to business was simply packed with suggestions for work which might be taken up now that Red Cross work is over, and among them were suggestions for school improvement. The medical inspection survey had already been started in the county because the Women's Institute had asked for it. Looking over the faces of the delegates, I thought, whatever they went after they would get. Farm women who have worked for everything they get at home, when they get interested in public affairs will get everything they work for.

**S**O it is to these women we make the appeal. How does the school in your community measure up with the homes in the community? Is it as clean as they are, or is it just scrubbed four times a year, and would you let your children eat their dinner in the kitchen at home if it were just scrubbed four times a year, and twenty or thirty children were living in it? Are the children as warm at school as they are at home, or do they sit with cold feet all afternoon? Have the walls been re-decorated as often in the last ten or fifteen years as they have been at home? Has the school a lawn mower? 'Twould be a fine gift from the Institute or a good prize

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61.)



Consolidated School No. 3, St. Boniface.



# NOW!

## THE Gillette Safety Razor adds thousands to the number of its users each year about this time!

Perhaps it is because men whose work or sport takes them outdoors begin to find a nip in the wind that makes scraped chins smart—

Perhaps the summer vacations have taken men out of their accustomed paths and demonstrated that their friends everywhere use Gillettes—

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And handles to suit all hands.

*Why not select YOUR set NOW?*

# Gillette Safety Razor

*The Shaving Service for Every Man—Everywhere.*



# The Journal Puzzle for October

By TOM WOOD

9/15/00

The initials and finals of the things pictured in the circular design (A, B, C, D, E, F), read downwards, spell the attitude of mind and heart in which all Canadians should be found at this season of the year. The figures 1, 2, etc., up to X represent things the initials of which spell one reason why.

N.B.—The flower in picture "C" may not be familiar, but a very popular flavoring, which is used constantly, is made from its seeds. Picture "D" represents a Prussian decoration. Use only the first half of its whole name.



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by October 20th to be included.

Correct Solution of the August Puzzle.

No. 1—Smile, Arms, Ringlet, Dress, Orchid, Nose, Yoke, Xylophone—Sardonyx.

No. 2—Puma, Oasis, Pineapple, Pheasant, Yellow Hammer—Poppy.

First prize, Ruth Westland, Springfield, Breadalbane P.O., Prince Edward Island; second prize, Evelyn Austin, 1826 Government Street, Victoria, B.C.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



## The "TROVATORE" A FAVORITE SONORA MODEL

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THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY  
**Sonora**  
CLEAR AS A BELL

play a Piano Record—the severest test you can give a Phonograph. The usual reproduction on an ordinary Phonograph is tinkly and weak—you will note its warmth and fullness on the SONORA.

Remember—the SONORA is the Highest-class Talking Machine in the World. As the result of its clear, sweet tone, the SONORA received, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a higher marking for tone quality than that given any other Phonograph.

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## 40c for Package of 5 Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles

Ask your dealer for a package of these wonderful new needles. They play from 50 to 100 times without being changed.

Figure "A" — Ordinary Steel Needle fitting record groove. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes idly engaged at the engagement point in the record groove (owing to the taper form) and thus

tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C" — Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always, while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

**Sonora** PERMANENTLY SILVERED **Needles**

Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

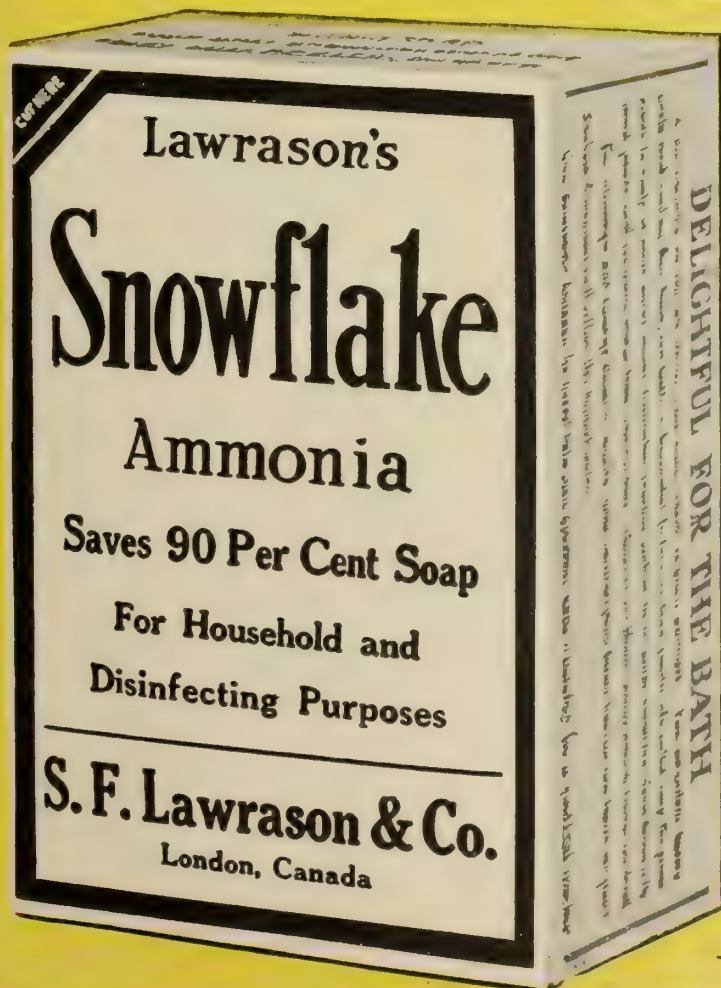
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WHEN dish water is run in sinks, the grease congeals and sticks to the drain pipes. Use Snowflake as directed below; it will saponify and make the grease soluble in water.



To clean sink  
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Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 package Snowflake in pail of boiling water and pour slowly down sink. Will remove all Grime and Grease.

100% Soluble





10. for 5¢

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# A Variety of Activities

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

### Some Saskatchewan Notes.

MISS DeLURY, Superintendent of Saskatchewan Home-Makers' Club, has been paying a visit to several of the Branches and has contributed the following notes:

I have recently visited the Glen Bain Club, fifteen miles from Gravelbourg. I find the club in a very flourishing condition. At a meeting, members had brought in piles of clothing for the children's Shelter in Moose Jaw. The clothing included rompers, night dresses, dresses, etc. One of the members had her work with her, which she continued at intervals in the meeting. It consisted of a border in fllet for a bed spread. She is making this quilt for sale for the benefit of the Home-Makers' Club. It will take two years to finish, as she works only in her spare time. Her work is free, and the club furnishes the material.

The Stewart Club, also fifteen miles from Gravelbourg, I visited. This club has very enthusiastic members. They have been studying the Constitution and Government of Canada, in addition to a great deal of sewing, and other work. Their Girls' Club has tinted the walls, and cleaned and varnished the floor, and raised funds for purchasing a piano for same.

Saskatchewan Home-Makers' Clubs are busy helping with the Fall Fairs and keep seven judges busy all the time. A special effort this year has been put forth to encourage the canning of fruit and vegetables and special prizes are being offered not only for the canning of these but for the best exhibits of specimens from the gardens. Prizes for the best collections of dishes with sweet milk and sour milk as a basis are being offered. Child Welfare clinics are also features of the fairs.

### News Notes From Quebec.

THE Women's Institute is composed of the public spirited women of Lennoxville, and these same women have banded themselves together to be a leading factor in raising money for a memorial to the Lennoxville and Ascot boys who fought and died in the World's War. With this object in view they gave an ice cream social on the Town Hall lawn this summer and raised a considerable sum.

Belvidere Women's Institute is sending picture books, post cards, etc. to the Children's Ward in the Sherbrooke Hospital and to the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal, this social service work being in charge of the young members of the Institute. One of the summer meetings was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Drummond, Drummond Road.

Durham held its annual basket picnic, as in other years, at the grounds of the home of the county president, Mrs. George Beach, Cowansville Road, in August.

Oxford Women's Institute had a girls' day in August, when the girls provided the programme which was as follows: A paper on pickle making by Miss Jennie Gantry, an amusing monologue by Miss Lily Arbury, a paper on cake making by Miss Evelyn Faith, a piano solo by Miss Lily Arbury, and a paper on canning by Miss Dorothy Brown, a graduate of Macdonald College.

At a meeting of the Cookshire Home-Makers' Club, held in the Methodist church hall, a resolution was moved and carried unanimously, "That the members of this Club devote a part of their endeavors to the founding and forming of a 'General Fund' for the upkeep of the Cookshire Protestant Cemetery, generally. It is understood that the principal

shall not be used, but that the principal remain intact and only the interest from the said fund or principal be used, and further that all parties owning plots or all parties who may have interest in the said cemetery, be asked to co-operate and assist in any manner or form, for the end above stated.

It is planned that the collection of the said fund be completed in a period of three years; that all work such as is possible, be voluntary; that cash subscriptions may be paid on the instalment plan, but the total is to be paid within the stated three years;

is a worthy community according to "Janey Canuck," who says: "The village cemetery, I take it, marks the degree of the village culture."

### Live Institutes in Manitoba.

SEVERAL Manitoba Women's Institutes have sent in reports showing that they are interested in Institute work and are "carrying on" enthusiastically endeavoring to live up to the Institute motto: "For Home and Country."

### Swan Lake reports:

In 1919, we worked for French Orphans; to this cause we sent \$180.00,

In spite of the very bad roads, resulting from the rain, a very successful District Convention of the Women's Institute was held in Belmont recently. About fifty members were present. Mrs. Marquis presided at the afternoon session, Mrs. Inmoth welcomed the Delegates, to which Mrs. McPhail of Wawanesa responded. Mrs. Jenkins read a report from the Delta Institute, and Mrs. Phillips from the Belmont Society, which shows that the Institute is in a very flourishing condition. No other societies were able to be present. Miss Dutton, Supervisor of Women's Institutes and Mrs. Duncan of the H. E. Department of the Agricultural College, gave short talks. Miss Gislason and Miss Fargey rendered delightful solos and Miss I. Irwin gave a reading. Mr. H. E. Wood described the assistance which Women's Institutes may give boys' and girls' clubs. The afternoon session closed with a lucid demonstration of a polling booth by Mr. C. Brown, clerk of the Municipality. A supper was then served by the ladies in the Oddfellows' Hall. The evening session at which the Rev. Mr. Dyke presided, opened with a few motion picture films. Miss M. Castill led the community singing at both sessions. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. H. Evans, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, short addresses which were introduced with musical numbers, were given by Miss Dutton and Mrs. Duncan.

In recounting the work of the Minnedosa W. I., the most important feature of the past year was the securing of a rest room. This was done by the soliciting of donations and grants from the merchants and municipalities around. It was opened by a large reception at which about fifty guests were present from the surrounding country.

Although the room is not a big paying business, it is a source of comfort to its patrons, who feel at home and free to make use of it, during their sometimes long hours of shopping and waiting, and where at any hour a cup of tea and light lunch is served by our hospitable matron. The Women's Institute was asked to take in hand a ward in the hospital that had been under the care of the Knights of Pythias, and who had abandoned it, not having sufficient numbers to keep it up. The committee, Mrs. Rorke, Mrs. Gugin, Mrs. Beddome and Mrs. Woodcock, by subscriptions from the women in the country, raised \$300.00. The ward was repapered painted and refurnished with bed and table linen, mattress, table, chinaware and thoroughly equipped for use again and is now called "The Country Women's Ward." They have also a bank account in reserve for further needs to the ward, and supply fruit in season and sugar for preserving.

The year's programme has been varied and always well worth the time of the members. It has included a practical demonstration on the making of children's clothes, hints on making pockets, buttonholes, gathering and sewing on lace, given by Mrs. J. McKay; a class of cookery with demonstration on canning given by Miss Moore, a graduate of the M.A.C.; a talk by the Rural Nurse, Miss McClung.

The children of the community have had a place on the programme, four essays being read by four members of the Boys' and Girls' Club, their subject being: "How I Raised a Garden for a Boys' and Girls' Fair."

Many interesting and timely topics have been discussed at the meetings, these being Parliamentary Procedure, given by Judge Maulson, Turkey Raising by Mrs. A. Davidson, The French Women by Brigadier-General Dyer,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



A SASKATCHEWAN OFFICIAL

Miss Abigail De Lury, who is an Ontarian by birth, taught in the public schools of her native Province for two years and then took a two years' teachers' course in Household Science at Guelph, followed by a year's course in Household Science at Columbia University. For two years Miss De Lury taught at Macdonald College, in Quebec, then went West, where she organized the Household Science course in the Moose Jaw public schools and collegiate and taught there for three years. Afterwards, Miss De Lury was called to the University of Saskatchewan to direct the Homemakers' Clubs until such time as a course in Household Science should be started. When the time came, Miss De Lury chose to stay with the Extension Course.

that legacies or bequests will be gratefully received and credited to the general fund; that donations in kind are also requested, such as: Clothing, provisions, grain, household articles, that by means of sales, these donations can, at any time, be converted into cash, and that the said sales shall be held at such times as are suitable for the disposal of such donations in kind; that subscriptions and donations may be sent to the president or secretary of the Cookshire Home-Makers' Club, or to any of the members of the official committee, herein stated; that the proposed general fund shall be invested and directed by the following official committee as soon as they have been duly and legally registered as trustees of the said general fund. Cookshire

and to French widows and orphans, \$7.00, and to Child's Welfare, Winnipeg, \$35.00. In 1920, so far we have only eighteen members. We have given one afternoon tea in aid of the Children's Aid, Winnipeg, the proceeds were \$18.50. Our meetings have been very good, and we have had splendid papers.

We serve lunch at all our meetings, and take a collection. I am sorry to say we are losing a number of our members by Belgians buying up farms in our district, and so far we have not managed to get any of these women to come to our meetings, but we have not given up hope nor trying.

This year we mean to help any worthy cause needing help in Manitoba. Our ladies thought it best to work for our own Country this year.





## The Thief of Beauty

**H**OW to stay Time in its relentless course? That is the problem of Beauty. How to prevent those telltale lines about the mouth, the flaccid throat, the withering of skin and lips that mark the progress of the years.

Does Beauty know that the enemy most to be feared is not Time, but Pyorrhea—a disease of the gums that wrecks the health and brings the brand of age? Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the lips lose their look of youth, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that cause rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders, and other serious ills.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. You can keep this insidious disease away. Visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection—and use Forhan's For the Gums.

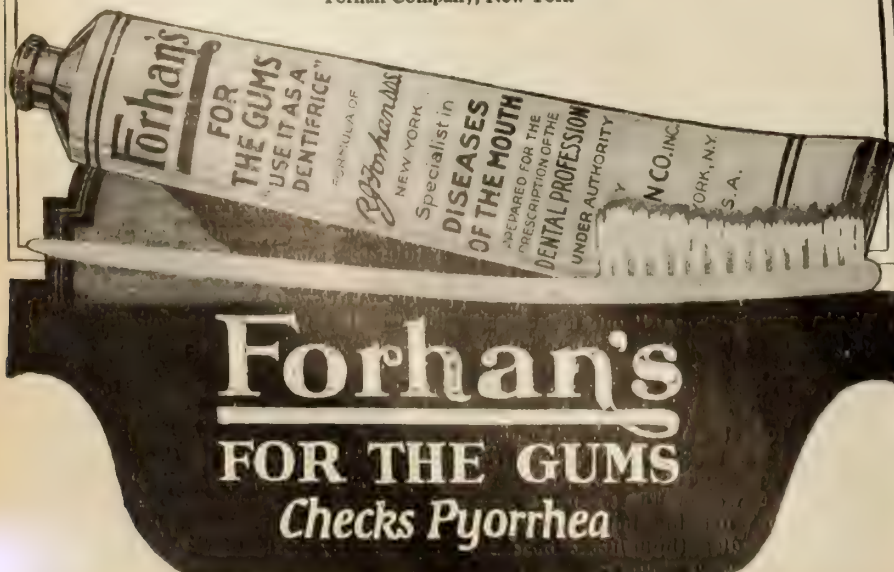
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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The Various Meanings Attached to the Words Which Make Up the Name of the Prince of Wales, Who Has Been Visiting Different Parts of the British Empire

## What's In a Name?

By E. M. GARDNER

987.1

**W**ELL, that depends upon circumstances:

In the commercial and professional world the NAME goes a long way to make or mar the fortunes of the bearer, also in the literary world, a name often spells success, or the reverse; however, it is to none of these things that we propose drawing your attention at the present time, but to something more human, which seems to touch our hearts as well as our imaginations, that is, the name—or names—for he rejoices in seven given names, which, being the perfect number, is the first good omen which we note in connection therewith of one who was with us a year ago, whom we delighted to honor; partly for the sake of those names and what they stand for, but chiefly for his own sake, for, do we not love to speak of him as "Our Prince"?

Of course every one knows what the names of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales are, but in order to refresh the memory of the reader, we have thought it might be of interest to put them down in order, together with the meaning of each, as given by recognized authorities, so that we may have a clearer idea of "what's in a name,"—especially his name.

**ANDREW**—(Greek) means Strong, Manly, Courageous, — outstanding characteristics of the patron saint of Scotland.

**PATRICK**—(Latin) meaning Noble. The patron saint of Ireland, whose followers were bewitched by his personality—(was it his winning smile?)

**DAVID**—(Hebrew) Last but not least, for it means "Beloved," "Dear." It was the name born by the patron saint of Wales. Has not his mantle fallen on the Prince of Wales? We read that his Royal Grandmother, Queen Alexandra, in a recent message to President Wilson, U.S.A., spoke of the Prince as her "dear Grandson" and in the book of family photographs, which she presented as a Christmas gift to charities in England, opposite a likeness of the Prince of Wales, when a little lad, she has written "Edward Prince of Wales," and underneath, in brackets "Little David." Do not these facts breathe of a deep affection, which is his "at home" as well as "abroad"?

Just another thought or two which may be of interest to all those who believe in omens. Edward, Prince of Wales was born on the 23rd of June, 1894. Now the birth stone for that



PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH MAORI WOMEN

The eldest son of King George and Queen Mary greatly enjoyed the reception given to him at Rotorua by the Maori women on his visit to the Antipodes. After the ceremony he remarked it was the finest thing he had ever witnessed. The smiling, barefooted Maori girl is evidently enjoying the scene, while His Royal Highness is evidently a little bit perturbed at having to face the line of strangely-bedecked figures.

**EDWARD**—(a good old Anglo-Saxon name) meaning "Guardian of happiness." His Grandfather, King Edward VII, was called "Edward the Peacemaker."

**ALBERT**—(Old high German) means "All bright" or "Illustrious." It was the name of his Great Grandfather, the Prince Consort, who was known as "Albert the Good," and whose name was untarnished, "all bright" and beloved.

**CHRISTIAN**—(Latin) meaning "belonging to Christ" or "a follower of Christ." Could we wish anything better for our young "Heir to the Throne"? It was the name of the illustrious King Christian IX of Denmark, whose eldest daughter is our much loved "Queen Mother" Alexandra, grandmother of the Prince of Wales.

**GEORGE**—(German) meaning "A Land holder" or "Husbandman"—and it would seem with the Prince's recognized love of flowers, Agriculture, and Nature in general, and from the fact that he has acquired a large quantity of land in our Canadian Northwest (Alberta) that the name is by no means inappropriate. Besides, is it not the name of his royal father, King George V? Also it is the name of the patron saint of England.

month is agate or chalcedony. The former is said to insure health, long life and prosperity. The latter "drives away sadness." If there is anything in this, we would suggest that H. R. H. should always carry a piece of each precious stone, somewhere about his person, but we are inclined to suspect that he already has a bit of Chalcedony hidden away out of sight, for sadness, and other unbecoming expressions are said to flee before his winsome irresistible smile.

Again, we find that in 1894 the 23rd of June, fell on a Saturday—(We are so thankful it was not Friday!) You will remember the old rhyme which says:

"Friday's child is full of woe;  
Saturday's child has far to go."  
And the probabilities are that this is true, for the Prince has already travelled many thousands of miles by land and sea.

When he sailed away from our shores, Canada — metaphorically speaking—stood on the pier and wailed (in the words of the old Scotch song):  
"Will ye no come back again?  
Will ye no come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again?"  
And he says he is coming. Hurrah!





ON a warm and drowsy afternoon last August, someone in search of comfort and coolness called on a Lady of the Old School, who is proud of her upwards-of-four-score years and who rejoices in the possession of an old-fashioned garden. Ice cream, entirely modern, was served in a shady spot which had a background of pink and crimson hollyhocks. The visitor, however, forgot the flowers and the refreshment in contemplating the small silver spoons which were almost too frail for their task.

"Where did you get these delightful spoons?" she finally asked of the hostess.

The Lady of the Old School fairly beamed with pleasure as she saw that her visitor was regarding the spoons with covetous gaze. "Oh, my Dear, those are spoons with a story."

"They look like it," said the visitor, as she noticed that the silver between bowl and handle was worn almost to a thread. "Are they very old?"

"Older than I know," was the reply. "They belonged to my grandmother who lived near Chrysler's Farm, where the famous battle was

ors, while the delegates, themselves, were unflagging in their enthusiasm about the various provinces through which they passed. They must have been ever so tired, poor delegates, before all the sight-seeing and the speeches were over. They were a jolly company, too—with the spirit of good fellowship and bonhomie, in spite of the very serious questions which they were called upon to discuss. One of the speakers said at a municipal banquet that he was impressed in Canada by its vastness, its vitality and its hospitality:—a trio of qualities which ought to make us consider whether we deserve to be described in such flattering terms. Our "vastness" is a matter of accident, and, while we glory in the Rocky Mountains and in the picturesque outlook from Baddeck, we can hardly take the credit for their size and sublimity. "Vitality" is a quality we all desire, and so long as it does not become overpoweringly aggressive, we do not object to its possession. The ability to "carry on" is especially to be prized in these days and Canada may well give a loud-



AN OVERFLOW MARKET

Historic Bonsecours Market, in Montreal, is no longer able to take care of the immense market trade that has developed this year. The overflow has found its way to the famous Champs de Mars, where it is shown in the photograph.

fought in the War of 1812. My grandmother heard that American soldiers were coming and she ran to the woods near the house and buried the spoons and other silver. When she went back to the house, there was an American officer in possession, who asked her what she had been hiding. She refused to tell him, saying that she knew he had come to burn the house. Then he told her that, if she would get the property she had hidden and restore it, he would promise her that it should not be harmed. When she hesitated, he said: 'I promise you on my honor as an American officer.' As she rather liked his looks she went off with him to the spot where she had buried the spoons. So, the silver came back to the farmhouse and the officer was as good as his word and saw that all the property was unharmed."

The spoons with the slender handles had, indeed, travelled far and seen many changes—even to the coming to Canada of such war trophies as the world had not known before. The visitor thoughtfully stirred her tea and wondered if the frail little spoons, which had come through more than one war would be shining brightly one hundred years from now, in a happy Canadian home.

\* \* \*

WONDERFULLY interesting has been the trip of the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, and the Canadians who met and heard the members at the various gatherings were duly impressed with the importance of the coming of such visit-

voiced negative to the question: "Are we down-hearted?" Hospitality is an attribute of a people who have received greatly and who are prepared to give of their abundance. All Canadians know of the work of Mrs. Roberts (better known as Jessie Alexander) whose recitals have delighted many an audience in East and West. Speaking in reminiscence, some time ago, Mrs. Roberts said that the qualities she had noticed in Canadians, wherever she went, are kindness and resourcefulness. We shall do well, indeed, if we live up to these estimates of national characteristics.

\* \* \*

IS there any teapot which has quite the cosiness of the old-time Brown Betty? Queen Anne silver is stately and suggestive of a recent bridal or a testimonial from the church officers. The tall slender colonial design has excellent "lines"; but, when it comes to a really "comfy" cup of tea, Brown Betty is the most encouraging sight of them all. Nor is Brown Betty without her own self respect. She has a certain air of repose and satisfaction which indicates that she feels, but not unduly, her own importance. Just the other day, I saw a wonderful green teapot which has recently arrived from China and has an air of the Orient which many would find alluring in its hint of a corner in a far-away tea-garden. But Brown Betty stands serenely aside, knowing that after the newcomer has been admired for an hour, her homely charms will hold for Everyday.

# "SALADA"

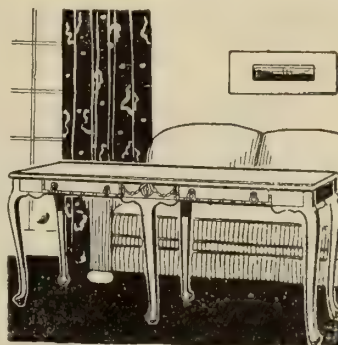
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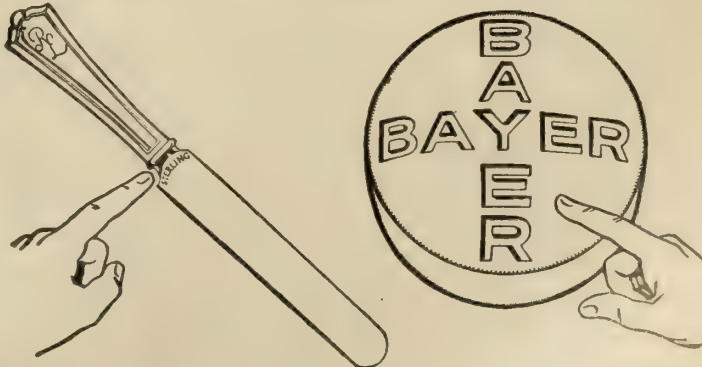
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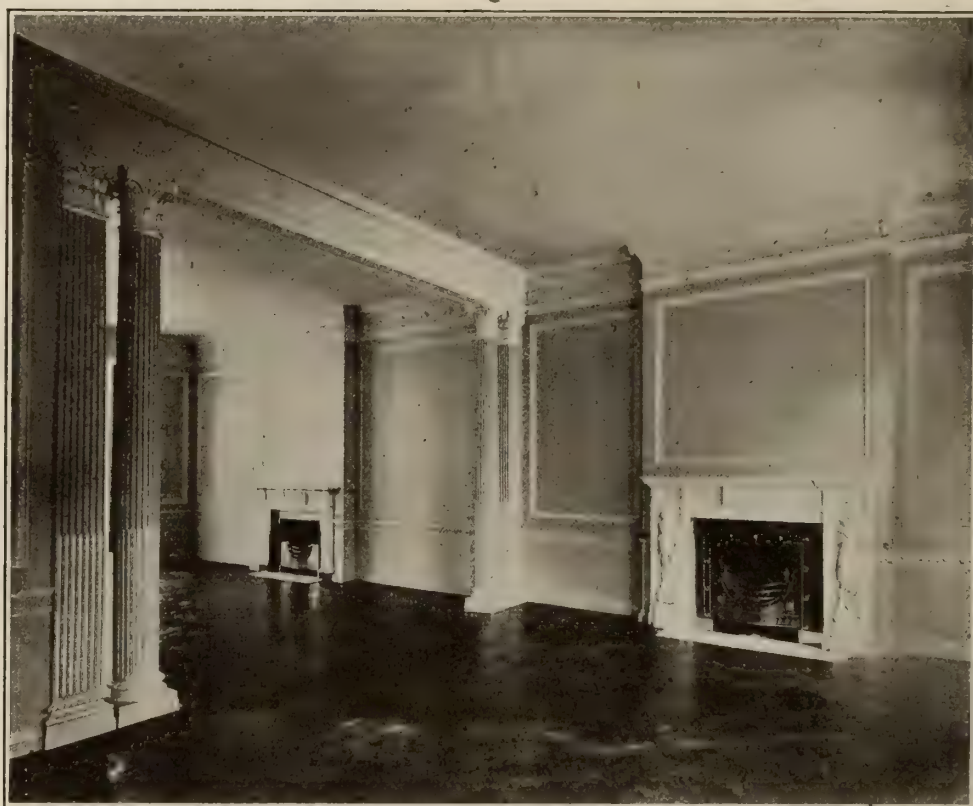
of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.





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Spring floods on Nelson (B.C.) water-front.

Graphic Description of one of the Most Beautiful Spots in our Pacific Province

# In the Kootenay Country

By MRS. W. GARLAND FOSTER

A CERTAIN eastern man lately suffered some confusion regarding the geography of British Columbia. That is the trouble—there

successive scenes that lie spread out before the eye, but to get a grasp of scenery laid lavishly over hills and more hills and mountains and more mountains as though Nature in her generosity folded them up to be spread out at pleasure, is another thing.

Out here—in God's country still, though far beyond the boundaries of the Great Lakes—one passes through every kind of scenery and every kind of climate known to this continent. Here are lordly streams winding and curving between mountain ranges, through canyons, widening into lakes or flooded basins, edged by rich alluvial strips, overlooked by benches equally fertile. Here between summits snow-capped are sunny valleys tucked away, with their own streams providing unlimited water power. There are southern slopes where grapes and peaches flourish; there are northern slopes where grains and hardier fruits are grown, where wide-eyed cattle wade in wild vetches and clovers. Over all the mountains tower, grim, grey and snow-capped till the magic hand of Spring drives back the snowline which, receding day by day, drops down its melting streams to flood their way to outlets far away. These mountains hold great mystery, great wealth of mineral forces sufficient to serve man's needs a million years and more, minerals known to

science, minerals yet to know, all hidden in those grim, forbidding vaults that Spring's awakening or the cloak of Winter alone makes fair.



Cottonwood Falls, Nelson's water supply.

is so much geography to B.C. that it is really difficult to compass it all in a lifetime, especially if one is not a native. It is one thing to visualize



Farm scene at Nelson, looking in the lake.



*Beauty is a thing of a thousand subtleties*

THE PINK-TIPPED HAND OF YOUTH

is one of the "points" of that subtle difference between the woman who is truly charming in every small and infinitely important detail and the woman who never quite achieves distinction. A bit too much of the wrong sort of polish—thickened roughened skin at the base of the nails—an over-manicured look caused by indiscreetly chosen nail rouge or nail white—the result is deplorable—vulgar.

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are made for the well-groomed woman who realizes that she is as old as her hands look, the woman whose taste in small details is invariably correct, and who understands the tremendous importance of trifles.

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## In the Kootenay Country



Lover's Lane, on Balfour Road.

The melting snows disintegrate the surface rock, the lichens, moss and small plant life all add their share to building soil, and year by year sees more pretentious foliage crown the gray. At the bottom, richer, more generous crops, each successive foot blooming as the season advances, till by midsummer, Spring's flowers flourish on the heights.

And trees, such trees as fringe the lakes and climb the mountain sides! Trees that point straight up no matter how steep the bank they climb. But king of all the trees the Douglas fir stands out, a link between two races of trees and wearing royal marks of two. With graceful branches bearing stately robes of green he stands, the royal sentinel of all this land.

AND Queen of all this lovely land where the Columbia widens with the waters of a hundred streams is a city tucked away where the Rockies overlook the Selkirks. To sail in May or early June down the broad, lake-like stream of the Columbia is to have spread out before one all the shades known to the spectroscopist; to glimpse the white of drooping cherry blossoms, or to get the wafted perfume of apple blossoms just bursting into bloom. Those apple orchards with

strawberries growing in the rows between—what more luscious temptation could one anticipate? When the river basin is full to overflowing is the best time to see the Nelson of the Kootenay. The willows on the water front dip their foliage in the flood and up the hillside spreads the city, bosomed high in wealth of bloom. The farms that fringe the city show green fields and gardens breaking into verdant strips. By all means see Nelson in June. Failing this, choose summer when the sun beats on the rock strewn mountain opposite and the drowsiness of tropical heat holds the city; then on some evening as the sun throws long shadows among the infant firs visit some Lover's Lane on Balfour Road and guess from scents and sounds and lengthening rays if you are east or west or where. Or by moonlight, when the mountain breezes stir the trees along the canyon, cross the bridge at Cottonwood Falls and say what other climes invite. Or motoring out the Granite Road to the Lookout as evening shadows fall, see the vista of lake, stream and mountain shadow; smell the perfume of fir and pine and hidden flowers; then "glim your lights" and thank "whatever gods may be" that you have once in a lifetime been at Nelson, Queen City of the Kootenay.

## Open Air Wash Days

ONE of the first impressions of the picturesqueness of the Continental working people that strikes the eye of the tourist is the sight of the women washing clothes in the canals and rivers. The custom seems to be quite universal in France, Belgium and Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and, to a less extent, in Germany. In the primitive fashion still used in France, the clothes are washed on the stones by the side of the river and beaten with a wooden implement designed for the purpose. The subject has been immortalized in a sketch of Jean Francois Millet. As to the results of the process, it must be admitted that only the best and strongest materials of the most durable and strongest are calculated to survive the treatment. But, judging from the fine, strong, ruddy look of the women, the custom is good for the washers if not for the clothes.

They make pictures that remain in the memory, these workers in the sun. No matter how brief the first glimpse, when the galleries of dead masters have become a confused recollection you will be able to shut your eyes and see them as if you had passed them yesterday, that group of Normandy peasants in white cap and

kerchief, hollowing out the loose beach stones in the wake of a freshwater spring on its way to the sea. When the pool was filled a large stone was placed for a washboard and work began. Then, when the clothes were washed and rinsed and wrung out with a strong play of muscle in brown arms, they were spread on the beach with a stone at each corner to keep the excitable French wind from whisking them away. And the sea was like sapphire, and the rush of it, breaking on the great cliffs beyond, mingled with the sound of the women's voices as they washed.

The Italian women, washing in a trough set in the shade of a stone wall, smile up at you from their work as you drive past. You are conscious, in a vivid, quick way, of the flash of red in a woman's dress, of wet white clothes and a burning blue sky behind a sunlit yellow wall that climbs a hill following the road. In some of the Italian towns you will see a long trough divided into compartments, built against a roofed wall where the women can wash protected from the fierce Southern sun. They seem as happy as possible over their work and chatter incessantly like a flock of blackbirds.



## The woman of refinement

uses a Talcum Powder which harmonizes with her dainty personality.

She does not desire one with a perfume too pronounced and which attracts unwelcome attention.

For such dainty women the Mennen Company have produced a range of exquisite Talcum Powders, delicately perfumed—the ideal Talcums for women of taste.

All Mennen Talcums are compounded on the same basis and with the same care as the famous Mennen Borated Talcum Powder used so successfully for 40 years for babies' tender skin. That in itself guarantees the quality—silky and soft, delicate and fragrant.

Mennen Violet Talcum is quiet and refreshing, with an old-world perfume of dew-crystalized violets—a perfume which has been the favorite of many generations of well-bred people.

Mennen Sen Yang has a perfume new to this continent. It is an elusive Oriental Perfume, rapidly becoming a great favorite. The Mennen Company also, after long experiment, have produced two Talcum Powders which give perfect "complexion" satisfaction. One is *Flesh Tint*—the first *Flesh Tint Talcum*—and the other *Cream Tint*, for those who find a white Talcum unbecoming.

**The Mennen Company**  
Factory: Montreal

Sales Office  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited  
10 McCaul St., Toronto

**MENNEN**  
TALCUM POWDERS



**"Oh! Doctor!  
Baby Simply  
Won't Stop  
Crying!"**

"His little legs are just raw. There's an angry rash on his back and stomach. Please do something!"

Of course, the doctor knew nothing serious was the matter. Baby was merely suffering from teething rash and diaper rash. But doctor knew that only a happy baby grows and thrives. So he did something.

Baby was dusted with Kora-Konia. Quickly the rash disappeared. The hot little body became cool. The raw spots were soothed and soon healed. In a mighty short time baby was cooing and gurgling for his dinner.

Kora-Konia should not be confused with Mennen's Talcum Powder, which has made babies sweet and comfortable for nearly forty years. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture resisting, cooling, soothing and healing.

**MENNEN**  
**KORA-KONIA**

**The Mennen Company**  
Factory: Montreal

Sales Office  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited  
10 McCaul Street  
Toronto







## The Book Corner

"The Wind Between The Worlds."  
By Alice Brown; The Macmillan  
Company, Toronto.

THE reputation of Alice Brown in the literary world is such that any novel by her commands a respectful reading. This latest volume is not only well-written, but it wakes a strong popular appeal to those interested in the modern attempts (frantic, in some cases) to establish communication between this familiar Earth and "worlds not realized." The writer has taken her title from a line in Kipling's "Tomlinson," and it proves almost poignantly appropriate. The story centres around the attempts of Mrs. Harvey, a mother, whose aviator son was killed in the war, to obtain some authentic message from her dead Philip. Miss Bixley, the secretary, who is half fraud, half fanatic; Peter Harvey, the husband, shrewd business man, yet tenderly sympathetic with his wife's sorrow; Brooke Harvey, Philip's brother, who returns from France to an upset family; Madam Brooke, most striking of all, the sturdy grandmother, whose common-sense and humor are yet in touch with tragedy, form a household of vital and varied interest. Andrea Dove and her crazed father, Andrew, whose invention, olympium, is to strike flashes from another world, and Beatrice Haydon, whom Philip had loved, supply occult and romantic influences which prevent the story from becoming a mere ouija incident. The interview in the twentieth chapter between the indomitable Madam Brooke and Miss Bixby is one of the most striking expositions of the old attitude and the new—or the sane and the insane, if you prefer—towards the matter of communion with the dead. The lady of the automatic writing says:

"Don't you think . . . we're in honor bound to keep on and follow out the thing wherever it leads us?"

"No, I don't," said Madam Brooke. "That I'm sure of. You're only going to debase your energies and weaken your will, forever questioning, forever whining for sympathy and asking advice, setting up a higher tribunal 'over there,' as you call it, and lying down on what you think are higher intelligences than your own. No, my girl, you fight it out on this line. Make your decisions, meet your griefs, and toughen your will. That's what the whole business here is for—the mystery, the despair—to make a man of you and toughen your will."

Madam Brooke is a heroine worth while and you'll remember her after you have forgotten the young lovers, delightful as Andrea and Brooke may be, in their Miranda-and-Ferdinand romance.

"The Luzumiyat of Abul-Ala," by Ameen Rihani. James T. White and Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

THE author of these sayings, called "the Lucretius of Islam," was born in the year 973, in the obscure village of Ma'arrah, which is about eighteen hours' journey south of Aleppo. His sayings, as translated here, are rather similar in sentiment to those of Omar Khayyam—a "what's the use?" philosophy, which does not make an appeal to the business man or the practical housewife. The author is truthful as well as fanciful, as the following lines bear witness:

"Whence does the nettle get its bitter sting?  
Whence do the honey bees their honey bring?  
Whence our Companions, too—our Whence and Why?  
O Soul, I do not know a single thing."

"The Cross-Bearers of the Saguenay," by the Very Reverend W. R. Harris, LL.D. Published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited, London and Toronto.

DEAN HARRIS, who celebrated the jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood in June at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, is a writer with

distinction of literary style and a width of experience which make his books both illuminating and graphic. Dean Harris is a traveller with the true love of adventure which gives him an insight into the motives of the pathfinder, as well as an understanding of the devout courage of the missionary. In the present volume, which is divided into three parts, we have Tadousac and the Franciscans, the Montagnais and Trail Breakers and Path-Finders, treated in historical and picturesque fashion. Any Canadian concerned with the records of our heroic past would find this volume of more than passing interest. The author has made a thorough study of his subject, but has a popular gift for selecting such phases as all readers will find arresting. One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the "Superstitions and Myths of the Montagnais," in which several naive and memorable legends are related; and the explanation of the origin of the "medicine man" is highly instructive. This quotation from Father Le Jeune after a brief experience with the Montagnais medicine man is noteworthy: "Most of them are deceivers and charlatans; however, I am inclined to think that some among them really have communication with the devil."

"The Voice of the Pack," by Edison Marshall. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$1.90.

IF you wish to bestow on a lover of outdoors a Christmas box which will give him an excellent opinion of your "picking out" ability in book land, present him with "The Voice of the Pack." In fact, anyone may well enjoy this tale of the Oregon forest; but to the true woodlander it will prove a companion, indeed. The hero, Dan Failing, lives in Gitcheapolis—which is an Indian-Greek name for Big City. Dan has been told by the doctor that he has only six months to live—is what the West calls a "lunger." Suddenly, owing to the kindly suggestion of a squirrel, Dan feels a yearning for the life of the unspoiled woods, and, as he is the grandson of a famous frontiersman, Dan Failing I., he soon finds himself at home in the high regions of Southern Oregon. Old-time craft comes back to him and he shakes off weakness and disease, finding health and work and love in those far stretches of forest. There is a tale of primitive revenge, too, (reminding the reader of the "Virginian.") and Dan finally takes the life of his enemy in as fair a fight as the high hills would wish to see. It is a story of wild and even cruel adventure—and you have a horror of the wolves as you reach the end of the tale; but it is clean and bracing, a story which breathes hope and kinship with the free and silent places.

Experiences and Observations of an American Consular Officer During the Recent Mexican Revolutions, by Will B. Davis, M.D. Published by the Author at Chula Vista, California.

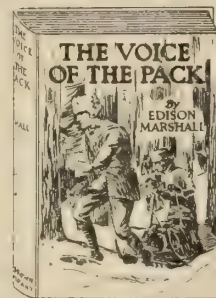
THIS book, which is mainly told in a series of letters, written by the author to his daughter, is an interesting and graphic account of the disturbances in that extremely unrestful country to the south of the United States. The troubles of the country are real enough, but the cause of much of it may be found in the concluding paragraph of the book:

"These middle and upper classes, however, in Mexico—and we fear that throughout Latin-American such has been too much the case—have never concerned themselves as they should have done, in trying to better the conditions of the poor peon element of their country. They do not appear to have ever seriously considered how awkward it must be to try to maintain a Democratic form of Government, with an illiterate population of eighty-five per cent."



## All Out-Doors Invites your KODAK

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited  
Toronto, Canada



"----the fiery eyes of  
the wolves gleamed

in the half-light through the tree-spaces."

Here's a thrilling tale—an Adventure story, Love story, Nature story. Read what Canadian Home Journal's book reviewer has to say of it in this issue.

SOME OTHER NEW ONES

### POOR MAN'S ROCK

By Bertrand W. Sinclair. A stirring Canadian story centred in the salmon-canning industry in British Columbia.

### RETURNED EMPTY

By Florence L. Barclay. The author of "The Rosary" has written an unusual novel 'round problems of reincarnation and spiritualism.

### THE WHITE POPE

By S. R. Crockett. A new conception with all the charm of the Crockett books.

Your Bookseller Has These

The Ryerson Press  
PUBLISHERS TORONTO



## BIAS FILLED CORSETS

*The Extreme of Comfort  
The Perfection of Style—*



To combine perfect comfort with easy grace and smartness, your corset must conform to the laws of anatomy.

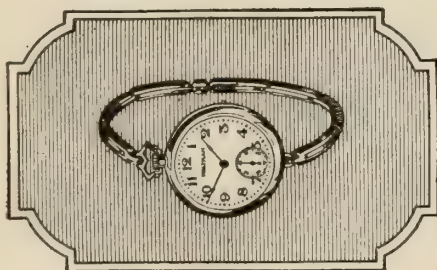
BIAS FILLED CORSETS are scientifically correct, improving the figure while conserving the health. The delicate internal organs are not cramped or pressed out of place.

There is a model specially designed for every figure.

Illustration shows Style 1415, for ladies of full figure who demand a perfect flesh controller.

Write us NOW for the name and address of our representative in your vicinity. Useful hints on fitting and self-measurement Free upon request.

**BIAS CORSETS LIMITED**  
41 BRITAIN STREET  
TORONTO



*The Waltham Ladies' Convertible Bracelet Watch. Can be worn in many different ways as Fashion may dictate. Priced from \$37.00 upwards.*

## You gain in Prestige when you own a Waltham

To be well-dressed induces self-respect. It also commands the respect of others. In the same way one's prestige is increased by carrying a Waltham Watch.

The name "Waltham" itself possesses the prestige that comes from being the world's standard of watch value for more than sixty-five years.

And this name is more than a mere tradition. It signifies progress as well as long establishment.

Waltham was the world's first factory to produce complete watch movements. At Waltham to-day the specially-designed mechanical equipment and the large staff of skilled watchmakers combine to make every Waltham Watch a perfected piece of mechanism.

Carry a Waltham for time-accuracy and justifiable pride of possession.

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED  
MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products  
in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

*Waltham Grandfather  
Hall (clocks, Mantel and  
Lanther (all colors) Desk  
Clocks for homes of refinement. Ask your jeweler.*

## What Your Pen Tracks Tell

By Lady Van

Learn What Your Handwriting Discloses



HERE is always something new to be discovered—about yourself. Strange as it may seem, the way you make the words that you write to your friends, tell a tale that would surprise you if you could have it explained to you. Do you slant your "t" strokes up or down, before or behind or above the letter? Each way has its own tale to tell. Write to me, and let's figure it out. Just pretend I am an old friend and say what you would say to such a person in six lines or more. Then I will be confidential and tell you some things about yourself that you may or may not have known before. Here's looking for your letter.

MICKEY, Peterboro, Ont.—Cheer up lady, life is much what you make it, and your lane is bound to have a turn in it somewhere. You are not a very adaptable person, but you are artistic in your tastes and desires. A neat, and inclined to be methodical, person. You are diplomatic to a degree, can keep a still tongue and control it where other people's affairs are concerned. Are jolly, good-natured, easy to get along with, and have a clear brain under your hair-pins. Are kindly and have quick sympathies, are generous and liable to give of yourself freely, for your friends. Have a jolly good opinion of yourself, are skeptical of other people's views, and like to reason things out to a conclusive finish. Your emotions are quickly roused and you are sensitive to your surroundings. You can scratch back quickly when hurt, and do not hesitate to do it either. You should not always be taken seriously. Are domestic in tastes, but fickle in love affairs. Musical ability is shown, also some of a dramatic nature. Your lucky numbers are 10 and 34, the day is Monday, best months, February and September, flower, the daisy and gem the pearl.

OPERATOR, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.—Isn't it nice when bits of humor are thrown into your work? It makes the rest easier. I am glad you are able to pick out the fun. You are a broad-minded person, but a procrastinating one; you so often prefer waiting to doing. You mean awfully well, but one cannot depend upon your promises, as ten to one you will put off the doing till too late. A rather uncommunicative person, and able to keep confidences, also your own counsel. Have excellent judgment and a well ordered mind, and in matters calling for circumspection, you may be relied upon. Are naturally a good manager, careful and conservative and have good business instincts. Are selfish and have too little regard for the feelings of others. You will at times resort to most anything in order to accomplish your purpose. Possess a good deal of ability. You poor dear, to have a birthday just when you do; hard luck isn't it? You have an ardent temperament, are intellectually ambitious and self-reliant. Your best months are March and November; the day is Saturday; flower, the holly, and gem, the turquoise. As you did not give me your name I cannot give you the lucky numbers.

L. H. H., Montreal, Quebec.—You lack individuality, and I fear your ideas are a bit limited. You love to imitate, and what you do you do well. Egotism and a goodly amount of conceit are shown. Are headstrong and opinionated, and liable to put a good deal of stress on matters of form and style. You love to feel your own importance and to have other people sense it too. Are easy-going and pleasure-loving, also kindly in your intentions. Lack ener-

gy and quickness. Would make a clerk or bookkeeper. Are methodical, painstaking and neat. Have indifferent judgment and your decisions cannot be relied upon. You do not tell all that you know, in fact it is a difficult matter to get you to be very communicative on any subject that is personal. You love to be appreciated and are always ready to play to the gallery. Your lucky day is Tuesday; best months, January and July; the numbers are 3 and 33; flower, the red carnation, and jewel, the topaz.

PATRICIA, Erin, Ont.—What a dear lady you were to write such a chatty letter to me. It was like a welcome breeze on a breathless day. You are quite right in all that you say. As for me—I just love taffy, don't you? As for you, well you are not a candid person, for all your pleasant talk. I should say you can put a bluff over most any day, and make one think black is sky-blue pink. A diplomatic person and always ready with an explanation, and allowing yourself plenty of scope in all your actions. Your emotions are on a sort of sliding scale, and you can never quite depend upon them yourself. Are sensitive and not above being jealous. At the same time you are charitable. There is plenty of romance in your nature and you love that which is original and new; you hold most unconventional ideas on many subjects, and if your neighbors know some of them—well! Are probably extravagant in your ideas, and always want what you have to be up to the minute. There is nothing lazy about you, for you are onto your "job" every minute. Are a natural worker and do everything with enthusiasm and energy. Your best months are February and November; the day is Wednesday; numbers, 3 and 21; flower, the sweet pea, and jewel, the sapphire.

G. G., Toronto, Ont.—Thank you for telling us just what you do like in the Journal, that always helps a lot. You are not a very observant person, but you are fussy over details. Are punctual, thrifty, careful of what belongs to you, prudent in all things and often so precise that you irritate those about you. There is a good deal of sentiment in your make up. Are energetic, zealous and a bit restless. Have plenty of ambitious ideas and keep wishing the future would hurry as you want to know what it is bringing to you. Are impatient, though trustworthy, and usually correct in your deductions. You like an argument and will follow one up. Are practical in ideas and do not jump at conclusions. You have little patience with deceit, and there is no affectation in your nature. Are not often understood, and your friends are not of the life-long variety. Are versatile, changeable, nervous and liable to extremes. Should be interested in literature and art. You probably like best to travel by water. Your lucky numbers are 2 and 26; the day is Friday; best months, April and August; flower, the rose, and gem, the pearl.

EVER-READY B., Allston, Ont.—There is impatience shown in your writing, and you do not wait patiently. Have a nasty temper, in that it flies off quickly and does not give the other fellow a chance to get ready for it. Are candid and outspoken, always ready to talk and a bit too ready to gossip. You take the most amazing people into your confidence, and you so often make ill-timed remarks. Are good-natured as a rule, but your emotions slip from one extreme to another very easily. Are a busy person and have little patience with idlers. Whatever you do is done with energy and enthusiasm, and your tastes turn to the practical affairs of life. A natural worker, you are happiest when your hands and brain are busy. Are a natural home-maker.

It is with regret that we announce the discontinuance of this department, as this month's column is the final contribution in the articles dealing with handwriting. The department has been a source of interest and gratification to many of our readers.





Ancient women asked their seers, and they said, "palm and olive oils"



Modern scientists give the same advice to women who consult them

# Tell Me the Truth

## About Beautiful Skins

**T**HIS is the plea of millions. And it has been so for ages. Ancient women put the plea to seers. Their answer has been dug up lately, carved in hieroglyphics. It was, "Use Palm and Olive oils." And we know that ancient beauties followed their advice.

Go to a modern scientist and he will tell you this: Cultivate good health. Get plenty of exercise, fresh air and sleep. Use light massage to foster circulation. In cases of large pores, after washing, chill the skin with ice.

"But what soap," you ask, "what emollient shall I employ?"

He will say, "Cleanliness is all-important. Not surface cleanliness, but clean pores."

He will advise a gentle, penetrating soap. A perfect soap, made by scientific men. A soap whose basis is Palm and Olive oils.

Thus he will echo the advice which seers gave Cleopatra.

### *There's nothing new*

There is almost nothing new today in ways to good complexions. There is nothing new in rain or sunshine either.

Keep the skin clean. Remove the dirt, dust, waste and oil. Clean out the pores. Do this with a soothing,

penetrating soap. Do it with Palm and Olive oils combined.

Some of the finest soap chemists in the world supply the method in Palmolive Soap. And the best opinion is that science can never improve that method.

### *How popularity reduces price*

Palmolive, if made in small quantities, would be a very expensive soap. The Palm Oil comes from Africa, the Olive Oil from Spain.

But this is a soap that every woman needs. Not merely to remedy a faulty skin, but to prevent it. Women of every age should use it every day. It forms the simple, natural way to healthy, radiant skin.

As a result, there are millions of women who daily enjoy its benefits. There is not another facial soap in the world which compares in popularity.

So the Palmolive factories work 24 hours a day to supply the demand. Ingredients are ordered in enormous quantities. This gigantic volume reduces cost.

Thus we are able to supply Palmolive at a very moderate price. It costs no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

Palmolive is sold by dealers everywhere.



Skin beauty is inexpensive, and the way is simple. Both the rich and poor can have it.

It is made by

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

# PALMOLIVE



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## This Man Actually Allows His Wife to Do the Family Washing!

**M**AN-MADE logic justifies this—on the grounds of efficiency and comfort. But suppose some Monday morning all the husbands in Canada stayed home from office, shop, field and factory and did the family washing! Suppose they spent next washday, bent double over tubs of smelly water from morning till night. Suppose they did the rubbing, carrying, wringing and fussing in a steamy, unpleasant atmosphere, as their wives have to do each week. What then?

Would not their first thought be, "Is there no other way to accomplish this task?" It wouldn't take them long to investigate.

And when they did investigate, what would they find?

They would find, perhaps to their surprise, that the BlueBird Electric Clothes Washer has solved the Washing Problem **ABSOLUTELY**. They would find that the BlueBird washes the heaviest clothes **CLEAN** with no human effort whatsoever, in a fraction of the time, and yet will not injure the most delicate fabrics. They would also find that on grounds of strictest economy they should have a BlueBird Washer, because it lengthens the life of clothes, and thereby saves its cost over and over again.

Washing is one of the most necessary of household tasks—but it is also the most unpleasant. And not only is it unpleasant—it has ruined the nerves and shortened the lives of generations of women. When husbands come to realize what they are permitting their wives to do, week in and week out—**THEN** there will be a BlueBird Washer in every Canadian home.

### Specifications of the Canadian-Made BlueBird Electric Clothes Washer:

**CABINET**—White, Grey trim; has table top, waist high; working parts enclosed; safety for children; attractive appearance; graceful design; enamel finish—easily kept clean.

**TUB**—Heavy copper, extra large rocking type, tinned inside and perfectly smooth.

**ACTION**—Oscillating principle—quickest, smoothest, no vibration, simple control—locks on centre when not in operation.

**FRAME**—Strongest, most heavily constructed frame—built like a bridge; mounted on four double wheel roller bearing casters, easy to move.

**MECHANISM**—Simplest design, few moving parts.

**WRINGER**—All metal, enamelled grey, rigid, cannot warp; adjustable; approved safety release; full 12 in. width—extra wide.

**ROLLS**—Finest quality—highest grade Sumatra rubber—made by Goodyear, Toronto.

**DRAIN**—Operated from top of washer.

**MOTOR**—Strong; dependable; easily cleaned; waterproof; ample power; specially designed and built for Canadian BlueBird by Canadian Westinghouse Co.

**Leading Dealers Sell BlueBird**—The BlueBird Electric Clothes Washer and Wringer will be sold by all leading *Household Electric Appliance Shops, Furniture Dealers, Hardware Dealers, Electrical Shops, and at most Electric Light Companies' Showrooms, on a standard List Price.* The BlueBird marks the store in which it is sold as the leading Household Appliance Dealer in every district.

It may be that your dealer has not as yet stocked BlueBird Washers. If he has, he will be glad to show and demonstrate them. If you find that he has not—write us for a copy of a booklet "Out of Bondage". It shows in a most interesting way how the washing problem is a problem no longer.

BlueBird Corporation, Limited, Brantford, Canada

Copyright, Canada, 1929.

The  
Canadian-Made

# Blue Bird

## ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER





# Between Milady and Autumn Breezes Are These Smart Costumes



Jacket 9017  
Skirt 8760  
Embroidery 12561

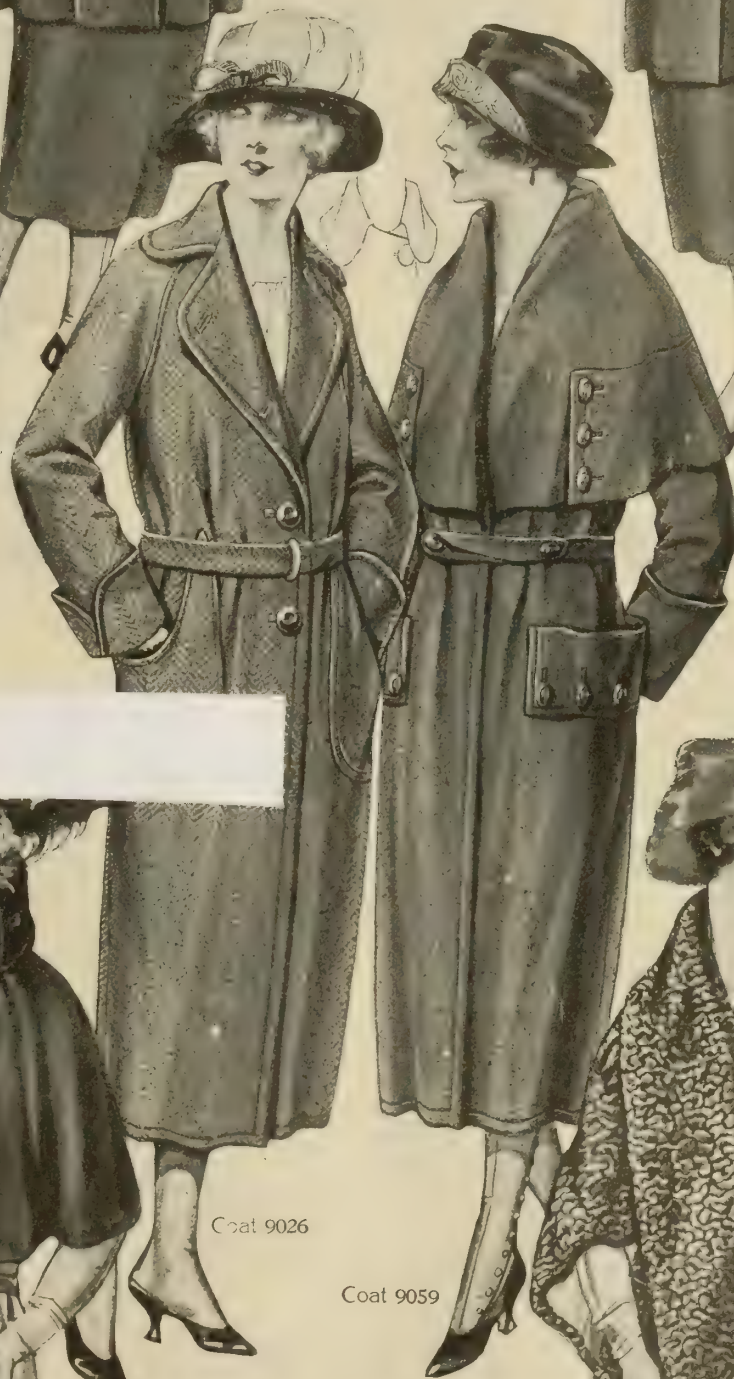
Jacket 9039  
Skirt 8914

9017—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 36 inches. No. 8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. The large patch pockets are elaborately embroidered in design 12561. From Paris comes the suggestion of longer jackets such as are illustrated on this page, and from Paris also comes the vogue for embroidery.



Jacket 9036  
Skirt 8880

Jacket 9023  
Skirt 8810



Coat 9026

Coat 9059



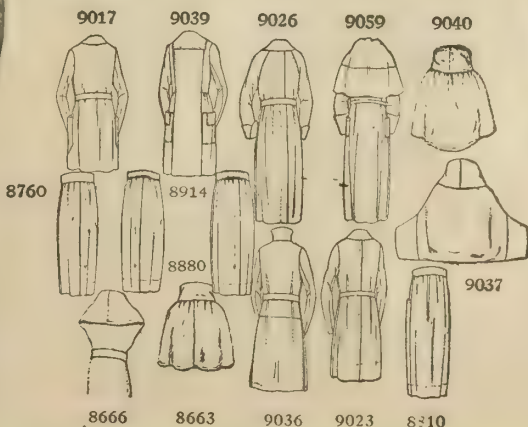
Scarf 8666

Cape and Muff  
8663



Cape 9040

Short Wrap  
9037



9039—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 37½ inches. No. 8914—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5¾ yards 44-inch serge—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. To complete this smart suit pumps of soft glazed kid may be worn with spats of beige, brown, or gray cloth.

9036—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 37½ inches. No. 8880—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5½ yards 44-inch serge—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. The vogue of the lengthened waist-line has extended to the jackets, tho, as a rule, they are belted at normal.

(DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 54.)



# New Suits and Frocks Lend Interest to Returning School Days

Boys' Coat  
8677Boys' Suit  
8694Boys' Coat  
9042

8694—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse—1 yard 36-inch velvet for trousers. Cuter than ever grow the suits for small men and this model is quite festive in style. The blouse with its cunning short sleeves is shirred on the shoulders and trousers which are unbelted button onto the blouse in points front and back.

9042—Boys' Coat. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 54-inch wool mixture— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch silk serge for lining. Quite mannish in style is this boys' overcoat with raglan sleeves, notched collar, and large patch pockets. A decidedly convenient feature of the coat is the possibility of rolling the collar high, and closing the revers over, making it more comfortable for cold or rainy days.

9034—Girls' One-piece Box-plaited Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch white flannel— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards braid for trimming. To avoid the necessity of sewing on a lot of snapper fasteners, this dress slips on over the head and is box-plaited front and back below the deep yoke.

8559—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 44-inch white flannel for collar and shield. Heavy silk embroidery in design 12444 forms an attractive border on this frock for the school girl. The style of this dress should appeal to busy mothers, as, slipping on over the head, the necessity for buttons and buttonholes is eliminated, with a consequent saving of time and work.

Girls' and Juniors'  
Coat 7765Juniors' Middy  
Dress 7674Girls' Dress  
9034Girls' and Juniors  
Dress 8559  
Embroidery 12444

8677—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54-inch broadcloth— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch sateen for lining. Quite snappy in style is this coat for the wee man, and when fastened up to the neck it is the cosiest thing imaginable. Broadcloth, cheviot, or the heavy wool mixtures may be selected for making it, and when the days get colder, a collar of fur may replace the one of self-material shown here. The closing may be accomplished with frogs, but if preferred bone buttons and buttonholes may be substituted.

9027—Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch cheviot— $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch satin for lining. This type of coat is decidedly useful and practical for the school girl, covering the frock, and fronts may be closed high to the neck for cold weather. On mild days the coat may be worn as illustrated with the collar flat and the fronts turned back.

Girls' Coat  
9027Boys' Suit  
8918

8526—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch velvet— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch white satin for collar and

shield. Trimming-bands on the skirt and flowing sleeves combine to give an air of style to this very delightful frock. If velvet seems a little elaborate for school wear, there are ever so many wool fabrics that form agreeable substitutes—such as for example, serge, wool poplin, tricotine, gabardine, plaid worsted, and velours. Linen, too, would work out interestingly in this model, for the many mothers who prefer to keep their little daughters in wash frocks all the year round.

7765—Girls' and Juniors' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 54-inch polo cloth— $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. Utility and style join hands in this good-looking coat of polo cloth. It is just the thing for school wear as well as for practical service. The collar being convertible may be rolled high to the neck and the fronts buttoned over.

7674—Juniors' Middy Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 14 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44-inch serge for plaited skirt and collar— $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch white drilling for blouse— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch lining for underwaist to which the skirt is attached. Many schools prefer a uniform of this type for the pupils, and the entire dress may be of blue serge or

it may, as illustrated here, combine a blouse of white wash fabric with a plaited skirt of blue serge. Blue and white linen also combine attractively, and the wash fabric is really more desirable for the collar as it will stand laundering better.

7740—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch white flannel for collar—4 yards braid for trimming. This is another good type of dress for school girls simple and yet smart. The back of waist and skirt are cut in one while the front and side of the skirt are attached to the waist. Turn-back cuffs finish the sleeves and the sailor collar of white flannel is trimmed with bands of braid.

8918—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch wool mixture— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch lining for waist bands and trouser pockets. Growing boys always look well in suits of this sort with a belted jacket fastening in single-breasted style and finished with a notched collar. Below the belt are large patch pockets and the knickerbocker trousers may close in front or at the sides.

(DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 54.)





# Chic Frocks That Have No Need to Hide Beneath a Top Coat

8926—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8364—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $7\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch check silk— $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard embroidered organdy banding for collar— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch henna-color satin for piping—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. The lines are slim, occasionally a silken frock indulges in a short tunic or a bit of drapery which gives a suggestion of flare. A charming feature of this frock is the bodice with draped girdle cut in one with the front panel and finishing at the back with a large bow. A collar of embroidered organdy outlines the square neck, and a novel touch is given the sleeves by the deep points which form a cuff effect. The blouse closes in front under the panel. Tho the skirt looks elaborate it is really not difficult to make. The lower part of the skirt is cut in one with the front drapery which is drawn up to the girdle in front, and at the sides and back there is a short tunic finished with a deep trimming-band piped at the top with contrasting satin.

8960—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8623—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch terra cotta satin— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch white satin for collar and trimming on the sleeves— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards narrow black velvet ribbon. Interesting details of this good-looking afternoon frock are the draped tunic skirt elaborately braided in design 12425, and the surplice bodice which closes very much to the side and shows the fashionable slightly low waist-line. The bodice forms its own girdle but over this is drawn a narrow velvet ribbon tied at the side in loops and long ends. A shawl collar of the terra cotta satin overlaid with a narrow collar of white satin outlines the surplice closing, and the short sleeves show the wide variety of the mode which sanctions every length.

9004—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of foundation skirt about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Width of outer skirt about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch white taffeta—13 yards black velvet ribbon for trimming— $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation gores. Paris accords renewed favor to the Turkish or harem skirt which is gathered in at the bottom to a narrow foundation and is looped under and tacked to this foundation. Over the front-closing blouse is arranged a panel which extends below the girdle while the back panel ends at the waist-line, both fastening together on the left shoulder. Rows of ribbon form an odd trimming at the side, and ribbon also forms the narrow girdle.



Blouse 8926  
Skirt 8364

Blouse 8960  
Skirt 8623  
Braiding 12425

SHOES have thrown most of their conservatism behind them. They are constantly developing new details, and buckles, bows, sandal-straps, and cutwork designs, instead of being considered as bits of frivolity to be regarded with suspicion, are now essential requisites to smart foot-wear.



Dress 9004

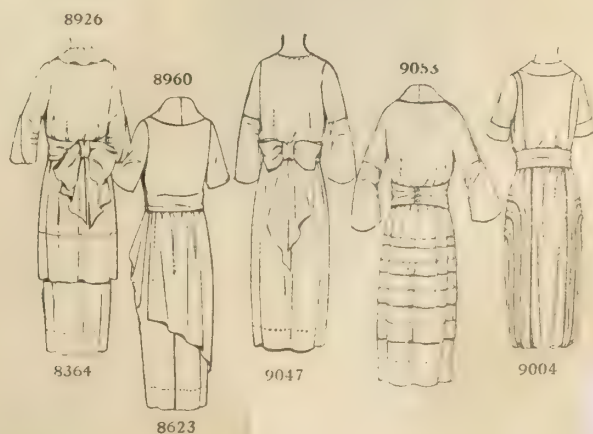
Dress 9047  
Embroidery 12597

Dress 9053

9047—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crepe— $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch black satin for gores and underbody. For the Autumn street frock the silhouette is slender and many of the new models indulge in a redingote effect. When two fabrics are combined as in this

case the effect is much more charming and added style is given by the circular rings of heavy embroidery which may be carried out in design 12597, in rope silk or beads. While the entire color scheme may be monotone, there is a certain snap given by beads in contrasting color as one may see by glancing at the illustration.

(DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 54.)





# Smart Frocks and Blouses for Street Wear

9032—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch white broadcloth. The vogue of the long waist-line seems to be increasing and it is particularly popular for tailored frocks of this type. This model slips on over the head and the skirt is enriched with the very fashionable eyelet embroidery, in design 12593.

9055—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 54-inch serge— $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch satin— $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A beguiling afternoon frock is fashioned of such nice things as serge, satin, and eyelet embroidery. The three ingredients combine most alluringly. On a foundation of satin is dropped the overblouse of serge forming panels front and back below the narrow string girdle. The panels are embroidered in eyelet motifs in design 12594.

Three Patterns Free with a Subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.



Dress 8427  
Embroidery 12595

Dress 9032  
Embroidery 12593

8427—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The Autumn mode advances a new whim, the use of large eyelets in novel shapes to form huge motifs of embroidery. On this one-piece straight-line frock of serge the eyelets are worked into a scroll effect in design 12595.



Dress 9050

Dress 8758

9057—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch brown tricotine— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 40-inch Roman-striped tricotine— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard fringe— $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 40-inch organdy for vest— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard plaiting—1 yard narrow ribbon. All ready for the street is this frock cut in one from neck to lower edge and girdled attractively in a fringed Roman-striped sash.

(DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 54.)

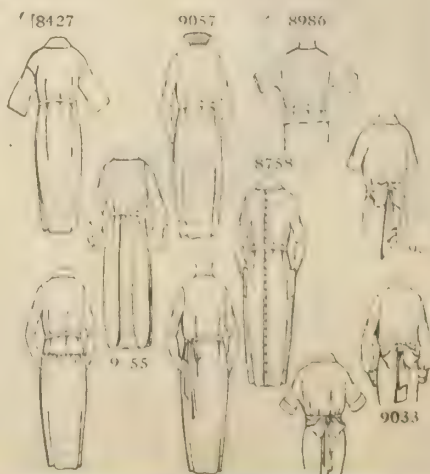


Overblouse 8986  
Lining 12595

Blouse 9044  
Beading 12596

Dress 9055  
Embroidery 12594

Dress 9057



Blouse 9033  
Beading 12469

Blouse 9031  
Beading 12545

8986—Ladies' One-piece Long-waisted Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch satin. A most intriguing affair is this overblouse of satin wrinkled around the waist-line to form a girdle effect.

12508, and cunning little patch pockets to give smartness. Collarless neck and short sleeves are added details of style, the satin of the overblouse may match the skirt with which it contrasts.









A Fall model from Augustine et Andre, Paris, made of tete-de-negre taffeta, veiled with tulle and trimmed with ospreys.

**W**HAT is there about that subtle thing called *Fashion*, that commands the interest of every normal woman, whether she live in the Metropolis or the remotest prairie home?

Why is it that every woman, no matter how little attention she may pay to her attire, resents being called *old-fashioned*?

Why should the imputation carry reproach with it?

This is a formidable trio of questions that would take pages to answer, so we shall leave them with you to think about, and urge our pen to hasten on and write of other things such as fur and cloth wraps and millinery, of which there is much to tell. Luxury taxes may come and go, but luxury goes on forever—so it seems. Never have we seen such miracles in furs, as the wraps to be found this season in the exclusive fur shops, many of which never see the light of day, save when the customer is one of distinction and a plump bank account. The sculptor's chisel or the painter's brush could scarcely perform greater works of art than the magic of the furrier's needle, as one after another he sews together tiny bits of fur, matching and placing each where it belongs on the pattern, so that when the wrap or coat is complete, there is not a single misplaced piece.

When Milady of distinction and the plump bank account comes to the shop, she will be shown a voluminous fur wrap that completely envelops her so that you would never guess she had arms, and the ingenuity that devises these wraps belongs to no commonplace designer. Unless it is a cape, pure and simple without disguise, there will be openings of some kind for her arms. Possibly they will be cuffed in lieu of sleeves, but



The new fabric furs so closely resemble real furs that they might easily be taken for next-of-kin. This wrap is made of a fur fabric called flying squirrel.

# Millinery and Wraps Luxurious and Becoming

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY



Vel-de-cygne, in a rich shade of brown, fashioned like the illustration, was the designer's idea of a garment de luxe.

not necessarily, for, behold, as Milady's elbows rest in the winged sides of her wrap, her hands are tucked in snugly behind the revers of her shawl collar. For such a wrap as this, she has her choice of Hudson seal, real seal, mole, mink, squirrel, broadtail, and for the voluminous collar, any contrasting fur of which her discriminating taste may approve. Beaver and Alaska sable are frequently chosen. Ermine, once sacred to royalty, is used in many a cape, and the lining is worthy of the exterior, no matter what the fur or style of the wrap. A utility lining there is of course, but veiling it one finds silk lace with silver embroidery, pleated Georgette crepe or chiffon; or, the lining is heavily embroidered or as gorgeous with gold braid as a staff officer's uniform in days of old.

The short fur coats are as captivating as the wraps, and more practical for general wearing. The designer has the soul of an adventurer and doesn't hesitate to use any fur that his skill can fashion into shape, be it Hudson seal, mole, squirrel, Australian opossum, raccoon, nutria, even Alaska sable, of which latter fur we saw a model of exceeding beauty. Just how it is made, no mere fashion writer can explain but it looks as if strips of fur about three inches wide were laid round and round on the pattern till it was covered, and then topped with a huge fur collar.



This evening wrap enjoys the distinction of being fashioned out of Roshanara crepe, with a gorgeous lining of printed pussywillow, supplemented by a body lining of tan and white rabbit, and collar and cuffs of Canadian beaver.

**C**LOTH coats are scarcely less interesting and attractive. They too are made in wrap style, although as we said last month, Canadian women do not take as kindly to wraps as to sleeved coats. However, rumor hath it that *Fashion* is overcoming prejudice, and that wraps will be the thing this winter. A fashion feature that seems to be dominating all others, is the cape back, which hangs loosely across the shoulders and is caught in with the dolman shoulder seams, or is folded under across the back, like a blouse and transformed into wings on the sides concealing coat sleeves. There are many interpretations of the season's wrap, made of as many beautiful cloths, of which we wrote in detail last month. Brown and kindred shades, with some dark green and a lighter color generally referred to as Chinese green, and dark blue are elected for day time wear, with rust, peach, turquoise blue, pheasant red and other fancy shades for evening cloaks of soft woollen materials, chiffon velvet, or heavy silk.

The surface of the garment is the only limit to the embroidery that some designers recognize. It is not enough for him that the fabrics are a trimming in themselves; the fashion of the day calls for the maximum of embellishment. But, after all, the crowning glory of a wrap—also a coat—is its collar, which is big and generous and made of costly fur, the most irresistible being beaver—Canadian beaver, as they say in Paris when they want to specify the ultra grade.

Having paid such high tribute to the w is hardly fair to leave the impression that good, sensible, utility coats—have no place in the universe of *Fashion*. They are still mer the wardrobe and in good standing. Why by nature more expensive and less practical purposes of business and social a and whether enhanced by a cape back on the orthodox loose lines with belt, be sure of finding them equipped with a ous collar of self material or fur, and to-d browsing around in the precincts of t. section in a smart shop, we saw a coat collar of cross fox which blended beautifully with the shade of the coat which was an indefinite tan. And apropos of coats, there is a type, which once possessed, one will never voluntarily be without again, and that is the English storm-coat, called English by right, for it originated in England, and many are still imported from the "tight little Island," but domestic manufacturers are making good imitations of them. These coats are endowed with the elixir of style; they never seem to go out of fashion; there is unlimited service in them; they are so well made and so unassuming that one always feels well dressed in one of them, and they carry an air with them, that just to possess one, gives a feeling of affluence.

**T**HERE are seasons when milliners seem to lapse. They seem to forget their high and lofty calling, which is to provide us with head-wear that will soften the furrows that time plows,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



# CORRECT LINES

*The foundation of good dress, like the foundation of good art, is an understanding of proportions and grace of line. In the figure of every woman lie the possibilities of beauty, yet so elusive that an ill-chosen corset may distort it to unattractiveness.*



*The most beautiful line of a woman's figure is the graceful curve from the armpit to the ankle. The beauty of this line determines the effectiveness of all your clothes.*



A recognized authority on women's dress has said that if you would have an infallible guide to determine what is becoming, you must master the correct line of the individual figure.

Study yourself; conserve the flattering lines of your figure and subdue the inartistic details. Shun the artificial in corsetry. The "tight waist" or the appearance of obvious corsetry is conspicuously unsmart; if there is a bit more indication of waistline in some of the accepted Autumn and Winter modes, it is gained by the skill of the dressmaker who fashions the clothes to follow more closely the lines of the figure so the accent at the waist becomes largely a matter of optical illusion.

As more and more women have come to a knowledge of those things that are the fundamentals of all good dressing, the demand for Gossard Front Lacing Corsets has grown amazingly. There is not a type of figure, however unusual or difficult to fit, but can be successfully corseted in these original front lacing corsets, and in them women of every type have found complete expression of their ideas of becomingness and good taste.

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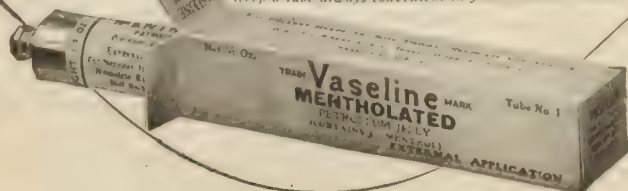
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## The October Patterns and Their Prices

**8086—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch dimity. The vogue of high collars for practical blouses is assured and this is distinctly smart, buttoning at the center-front right up to the top of the standing collar.

**8039—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yard 36-inch taffeta—1/2 yard white satin for turnback cuffs and piping. The vogue of the short overblouses continues and this model, though simple, is given style by the good-looking embroidery on the front accentuating the girdle effect.

**8457—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yard 36-inch striped tub silk—1/2 yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar and cuffs. You see in this model the trend of the collar which rises high at the back and is made of contrasting silk. It is distinctly chic.

**8575—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe. No. 8914—Ladies' One-Piece Slightly gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards 44-inch check worsted.

**9020—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards 44-inch serge.

**8317—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards 44-inch flannel.

**8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch tweed. Double inserted pockets on each side and a belt of self-material buttoned in front are the only notes of trimming on this skirt.

**8740—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Tunic Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch silk serge. The charm of embroidery is emphasized in this model on each pocket appliquéd in design 12564.

**9023—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 36 inches. No. 8810—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 3/4 yards 54-inch duvetyn—3 3/4 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

**9026—Ladies' Coat.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 45 inches. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards 54-inch cheviot—4 3/4 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. Raglan sleeves and convertible collar make this coat the most up-to-date model.

**9059—Ladies' Coat with Cape.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 47 1/2 inches. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—5 1/4 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

**8663—Ladies' and Misses' Scarf.** Designed for one size, requiring for the suit 1 1/2 yards 54-inch seal plush—1 1/4 yard 36-inch satin for lining.

**8663—Ladies' and Misses' Cape and Muff.** Designed for one size, requiring 3/4 yard 54-inch plush—1/2 yard 54-inch mole plush—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

**9040—Ladies' and Misses' Cape.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1 1/2 yard 54-inch Persian lamb cloth—1 1/4 yard 36-inch satin brocade for lining. The stole which crosses in surplice effect in front extends round to form a high standing collar in back to which the cape is gathered.

**9037—Ladies' and Misses' Short Wrap.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1 1/2 yard 36-inch velvet—1 yard 54-inch fur cloth for trimming—3 1/2 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

**9053—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 5 3/4 yards 36-inch copper-color velvet—1 1/2 yard flet lace—1/2 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The surplice bodice drawn around to form its own girdle, kimono sleeves with wide flare cuffs, and a gathered skirt trimmed with bands in graduated depth are combined to make a most charming frock for Autumn afternoon wearing.

**9050—Ladies' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 44-inch plaid worsted.

**8758—Ladies' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiré twill—3/4 yard 36-inch white satin for collar.

**9014—Ladies' Kimono Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Fabrics may come and fabrics may go but nothing seems to displace Georgette crêpe for blouses. Here is a charming model with a large collar rippling in soft fullness and beaded in design 12506.

**9033—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. At the shoulder seams trimming pieces start outlining the panel-like bands and crossing at the waistline to form a girdle. A touch of smartness is given by the beading in design 12469.

**9031—Ladies' One-piece Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. To relieve the simplicity of this blouse beaded motifs are applied on the front in design 12545.

### PRICES OF PATTERNS.

- Dress 8427, 25 cents.
- Embroidery 12595, blue or yellow, 75 cents.
- Dress 9032, 35 cents.
- Embroidery 12593, blue or yellow, 75 cents.
- Dress 9050, 35 cents.
- Dress 8758, 35 cents.
- Dress 9055, 35 cents.
- Embroidery 12594, blue or yellow, 40 cents.
- Dress 9057, 35 cents.
- Overblouse 8886, 30 cents.
- Beading 12508, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Blouse 9044, 30 cents.
- Beading 12506, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Blouse 9033, 25 cents.
- Beading 12469, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Blouse 9031, 30 cents.
- Beading 12545, blue or yellow, 25 cents.
- Coat 8677, 25 cents.
- Suit 8694, 20 cents.
- Coat 9042, 25 cents.
- Dress 9034, 25 cents.
- Dress 8559, 20 cents.
- Embroidery 12444, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Coat 9027, 25 cents.
- Dress 8526, 20 cents.
- Coat 7765, 20 cents.
- Dress 7674, 20 cents.
- Dress 7740, 20 cents.
- Suit 8918, 30 cents.
- Blouse 8926, 30 cents.
- Skirt 8364, 25 cents.
- Blouse 8960, 30 cents.
- Skirt 8623, 25 cents.
- Braiding 12425, blue or yellow, 50 cents.
- Dress 9004, 35 cents.
- Dress 9047, 35 cents.
- Embroidery 12597, blue or yellow, 50 cents.
- Dress 9053, 35 cents.
- Jacket 9017, 35 cents.
- Skirt 8760, 20 cents.
- Embroidery 12561, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Jacket 9039, 35 cents.
- Skirt 8914, 25 cents.
- Jacket 9036, 35 cents.
- Skirt 8880, 25 cents.
- Jacket 9023, 35 cents.
- Skirt 8810, 25 cents.
- Scarf 8666, 25 cents.
- Cape and Muff 8663, 25 cents.
- Coat 9026, 35 cents.
- Coat 9059, 35 cents.
- Cape 9040, 30 cents.
- Short Wrap 9037, 30 cents.
- Blouse 8613, 20 cents.
- Bodice Skirt 8964, 30 cents.
- Embroidery 12559, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Overblouse 8974, 25 cents.
- Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
- Blouse 7937, 20 cents.
- Overblouse 8919, 25 cents.
- Blouse 8086, 20 cents.
- Overblouse 8939, 25 cents.
- Beading 12570, blue or yellow, 30 cents.
- Blouse 8457, 20 cents.
- Blouse 8575, 20 cents.
- Skirt 8914, 25 cents.
- Skirt 9020, 25 cents.
- Skirt 8317, 25 cents.
- Skirt 8760, 20 cents.
- Applique 12564, blue or yellow, 25 cents.
- Tunic Blouse 8740, 30 cents.



# Appetizing Dishes From Leftovers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

of the kind to hold them in place. Have the croquettes entirely covered with fat, and fry until a golden brown color. Drain on kitchen paper, and serve hot, garnished with parsley.

**Left Over Meat With Rice.**—Trim one pound of cooked meat, removing all skin, gristle, and discolored parts. Chop it with a knife or put it through a food chopper. Brown one tablespoonful of drippings in a saucepan, stir in one tablespoonful of flour and brown that also, pour in one cupful of good stock and stir until boiling, add salt, pepper and paprika to taste and allow it to heat slowly at the side of the fire for twenty minutes. Prepare a border of hot boiled rice, pour the meat into the centre, garnish with thin strips of pimento and serve hot. One tablespoonful of chopped onion may be added to the meat if desired. Any good brown sauce may be used for moistening the meat, or if white meat, such as rabbit, veal, or chicken, is being used, a white sauce is to be preferred, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked ham would then be an improvement. A border of mashed potatoes, macaroni or spaghetti may be used instead of the rice, and poached eggs are sometimes served on the top of the meat.

**Cold Meat in Batter.**—Trim one-half pound of cooked cold meat, chop and season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Grease a shallow baking tin and spread the meat mixture on the bottom. To make the batter, sift one cupful of flour into a bowl, drop one egg into the centre of the flour. Mix some of the flour gradually into it with a wooden spoon, do the same with another egg, then

add one cupful of milk by degrees. Beat the batter well until it is perfectly smooth and full of air bubbles, then add another cupful of milk and mix it in. Allow to stand in a cool place for thirty minutes, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Strain it over the meat, mix lightly and bake in a hot oven, until well risen and nicely browned, about thirty minutes. When ready, cut into convenient sized pieces and serve hot.

**Somerset Hash.**—Cut off the tops of large, well baked potatoes, and carefully scoop out the potato with a hot spoon. Leave a lining of potato next the skin. Mix well chopped cooked lamb or meat with chopped green peppers, and heat in a white sauce made with cream. Fill the cavities with this mixture, put on the tops and reheat in the oven before serving. If desired, these potato cases may have served in them creamed codfish and potatoes, thus making a codfish hash, chicken, etc.

**Cold Meat Dormers.**—Mix one cupful of well cooked rice with two tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of powdered herbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Bind all together with the yolk of one egg, and a little stock or sauce, if necessary. Form the mixture into small sausage shaped pieces, using a little dry flour, and then egg, and bread-crumbs them. Fry the dormers in a frying pan with a small quantity of hot drippings, and cook them thoroughly on account of the suet. Drain well and serve with hot tomato sauce.

## The Land of P'raps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Splash! The little If was in trouble again. He had jumped over the wall right into a tub of water, in which several very thin word-people were kicking about.

Pedder Naherrin fished the If out of the tub to the great relief of the word-people, who Diddy now saw were the S-W-I-M-S.

"Why are they in a tub, and not in the lake or river?" asked Diddy.

Dedder Naherrin laughed, "Oh, that's because in October the water there gets too cold for words."

At the top of the next hill the road-way ran through the woods again. The path was carpeted with leaves, many of the branches were bare, and every squirrel was busy filling his store-house. The nights were cool; there was a tingle in the air that told Diddy Jack Frost had been near, though he had not seen the snappy fellow.

The October highway was near an end, and when the travellers were

near enough to see the end of the October pathway, but no further, a strange grey curtain, a letter-curtain, a November C-L-O-U-D drifted down, just shutting out the November road from the travellers.

The cloud was soft and grey, and as Diddy and his friends neared it, from behind its curtain a clear sweet voice was singing:

November days, with dun clouds flying,  
Of lashing sleet, and driving rain,  
The storm-threshed, leafless branches crying,  
Lament for summer lost again.

November days, sun of the morning,  
Smiles on a gem-world, velvet-white,  
A royal jewelled robe adorning,  
Spun by the Frost King in the night.

Grey days and gold days of November,  
To each and all the promise lend,  
Beyond the gateway to December,  
Lies Christmastide, and journey's end.

## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

is a preparation for the darkening of these which when moistened with water and applied with a tiny eye-lash brush, darkens the brows and lashes most effectively and at the same time does not give too artificial an appearance. The care to be observed here, however, lies in the importance of obtaining the correct shade of coloring. If you are a blonde, light brown is your shade. If of a medium fair complexion, dark brown. If a brunette, black coloring must be employed.

Mr. Hoppe, I expect, in his selection of the most beautiful women in the world will only consider beauty that is a natural gift. As we have not all been blessed with the favor of the good fairies who bestow upon certain mortals loveliness at birth, it is our right and our duty to make ourselves as ornamental in this world-of-too-much-greyness as our intelligence permits. But remember, we do need all our intelligence if we desire artistic results!

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MILDRED G.—At sweet sixteen: it should be easy to look your best, dear girl. Fortunately there is a remedy for those disturbing pests, and rather than have your sunny sky darkened by the tiny cloud of a faulty complexion I will tell you about it without delay. The treatment you have tried may be too harsh for your skin and the cream to which I refer has been tried satisfactorily in many cases. Here's hoping it may be just what you require to restore that rose leaf skin which is the just right of any maid in her 'teens.

CONFIDENTIAL.—It has never been suggested to me that moles were neglected blackheads. I always consider them to be an affliction in a class all by themselves. Unless you find them very disfiguring, my advice would be to leave them alone. In any case they should be carefully dealt with. Consult some reliable specialist.



## 60 Dishes Like That

At the cost of three chops

The large package of Quaker Oats serves 60 dishes. And it costs about the price of three chops, or nine eggs, or one fish.

Each dish of Quaker Oats supplies supreme nutrition. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As vim-food and food for growth, nothing grows to match it.

Why pay ten times as much, or more, to serve a lesser food for breakfast, when oats are so delicious?

### Compare calory values

Foods are measured by calories, the energy unit. The large package Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories.

Note the table at side. See how much it takes of other good foods to equal 6,221 calories.

It takes 60 pounds of assorted vegetables to equal in calory value a package of Quaker Oats.

#### 1 Package Quaker Oats in calory value equals

|             |                     |
|-------------|---------------------|
| About ..... | 89 eggs             |
| Or .....    | 9 quarts milk       |
| Or .....    | 17 lbs. mackerel    |
| Or .....    | 7 lbs. round steak  |
| Or .....    | 9 lbs. veal cutlets |
| Or .....    | 21 lbs. potatoes    |
| Or .....    | 24 lbs. bananas     |

### Compare the Costs

#### Cost Per 1,000 Calories

|                     |            |
|---------------------|------------|
| Quaker Oats .....   | 6½c        |
| Average meats ..... | 45c        |
| Average fish .....  | 50c        |
| Hen's eggs .....    | 60c        |
| Vegetables .....    | 11c to 75c |

Compare the cost per 1,000 calories. See table at side, based on prices at this writing.

Note that meat, egg and fish breakfasts cost 8 or 9 times a breakfast of Quaker Oats. And none of them are such balanced foods, none so good for children.

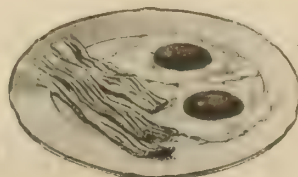
This argues strongly for Quaker Oats breakfasts. Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Save on your breakfasts—perhaps 35c—by serving these delicious and nutritious Quaker Oats.

## Quaker Oats

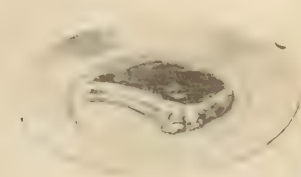
The Food of Foods at its Best

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The flavor makes the oat dish doubly inviting, and it costs you no extra price.



Costs 14 times a dish of Quaker Oats



Costs 12 times a dish of Quaker Oats

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover.



## But That's Another Story

An Ontario teacher, who had given the class a composition to write on "Making Maple Sugar" was rather surprised to find this, as the opening sentence of the first attempt: "When this happy season comes, the whole family arise and boil early."

A Hamilton citizen has a small son who is extremely lazy, an infirmity, which is said to be inherited from anyone but his father. One evening the father arrived home to find that Bobbie had fallen into disgrace and had absolutely refused to do a certain piece of work. Whereupon, the father proceeded to give Bobbie a severe lesson in the art of application. Some hours afterwards, the erring boy was lectured on the subject and the father repeated that well-worn illustration: "Take a lesson from the postage stamp, my son. It sticks to

A nervous neighbor returned from his first driving lesson boasting of his easy mastery of the new car. To please him several of his family consented to ride with him, and things went well until they reached a good country road, when a car coming up behind them honked its horn. The startled driver jerked his wheel to the right, running down a steep bank, then to the left, heading into a fence, and to the right again, luckily bringing up in the road. "Dad, what in thunder are you trying to do?" demanded his breathless son. "Why, son," replied the new driver calmly, "I was just practicing to turn out for teams."

Aunt Mary was very strict—too strict for Eric and his little sister, who were fed up with staying with her. She certainly tried her best to



EXTENUATION

"Any lunatic could do it."

"I don't know so much; you've got to be pretty far gone to do that."—The Tatler.

one thing until it gets there." "Yes, father," said the sorrowful youth; "but it has to be licked first."

The late Principal Grant was known to be eminently successful in raising funds for carrying on the work of Queen's University, and a story is told in Kingston of how he once went to Sir David Macpherson for assistance in some extension of the college. Just as Principal Grant was explaining the special need, Sir John Macdonald appeared on the scene. "What do you think?" said Sir David jocularly, "here is Grant again, and the last time I gave him a subscription he said it would do for all time." "Well," replied Sir John, "then the best thing you can do is to give something for eternity." Sir David's cheque was forthcoming, but the true words spoken in jest furnished Principal Grant more than once with an eloquent text.

In the bad old years before the war, there was a summer hotel in Muskoka near which was a small church that was sometimes used as a dormitory in cases of emergency. One night a large party of excursionists came up and several Toronto men were consigned to the church for their sleeping-quarters. This message reached the clerk shortly before eleven o'clock: "Kindly rush a cocktail over to pew No. 14."

amuse them, and one morning took them to the Zoo. But it was a failure. "Eric, keep away from that cage! Molly, your hat's crooked! Those seats are dirty, Eric—keep off them. If you bite the finger of your glove again, Molly, I shall take you straight home!" It was like a never-ending gramophone record on good behavior, and Aunt Mary never seemed to tire. At last the little party paused before a cage, and Aunt Mary consulted her catalogue. "This, children," she announced, "is an ant-eater." Eric looked cautiously round as he whispered to Molly: "Can't we push her in?"

Stories about the King are legion, but stories about the King, told by the King, are not so common, says a writer in an English weekly. Here is one I have just come across, which his Majesty told to Major-General Sir David Watson during a Royal visit to the battle-fields: "I was making a round of the front," said King George, "when I passed a group of American soldiers. One observed me closely, and called to a comrade: 'Hey, Bill, there's the King!' His pal shouted back, 'What d'ye mean, the King?' The other said, 'Right there, bonehead! That chap there!' 'Get out!' was the indignant reply, 'Who are ye gettin' at? He ain't no king! Where's his crown?'"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61.)



MONARCH-KNIT  
HOSIERY

THE new wide elastic-rib top, made with a special stitch, gives perfect fit with perfect comfort. There is that natural shape, snug fit, clean finish and lasting durability that you are accustomed to expect in Monarch-Knit Hosiery. Heels and toes are double spliced; legs are full length; the ankles fit smoothly, trimly, and the sizes are correctly marked. Your dealer carries a full line of Monarch-Knit Hosiery for men and women, in silk and mercerized, at moderate prices.

**MONARCH-KNIT**  
FOR MEN **HOSIERY** FOR WOMEN

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED  
DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats, Monarch-Knit Jerseys for men and boys and Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns—Floss, Down and Dove



HIGH

PATENT

## Announcement

AFTER five years of Government regulation, we are once more permitted to manufacture high patent

# PURITY FLOUR

with all the perfections of its old, high standard of quality.

No announcement of this Company was ever made with greater pleasure, and our satisfaction with the welcome return to normal milling conditions will be evidenced in the material improvement in all your baking.

Order a bag from your Grocer.

**Western Canada Flour Mills**  
Co., Limited





## Pies that *taste* good! Pies that *are* good!

**T**HE making of pie crust is an art. But skill alone cannot produce that tender, flaky, melt-in-your-mouth texture so much desired. You must also have the very best materials—and this means principally a choice, velvet-smooth, rich shortening.

Swift's Jewel Shortening always meets the requirements and can always be relied upon in the production of wonderful pies.



SWIFT'S JEWEL SHORTENING is absolutely tasteless and odorless. You need use less because it is all shortening. Why not try this Shortening on your next baking day? You can get it in sanitary tin pails from your grocer or butcher.

# Swift Canadian Co.

Limited

Toronto

Winnipeg

Edmonton



# Sewing in the Schools

By EVAN ETTA

## Mending.

*Mending at Home.*—A stitch in time saves nine, is the motto for the careful housewife and mother. The possession of the supply of household linen in a big item in the household budget, and mending systematically done after every wash day, will do much towards reducing expenditure under this head. Garments that are torn and worn can have their time of service extended, and their tidy and trim appearance preserved by neat repairs executed as soon as the need arises.

*Mending in School.*—Since mending forms so large a part of the needlework done in the average home, it would seem that it should form part of the school curriculum. Most teachers of sewing would agree that mending should be taught in school, because of its importance from the practical point of view.

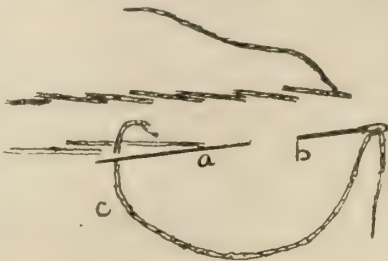


Illustration Ia.  
See "Fancy Stitches."

## Fancy Stitches.

Designing and embroidery lessons have no place in the public school course in sewing. A girl who gives signs of possessing talent in this direction should be encouraged to develop it at the Technical School.

The teacher can arouse interest in the art of needlecraft by showing the children samples of beautiful work at school or in museums and exhibitions.

It is surprising how a listless, backward class will wake up and make renewed efforts to produce good results at the sight of something pretty, done by their fellow pupils. A poor worker will try hard to do well enough to be allowed the privilege of ornamenting her work with French knots, cross stitches, or easy embroidery in bright-colored silk or wool.

This is an opportunity to inculcate the idea underlying the motto, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," for the beauty of such simple fancy stitches lies in the choice of color and the care and regularity of stitch formation.

The following examples have been found by experience to be well within the capabilities of children even in the lower grades. The suggestions offered have been found very effective in securing good results quickly.

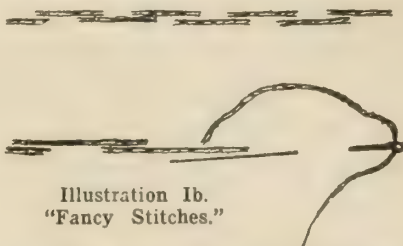


Illustration Ib.  
"Fancy Stitches."

Ia. This simple outline stitch is very effectively done in wool on petticoats. Work from left to right. Use a piece of lined exercise paper to measure the distance between the end of last stitch (a) and the point of insertion for the needle (b). Always take up half of this space and keep the needle horizontal. The wool forms letter U under the needle and should be held firmly under the thumb at (c) while the thread is being pulled through. Avoid drawing the stitch too tightly.

Illustration Ib. shows a pleasing variety of Ia. and is obtained by making an "arch" instead of a U, for each alternate stitch.

Chain stitch is a good substitute for cross stitch in marking letters and making on goods. (Illustration II.)—Work from right to left, or, if more convenient, from top to bottom. As in Ia. hold letter "U" firmly under the left thumb, while pulling the needle over the thread. To give the loop a rounder form the needle should be inserted a shade to the right of the thread coming from within the last loop.

In Illustration IIIa, you will find the easiest form of featherstitching to teach in schools. Work from right to left. Insert the needle in a horizontal posi-

tion immediately above or below the point at which the thread emerges.

In illustration IIb is found a variation of IIIa, which is made by inserting the needle obliquely, alternately pointing up and down. Use a line of stitches, or a basting thread to work the centre "stem."

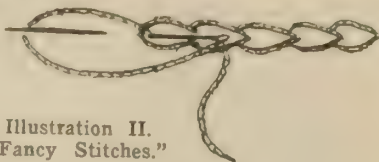


Illustration II.  
"Fancy Stitches."

## Difficulties.

There is no doubt, however, that in spite of the recognition of its practical value, there is a tendency for the mending feature in the teaching of sewing to be neglected. This is due to the difficulties encountered in planning and carrying out the work. These at times loom so large that it seems better to devote the time to other branches of the subject.

But it is worth while making an effort to make these lessons successful. Besides their value, as indicated in the first section of this article, it will generally be found that parents take an interest in this work, and can be readily induced to co-operate with the teacher. Such co-operation is always an asset in school work.

## Some Objections and Suggestions.

When a list of ten or twelve lessons, bringing in the main types of mending, has been prepared for the year's work it is difficult to obtain a sufficient number of suitable garments for class practice.

A good plan to remedy this, is to give plenty of notice of the forthcoming lesson, so that the work may be kept on one side till the day arrives, and be obtained from the mending baskets of friends and relatives, as well as from the home store.

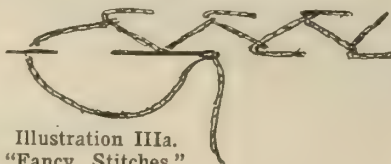


Illustration IIIa.  
"Fancy Stitches."

Even then there will probably be insufficient work. Those who are unable to provide themselves with work should be told to bring stockings or socks to darn. In a family of children the supply of holes in hose never fails, and "practice makes perfect." The darners will learn something from the others by observation.

*Children are reluctant to bring things to mend in class.*—This difficulty may arise from indifference, and will disappear as the tone of the class improves under the teacher's influence. It may come from an unwillingness to display home property in a ragged state. This can be overcome by the teacher's manner when receiving bad specimens; by showing a big rent in something of her own; and by brief talks on the necessity and value of economy, and the self respect which comes from cleanliness and tidiness.

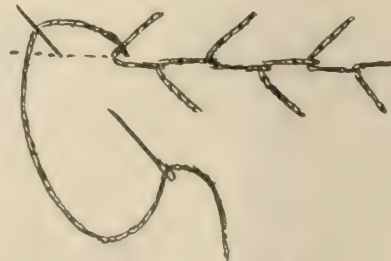


Illustration IIIb.  
"Fancy Stitches."

*Things brought to be mended are hopeless and impossible.*—When this is the case, an attempt should be made, even if the result cannot be very good. The aim is to give the girl practice in tackling a mending problem. Her next essay may be more capable of solution.

*The time is too short to accomplish much.*—It is not to be expected that the work can be taken home ready for use. A beginning on right lines is made, and the work finished at home. Girls may be encouraged to bring back the completed work for inspection.

Part of the lesson will generally be taken up by demonstration on the most suitable garment by the teacher.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



*Delicious isn't it?*

**"I'll let you have the recipe, my dear"**

How many women have their own special recipes—the result of tried and satisfactory experience. Such recipes differ from those of the ordinary Cook Book not so much in the matter of kind of ingredients and mixtures, but in little touches that mean so much. For example, how vital a part does correct seasoning play in cooking—and what a large number of ordinary dishes can be made into extraordinary by a little skill in seasoning.

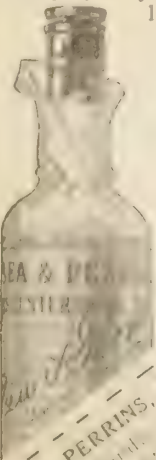
Messrs. Lea & Perrins of Worcester, England, have collected a number of valuable recipes of the unusual yet very practical kind, produced them in Book form—with chapters on Dressings—Gravies—Fillings—Chowders—Stews—Garnishings—Salad Dressings—etc. This is not an ordinary Cook Book. Its title is "Seasoning Suggestions."

**Send for this Free Book**



## "Seasoning Suggestions"

This Book might be called "How to Improve Dishes as well as how to make them." It does not replace any Cook Book you may now possess, but will be a valuable addition to your cooking helps. This book is free to the readers of this magazine, but the supply is limited, so you should apply quickly. You will be delighted at its variety and helpfulness.



**Send for this to-day—**

LEA & PERRINS, 137 Market St., Montreal.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_



*The Mark of Fine Merchandise*  
For that Sports Suit, that smart tailored waist, and the many washable garments for outer and under wear—  
Cut it out of  
**Viyella**  
or  
**"Clydella"**  
UNSHRINKABLE FLANNELS  
For sale at first-class shops.  
WM. HOLLINS & CO., LTD.  
(of London, England)  
62A FRONT ST. W., TORONTO

**You Will Need**  
**New Curtain Rods This Fall**  
**Empire**  
CURTAIN RODS  
**"With the Velvet Finish"**  
will not rust nor tarnish.  
The flat rod keeps your curtains in the desired position. It keeps them looking neatly.  
Ask for Empire Curtain Rods.  
Sold by furniture, department and hardware stores.  
Manufactured by  
**The Pocock Mfg. Co.**  
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**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
**Table Salt**  
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED  
MADE IN CANADA C201



# Sewing in the Schools

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

## A List of Lessons.

It is best to decide upon one kind of mending for a particular lesson, even though it may be necessary to allow other sorts to be done at the same time. If darning and glove mending be taken at the beginning of the term this can be given later as revision practice when there is shortage of other material.

The following list shows what could be done in ten monthly lessons.

1. Darning stockings and woven goods.
2. Mending gloves.
3. Sewing on tapes.
4. Sewing on buttons, and mending torn buttonholes and loops.
5. Putting on hooks and eyes and dome fasteners.
6. Darning tears and cuts on woollen and cotton goods.
7. Setting torn gathers and pleats in bands.
8. Repairing the edges of skirts and cuffs.
9. Mending lace and embroidery.
10. Patches.

# Millinery and Wraps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

conceal defects and magnify beauty, in short, millinery that is one hundred per cent. efficient. But this is not one of their lapsing seasons. We can conscientiously recommend this season's millinery as being both becoming and artistic.

There are large hats, but we are slipping into the habit of thinking small ones are more practical, and isn't it true that we are also slipping into the habit of selecting practical clothes, especially if they have beauty to commend them? Perhaps it is the individuality of the season's millinery that attracts us. Individuality in dress is becoming a fixed objective, with women who study the art of dressing well, and this is what one gets in the handsome hat of velvet, hatters' plush and duvetyn, which all smart millinery shops are using in abundance.

But the velvet hat is supreme. Paris says so. Early in the season we thought it would be duvetyn, but fickle *Fashion* veered around to velvet again; so velvet it is, colored or black. And, incidentally, there is much more color in the millinery this fall than there has been for some time. Brown in all materials takes the lead; pheasant red is one of the new colors of the season, and for trimming there is a shade called *Paradise* because it is said to be the exact shade of the golden brown tufts close to the body of the bird.

Crowns are draped to suggest Tam O'Shanter bonnets, even though the milliner has to take in the brim to do so, and some of the larger shapes have narrow backs and take an upward slant across the front, like a diadem, but whatever the shape, the trimming must take a nose dive over the side, or else cut abruptly across the front. And speaking of trimmings, one's attention is focused at once on the embroidery—gold embroidery, for instance, on a chapeau of pheasant red, which is perhaps its only trimming, but quite sufficient.

And feathers! Birds of a feather don't necessarily flock together this fall. There's ostrich in all its phases of natural and glycerined, made up into long sweeps, small mounts, twisted plumes; coq made into perky plumes or flowing over the top of the crown, blonde forming haloes, hackle doing duty for brims and pheasant for crowns, and priceless *Paradise* trailing off the side. But one must see millinery to appreciate it—to know that it is becoming, one must try it on, when feeling at peace with the world.

# "La Camille"

Reg. Trade Mark, U. S. Pat. Office.

## FRONT LACE CORSET

Represents greatest value  
and true economy

Never was price less reliable as an indication of value than today. In "La Camille" corsets you are sure of true value—good materials and careful workmanship that mean long wear and economy.

For comfort, fitting qualities and figure improvement, "La Camille" Front Lace has no equal, because of its three exclusive features:

**Ventilo** Back—a soft, ventilating section that relieves pressure along the spine.

**Ventilo** Front Shield—a protective insert under the laces permitting closer adjustment.

**LOX-IT** Perfect Non-Tilting Clasp Fasteners—the last word in fasteners—holds securely without gaping or pinching.

"La Camille" Corsets are on sale at good stores all over Canada. Write and we will gladly furnish name of nearest dealer.

INTERNATIONAL CORSET CO.  
118 to 136 Union St., Aurora, Ill.

# INDIGESTION

Millions of men and women now eat favorite foods without fear. If your meals don't agree, eat one or two tablets like candy. Help is prompt. Impaired digestion is usually corrected by neutralizing excessive acidity with



Large 60c Case—Drugstores



## Baby's Own Soap

Keeps the skin  
healthy and sweet.

It's Best for Baby  
and Best for You.

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, Montreal.

D-7-20



## Interesting Scenes in the Old World and the New



This is a photograph taken at Old Plymouth in England, showing a scene in the Tercentenary Celebration of the Sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Old Tom and Meg are here seen leading the English dancers. Perchance the Puritans of 1620 would hardly have approved of such a scene of merriment—but anniversaries do not need to be consistent as long as they are interesting.



This is a group of notable women taken at the close of the luncheon given by the Directors of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, during the recent fortnight of the C.N.E. Mrs. Lionel Clarke, wife of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, is the central figure, and on the right (holding a volume, which may be a municipal hand-book) is Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Toronto's brilliant woman councillor. To the left is Mrs. MacGregor, President of the Women's University Club. Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet is on the extreme right, and next to her is Miss Roberta MacAdams, Member of the Alberta Legislature—and by the time this reaches our readers, this distinguished Canadian will be the bride of Major Price.



# A Ramble Among Country Schools

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

at the Township Fair. Does the teacher get good backing in her efforts to grow flowers at the school? If not the results may be pitiful. If we can make the school in our neighborhood sanitary, comfortable and attractive we will have done something worth while for the children. In the recent medical survey in this district an up-to-date school which was properly heated, ventilated and lighted had the best health record. It costs no more to make improvements in our school than in our homes and there are more to pay the cost.

Here are some things we can do if you'll pardon a few suggestions. Get in touch with the teacher; she can do more than any one else in the section, if she is the right sort and has good backing. Get in touch with the trustees, but not with a club; it doesn't work. Lead them gently and they'll think they are taking the lead; give them credit for any improvements; they don't get much but criticism usually and it doesn't matter who gets the credit so long as the school gets the improvements. Get a woman of good judgment on the school board, but be sure she has good judgment. Help the teacher get games for the children; play is just as necessary for the child's development as lessons. If you want to improve the grounds, a lawn mower placed in the children's hands gives good results, and as for flowers, flowering shrubs, rambler roses and old-fashioned flowers like holly-hocks, and poppies are most easily grown at the school.

These are just the after thoughts from a two-days' jaunt. If you get a chance to take one, too, don't forget to notice the schools along the road.

## But That's Another Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give me another example?" Nobody appeared very anxious to do so, until little Johnny Snaggs, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly: "Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellstan—the place for umbrellas."

The conversation around the long dinner-table ended, as do most conversations nowadays, with the subject of spiritualism. The guests and the members of the family gave their opinions as to whether or not the dead could communicate with the living, but it remained for "Sweet Sixteen" to present the only original thought on the subject. "It's hard enough now for me to keep up my correspondence," she said. "When I die I want a rest."

She looked in the pantry. She looked in the larder. She looked in the kitchen. She looked in the boot-cupboard. Where was that michievous boy? She looked in the hall. She looked in the bed-rooms. She looked in the nursery. She looked in the garden. She even looked in the hen-coop and the rabbit-hutch. All in vain. At last she climbed to the top of the house till she came to the little trap-door in the roof leading to the loft. "Willie! Willie!" she called. "Are you up there?" "No, mother," replied a shrill voice. "Have you tried the cellar?"

At a time of crisis in the Civil War a politician telegraphed Horace Greeley. "Are there any news?" "Not a new," promptly wired back the great editor, who was a stickler for good English. William Marion Reedy liked to tell the following: "I was laid up in the hospital with a broken leg and was editorializing. Some one met Fred Lehmann downtown and remarked, 'Fred, don't you think Bill is writing good stuff from the hospital?' To this Fred replied, 'Yes, I do. He writes so well with a broken leg that I could almost wish for the sake of literature that he'd break his neck.'"



## KLIM Separated Milk Powder

### 40 Days' Supply in a 10-Pound Tin

THE ten-pound tin of Klim will make forty quarts of pure pasteurized separated milk. Think of the economy and convenience of buying six weeks' supply in a compact tin that you can keep on your pantry shelf. You can make a cupful, a pint, or a quart of pure separated milk whenever you need it by simply mixing Klim in water with an eggbeater. Eight level tablespoonfuls of Klim added to a pint of water and whipped thoroughly until dissolved makes a pint of natural-flavored liquid separated milk for cooking, baking and flavoring coffee, tea, and cocoa; larger and smaller quantities require Klim in proportion. Read directions on the tin.

Klim is a dry powder—the food solids of pure separated milk made by removing the water which forms 9/10ths of liquid separated milk. Klim will not sour nor spoil. It keeps sweet and fresh until all used. Make liquid Klim fresh for each meal or for baking. It is ideal for camping trips and picnics. The tin has a handy cover that slips on tightly and keeps the contents clean and dry.

Klim is packed in three sizes, the half-pound tin is a splendid "trial package," or for use at a picnic or on a day's outing. The pound tin makes four quarts. The big ten-pound tin is the favorite for family use, it is the economical size to buy. Order from your nearest grocer.

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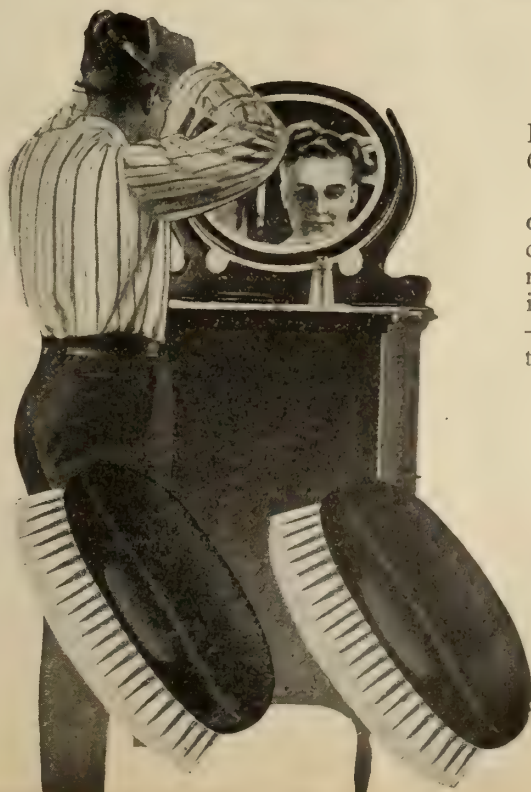
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Does the man of the house need new Military Brushes? Are you going to give him a pair for Christmas?

Get his viewpoint before you purchase them. First of all, he would buy his brushes for service. Of course, he admires a finely finished brush—but he is more interested in the bristles of the brush than he is in its back. He knows that only stiff, glossy—not dull—white bristles will stand hard wear. Men who select their own, buy



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Keystone Ebony Brushes are closely filled with the best grade of long, glossy, pure white Russian Bristles, carefully arranged in uneven lengths to produce perfect penetration. The genuine Ebony Backs of Keystone Military Brushes are exquisitely finished and conveniently shaped to the hand.

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STEVENS-HEPNER CO., Limited  
PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

Storing of Vegetables for the Winter by Miss Jones, and Winter Hygiene by Mrs. Hicks. Rev. Mr. Biggs and Rev. Mr. Wyman also gave addresses.

Pipestone Women's Institute, which is only a year old, tells the story of its work:—

"When the Patriotic Society ceased to be a necessity, Mrs. Robert Forke made a plea for a Women's Institute, and securing the co-operation of a few ladies of the village and district, succeeded in organizing. We then invited Miss Helen McDougall to visit us. This she did early in May, 1919, outlined the work and told us to proceed. Her visit awakened much interest and enthusiasm. In July we put on the short course in dressmaking. A class consisting of between thirty to thirty-five received instruction from Miss Senior of the Extension Service. Many of those attending the classes were young girls to whom the valuable instruction given, meant much, although Miss Senior, the instructor, worked under great difficulties as the class was so large.

When the School Fair came in September, we did what we could to assist financially. In January, we put on our second short course in dressmaking. Owing to the weather conditions and sickness in many homes, the class, fourteen in number, was much smaller than we had expected. It consisted principally of young girls and women who were anxious to gain all the information, and learn the best methods regarding the use of patterns and so on, as taught by the instructor, Miss Price of the Extension Service.

At Easter time we sent forty-two dozen eggs to Tuxedo Military Hospital, and have been assured that these were much enjoyed by the men.

Our meetings during the year have been interesting and profitable. The attendance has been good, the President setting a splendid example by being present at every meeting held.

We have always had interesting and helpful programmes at our meetings, and for this we owe our gratitude to Mrs. Forder, the energetic convener of our programme committee, and her assistants. Mrs. Forder is a very busy woman, but always sees that the Institute is well provided for by way of programme.

Our Social Service Committee under the leadership of Mrs. Bromley, is very active, visiting and doing whatever they can to bring a little more cheer, a little more comfort to the homes of our sick ones. Our Boys' and Girls' Club is in charge of Miss McLachlan, principal of our school. In this work she has the assistance of Mrs. Royle, Mrs. Campion, and many other capable women of the Institute, who are keenly interested in our boys and girls.

Our Institute has not yet accomplished all we would like, but we are looking forward to doing more efficient work. We had planned for a busy winter, but owing to the flu epidemic, many of our meetings were not held at all. However, we hope for better things in the future. When our Memorial Hall is accomplished, we hope to make our much talked of Rest Room a reality.

## ONTARIO CONVENTION DATES.

THE date of the Central Ontario Women's Institute Convention to be held in Toronto, has been announced as November 9, 10 and 11, 1920. The Eastern Convention at Ottawa, and the Western at London will be held one or two weeks earlier.

Earnest attention is being given by the Board of Directors to planning the programmes and it is hoped that these Conventions will be even better than any already held. Full announcements will be made to the Institutes in good time.

## Circulars No. 31 and No. 32.

TWO new circulars issued by the Women's Institutes Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, give much valuable information. Circular 31 deals with the uses of milk and its products. With "Use more Milk" as a heading, the value of milk as a food is outlined as follows:

### MILK—

(1) Milk fat contains substances absolutely necessary for growth of the young.

(2) Cheapest animal food.  
(3) May be bought anywhere.  
(4) Contains as much solids as one pound of meat.  
(5) Has no waste; all used.  
(6) Comes nearest being perfect food.

(7) Best source of lime; keeps teeth hard; good bone-builder.

(8) Best protective food; especially for boys and girls.

(9) Cannot be substituted in diet for children.

(10) May be used in more than two hundred ways in cooking.

Milk is the cheapest, most common and most important food that we have. It contains all of the food principles necessary for nourishing the body.

Cheese dishes and soft cheese making also find a place in the circular.

Whole milk, buttermilk, skimmed milk, cheese, butter, condensed milk, powdered milk, evaporated milk, and ice cream are all nutritious, wholesome, digestible, economical and impossible of substitution.

CIRCULAR No. 32 tells of the necessity of a liberal supply of vegetables and fruits in the diet, and gives many recipes for the preparation of vegetable dishes.

These two circulars may be secured by writing to the Women's Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

## The 1919 Annual Report.

THE report of the Ontario Women's Institute Conventions held in the fall of 1919 is being issued and will be in the hands of Institute members at an early date. This report contains addresses upon subjects of present day interest, and has many suggestions for the carrying on of Institute work.

## Extension of Women's Institute Work in Ontario.

IT is interesting to note that in some districts, Institutes which had disbanded at the close of the War are being re-organized, and from new points inquiries are coming regarding the work, with a view to organizing. At a number of points along the C.N.R. in Northern Ontario, organization meetings have recently been held and interest in Institute work is developing.

District organization has been effected in East Algoma, where each Branch is aiming to add at least one new Branch to the district. In Rainy River, the work is extending so as to make it necessary to divide this district into three districts.

## IMPRESSION OF THE WELLAND DISTRICT CONVENTION.

I BEGAN the work at Stamford on June 2nd, says a lecturer, and found this a most enthusiastic branch. Their energies for some time to come will, of course, be devoted to raising money to pay for their new Memorial Hall. Besides this, they are supporting two French orphans, and helping in all other charitable works coming their way. They furnish a truly remarkable example of co-operation.

The district annual at Chippewa was the best I ever attended. The Willoughby Branch showed a true spirit of hospitality and all their guests were made to feel at home. The branch reports were well given and there was much discussion concerning the lines of work open to the Institutes. As a district, Welland County is asking for medical school inspection. I was much impressed with the prevailing desire to be of service. Many of the branches are assisting the Children's Shelter at Welland, and maintaining war orphans.

The Crowland Institutes are interested in securing a rest room in Welland, and, I believe, have been promised assistance by the U. F. O.

Welland Junction impressed me especially because, though a new Institute and, as they claim, ignorant of Institute matters, their report was one of the best at the district annual. Then, they have quite a number of English and Scotch women in their Institute who are particularly good workers, always ready to help out.

The Institute at Humberstone is facing the problem of recreation for the boys and girls—some means of keeping them off the street. They are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66.)



## COWAN'S COCOA

MAKES CHILDREN ROBUST

A Foundation of Health for thousands of Canadian children who enjoy its DELICIOUS FLAVOR.



## OF INTEREST TO INSTITUTE MEMBERS

There is a renewed interest in an "art" of the past—the making of samplers—this is resulting in many a girl after being given an opportunity sitting in a home.

We wish to receive photographs of these and for the purpose are offering a prize of fifteen dollars for the best photograph of an old-time sampler, with the words "they work while you sleep" written on the back. Prize, fifteen dollars.

We also wish to have photographs of historic or unusual quilts, with story attached—limit of eight hundred words in length. Prize, fifteen dollars.

Photographs and stories must be sent by November 1st, 1920. Competitors must be subscribers to this journal and also members of the Women's Institute. Mention branch of Institute when writing. The stories should be written on one side of the paper. Photographs will not be returned. Address "Institutes," Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto.



## Luxuriant Hair

Luxuriant Hair artistically arranged adds charm to your appearance. Have you sufficient hair to dress it in the most attractive and fashionable modes? You can secure at "Dorenwend's" the required hair-piece, that will furnish the desired effect.

"Dorenwend's" hair goods are known everywhere, for giving satisfaction, to the most fastidious users.

May we send price list and illustrated booklet containing hair suggestions?

Mail Orders given prompt attention.

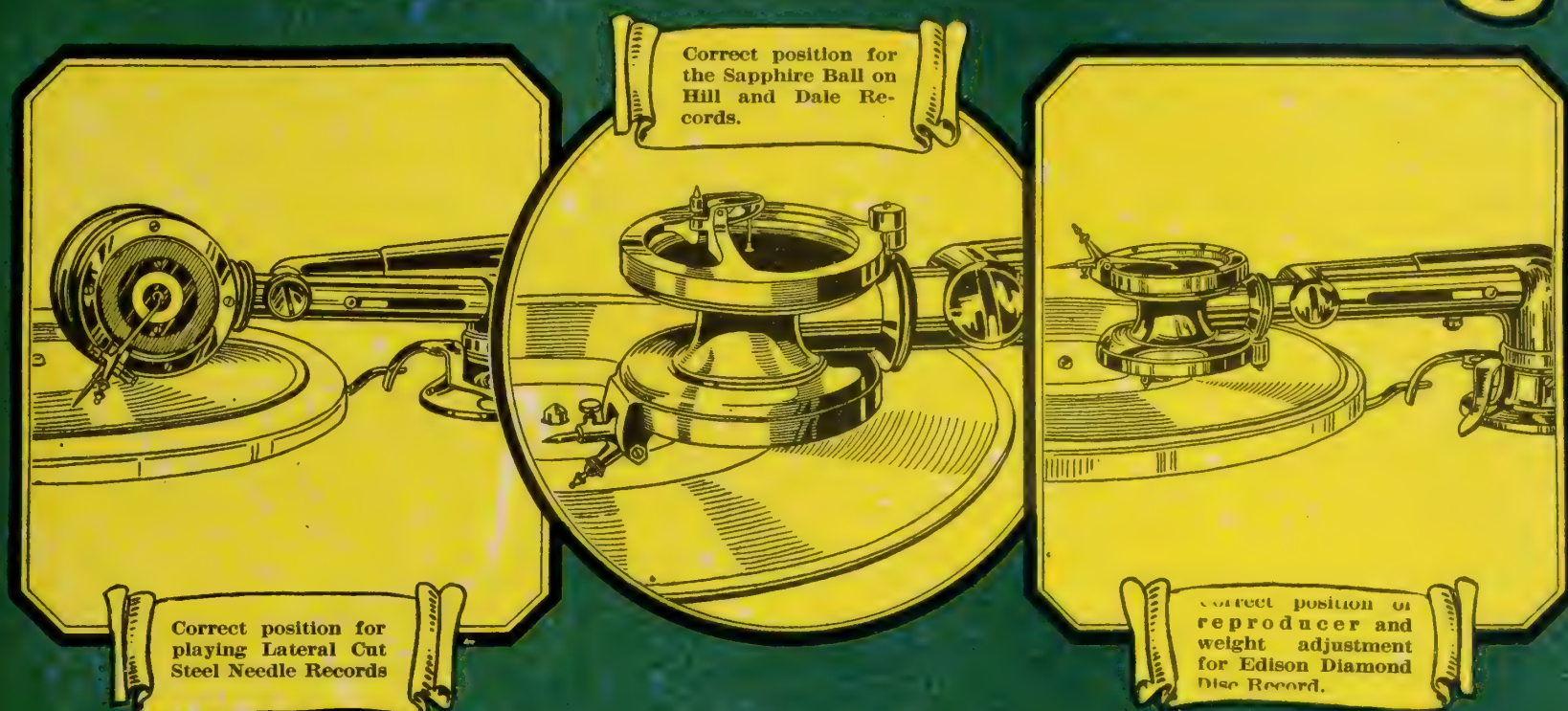
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ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE



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THERE'S only one RIGHT way to do *anything*. And this is just as true of playing phonograph records as it is of anything else in the world.

The Three-in-one Ultona illustrated above is an exclusive Brunswick feature which enables EVERY make of record to be played exactly as it was DESIGNED to be played.

It describes just the right ARC on each make of record.

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Nothing to take off—nothing to put on.

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These points are of supreme importance, because upon them so largely depend PURITY and POWER of TONE.

### Let Your EARS Be The Judge

Ask any Brunswick dealer to play you any make of record, including the Brunswick Record, on the all-record Brunswick Phonograph. Write for Catalog H.J. and name of your nearest Brunswick dealer.

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Ask to hear  
BRUNSWICK RECORDS  
artistic companions  
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# Columbia Grafonola



*"And, oh, she dances such-a-way"*

You'll never need to leave your favorite partner in the middle of a dance. With the Columbia Grafonola you can dance to the last lingering note and step. The Non Set Automatic Stop takes care of that. This exclusive Columbia feature is at its best for dancing. Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself.

*The leading stars of the stage make records exclusively for Columbia*

*Standard Models up to \$360*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.  
Toronto, Ont.





# A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

which Mrs. Frushing at last managed to glean two salient facts.

Old Man Fraser was to bring along two specially sworn-in constables to see that everybody got fair play at the wedding, and Bill was to be married to Sam Floyd's daughter at Cory Harrigan's shack to-morrow afternoon.

Why the two constables should be considered necessary Bill would not explain. It was a secret, he said.

"Can you kip a see-krait?" Bill asked his audience.

Being assured that it could, the catechist continued: How could they keep a secret?

"By not telling anybody about it," he was informed.

"Dat's de way I kip de see-crait, too," Bill assured the ladies, without the ghost of a smile.

**T**HINKING that possibly she might make Bill talk more freely, Mrs. Frushing quietly signalled the others to retire. But after all her cajoling, pleading and threatening, all she learned was that the constables were required to see fair play at Bill's wedding, and not at Harrigan's.

"How's Cory looking?" asked Mrs. Frushing, somewhat anxiously.

"Lak' always," answered Bill, "he shave a few days ago. His shack look lak' all de tam'."

"When is Frank coming back?" Hayes had been away several days on his homestead, "Slats" had said that morning at breakfast.

"Cory didn't know. Mebbe to-night, mebbe not for two, t'ree night. If Frank don't come back in tam', I don't tink Cory bodder feex up his shack lak' a cat'eedral for the weddin', eh, Jo. W'at you tink?"

"I think not, Bill. What time do you figure coming back?"

"Pretty late for supper, I tink. It's twelve mile' to Ol' Man Fraser, and mebbe he's not ready to start right w'en I get dere. And, say, Jo, I can get a horse from you for go tell Sam Floyd an' de li'l girl to-morrow morning. My cayuse will be all in."

Assured that a horse would be at his disposal, Bill loped away, whistling merrily. Whatever trouble he anticipated on the morrow was not affecting his light-heartedness to-day.

Mrs. Frushing went back to the house.

"Where are the girls?" she inquired of Mary Parsons.

"They're up in their room," answered the maid. "I think Miss Aiken is trying to make up Miss Ingraham's mind about this rush wedding."

"I'm not going to interfere," said Mrs. Frushing, very firmly.

"You're butting in good and plenty as it is," volunteered Mary, with the easy familiarity that comes of long companionship on the ranch. "You don't suppose Slats can get Harrigan to come here if he stays with the colt?"

"Not a chance in the world," sighed Mrs. Frushing. "Slats couldn't get him to budge. Mary, if that colt isn't dead or better to-morrow afternoon, Harrigan will insist on being married in the barn. But in any case it's up to us to get the wedding supper ready. We'll have our work cut out. There's nothing unpacked yet? Well, let's get busy."

Anticipating that the ceremony would take place at her house, Mrs. Frushing had brought from Soda Creek the necessary foodstuffs for a regal repast. She had not mentioned this to her guests, nor to Cory Harrigan, but had intended that Frank Hayes should somehow contrive to induce Harrigan to select her house as the proper place for the ceremony. The programme also provided for Cory calling on his fiancée that evening, and she would have chaperoned the girls to Harrigan's a day or so later. But Hayes' absence, and the sick colt, had complicated matters.

Most of the wedding supper would have to be shipped to Harrigan's ready cooked, and this would mean an early start, as the road was considerably longer than the trail. If, as seemed probable, "Slats" did not return, Mary would drive the democrat, as the other hired man would have to stay at the ranch.

The two women were already deep in their culinary preparations when Mollie entered the room. She was serene enough, but showed traces of

having recently been under considerable mental anxiety.

"Well," asked Mrs. Frushing, somewhat sharply, "What seems to be the trouble with the young lady upstairs this time? Was it the special constables, or the hurry-up double wedding that upset us this time?"

"She wants to be married in a Reformed Episcopal church," sighed Mollie. "And she doesn't want to be married by a veterinary surgeon with two policemen as witnesses. She's afraid he may bungle the job and marry her to that excitable Frenchman instead. But I've promised her we'll see there's no mistake made. There isn't any Reformed Episcopal church around here, by any chance, is there, Mrs. Frushing?"

"The nearest is several hundred miles away, and there isn't a church of any kind nearer than Soda Creek," answered that busy woman, fixing a stern eye on Mollie. "It seems to me, young woman, that you're somewhat keener on this wedding than your friend. What's the reason?"

"Of course I have an interest in the wedding," assented Mollie quite seriously. She did not add that the interest was a round hundred dollars, and expenses. That was the business of the Cupid Exchange, and no concern of Mrs. Frushing.

"Well you two girls better give us a hand with the preparing of this wedding feast. What do you know about high altitude cookery?"

"I know very little," confessed Mollie, "and Bessie knows a great deal less. But she'll learn."

"And mighty quick, too," broke in Mary, "after she's had Harrigan's flapjacks for breakfast for a week or so."

"Here's Miss Ingraham now," said Mrs. Frushing, as Bessie came downstairs. "Miss Aiken tells us your knowledge of cooking is away below zero."

"Tisn't either," Bessie bristled up. "I can make fudge and all sorts of candies. I know all about chocolates, and can dress a sweetshop window as well as anyone in British Columbia."

"Which will be an incalculable advantage on Harrigan's ranch," sarcastically remarked Mrs. Frushing. "Still, candies won't be out of place at a wedding, so you can get busy. But don't start any thing until you're sure we've got all the ingredients you need. I don't feel like running thirty miles to the store to buy a ten cent bottle of vanilla extract. Anything you need, ask Mary. She's the boss in this cooking bee."

Molly's brown eyes opened wide.

"It seems to me everybody's the boss except the boss. Mary's the kitchen queen, 'Slats' and 'Spike' tell you in the morning what they're going to do, instead of being told, and this Bill Frenchy invites himself, a judge and two policemen for supper and all-night guests, and that after declining a dinner to which he hadn't been invited. And then he tells you he'll borrow a horse."

"It's the way of the northern country," smiled Mrs. Frushing.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

BILL FIGHTS FOR HIS LI'L ALICE.

**S**WIFT changes were made in the programme in the morning, when the two girls discovered they were expected to make the journey over the nine mile trail on horseback. Neither had ever been on a horse, and the ride was out of the question, even if they had not flatly refused to ride astride, insisting on side-saddles, a request which Mrs. Frushing remarked was quite reasonable, coming from a young lady who asked for a Reformed Episcopal church in the vicinity of Quesnel Lake.

So, with Mrs. Frushing driving, the three women set out in the democrat shortly after nine o'clock, planning to arrive at Harrigan's about two o'clock. They were to have a cold lunch on the way, and the wedding would take place almost immediately on arrival.

Bill Laflamme, Old Man Fraser, and his two burly sons, whom he had sworn in as special constables so as to keep the fees in the family, had arrived quite late in the evening, and had turned in at the men's bunkhouse without being seen by any of the

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Keep their Hair Beautiful*

**NORMA TALMADGE**  
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

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"WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I like it."

**PROPER SHAMPOOING** is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

## WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

**THE R. L. WATKINS CO.**  
Walkerville, O.



Each  
Bottle  
Now Packed  
in a  
Carton

Be SURE it's  
**WATKINS**  
If it hasn't the Signature of "MULSIFIED"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

also co-operating in offering two prizes in the senior rooms in the public schools and in the high schools. One prize is for general proficiency, the other to the pupil making most progress during the year.

At Fenwick the Institute is assisting in erecting a small library the need of which has been acutely felt.

The Annual District Convention of East Parry Sound Women's Institutes, was held at Sundridge, June 29th, branches represented being Burk's Falls, Emsdale, Lount, Maganetawan, McMurrich, South River, Sundridge. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Sundridge; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. (Dr.) Freeborn, Maganetawan; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Elliott, Sprucedale; Sec.-Treasurer, Mrs. McArthur, Burk's Falls; Delegate to Federated Institutes, Mrs. J. Dunbar, Sundridge.

## From British Columbia.

**ARMSTRONG WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—Although but recently formed this has done some excellent service to the community along lines of public welfare. The local hospital has been supported and donations of money and material have been made. The subject of "Neglected Children" is receiving attention from this Institute and efforts are being made to have children of this type placed in the proper institution. Agricultural work is coming in for its share of attention. Assistance is being planned for the local fall fair. The health of school children, especially in regard to the teeth, is a line of work that will be taken up. Dr. Summers gave a talk in June on "The care of Teeth." As soon as the hospital is in good financial condition the public health nursing will receive the support of this Institute.

**BARRIERE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—School improvement has always been one of the principal branches engaging the attention of this Institute. Through the winter months a hot lunch was served by the Institute to all children who were unable to go home. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this subject. Five million children in the United States are suffering from malnutrition, and the same proportion will be found throughout Canada. One of the principal causes of malnutrition is the cold lunch eaten by the children during the noon hour. Every school should have some appetizing drink and a properly supervised lunch period.

**KALAMALKA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The members of this Institute have shown great interest in the subject of food values, conservation and preservation of food and other lines connected with home economics.

This is probably the principal Institute which makes the children's department in exhibiting at any fair their particular work, and the Annual Juvenile Fair conducted by Kalamalka Women's Institute is receiving almost Province-wide recognition. Great interest is shown in this community in the subject of Public Health Nursing, more especially that branch included in school nursing. Current events in the form of the Prohibition Referendum received all the attention at the meeting held on the 14th of July. The speaker for the occasion was Mrs. Despard. The secretary reports: "On account of the excessive heat the attendance was very poor, but those who were brave enough to face the discomfort of the weather were rewarded by hearing a very clear explanation of the prohibition question. Mrs. Despard dealt clearly with the two alternatives, Government Control and Prohibition."

**NARAMATA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—This Institute is co-operating with the only other women's organization in the district, "The Unity Club," and has the use of the club room, which is one of the most cosily built and daintily furnished club rooms that any community could boast. The one topic of discussion, from which it is hoped some definite action will result, was the co-operation of the Women's Institute with the Unity Club in helping to beautify the cemetery. The Institute also is to donate a medal for the boys' and girls'

gymnasium. This Institute also has for a member, Mrs. N. B. Smith, who has done such wonderful work in demonstrating the feasibility of the industry for the drying and evaporating of fruit. This has been carried on in the Naramata District to the satisfaction of Mrs. Smith herself, and to all others who have taken the trouble to inquire into it. It is hoped that more can be known of this method and that the fruit, which was otherwise wasted, can be utilized as in food products.

**MOUNT IDA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE** has largely specialized in school work. The school grounds have been improved and beautified by the planting of trees and shrubs, providing gardens, and the beginning of playground apparatus for the children. Through the efforts of the Women's Institute and the school children, a well has been bored on the ground and a pure water supply provided for the children. With the assistance of the teacher, the walls of the school room have been decorated with suitable pictures and altogether the school room and school grounds are a credit to that community.

**OKANAGAN CENTRE AND WOOD'S LAKE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—A talk on "The Public Health Nurse" and "Care of Children," has been part of the programme of this Institute. This district would seem to be very much in need of the services of a public health nurse as the nearest doctor is a good many miles away. Meetings are held in the district school room, and in connection with this it may be stated that an unusual sight, at least unusual in the most of our country schools, was to be seen on June 7th, when the whole school consisting of about sixteen children were engaged on the school ground in a most enthusiastic game of ball. Perfect good nature prevailed, skill and strength were shown, and when the children and teacher repaired to the school room the same spirit of good will prevailed. The rules of the game of ball were applied to the school work and the teacher explained later that the understanding was that if he played the game with the children during the recreation hours they were to play the game with him during school hours. The result was obvious. Discipline was perfect, with good will and mutual understanding between pupil and teacher. This is the spirit which should prevail throughout the Province as a whole because it is inculcating the spirit of good sport in our boys and girls, and upholding the traditions of the British nation, which as a nation is noted for being a nation of good sports.

**PEACHLAND WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The following report of the secretary will give a good idea of the trend of work in this Institute: "This Institute has voted funds for putting up swings in school grounds. We are holding a bazaar at an early date. A very entertaining and successful concert was given during March, from which we realized \$36.75."

**PENTICTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The following account may be of assistance to other Institutes. The secretary reports: "Our society—Two papers and three-minute discussions of important questions relating to our work as Institute members." This Institute is one of many in supporting the local hospital. The secretary reports that a resolution regarding a maternity hospital be sent to the Hospital Board.

**RUTLAND WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—A very successful Baby Clinic was held on June 8th, when a number of babies were weighed, measured and examined by the practising physicians. An unusual feature was the display of two layettes. The layette of olden times was on exhibition and was admired principally for the fineness of the work and the almost invisible stitches. Some little garments had been in existence for over sixty years; while the layette of later days was much less cumbersome and showed evidences of labor-saving. This Institute is keenly interested in Public Health Nursing, and it is hoped that some arrangements can be made to provide a public health nurse for this and the surrounding districts before long.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)



## On Buying Curtains

If it's a dainty thing—a brilliant chintz, vivid cretonne, shimmering silk or gossamer chiffon—buy it with never a fear of not being able to wash it. Remember LUX is at your service—its pure, bubbly suds whisk the dirt away, leaving colors bright and clear, and the daintiest fabrics sheer and fresh as when new.

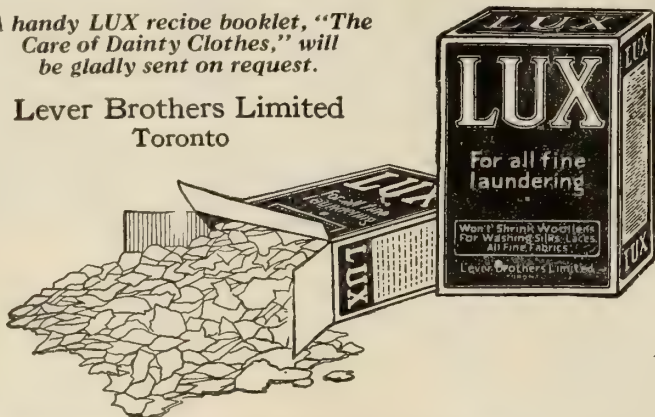
### Silk and colored curtains---and LUX

Whisk a tablespoonful of LUX to a whipped-cream-like lather in a gallon of very hot water; then add cold water till lukewarm. Swirl the curtains about—work quickly—press the rich suds through and through the curtains, but never rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. If you can, roll in a towel to dry. Or, dry in the shade.

For white curtains—not silk—soak for an hour in cold water. Then wash in the same way, using hot suds. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun.

A handy LUX recipe booklet, "The Care of Dainty Clothes," will be gladly sent on request.

Lever Brothers Limited  
Toronto



208

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Violins  
Guitars Ukuleles  
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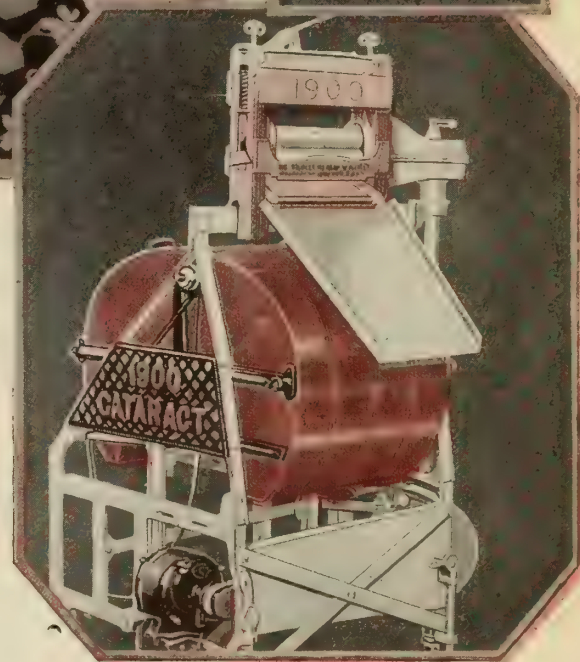
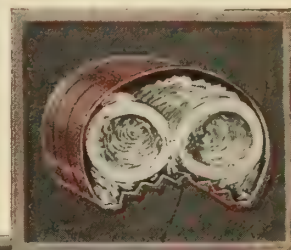
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'Canada's Home of Music'

Established 1849.





The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer.



## Sunny Windows with Crisp Frilly Curtains—

### What a Joy to See Them Fresh and White!

HOW simple a matter—with a "1900" Catareact Electric Washer! Down come the mussed, soiled curtains, into the "1900" they go, and swiftly, thoroughly the soapy, cleansing water swirls back and forth through them, in the magic "figure eight" movement—that wonderful, exclusive feature of the "1900" which makes it the perfect washer.

Not a single part in the shiny copper tub, to cause wear and tear! Nothing to catch the most delicate lace or the finest frills! In 8 to 10 minutes the curtains come out, all the original whiteness and freshness restored, all ready to be put through the swinging, reversible wringer, which also works electrically.

Everything from delicate sheer blouses to heavy blankets and table linen is thoroughly washed in the "1900" by that magic "figure eight" movement.

THE NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER COMPANY  
368 Yonge Street, Toronto

**1900  
CATAACT  
Electric Washer**

*The  
Perfect  
Washer—  
Costs But a  
Few Cents an  
Hour to Operate*

1900 WASHER CO., 368 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife," interesting fiction with some surprising facts included.

Name .....

Address .....

City and Prov. ....



CANADIAN  
SHOES FOR  
CANADIAN  
PEOPLE

## The Price of Shoes vs. The Price of Other Things

It has been said that "comparisons are odious."  
And so they are—as a rule.

But it has been so repeatedly stated that shoe prices are "excessive" or "ridiculous," that we feel justified in making a comparison between the present price of shoes and the price of some other things that we buy.

The following prices are from Government statistics and cover the period from January, 1914, to January, 1920,

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Advance in price of Iron and Steel - - -           | 124 per cent |
| Average wholesale advance in all commodities - - - | 146.4 "      |
| Advance in price of Fruit and Vegetables - - -     | 153.2 "      |
| Advance in price of Textiles - - -                 | 206.2 "      |
| Advance in price of Western Grains - - -           | 259.6 "      |
| Advance in price of boots and shoes - - -          | 118.2 "      |

Shoe prices had to increase—naturally. The price of everything that enters into a pair of shoes has gone up tremendously in late years. For instance, hides have advanced 154.6 per cent. in six years. One of the principal materials used in making fine shoes has advanced 500% in the same period. In fact, there is no single commodity used in the manufacture of shoes that has not advanced by leaps and bounds during late years.

But in spite of this a close margin of profits, efficient manufacturing methods, and keen domestic competition, has resulted in lower prices than the above advances would seem to make inevitable.

These comparisons will show why shoe prices are higher—they have simply followed in the wake of general advancing prices.

But, in Canada, they are neither "excessive" nor "ridiculous," but proportionately lower than most other things.

The Shoe Industry in Canada is an efficient and competent one—making shoes for the Canadian people which, grade for grade, are as low, or lower in price, as shoes obtainable in any Country.

Canada produces footwear of every desirable type, and of standard quality in all grades. When you buy Made in Canada Footwear you are assured, at fair prices always, of the utmost that modern skill can produce in Comfort, Service and Style.

# SHOE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

Barber - Ellis  
FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who  
appreciate high  
class stationery

In note paper  
and tablets with  
envelopes to match



## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)

women folk. Very early in the morning Laflamme had come into the kitchen and had breakfast before starting off on his four-hour ride to Sam Floyd's ranch, where he would convey the first intimation that the wedding was to take place that afternoon. It would not give the bride much time to get ready, but her trousseau was simple enough to demand only a few minutes' attention. Bill's great fear was that Floyd's horses might be somewhere out on the range, in which case Old Man Fraser might have to stay over another day, "an' de double-barrel weddin' won' go off," as he expressed it pathetically.

Old Man Fraser had left early with Laflamme, so had not seen the ladies. His two boys had not met with much conversational success with the two city girls at the breakfast table. They had tried, valiantly enough, to interest the visitors in horses and their ailments, but after Miss Ingraham had artlessly inquired whether "roan" was a disease or a vice, and Miss Aiken had supposed a ringbone to be part of a harness, the talk had gradually become more and more hopelessly unintelligible, until finally the girls gave up trying to appear interested.

After breakfast the Frasers and Mary started over the trail for Harrigan's, the men to look at the sick colt, and Mary to see whether she could possibly make Harrigan's shack in any way presentable before the bride arrived.

As it happened, the colt had practically recovered during the night, and Old Man Fraser's veterinary knowledge was only manifested in reminiscences on his arrival. The Frasers, Slats and Harrigan spent the morning around the barn, while Mary took possession of the shack and attempted the impossible. Bill Laflamme, Sam Floyd and his daughters Alice and Emma arrived in time for lunch, accompanied by Frank Hayes, whom they had met by accident. Hayes had been surprised to learn of the imminence of the wedding, as it had been understood that the ceremony would not take place until his return. But, as was his custom, Harrigan had not considered anyone else when making his arrangements to have Old Man Fraser come to his ranch for a double purpose.

After dinner the postmaster of Khakala drew the justice of the peace aside and had a long conversation with him. The Frenchman was in a great state of excitement, gesticulating around the phlegmatic Fraser like a drunken Siwash. Finally Laflamme appeared to be satisfied, and returned to the shack.

Taking up a position near the door, Bill announced his intention of making a speech. Nor did he keep his audience waiting.

"I jus' wan' to spik for two-t'ree minute, Mary, and gentlemen, and you more so, Mister Sam Floyd, and before I mak' my spieh, I wan' to ask you, Sam, how ole are you?"

"I'm fifty-six," answered Floyd in some surprise.

"Good," continued Bill, "dat's w'at I say is very good. And also, Sam, how ole is your li'l girl Alice, and how ole is your li'l girl Emma?"

"Alice, is twenty-one last March, and h'Emma is seventeen last December," answered Floyd.

"Good again. And now, Mary and gentlemen, make good attention to w'at I'm tole you now. Mr. Judge, you hear w'at Sam say when he say Mees Alice is twenty-one las' March. Now I ask you am I twenty-t'ree of age mysel'. You see, everybody, de Judge nod his head, lak' dat. He say yes. And now, Judge Fraser, am I of age legal to get married if it is my good pleasure, and can anybody stop me? De Judge say nobody can stop me from get married. Also Judge, can anybody—I don' wan' mention any name, but you know who I mean—can anybody stop Mees Alice marry me if she lak', when she's twenty-one? You kip quiet, Sam; I let you spik bimeby. I give all notice dat I'm goin' marry Alice dis afternoon, and if Sam don' lak' it, he can come outside right dis tam' and fight. I can leek him, I can leek —"

"There ain't going to be no fight," drawled Floyd, "these two kids are



coming home with me right away. Unless you quit being crazy and agree to marry h'Emma, like you promised to."

"We talk 'bout dat lots of tam' already, Sam, and we always come to de sam' ting. You wan' me to marry Emma, and I wan' to marry Alice. Now we fight."

"All right, then," laughed Sam, "we'll fight. Somebody tie up my right arm, so we'll have an even break."

"No, no, no," broke in Bill, "you need bot' your arm and bot' your han' too. You don' know how strong I feel on de weddin' day. I leek you sure."

Again Floyd laughed, as he made his way outside, followed by the others, except Harrigan, who busied himself clearing the table. It was not Cory's fight, and he would not even enquire how it ended, later on.

**B**ILL LAFLAMME was no match for Sam Floyd, in spite of the latter's handicap of thirty-three years. Bill was lithe and wiry, fully fifty pounds lighter than his opponent; he could dance and hop around in a way that would have done credit to a professional boxer, but of the science of fisticuffs he knew as much as the average Frenchman, which is nothing.

Floyd, on the other hand, was an American toughened by constant outdoor exercise. In his younger days he had mastered the rudiments of pugilism, and been considered a fair rough-and-tumble fighter. In brute strength he was almost equal to two men of Bill's physique.

Lafamme opened hostilities with a whirlwind attack, his two fists going into action simultaneously. Sam saw a splendid opening on the point of Bill's chin, but he contented himself with dropping on one knee, and the torrent of blows fell on empty air.

The Frenchman returned to the charge, leading with what he meant to be a feint with his right, and swinging viciously for the jaw with his left. Sam took a quick step forward and trod on Bill's toes. The Frenchman danced away and came back with a right uppercut that just missed Floyd's nose, because Floyd's fist had gently thumped Bill in the chest. Three inches advantage in the reach is of great advantage even in an ordinary brawl, as Bill soon discovered. Try as he would, he could not damage his opponent's features. On these rare occasions when his blows did get home, they carried no sting. Sam dodged, ducked, side-stepped and parried with an ease that exasperated the Frenchman. Floyd played with his opponent as might a father with a fractious child. He slapped and whacked and thumped Bill, but always tried not to hurt him. And, to make matters worse for the unfortunate postmaster, Floyd accompanied his light taps with unwelcome advice, the urging of h'Emma as a mate for William.

So the fight progressed, Floyd confidently defensive, Lafamme impotently aggressive. The Frenchman's only hope was that he might tire out the older man, but the hope was slight. Floyd was not exerting himself, and Bill was. And Floyd had a lot more staying power.

"Any time you want to quit, kid, just say you'll take h'Emma," said that young lady's father, as he boxed Bill's ears.

"Nevaire," shrieked Bill, sending a mighty blow where Floyd's face had been a second earlier, "you jes' stay w're I heet, instead of jumping aroun' lak' a jack-rabbit, an' I leek you yet."

"You couldn't lick a two-cent stamp," retorted Floyd.

Imagining in the retort a slur on his professional standing as postmaster of Khakala, Mr. Lafamme's excitement increased. His attacks redoubled, his arms working like flails. Probably because he no longer tried to place his blows, a miracle happened.

Bill's right landed squarely on Floyd's nose.

"Ha! W'at I say? Look at de blood on de nose! Now I get my li'l Alice, hey Sam, or you wan' me to heet you on de nose once more again, hein?" Bill cackled in his delight.

The onlookers cheered Lafamme, urging him to maintain his valiant efforts. They all liked Bill, and their sympathies were with the under-dog. And they knew it would probably be their only chance to cheer.

Although Floyd knew the blow could only have landed by the merest

chance, he was somewhat annoyed. The postmaster's jeers ruffled his temper. So Sam decided the fight must soon come to a stop, even though the stopping process must needs be painful to the other party.

"First blood to you, Bill," he snorted, "but second blood to me. I'll give you a nose for a nose." And suiting action to words he sent a swift right straight from the shoulder to the exact centre of Bill's face.

Then he proceeded to decorate the aquiline features of Monsieur Lafamme, though without further injury to that young man.

Floyd's tactics drove Bill frantic, but he was wholly at the mercy of the older man. He sought in every possible way to land home another blow, but Floyd was well on his guard, and parried most of Bill's lunges with his left, reserving his right for decorative purposes. He had finished the face to his satisfaction, and started on Bill's hair when he happened to glance towards the gate. He saw the Frushing democrat approaching.

"Better stop this foolishness now," he counselled.

But Bill only shook his head and continued his windmilling.

"Aw, quit, kid. I don't want to hurt you." And Floyd grabbed Bill's arms and held him pinioned for a moment.

But the Frenchman was determined to continue the uneven struggle, and he wrenched himself free. In so doing he trod on Floyd's toes—on Floyd's corn.

Then Floyd broke loose and rained blow after blow on Bill, until that unfortunate young man staggered under the severe punishment. Floyd was angry, very angry, and he accompanied the blows with a string of invectives that made the women shudder, while the men memorized the choicest for future occasions.

Suddenly Lafamme crumpled up and staggered. He was all in.

Hayes and Slat's jumped into the ring to save him from further punishment, but their intervention was unnecessary. Floyd's foot no longer hurt, and he was already sorry for his outburst of temper. He readily agreed to accompany Hayes to the creek to wash his face. He knew by experience that the other man would want to renew the fight, and he wished to be merciful. A few moments' reflection would probably bring Bill to his senses, in the absence of his opponent.

Through the group that surrounded him Bill saw Floyd going away.

"Stop heem," he yelled, "don't let heem run away till I leek heem."

"D'jer want him to die of old age sticking around here?" jeered Slat's, "beat it for the house and have a wash, kid."

Bill knew the advice was good, so decided to follow it. He stood up, somewhat gingerly, and started towards the shack. Then he halted, as a girl's horrified cry was followed by another girl's horrified shriek.

Mrs. Frushing gazed indifferently enough at the blood-stained figure, but her two guests were decidedly unstrung. They had seen the battle on approaching, but had supposed it to be merely rough horseplay. And now...

"It's the double-barreled Frenchman," chattered Bessie, "and the two special constables have murdered him."

"His head is hurt," said Mollie excitedly. "Mrs. Frushing, can't we do something?"

"Sure," answered that practical lady, "we can leave him to Slat's. All he needs is a wash. The young pup, getting into a fight with a man like Floyd! What was the trouble about, Steve?" she asked one of the younger Frasers.

"The same old trouble," answered Steve laconically. "Bill wants to marry Alice, and Floyd is trying to wish Emma on to him. So they had a scrap to try and settle it."

"And Bill got licked. Alas for romance!" smiled Mrs. Frushing.

"They seem to have a primitive way of picking out wives in these parts," remarked Mollie.

"They certainly have," agreed Mrs. Frushing, meaningly.

Bessie saw the point. "Where's Mr. Harrigan?" she asked, turning towards the shack for the first time.

"Cory, ho, Cory," hallooed Mrs. Frushing, "Come here."

Harrigan stepped out of the doorway and came towards the group.

"Is that Harrigan?" Mollie whispered anxiously.



## Grains so Flimsy that they seem unreal

Now there are two Puffed Grains, remember, and both ever at your call.

Both are bubble grains, airy, flaky, toasted. Both are so flavory that they seem like food confections.

Both are whole grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—puffed to eight times normal size.

They make premier foods, so tempting that children revel in them, morning, noon and night.

### The perfect cereals, experts say

These are Prof. Anderson's creations—the best cereal foods in existence. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat in milk, therefore, forms the utmost in a food—yet in the form of tidbits. And whole rice is thus supplied in its

most hygienic form. Millions of dishes are served daily. The two Puffed Grains with their many ways of serving supply folks an endless variety. But think how much oftener they could supplant foods not so delightful, not so hygienic.

Serve the two kinds, and both of them in plenty.

**Puffed  
Wheat**

**Puffed  
Rice**

Both steam exploded—8 times normal size



### Between-meal confections

Crisp and lightly douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Let them eat the grain bubbles like peanuts or popcorn. Puffed Grains do not tax digestion.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.)

**SALMON ARM WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The secretary reports a very interesting meeting at which a review by Mrs. Bowman on the "Brown House" was very amusing, while Dr. Arnett's talk on the live problem of malnutrition was of keen interest to the forty members present. The advice given will be of assistance to the mothers of the school children. The information given on malnutrition should be in the hands of all mothers in the Province. It is a subject which cannot be over-estimated in its direct bearing on the stability of our nation.

**SALMON RIVER VALLEY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE** held the usual meetings. The subject which is receiving the most attention in this district is "Consolidation of Schools." The situation is somewhat peculiar, and there are a great many difficulties to overcome, yet with the enthusiastic support of the Farmers' and Women's Institutes of the district it is hoped some practical arrangement can be reached.

**SILVER CREEK WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—This Institute is in the vicinity of the Salmon River Valley and the residents are equally interested with the former Institute in promoting this scheme. A talk in June was given on "Child Training," followed by an animated discussion by the members present. It would seem that "the child" is coming into its own and is being considered as the most important factor in the future of our nation.

**SIMILKAMEEN WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.** This Institute has been very active in supporting a public health nurse in the district, and during the last two meetings has given attention to the classes which can be carried on through the night school. The secretary reports: "The Institutes all seem to be interested in night school and I am writing to Mr. Kyle, Organizer of Technical Education for the Province, for further information."

**SUMMERLAND WOMEN'S INSTITUTE** has given a good deal of attention to the Home Economics, but Public Health Nursing has come in for its share. At one meeting, salad making was not only the topic, but a demonstration was given, "and the consumption of milk in the home" was also discussed. It was decided as regards the public health nursing that at the present the greatest need was for a resident dentist. At a later meeting, the topic for discussion was "Exercise in relation to Health," with a demonstration of different exercises. The secretary reports: "The attendance was small which was to be regretted as the subject was very interesting."

**WEST SUMMERLAND WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The secretary reports at the last meeting of this Institute: "Following an appeal made to the Council by the Children's Aid Society of Vancouver, the Institute decided to have a tag day for their benefit on the day we are holding our Flower Show. At a previous meeting it was decided that the first thing we could do should be to provide a Red Cross cupboard and first aid equipment for the Central School, also stretcher bed, pillows, etc., and games for the school yard. It was decided that the easiest way to raise the money was to get voluntary subscriptions from the members. This was done with excellent results."


### Prominent People Appreciate Women's Institutes.

The Women's Institutes are commanding the attention of people of note for the splendid work which they are doing in communities—not only in Canada but in Great Britain. Following are some expressions from famous people.

"Tell the women of Canada of my sincere interest and best wishes for the continued success of the work of Women's Institutes."—Her Majesty Queen Mary, President of the Sandringham Women's Institute.

"Women's Institutes fill a gap that has long existed in the institutions of rural life. They attack the rural problem at its vital point. They begin with the farmer's home as a fundamental social and economic unit in the state. They are mobilizing the varied energies of the country women

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)



# "The Book of the Month"

THIS is a book of Diamonds and Pearls—of Gold and Silver—of Rings and Brooches—of Watches and Purses—of superb Silverware—of Gifts for Weddings, Birthdays and Anniversaries.

Every woman who expresses her individuality in her jewels, her silverware and in her choice of gifts for friends and relatives, will enjoy many happy hours looking through this Mappin & Webb book.

Is your name on our mailing list? If not, will you write us at once, so that we may send you a copy? It is the book of the month, indeed, for within its covers are the treasures of the world and the supreme workmanship of the master craftsmen of a dozen nations.

It is a book you will consult frequently and come to rely on more and more as you test the efficiency and thoroughly satisfactory service of our mail order system.

Write for it.

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48

## The Proper Food for Baby



Unwholesome and unsuitable food causes most of the diseases of infancy.

The bottle-fed baby should receive the best substitute for human milk—cows' milk, properly modified and diluted with barley water made from ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY.

### ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

is the best for making barley water.

For older children use ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS which is also excellent for invalids and nursing mothers.

Sold by all druggists and grocers. Write for our booklet "Advice To Mothers," containing information about feeding and care of children. No mother should be without it. Free on request.

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## Cuticura Is All You Need For Your Skin

Bathe with Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify the pores. If signs of pimples, redness or roughness are present smear gently with Cuticura Ointment before bathing to soothe and heal. For every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery Cuticura Soap and Ointment are ideal.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.





### Film makes teeth dim and dingy

You may not realize it, but remove the film and see how teeth look then.

Compare your teeth now with the teeth you see after this ten-day test. It will be a revelation.

Every woman owes this to herself.

# Millions of Smiles

Now show beautiful teeth—this is why

*All statements approved by authorities*

Look at people's teeth when they smile. Many teeth are dingy and discolored. All one's attractions are marred by them.

Other teeth now glisten. For millions of people now brush teeth in a new way. Twice a day they fight the film which dulls them.

Your teeth are coated more or less if you brush them in old ways. See the difference when you brush them in the new way for a while. Ask for this ten-day test.

### You must combat film

Brushing does not clean teeth if it leaves the film. It removes some debris, but it does not end the teeth's great enemy.

Millions find that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Now modern dental science finds the reason in a film.

New film is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then, between your dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. A soapy tooth paste makes it more viscous. So brushing teeth in old ways has left much film intact. Its daily removal has in late years been a major dental problem.

### How film ruins teeth

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Dental science, after painstaking research, has found new ways to combat film. Able authorities have proved them by clinical and laboratory tests. Their efficiency is now beyond all question. These methods have with millions revolutionized teeth cleaning.

These new factors are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—an ideal tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. To prove it quickly to all careful people, a ten-day tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

### Five quick effects

Pepsodent brings five desired effects with every application. Some are at once apparent, and all soon show their benefits to teeth.

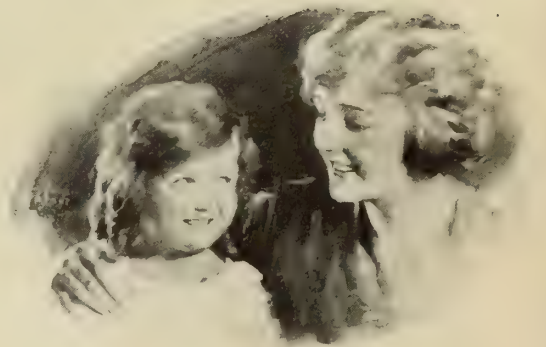
One ingredient is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling. Another instant result is multiplied alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Thus with every application Pepsodent combats the teeth's great enemies in new and efficient ways. Both in Europe and America it is fast bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

The way to know it is to try it. The first application reveals some new effects. A few-day test is most convincing. See these effects, read the reasons for them, and judge this new method for yourself.

If it brings you whiter, safer, cleaner teeth, tell others about it. There are few things more important.



### Few children escape

Children's teeth seem most susceptible to film-caused attacks. Very few young folks escape them. Dentists advise the use of Pepsodent from the day the first tooth appears.

Old methods have proved inadequate. See what the new way does. Right tooth protection in early years means much in years to come.

Men who smoke will also see conspicuous results. Their teeth are often much discolored, for tobacco stains the film.

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
REG. IN

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, acting in new ways. Approved by the highest authorities and advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

### Watch the change in a week

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

These effects mean much to you. Cut out the coupon now.

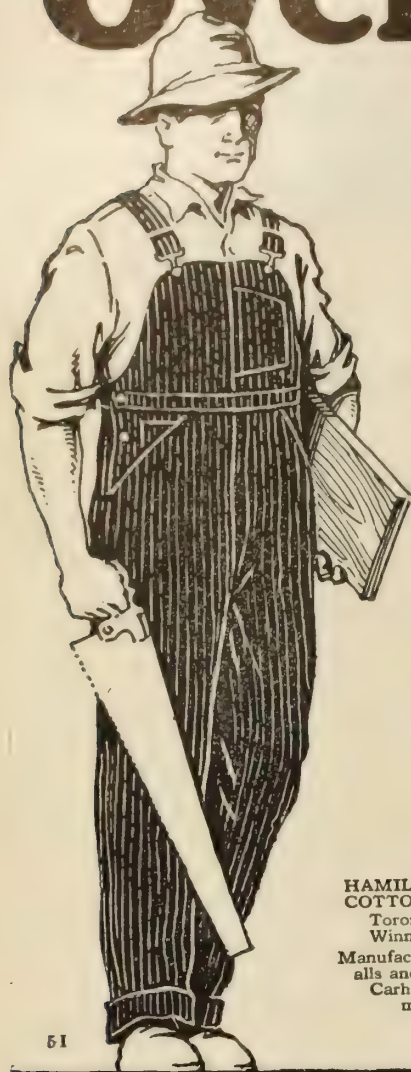
### 10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 921, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



# Carhartt Overalls



The sort of things, madam, you admire in a well-made garment are to be found in my Carhartt Overalls — staunch materials, sound workmanship, long wear. The button holes are made to fit the buttons and then reinforced. Interlacing suspenders (my own invention) cannot slip off the shoulders, nor separate in the wash. Reinforced bands, too, hold the buttons with a bull dog grip. An angular rule pocket is placed conveniently on the right leg. Generous sizes — but examine Carhartt's for yourself, madam. You won't wonder then why they are so popular with the men. My unqualified, written guarantee goes with each pair.

*Hamilton Carhartt*  
President

HAMILTON CARHARTT  
COTTON MILLS, Limited  
Toronto Montreal  
Winnipeg Vancouver  
Manufacturers of Men's Overalls and Work Gloves and Carhartt Allovers for men and boys



TRADE MARK

## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.)

MISS INGRAHAM sat very still, her eyes fixed intently on the approaching rancher. She did not say a word.

Cory was not looking at his best, bad as that was. He had been up for two nights with the sick colt, and had neglected all meals until Slat's arrival the previous afternoon. As a result he looked gaunt and hollow-eyed, and was unashamed of his vigorous yawns. He had shaved a few days ago, and his hair had reached that stage when a hair cut would have been advisable quite early in the month. He was bare-headed, and wearing a heavy shirt that in remote ages had been three shirts and a pair of lumberjack stockings. The stockings were doing service as sleeves, the red shirt protected Cory's manly bosom, the blue shirt covered the back and neck, while the grey shirt joined the blue and the red with substantial twine stitches. Harrigan's legs were encased in the famous Harrigan pants, the pants that had in the course of years become the foundation for an agglomeration of repairs which included pieces sewn and pieces tied on, patches laced on and patches riveted on, the pants which had had buttons on the seat, now had buckskin seat and knees; the pants, in brief, which had made Harrigan famous from Ashcroft to the Arctic regions.

On his right foot Cory was wearing a new russet brown Penetang shoepack, while his left shuffled along with all that remained of last winter's two pairs of overshoes and rubbers, wondrously compressed into one foot covering.

In his hand Harrigan carried the dishcloth he had been using when Mrs. Frushing summoned him.

As he neared the democrat, Cory smiled a greeting: "Hullo, Jo, we got the colt fixed up all right."

"Mr. Harrigan," said Mrs. Frushing very formally, "permit me to introduce Miss Bessie Ingraham, your fiancée, and her bridesmaid, Miss Mollie Aiken."

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Harrigan," lied Mollie bravely.

"I'm sure you ladies are very welcome here," replied Cory, bowing very low, following certain oft-repeated instructions from Frank Hayes. The dishcloth trailed on the ground, thereby obtruding itself on Harrigan's notice. He twisted it around his rawhide suspender and held out his hand to assist Miss Ingraham to descend.

That young lady ignored the proffered assistance.

"Are you," she inquired, in the tone of one who would doubt a sorry fact, "Are you the party we've come four hundred miles to marry me to?"

"Certainly, Miss Ingraham," beamed Harrigan.

"That being the case," continued Bessie, "if you don't mind, Mr. Harrigan, we'll call it off before it gets any worse. There isn't going to be any wedding as far as I'm concerned. I came here to marry your pocket-book, but of course I had no idea you were anything like this. And surely you didn't expect me to live in that hutch?"

"Sure," answered Cory with composure, "That's as warm a shack as you'll find anywhere in these parts. I've been quite comfortable in it for twelve years, and you'll like it after a while. Come in and have a good look at it. Anyway, you'll be a guest at Bill's wedding."

The group around the democrat were openly interested in the unexpected development. The general sympathy seemed to be with Cory.

Mary Parsons had a little trouble all her own. "After all the work we went to in getting that wedding supper ready, too. Here, you boys, take those boxes to the house, we'll have a feast anyway, whether there's two weddings, or only one, or none at all."

"You needn't have brought no grub," spoke up Harrigan. "There's plenty cooked for everybody. I got a mess of beans, a big dish of rice pudding, and a whole stack of sour dough bread."

"Beans! Rice Pudding! Sourdough bread! For a wedding supper!" cried Miss Ingraham, aghast, glaring at her chum as if she had been the guilty cook.

## Jaeger for Children



There is underclothing, night dresses, pyjamas, coats, stockings, knitted jerseys, knitted suits, knitted caps, slippers, sandals, gloves, mitts, and, for infants, there are spencers, bootees, infants, overalls, etc.

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Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes

Making them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are — easily applied, harmless, shades black, brown.

**Lash-Brow-Ine**

a pure, harmless cream, applied nightly aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Dark, luxuriant eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep, soulful expression of eyes, adding charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybell Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?

"MAYBELLINE," "LASH-BROW-INE" Obtainable at your Dealer's. To avoid disappointment with imitations always look for "The Maybell Girl," same as above, on every box of both preparations. We guarantee you will be delighted or refund price.

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## Healthy Babies Laugh and Play

Health in babyhood comes from proper digestion — by regulating the stomach and causing the bowels to move as they should.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

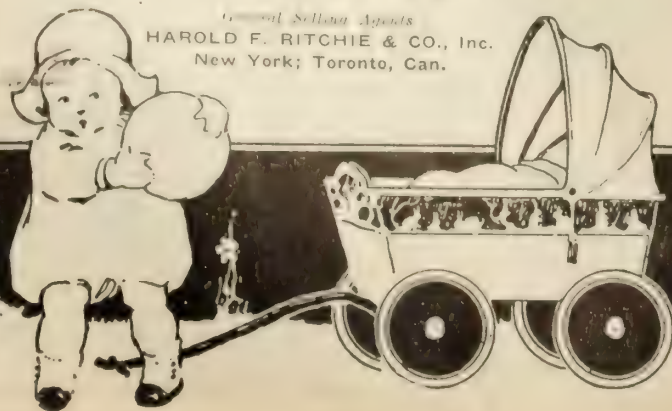
for this purpose produces most remarkable and gratifying results. Best of all children's remedies to relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea and other disorders.

This health-giving preparation is purely vegetable—contains no opiates, narcotics or alcohol—just an agreeable, highly beneficial and potent remedy, made of the very best, harmless ingredients obtainable, as the formula below shows—

|         |                    |              |           |             |
|---------|--------------------|--------------|-----------|-------------|
| Senna   | Sodium Citrate     | Oil of Anise | Caraway   | Glycerine   |
| Rhubarb | Sodium Bicarbonate | Fennel       | Coriander | Sugar Syrup |

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and your wash will have a pure snowy whiteness that cannot be obtained otherwise.

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Montreal Toronto  
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For sale by All Leading Furniture Dealers.

"MACEY STYLE BOOK," full of information, free for the asking.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.



Mollie had said nothing. She had realized, with the first glimpse of Harrigan, that there would be no wedding. She felt very sad. The big fish had jumped out of the net. The Cupid Exchange was broke!

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

TWO THOUSAND A YEAR IS ATTRACTIVE.

BY special invitation Miss Aiken accompanied Miss Ingraham for a short walk where they could have a confidential chat. Mollie did not relish the prospect of this interview, but if her friend had anything unpleasant to say—and there was no doubt she had—it would be only the more disagreeable if told in the presence of all these strangers.

Bessie did not waste any time in preliminaries, she had too much to say for that. For once the aggressive Mollie had to assume a defensive position as her friend reviewed the sequence of events which had brought them to Quesnel Lake, and it was only by pleading that she had been deceived by Harrigan's descriptions that she was able to avoid an open rupture.

"I was only doing what I really thought was best for you, dear," pleaded Mollie. "You know you complained so much of your dull and cheerless life—"

"No matter about that," cut in Miss Ingraham. "You didn't overlook any chance of reminding me that life was dull and cheerless. What I want to know is this: How much money do you expect to make out of this deal? Now, answer me that."

"Oh, Bessie," and Mollie's voice quivered, "you ought to know better than that. I'm not going to make a cent—not one cent—out of this. I—I didn't—didn't even get the dollar fee," she blurted, as she dabbed at her shining eyes with her handkerchief, wiping away tears that welled up because of varying emotions; that her friend should be so angry with her, that their great adventure should have such a sorry ending, and that her hundred dollar bubble should have so sadly burst.

"That's right—go ahead and bawl," snapped Miss Ingraham. "This is all your fault and you know it too. It seems to me that if anyone has cause to be tragic over this mixup, I'm the one. I've been victimized and abused shamefully—"

Miss Ingraham sat down on a convenient log and gave way to tears. Mollie joined her and plied her handkerchief with renewed vigor, but a casual observer might have been pardoned for supposing that she was merely echoing her friend's grief, for there seemed to be an absence of sincerity in her sobbing. Be that as it may, she won the endurance contest, and had the satisfaction of seeing Bessie make the first step towards reconciliation.

"Oh, stop blubbering, Mollie," said Miss Ingraham, "do turn off the tap, for goodness' sake. Even if I hurt your feelings you needn't get your eyes all red and your nose shiny when you're going to a wedding."

Mollie, assured of victory, continued her sobbing. It would never do to surrender her advantage too easily.

"Do straighten up, Mollie, and be sensible. There's a man coming this way, a tall young man. I'm sure he's going to speak to us."

Miss Aiken was still struggling desperately to remove all traces of emotion when the stranger reached the log. Miss Ingraham, with a sales clerk's instinct for making a first good impression, had regained her composure and smiled inquiringly at his approach, but she did not speak first. Neither did the man, for Mollie, after one discreet peep, gave a gasp of surprise and jumped to her feet, wide-eyed with amazement.

"Billie!"

"Good Lord! Mollie Aiken!" said the man, wonder and joy in his tone. "How do you come to be here?"

They were clapping hands now. Mollie felt a thrill such as she had not experienced for years as the rough work-hardened hands closed over hers. Her whole being vibrated with emotion, blushes suffused her face and she trembled with suppressed excitement. She gazed deep into those clear blue eyes, seeking to read there the answer to a question she dared not put into words. What if—

The man studied Mollie silently, almost reverently, as if trying to

realize the marvel that had come to pass, that she should be there by his side, glad, even happy, to see him.

Miss Ingraham coughed discreetly and the spell was broken.

"I'm so surprised, I'm forgetting," laughed Miss Aiken, nervously. "Billie, may I introduce you to my dearest friend, Miss Ingraham. Bessie, meet Mr. Hazelton, my—er, formerly of Vancouver."

As if that explained anything. Not that many explanations were needed, Bessie thought, as she expressed her pleasure at meeting Mr. Hazelton, and politely murmured something about going to see how Mrs. Frushing was getting along. Miss Ingraham knew there is a tide in the affairs of men and maids which, taken at the flood, leads to those uncharted seas on which she had just refused to launch her barque. So Miss Ingraham gracefully made her exit and the man took her place on the log.

"What are you doing here, Billie?"

"What are you doing here, Mollie?"

The questions were simultaneous. Each laughed at the other's eagerness, and the laughter set them a little more at their ease.

"You tell your story first, Billie," she smiled. "Tell me everything, beginning from—from the day after," she concluded a little lamely.

"There isn't so very much to tell after all," commenced Hazelton. "The day after you so very definitely gave me my congé because it looked as if I insisted on walking arm-in-arm with John Barleycorn through life, I decided to break away from city life altogether. As you, of course know, I wrote a brief note, resigning as advertising manager of the North Coast Steamship Company, and never even went near the place to collect my books and things. Somehow, I felt we couldn't both be in the same office after what had happened. Of course you could talk the way you did to your lover, but not to your boss."

"I didn't know you'd quit for a long time, Billie. You see, I never vent back either, for the same reason."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Hazelton. "What a time they must have had straightening things out!"

"It's probably smooth sailing again by this time," smiled Mollie, "we left the old ship in the lurch eight years ago, remember. Go on with your story, Billie."

"Having no ties of any kind," resumed Hazelton, "I started for the east, but I lost the train at Ashcroft, and by the time the next one came along I wasn't interested in trains. I stayed in Ashcroft a few days, and then came up the Caribou road with a freighter. At Soda Creek I fell in with Cory Harrigan and I've been here as hired man ever since. Now, about yourself, Mollie?"

"A hired man! You, Billie!" Miss Aiken was amazed, even shocked.

"Of course," smiled Hazelton, "the dignity of labor and all that sort of thing, you know. Now tell me all I want to know about you."

"There's very little to tell," said Mollie. "I just got another position as stenographer and moved to another part of Vancouver so there would be less chance of us meeting. Rather an unnecessary precaution, wasn't it?"

"But what brings you up into the Caribou? And why were you crying just now? You might as well tell me, Mollie; we all know each other's business in this part of the world, anyway."

MOLLIE was silent. She had never been proud of her activities as a matrimonial agent, but just now she was really ashamed of the part she had played in bringing Miss Ingraham and Cory Harrigan together. She did not wish to tell the whole truth to Hazelton, and yet she did not see how she could avoid this. Finally, in desperation, she made the plunge.

"You know about Mr. Harrigan's matrimonial intentions, Billie. Well, I...."

"By Jove. How stupid of me not to see it all right away," broke in Hazelton. "Of course that's it!"

Mollie stiffened. "I hope you don't suppose I've come up here to get married to Mr. Harrigan," she said coldly.

Hazelton roared so heartily at this that Mollie became quite human

## Fabrikoid Fills Many Wants Around the Home

THERE are many little jobs of upholstery that can be done at home providing the right materials and right instructions are available. The replacing of the seats in the dining room chairs, reseating the comfortable old rocker, the re-covering of cushions, footstools, and even some of the larger jobs can be done easily with Craftsman Fabrikoid.

And when you have finished, you are assured of a job as neat as could be done by a upholsterer, that looks like leather and yet has cost less than the cheapest leather. You have done a job that will not need to be done over again for years, for Fabrikoid possesses wonderful wearing qualities and does not rot, tear, stretch or stain.

Our booklet, "Fabrikoid in the Home" is a valuable guide to this kind of work. It gives you all the hints necessary. Your dealer can supply you with the Fabrikoid. It is sold by the yard, in various widths up to 60 inches and, unlike leather, there is no waste. Every bit of it is usable.

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Nourishing,

Digestible,

No Cooking.



For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)



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**Sedan**

*The Car for Women*

*Ford Motor Company  
of Canada, Limited  
Ford, Ontario*

22

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

for a far-reaching forward movement in the reconstruction of our entire national life. Success to them."

CHARLES STEWART,  
Premier of Alberta.

"I would like to express my good will, my personal appreciation of the great work of the Women's Institutes. I speak with knowledge as my wife is a member of the Women's Institute."

HON. E. C. DRURY,  
Premier of Ontario.

### Notes From British Women's Institutes.

**Endowment Fund News.**—The Endowment Fund is making steady progress. A generous gift of £100 has been received from Mrs. Eva McLaren, which has a special interest as coming from one who has always worked for women's progress in politics. Another generous offer comes from Mrs. A. W. Foster, Chairman of the Hereford County Federation, who promises the sum of £200. Six more offers of £100 each will now make up the ten £100 promises for which a special appeal was made last month.

**Buckingham and Devon County Federations.**—We have to congratulate Buckinghamshire and Devonshire on the formation of County Federations.

These are the forty-third and forty-fourth County Federations in England and Wales, and we hope that before long there will be one in every county.

**First British Institute.**—While new County Federations and new Institutes are steadily being formed, it is interesting to realize how the earliest Institutes still flourish and what excellent work they are doing. The oldest Women's Institute in England and Wales is Llanfair P. G. Institute which started in 1915. Its meetings are held in a pretty cottage and are always well attended. Among its other activities the Institute runs a baby clinic with the greatest success.

**Progress of the Movement.**—The number of Women's Institutes continues to increase steadily. There are now 1,622 in existence, and each week sees the formation of from ten to twenty new Institutes.

### NOTES FROM ONTARIO

**Watson's Corners** purpose building a hall which will include a library.

**Beachburg Institute**, (in N. Renfrew) held a "Field Day" for the school children, and gave prizes. They also gave prizes to Fall Fair for best layer cake, open to members of the Institute only.

**Westmeath Institute**, (in N. Renfrew) is enlarging and renovating a town hall and making a community hall of it.

The members of the Women's Institute at Carleton Place have assisted the Horticultural Society in beautifying the town. At the Children's Fair they have given prizes for knitting, sewing, preserving, baking and candy making.

**Tiverton Institute** is interested in Medical Inspection, and follow-up work; is also renovating the Public Library, which will include a reading room and magazines. They are all anxious to have more Canadian literature.

**Paisley Institute** is raising money for the Children's Hospital, London. They also send treats to Byron Sanatorium.

**Belmore Institute** gave \$26.40 to Salvation Army for the Children's Fresh Air Camp; \$50.00 to the Institute for the Blind; \$25.00 for seeds for schools; 30 dozen eggs for Girls' Home. They have also built a shed for farmer's horses and put down cement walks in village. They also have good community singing.

**Goderich, St. Augustine and Duncannon** helped to instal an X-Ray in Goderich Hospital.

The Women's Institute at Gorrie has undertaken to beautify the park and have had three rows of maple trees planted on the west side as a beginning. The trees were donated by Mr. W. Gamble and the members of the Institute appreciate this generosity very much and take this opportunity of thanking him for his kindness and liberality.

It is very encouraging to note that the Institute work in the Rainy River district has grown to such an extent,

**Tasty and Healthful—**  
**KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD**  
gives an improved "taste" to all meats, fish, game, poultry, and makes them easily digested. Use it with every meal.

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are the qualities that commend our new cotton fabric finishes—

#### "Supasayda" and "Beausayda"

for charming—and durable—frocks, blouses, negligees, etc.

These finishes are obtained in only B. D. A. fabrics, and come in plain and figured effects in all the popular shades.

Insist on having B. D. A.—the best in cottons and woolsens.



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1 envelope COX'S INSTANT POWDERED GELATINE, 2 cups (1 pint) water, 3 large grapefruit, 1½ cups (¾ lb.) sugar or honey, 1 cup (½ pint) chopped pineapple, crisp lettuce leaves, French dressing.

Mix gelatine and sugar, and dissolve in water. Remove peelings and separate grapefruit into small pieces, being careful to remove all white skin. When gelatine is cool, add pineapple and grapefruit, pour into a wet mold, and allow to set. Serve on lettuce with dressing.

You will also find Cox's Gelatine excellent for smooth sauces, creamy rich desserts and nourishing soups.

It is surprising in how many ways the use of Cox's Gelatine, unsweetened and unflavored, can improve your cooking. Did you know that the use of gelatine is one of the most valuable secrets of the successful chef?

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BRIEFLY, those are the chief advantages of the Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper. But its low price and great convenience are hardly less important.

The name itself is evidence of utmost efficiency in carpet and rug cleaning. "Bissell's" could not be placed on a vacuum sweeper that did not measure up to the world-wide Bissell's reputation.

Be sure to see this handy and inexpensive vacuum sweeper demonstrated. You, like thousands of others, will be surprised at its really marvelous results. At most good stores.

Prices—\$13 to \$17.50. "Cyco" Ball Bearing Carpet Sweepers, \$9 and less, depending upon style and locality. Send for booklet.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. (Limited)

of Niagara Falls (Factory) and 240 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

## BISSELL'S

Strong Suction  
Vacuum Sweepers  
(Not Electric)

Put Your Sweeping Reliance  
on a Bissell's Appliance

that at their last District Annual meeting it was unanimously decided that it would be in the best interests of the work to divide the District into three Institute Districts, namely East, West and Centre. The retiring District Secretary, Mrs. Sullivan, of Emo, states that the first year she had the books the entire finances of the District were less than \$900, but that they have been steadily increasing until now over four times that amount is handled yearly. This year's finances have exceeded the previous year's by \$700.

At their District Annual meeting held at Fort Francis, over 150 women attended (every Branch being represented) and two sessions (afternoon and evening) were held. The afternoon session was devoted entirely to business and in this they were ably assisted by Mrs. Patterson of Gads-hill, the Government Lecturer for their district. In the evening the School Inspector, Mrs. McDowell, addressed the meeting giving some splendid suggestions as to what might be accomplished by the co-operation of the schools and the Institutes. Reverend Mr. Cowan also addressed the meeting on "The Child."

Big Fork had thirty women out at their meeting. These people are much scattered and come in big farm wagons in loads.—Some from across the Rainy River and consequently from Minnesota—women altogether wonderful in their capabilities who can take their place anywhere—working together for social and community advancement. Every activity is backed and supported by their men, organized into U.F.O.

Barnhart is similar to the first named, quite isolated from main lines—no railway close by, and considerable bush land everywhere, and on first entering their little hall (that serves for worship and all public meetings) you are struck with the originality displayed everywhere. The women are all interested in the school. They have no other organization, all work together for the children.

Emo has a fine big Branch with excellent talent. They are just now putting a fine bronze tablet in memory of their heroes lying in Flanders, with their school at a cost of \$300. They are also promoting a movement for a Cottage Hospital, wherein Big Fork is fitting up a room in memory of one of their early settlers who for many years was doctor and nurse and practically all things to the scattered settlers for thirty or forty miles around.

Chapple.—Here the Swedish women come in with the English-speaking class and are working sweetly and truly wonderfully together, each in their varied experience helping the other.

Shenston, a fine body of farm women who have struggled through the pioneering of the country and are now taking up the social side for their young people and co-operating with their school boards for better conditions in the school. The old log school is everywhere giving way to the modern building suited to the times.

Stratton is a well organized Branch, perhaps needing a little encouragement and vision for new work that they are now anxious to go on with.

Pinewood stands out because of the splendid working together of the French-Canadian and English speaking women uniting their efforts most admirably for the betterment of community conditions socially and educationally.

Rainy River, Beaver Branch is just organized since last October. Have over fifty women, going into big things for their town. Aiming for a Community Hall and a Hospital. This last is much needed. They are alive to everything that will better conditions educationally and socially.

Fort Frances District Annual meeting was a revelation to your Eastern delegate. The attendance, somewhere around 300 in the afternoon, would do credit to a much older district in older Ontario. The reports were promptly dispatched and given in fine style. The women of Rainy River District are second to none; splendid executive ability and beautiful harmony was evidenced throughout. The members received with applause the possibilities of dividing the work into East, Centre and West. Everyone felt the advantage of better work and opportunity of extension in each of the three smaller districts that could no longer be met in the one large field. I think I never saw anywhere such enthusiasm and united effort.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78.)

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

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The Family Plate for Seventy Years

### Fine Silverplate for Gifts

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Those who choose fine silverplate always ask for it by its full name "1847 Rogers Bros."

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## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.)

again, though she said she couldn't quite see the point of the joke.

"If I hadn't been so flabbergasted at seeing you here," Hazelton explained, "I would not have been quite so cavalier in my courtesies to the mail-order bride. We have a few photographs of your friend in the House of Harrigan, and I will say she's every bit as charming as we were led to believe by the fat, middle-aged woman who runs the Cupid Exchange. . . . What's the matter, Mollie. Choking?"

"N-n-no. Go on, Billie, I'm all right," said Mollie, weakly, trying hard to suppress her mirth.

"And I take it you've come up with Miss Ingraham to be bridesmaid at her wedding. I suppose this is your annual vacation."

"You always could jump at the right conclusions, Billie."

"There's just one thing where you're wrong, though, Billie," she remarked, gravely. "I'm not going to be bridesmaid, because—because there isn't going to be any wedding. Bessie has seen Harrigan."

"Reason enough," gruffly commented Hazelton. "But what did the girl expect? A matinee idol on a cattle ranch?"

"Not necessarily," defended Miss Aiken. "but this Harrigan is positively the worst specimen I've ever seen, on or off the stage. Now you've got awfully rough clothes, and you're sunburnt and everything, but you look a regular dude alongside Harrigan."

"Oh, this is nothing to the front I can put on when I'm really 'dolled up,'" bragged Hazelton. "I meant to cut quite a dash at the wedding, and now —"

"There isn't going to be any wedding," finished Miss Aiken.

"Harrigan may try to keep me here by force now that there's no wife to replace me," said Hazelton, after a

short pause. "But for once he won't get his way."

"Oh, are you leaving?" asked Mollie.

Hazelton nodded. "I've got nearly five hundred acres of my own now, and over a hundred of cattle, so I can see about two thousand dollars from the start. That's enough to live like a lord up here. And I've just finished building a very comfortable house—something after the style of that one I showed you one Sunday in North Vancouver. Do you remember?"

Did she remember? That stab of pain that shot through her heart was the answer. She could not trust herself to speak, so she merely nodded her head.

"Are you going to live—alone—on your ranch, Billie?"

"I hope not," he said gently, "I've been a total abstainer now for eight years and I'm cured, absolutely. I've the start of a good cattle ranch, and there's no reason why I shouldn't settle down and be comfortable, and even happy. I'm sure of the comfort, Mollie, but the happiness depends upon you. Sweetheart, can you say 'Yes' when I ask you to be my wife?"

"Oh, Billie," sobbed the girl, "I was afraid you had found somebody else."

After that what could any reasonable man do?

From a discreet distance Mrs. Frushing and Miss Ingraham saw the passionate embrace.

"Just as I thought," said Mrs. Frushing.

"I always knew that would be the end of it," said Miss Ingraham.

Considering that these two ladies had no previous knowledge on which to base these sage assertions, they were certainly entitled to great credit for the correctness of their deductions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## O Canada!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

may seek to exterminate vermin and foul language and obscene interests, it is impossible that they should altogether succeed, especially in large industrial towns. There is no supervision of the play-ground; no ears are open to the homeward path. Boys particularly are gregarious and natural democrats. Their sense of good fellowship often condones what their finer feelings shrink from. It is an impressionable age, the first school years, an age at which the mind can be stained beyond the power of all the cleansing processes of later times, an age when habits and bearing and behaviour and conversation are all in the making, an age which is apt to give the child its "stamps" for life. Now that this stamp should be gracious and noble is, without doubt, the greatest luxury of civilization, and more to be desired than much gold. We are still a little careless of it. The new automobile costs as much as giving Jack a year at a good private boarding-school would cost, which will do its best to turn him out a little gentleman in the right sense of the

term, as well as to educate him along the lines of his own capacities. But we buy the automobile and send Jack to take his chance with the imperfectly combed son of the latest arrival from Southern Europe, whose acquaintance with the less desirable side of life is out of all proportion with his knowledge of English or his ability to keep himself clean in mind or body. Jack takes his chance and so does Jill—and it is immensely to the credit of them both that they come out of it as well as they do. But they might have a better chance, and make—as they would—even more of it. Nothing is too good for the children of Canada—that is the sentiment to snap our fingers with in the face of Demos. If democratic ideals can be attained only by levelling down we should scrutinize them again. And whether, for the sake of politics or uplift or outlook or any other of the pleas which are so popular we continue to run our country on general democratic principles, we should at least make the widest exception possible to our purses in the interests of our children.

## Kolton's Klean-Al

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

About the humble house of the chemist all was quiet. A neighbor-woman stood at the kitchen table, stirring some mixture with a spoon. In the next room they could see Minna bending over a couch.

"He is better now," said the woman calmly.

"Then he did not die?" gasped Rose.

"No. The doctor says he had a slight stroke; but may rally, and be pretty well again for a time."

They stood for a little while, uncertain what to do. Then the rich man went forward and stood beside the couch of the old chemist. From pure amazement Minna made room for him.

"I'm sorry, Baretti," he said, grasping a thin hand that lay on the quilt. "We've brought back your piece of paper. No doubt you missed it. I can't say I haven't read it. I can't

forget what it contains. It is a wonderful discovery, and will save thousands of dollars. Give it to me, Baretti. I can use it better than anyone else. I will pay you what it is worth. I will try to be honest with you—more honest than I was one other time."

"Give me time to think about it, Kolton," murmured the sick man. "Perhaps we can come to terms. Somehow I don't feel very revengeful this morning. I went almost into the presence of God last night—and that makes revenge look small to a man."

Out in the kitchen two girls were embracing each other with happy tears.

"I'm so glad, Rose!"

"We can be friends now, Minna!"

"Yes," responded Minna, soberly, as was her nature. "and what is better still, our fathers can be too!"



# Flowers in the House

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

to live and thrive, when it wants water, water it just once, and let water moisten the soil well in the pot. It will go then for two or three days, before it will need another watering. By tapping the pot with a piece of stick, you can determine by the ring the conditions of the interior of the pot.

In conclusion, try each year and add something new to your collection of plants. It has often been remarked and it is still the wish of a large number of plant lovers, "How I should like to grow an orchid in my sun room." But they are exotic plants, and need such a high temperature to get the velvety and crystallized flower, which we often see in the florist window. The cultivation of the orchid can come within the reach and easy management of the amateur. The well-known lady slipper orchid (*Cypripedium*), the barkerias, the laelias and the dendrobium noble, can be regarded as ordinary window plants, only by giving them a little special attention. They demand a temperature of from 60° to 70° and in the winter from 50°

to 65°. Twice a week they should be bathed with a little soft-soap added to the tepid water. All plants in the living rooms, and in the sun room should never be watered with direct cold water from the tap, in the fall and winter months; but it should be made tepid by taking the chill off by the addition of hot water. The beautiful gloxinia used to be known as a choice exotic plant, but I have seen the lovely plant flower profusely in a sun room in Canada. They are of a bulbous nature like the cyclamen and can often be purchased from a local florist's establishment.

You might sow two or three pots of the Cupid Sweet peas mixed—about six seeds in a four inch pot. Grow them on a shelf in the sun room. They only grow about six inches in height and make a capital plant for decorative work. Also a few pots of Schianthus can be sown now. This plant has come into great prominence of late years, as it is indeed a very prolific plant, sending up abundance of flowers of an interesting nature. Hence it is often called the poor man's orchid.

## How to Make Good Pies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

sugar and two beaten eggs. Line a deep tin with paste rolled thin, put round a firm edge of crust, fill with custard, and dust with powdered nutmeg. Bake in a very moderate oven until firm to the touch. Another method. Line a deep pie plate with pastry, pinch down the edges, and fill in with custard made as follows. Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk, add it to two eggs beaten with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, then add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a pinch of salt. Bake in a moderate oven until firm.

**Lemon Pie.**—Mix one cupful of sugar or honey with one-fourth cupful of cornstarch, add one cupful of boiling water slowly and cook until thick, stirring frequently. Add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, yolks of two eggs beaten and grated rind and strained juice of one lemon. When the mixture is cold, place on a baked crust. The whites of eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth and folded into the custard when taken from the range, or it may be mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread on the top and baked a delicate brown.

**Cranberry Pie.**—Line pie plate with pastry. Mix together two cupfuls of washed and chopped cranberries, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of honey or syrup, four tablespoonfuls of water and one tablespoonful of butter. Cover with upper crust or a lattice of pastry strips; or bake without any upper crust. Decorate with fancy pieces of baked pastry. If desired, one tablespoonful of fine bread crumbs may be added to the mixture. Another method. Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of chopped cranberries, one-half cupful of seedless raisins, one cupful of grated maple sugar, one-fourth cupful of chopped nut meats and one-half cupful of water. Mix and bake in two crusts. This is sometimes called Mock Cherry Pie.

**Cocoa Pie.**—Mix together one-half cupful of cocoa with one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of flour or cornstarch, three yolks of eggs, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt and two cupfuls of milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring all the time, remove from the fire and when cool add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Pour into a baked pie crust, cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and adding two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven and serve cold. If desired, two squares of melted unsweetened chocolate may be used in place of the cocoa.

**Fish Pie.**—The fish for this pie may either be cooked or uncooked according to the kind used. Cod or halibut would be required to be cooked first, but such fish as haddock or flounder may be used raw. Break or cut one pound of fish into small neat

pieces and put them on a plate. Season with salt, pepper, red pepper, grated lemon rind and a little lemon juice. Add two tablespoonfuls of thick white sauce and one hard-cooked egg cut into dice, and mix all thoroughly together. Roll out a piece of pastry into a square. Put the fish mixture in the centre of the square, wet the edges of the pastry with cold water and fold them upwards, making them meet and overlap slightly in the centre. Press the joints well together and brush the pie over with beaten egg or milk. Decorate the top with some leaves cut out of any scraps of pastry. Lift the pie on to a greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven until the pastry is thoroughly cooked and of a brown color. Sometimes a little cooked rice is mixed with the fish.

**Meat and Potato Pie.**—One pound can of meat, four tomatoes, one cupful of cooked beans or peas, seasonings and potato pastry. Any kind of canned meat may be used, beef, mutton, rabbit, etc. Chop it, or cut it into small pieces, removing any superfluous fat, but keeping the sauce or jelly with which it is preserved. If the tomatoes are fresh, wipe, skin and cut them into thin slices, but if in a can, break them or mash them with a spoon. Then make some potato pastry, roll it out to one-half inch in thickness and line a greased pie dish with it. Fill up with the meat, tomatoes and beans, salt and pepper to taste, and if the meat is dry, a little stock or gravy may also be added. Cover the pie with more potato pastry and make a hole in the centre. Brush over with milk, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. To make the potato pastry, sieve one-fourth pound of cooked potatoes. Rub one-half cupful of butter into one cupful of flour, add the potatoes, a pinch of salt and add enough milk to bind all together, or the yolk of an egg with a little milk may be used. Do not make the pastry too moist, and when it is formed into one lump turn it out on to a floured baking board, and roll out at once, flouring the rolling-pin well. Potato pastry may also be made sweet by using no salt and adding one tablespoonful of sifted sugar.

**Veal and Ham Pie.**—Cut one pound of veal and one-fourth pound of ham into small pieces, season with salt and pepper, grated lemon rind, a little lemon juice and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Mix well and add a little cold water. Pack the meat loosely into a pie dish, piling it high in the centre, and arrange one hard-cooked egg cut in slices in a circle on the top. Then cover with pastry and bake in a hot oven for one and one-half hours. When ready, pour in one-half cupful of stock making a small hole in the centre of the pastry. Serve either hot or cold.

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY



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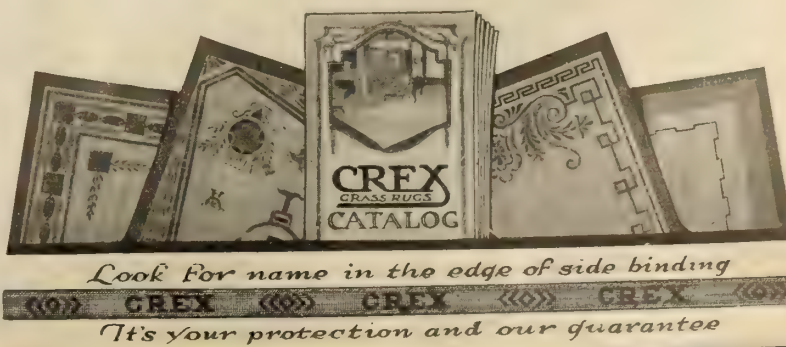
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# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75.)

## NATIONAL NOTES.

Two provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, have taken up the "Scholarship idea" as part of the programme of the Women's Institutes and Homemakers Clubs. Alberta began last year, and to Daysland and Verdant belongs the honor of being the first institutes to raise two hundred dollars each for this purpose—for that is the sum required to pay the expenses of a girl for a year at one of the agricultural schools of the province. The Homemakers' Clubs are devoting their efforts, with the ideal in view of getting teachers for the non-English speaking districts.

Mrs. Jean Robson, the national convenor of immigration for the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada has just returned from England where she was in connection with the work of bringing girls to Canada. The plan of the Council of Immigration for Household Service is as follows; the selection and inspection of the incoming women is to be done by women members of the overseas staff of this department; the girls are to travel in parties of 75 accompanied by a woman conducting officer of the department. The institutes can do splendid work in follow-up care of any of the girls who go to communities where there are institutes.

"The second important phase of immigration is the Canadianizing of our citizens," says Mrs. Robson. As more and more one goes into this subject one realizes that it centres upon the foreign mother in her home and seems to bring us back to the old fashioned idea of neighborliness. No greater patriotic work for young Canadian women can be thought of than teaching in some of our non-English speaking schools, where these teachers may become self-supporting home missionaries for the best British ideals. Two books that I would like to suggest for reading and study in the different institutes are "The Immigrant in the Community" by Grace Abbott, and "The New Canadian" by Professor Anderson of Regina.

Women's Institute members throughout Canada will be interested to know that Hon. E. C. Drury, Prime Minister for the Province of Ontario, has expressed his appreciation of the great work of the Women's Institutes—especially Ontario. Premier Drury in speaking at one of the conventions of the Ontario institutes stated: "I did not come here to make a speech but rather to express my good will, my personal appreciation of the great work that the Women's Institutes of Ontario are doing and the greater work I think they may do, and should do in the future. I speak with knowledge, because as you know, I come from a rural neighborhood where there is a Women's Institute; my wife is a member of the Women's Institute and I know of its possibilities as well as of the good work of which the institute is capable. I think I can assure you of this; that our government which has come into power, really on the crest of a moral wave, will stand behind you for all that is best in the work you are doing for the betterment of all conditions—particularly child welfare. I think the fullest latitude should be given the Women's Institute. In the future the work of the Women's Institute so far as our government can help will be expedited and the work will be facilitated."

Miss Mary MacIsaac, superintendent of the Alberta Women's Institutes will be one of the speakers at the convention of New Brunswick Women's Institutes which will be held next October in Moncton.

Mrs. Harold Bayly, a British journalist, is in Canada at the present time studying industrial conditions, especially in relation to women. Mrs. Bayly will visit a number of Alberta Women's Institutes in order to investigate rural conditions and rural life with its advantages and disadvantages to women.

The work of the Federation has been hampered considerably for the lack of funds and the delay of the provinces in getting their donations to the national treasurer. The policy of the Federation in raising funds has been that of voluntary contributions from the various provinces. Some provinces are raising this in proportion to their membership. This proportion ranges all the way from three cents per member to a dollar. The

provincial presidents are asked to urge upon their institutes to get their donations in as quickly as possible. As the national president has stated, "This should be one of the first duties of every institute as it is through the national medium that their efforts are culminated and taken on to the larger sphere of a 'National' effort."

The South Oxford Branches of the Women's Institute met for their annual meeting on June 22nd. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Miss McCrae, Tillsonburg; President, Miss Stronach, Mount Elgin; Vice-President, Mrs. J. B. Reil, Tillsonburg; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Austice, Springford; Delegate to the Federation Convention, Mrs. Downing.

Tuesday, June 8th, was an interesting day in Rutland, B.C. During the afternoon, Drs. Knox and Boyce were busy examining and vaccinating the scholars, going from there to the Methodist church to render kindly service at the first part of the day's health programme, arranged by the Women's Institute. This took the form of a baby clinic at which eleven children were examined, and was pronounced by those well versed in the subject a great success both as to arrangements and results.

The Province of Alberta is giving a thousand dollars toward the fund of the Federated Canadian Institutes. This amount, which is collected by voluntary subscriptions from the different institutes (and there are 277 in Alberta), is to be raised by the end of August.

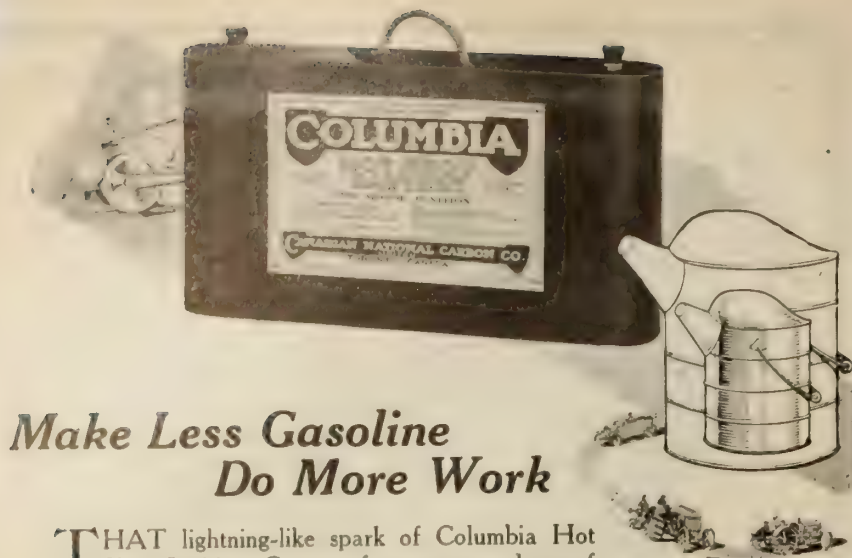
## MORE NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

"Home and Country" is the name of the Women's Institute's paper of the National Federation of the Women's Institutes of Great Britain. It is a very bright and interesting journal and contains everything from notes of Women's Institutes to advertisement of private schools, poultry, apartment at the seaside and a private gamekeeper who undertakes charge of dog during the owner's holidays. The editors of this paper are Miss Alice Williams and Mrs. Nugent Harris.

The annual general meeting of the National Federation of the Women's Institutes was held at the Church House, Dean's Yard, London, recently and there were between 1200 and 1300 women present with the result that it was a very inspiring meeting. The meeting expressed its approval of the policy of the executive in the establishment of an endowment fund and expressed its gratitude to the anonymous donor for the generous gift of £5,000. A strong protest was registered against the entertainer tax. It was embodied in the following resolution—"That this general meeting, representing nearly 2,000 villages and over 100,000 members, strongly protests against the recent interpretation of the new duties (Entertainment tax) Act, given by H. M. Customs and Excise which renders member subscriptions to an institute liable to taxation and must inevitably have disastrous effect upon the W. movement, whose work for the improvement of rural life has been officially recognized and encouraged by His Majesty's government; and further instructs the executive committee of the national federation to take a possible steps without delay, to urge upon His Majesty's government the immediate amendment of the Act in whatever directions it affects the development of rural life."

The British institutes have a splendid showing at the London exhibition which opened recently—the stall showing the variety and individuality of the institutes themselves. West Kent took the prize for the best stall. The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P. president of the Board of Education opened the exhibition on the first day when the Ministry of Agriculture was represented by Dame Meriel Talbot D.B.E., and the chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, the Lady Denman, C.B.E.

Mrs. H. G. Stobart, chairman of the Durham County Federation, and Ingham, Lady Molesworth St. Aubrey, president of the Cornwall County (England) Federation of Women's Institutes, have been enrolled as members of the Order of the British Empire. Mrs. M. E. Hobbs, president of the Oxfordshire county Federation has been made an M. B. E., all for the splendid services in the Women's Land Army.



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You will find, first, the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap — enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder; with directions showing you just how they should be used. Write to-day for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address the Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 5210 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



## Any girl can have the charm of "A skin you love to touch"

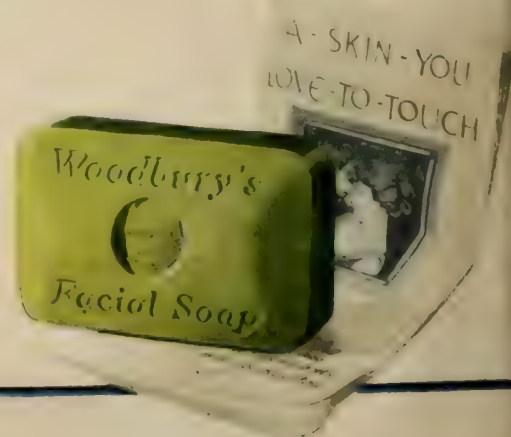
**R**EMEMBER that your skin is changing every day—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this new skin as it forms, intelligent care, any girl can have the charm of a fresh, attractive complexion. Begin, now, to give your skin day by day the special care it needs, and see how quickly it will recuperate from past neglect—how wonderfully its own vital power will help you to overcome its defects!

In the little booklet on the care of the skin, which is wrapped around every cake of

Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find special treatments for such common skin troubles as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. These treatments have helped thousands of women to gain a clear, lovely complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's to-day, and begin to-night the treatment *your* skin needs. By simple, regular care you, too, can win the charm of "A Skin you love to touch."

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap





# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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*Marked* TORONTO



NOVEMBER  
1920  
PRICE  
20 CENTS





It is a delightful sense of satisfaction to know  
there can be no disappointments or failures when  
Magic Baking Powder is used.

"COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS"

Made in Canada

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY, LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

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#### The Armistice Anniversary.

NO Canadian of this generation is likely to forget the eleventh of November, Armistice Day, which meant a rift in the darkest war-cloud that ever stretched above this suffering world. Already we have begun to regard the day as a notable anniversary, although we may differ as to the way in which it should be kept. Mr. Alfred Noyes, the English poet, who has paid more than one visit to Canada, wrote some bitter lines recently on "The Victory Ball" for an American weekly. He regarded with wonder and contempt the crowd of profiteers and women of the vampire type, who cared little what sacrifices were made, so long as their bridge and jazz went on. It was a depiction of coarse rioting, with "the fat wet hand on a fat, wet back." Surely, we can find other ways of keeping Armistice Day, for the dance, while it can be an innocent pastime, is hardly a fitting way of observing our anniversaries, associated with the war. We are not to mark these days with gloomy records, but should they not stand for something more than an opportunity for social festivity?

On this page is reproduced a beautiful memorial, recently unveiled in St. Boniface, Manitoba, in honor of the French soldiers of Western Canada, who died for their country in the Great War. It was fitting that a French sculptor should be chosen for this work, and in the figure is suggested the vigor and the gallantry which belong to the race that held Verdun. Throughout all the years to come, it will remind the people of the Prairie Province that their freedom and security have been dearly bought, that they owe eternal homage to the brave men in the Deathless Army, who gave their lives that righteousness might prevail. The eleventh of November will always be a memorable day in the Lands of the Allies—and may it be worthily kept!

#### Our Recent Correspondence.

THE writer of the articles which have been published under this heading is a Canadian by birth, who has lived for some years in England and whose experiences in many lands have not dimmed her interest in the land of her nativity nor her concern that its future "may copy fair its past." For the September issue the letter was delayed, and a contribution on the University girl by another writer was used in its place. The ship finally arrived with the "O Canada" letter and the intimation that the writer, owing to pressure of many activities, would be unable to send us any further articles for some time, but hoped to let us hear from her again in less hurried times. We have received from many sources the assurance that the articles have proved both interesting and stimulating. That which considered the shortcomings of the Canadian voice was especially noted and a faithful reader said the other day:

"That article was only too true. I attended a meeting lately where several Canadian women spoke. The material was good, quite above the average public speech, but the manner of delivery and the high-pitched voices of the speakers spoiled what they had to say. It is a great pity that our schools do not pay more attention to voice production. I don't mean 'elocution', as it used to be called, which degenerated into mouthing

## They Are Asleep

By Edith Moss.

They are asleep—  
Who rest beneath the fields  
Of Flanders, where the blood-red  
poppies grow.  
Though through the land the summer  
breezes blow,  
They are asleep.

They are asleep—  
No sound disturbs them here.  
The poppies wave in silence o'er a  
heart  
Stilled now forevermore in perfect  
rest;  
They are asleep.

They are at rest—  
While time rolls on to God;  
And through our span of life God  
helps us keep  
The Faith for which they died, that  
they may sleep  
And be at rest.

They are at rest—  
While we fight on with Life.  
Their work is o'er, their troubles  
have had cease,  
Their hands are folded now in  
calm, still peace;  
They are at rest.



#### FRENCH SOLDIERS OF WESTERN CANADA HONORED

This memorial to the French soldiers of Western Canada who died for their homeland in the Great War was recently unveiled in St. Boniface, Manitoba. It is the work of Eugene Benet, the Parisian sculptor. The figure is seven feet high and, with the base and pedestal, will reach a height of twenty-one feet. The inscription on the base reads: "To the French soldiers of the West who died in the Great War (1914-1920)."

and was accompanied by too many gestures. I mean the scientific study of how the voice may be made an effective expression of thought and feeling, how it may be controlled and most artistically used. Listen to the Canadian boy or girl who chatters to her friends. You hear: 'Whatcha gon' do? Gotta stay home t'night?' There is no distinctness in their speech and no distinction in their tone or modulation."

This may be rather sweeping, but it is not pleasant to listen to the Canadian voice—unless, indeed, it comes from Halifax or Fredericton. When we consider our political leaders, however, even the critic will admit that they are gifted with tongues. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had a silvery voice, Sir Robert Borden has a pleasing note and our present Premier has a voice which is both resonant and melodious.

#### The Canadian Voice.

THE voice is a mere trifle, some impatient reader will say. That is quite a mistake, for a soft answer turneth away wrath and a pleasant voice will often soothe a distracted household. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who writes more fluently and frequently than is good for him, sent forth an excellent and appealing booklet, "The Human Machine," in which he pled with us to be more careful in the use of the voice, and warned us especially against what he called "The note of friction," which is so likely to creep into the higher register and create an unpleasantness. The state of the nerves can often be ascertained by the presence of this note of friction—and it can be avoided, if we will only be on guard against its coming—or, rather, its tarrying. As a proof of the melodious possibilities of the Canadian voice, we have the existence of excellent choral organizations. The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, for instance, has been hailed for years as the champion organization of its kind on the continent. New York, Boston and Chicago critics have been unanimous in their favorable verdict. So, the Canadian voice, under discipline, is capable of the finest achievement, but it is well for us all to realize that the Canadian "speaking voice" is in need of improvement. There is little doubt that women are going to take more part in public speaking in this country, as the after-the-war years go by. Wherefore, such details as intonation, modulation and pitch are to be considered, not only as an improvement to social intercourse but also as a public advantage. It is not necessary that the Canadian girl should be able to recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night," but it is highly desirable that she should possess a pleasing voice and that she should be able to express herself briefly and effectively.

The trouble, in our public schools, in the matter of voice training, is that so many pupils regard correct inflection or pronunciation as affectation. We do not admire those who go to extremes in the attempt to attain good English standards; but we feel that there should be no ridicule of those whose aim is to cultivate correct habits of speech and to eliminate the harshness which has too often marred the Canadian voice. In our homes and schools the work of making the voice a pleasing and effective means of expression is carried on—and may the Canadian of to-morrow be a joy to hear!



## A booklet of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

You will find complete treatments for all the commonest skin troubles, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Among the treatments given are:

BLACKHEADS—A confession

BLEMISHES—How to get rid of them

CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES—How to reduce them

ENLARGED PORES—How to make your skin fine

OILY SKIN AND SHINY NOSE—How to correct them

SLUGGISH SKIN—To rouse it

TENDER SKIN—The new treatment and many other treatments



# To what type does your skin belong?

**I**S your skin dry or oily—sensitive or resistant—fine or large-pored?

Study your skin and find out to just what type it belongs—then give it the care that suits its individual needs.

Remember—different types of skin need different care. If your skin is extremely sensitive—then it needs a very special form of cleansing which, instead of irritating and coarsening its delicate texture, will render it firmer and more tolerant. If it is pale and sallow—then it needs to be roused and stimulated.

For every skin condition there is a special treatment which, if followed regularly and faithfully each day, will help you overcome the faults in your complexion and gain the smooth, clear, flawless skin you long for.

Begin, now, to take care of your skin in the way that especially suits its particular type—see what a

fresh, individual charm you can give it by this care. In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find careful and scientific directions on the care each type of skin needs. Study the treatment recommended for your skin and begin using it to-night. In a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your complexion—the gradual perfecting of your skin by natural methods, which is the special achievement of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake to-day—begin, to-night, the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.



*A skin that is sensitive or easily irritated needs special care. Consult the little booklet that comes with each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and learn the right treatment for this type of skin.*

## "Your treatment for one week"

*A beautiful little set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents*

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough

for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write to-day for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address: The Anderson-Jerrens Co., Limited, 5211 Lakeshore St., Perth, Ontario.





The Closing Chapters in a Story Which Has No Dull Moments

# A Mail Order Bride

P.W. Luce

Illustration of a woman sitting at a desk, looking at a mail order form. The form is titled "A Mail Order Bride" and includes fields for "Name", "Address", "City", "State", "Zip", "Color", "Size", and "Total". It also has a section for "Use Separate Order Form For Merchandise, Pages 475 to 542, On Which We Do NOT Pay Shipping Charges".

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

## SYNOPSIS OF FORMER CHAPTERS.

Frank Hayes, the partner of Cory Harrigan on a ranch in Northern British Columbia, writes to a Cupid Exchange in Vancouver, with a view to securing a "mail order bride" for Cory. Mollie Aiken (the head of the Exchange) persuades her friend, Bessie Ingraham, to journey to the ranch, with the intention of becoming Mrs. Harrigan. When they arrive, after a pleasant journey, thanks to Tony, the vivacious driver, they are surprised at the roughness of the ranch, and Bessie refuses to marry Harrigan. In the meantime, the post-master, Bill Laflamme, has lost in a severe fight, because he refuses to marry the wife Sam Floyd has selected, and prefers the sister to h'Emma Floyd, Sam's favorite daughter. Mollie finds that Frank Hayes is really Billie Hazelton, a former lover, who has given up his devotion to alcohol, and has made a successful assistant to Cory. Mrs. Frushing (Jo) has the most civilized house in the neighborhood and acts as "first aid" to the two girls from Vancouver.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

H'EMMA PLAYS THE MOUTH ORGAN.

"HO, Jo," shouted Harrigan, from the open door of the barn, "come and have a look at the colt. He's sure looking fine."

"Coming," shouted back Mrs. Frushing, adding to herself, "But we're going to talk about other things than colts, Harrigan."

She found Harrigan alone in the barn. All the other men were congregated around the shack, discussing the day's startling events, but these held no interest for Harrigan. What was a mere fight, or even a jilting, compared to the illness of the best colt on the ranch?

Cory had just finished strapping the blankets on the horse when Mrs. Frushing entered. He leaned back lazily against the stall, thoughtfully chewing a wisp of hay.

"You can believe me, Jo," he commenced, "this colt is lucky to be alive. I've worked over him..."

"Never mind the colt, Cory," interrupted Mrs. Frushing. "I didn't come here to look at the colt. I came to tell you a few things that you'd never discover for yourself in a thousand years. What are you going to do about this crazy girl now she's decided not to marry you? She's spent all her money to get up here, and she'll want to go back to the coast as quick as she can."

"No money was to be paid to anyone until after the wedding," explained Cory, passively, "and of course me and Frank never considered having to ship back unsatisfactory goods at my expense. But if she's broke I won't see her stuck. I'm willing to pay her freight back, even if she does show poor judgment."

"Don't ever think she shows poor judgment," snapped Mrs. Frushing. "If you could see yourself as others see you, Cory, you'd think she showed darned good judgment. Why, man alive, don't you ever realize that you look like a Bohunk in those rags you're wearing, and that you're pigging along like a miser in a miserable little shack when you can afford decent clothes and a good house? Don't you ever think of yourself at all, or is your mind always on your ranch and your horses and your cattle?"

Harrigan was almost amused at the woman's tirade, but not the slightest bit annoyed.

"That's just it, Jo," he answered. "I just won't bother about a house, or clothes, or cooking, or anything like that. That's a woman's work, and that's why I decided to get married when Frank said he'd pull out. I'd just as soon wear fine clothes and live in a big house, but I'd just as soon wear these clothes and live in this shack, too. It's all the same to me."

"But why in the name of common-sense didn't you pick out some woman from this country, instead of getting that—that parasol from Vancouver?"

"Didn't we look the whole country over? There wasn't one that would suit me that I would suit, or versey versey, as Frank says. The only woman that came near filling the bill's got a long distance husband somewhere in the States." Harrigan nudged Mrs. Frushing slyly in the ribs at this elephantine jest.

"Not now, Cory. Frushing died three months ago. And you may well believe me, I'm not having any monument erected over his resting place."

"Well, isn't that fine!" remarked Harrigan.

"How lucky that girl bucked me off!"

"Lucky for her, all right," agreed Mrs. Frushing.

"Oh, I'm not thinking about her," remarked Harrigan, complacently. "I was thinking how easy it would be to run the two ranches as one concern."

"What two ranches?" demanded Mrs. Frushing in amazement.

"Why, yours and mine, of course," patiently explained Harrigan. "All the same, Jo, I don't quite like the way that colt coughs. The two places will make a dandy proposition."

"What the devil have you got on your mind now, Cory? What do you think I'm going to do?"

"Why, marry me this afternoon, of course. If you'd told me two or three months ago Frushing had died I'd have cancelled this Vancouver order right away. You'll do ever so much better—you won't need any training at all. Hey, where're you going, Jo?"

For Mrs. Frushing had stalked out of the barn in high dudgeon. But she did not go to the shack, nor did she join any of the groups outside. Instead, she took the trail that led to the meadows, and in her solitary walk she coolly and calmly reviewed Cory Harrigan's proposal. She quite understood it was a business proposition, purely and simply, for tender emotions could form no part of Cory's make-up. Incidentally, Mrs. Frushing had her romance; she had married in haste and repented with a horsewhip. She was more worldly-wise now.

WHEN Mrs. Frushing returned to the shack she found the company grouped around Bill Laflamme, who had just announced his intention of making a second speech.

"Listen, Mr. Judge and everybody, you too, Sam Floyd," Bill was saying. "I tell you some tam' ago dat I'm goin' to marry my li'l Alice. You say 'No.' Den we fight, and lak' always you bus' me up. I know you could bus' me up, but dat don' make no difference. Now I got a black eye an' a beeg nose and two teet' not dere, nobody can say I'm scare'. I tak' my mede-seeen. But all de sam', I got to marry my li'l Alice. She lak' me pretty good, and she's old enough to do what she lak'. Dat's right, Mr. Judge? So we goin' to get married right now, and, Sam Floyd, if you try to butt in again, here are two special po-lesman all ready to bus' you up."

Much to the relief of the two Fraser boys, whose rate of remuneration was fixed by a paternal government at three dollars per day, scrap or no scrap, Floyd bowed to the inevitable, and lac-

Harrigan was almost amused at the woman's tirade, but not the slightest bit annoyed.

onically gave his consent to the union.

"Go to it," was his parental injunction and benediction.

"Things are shaping up fine," commented Mary Parsons to Mrs. Frushing. "I guess we'll have a double barreled wedding after all. Old Man Fraser's been fixing up the papers for Frank Hayes and this Mollie girl—she's a pretty swift worker, believe me, meets Hayes and marries him all within a couple of hours."

"Swift worker nothing," answered Mrs. Frushing. "I saw them meet, and I'll bet it was old stuff to them. Miss Ingraham doesn't know any more about it than we do, but it's a cinch Miss Aiken gave Hayes the mitten long ago, and has been so sorry ever since she isn't taking a second chance of letting him get out of her sight until she has him safe."

"She'll find him pretty easy to handle," remarked Mary. "Frank's not at all a bad sort. I'd lots sooner have him than Harrigan, if I had my choice."

"Your advice is not being asked," snapped Mrs. Frushing. "All right, I'm coming." This last in answer to a "Ho, Jo, come here," from Old Man Fraser, standing in the door of the shack.

"Cory's just told me to make out a license for you," said the J. P.-parson. "Has he discussed it with you at all, or is he taking things for granted as usual?"

"He's taking a lot for granted," answered Mrs. Frushing, "but at that I'm willing to make a deal with him if he signs a few deeds first. He can manage my ranch, but I handle all the cash and retain complete ownership. If that suits Cory, we'll make a team."

"You can draw up them papers," remarked Harrigan, from inside the cabin. "I guess anything Jo wants will be fair enough."

"Would you like to know what I think of the two of you?" inquired Old Man Fraser, caustically.

"It don't make any difference," answered Harrigan. "We're both old enough to know better."

"You're only a justice of the peace, not a lawyer," seconded Mrs. Frushing, "so don't go scattering advice around. Come in and help me fix up these documents instead."

A WEDDING is an event in the northern country. A double wedding is almost unheard of, but a triple wedding—not one of the principals or guests had ever dreamed that such a thing could happen in the Cariboo. Small wonder then that Mrs. Frushing had to be dictator of ceremonies, in addition to her own important part as a principal. She grouped the sextette in proper order, disregarding Bill Laflamme's demur that on such an auspicious occasion the men should stand together, presumably for mutual moral support, and the women in another group. The postmaster had been inclined to protest, and had appealed to Old Man Fraser to look in his Bible for explicit directions.





"All you'll find in the Bible, Bill," cut in the mistress of ceremonies, "is that marriages are not made in heaven."

"Which is very true," murmured all that was left of the Cape Bretoners, admiringly.

"Also," added Bessie Ingraham, casting a critical eye around the hall—home that might have been hers—"that it is a good thing for man to be alone. I know St. Paul said that, and he must have known, for he was a bachelor. But he never lived in a place like this, or he couldn't have been a saint."

Though averred on this point, the unrepres- sible Bill was positive on another. He had been present at only a few weddings that was true, but at every one there had been music, and this must not be an exception. Bill constituted his sister-in-law to be the discarded h'Emma, as the festival orchestra.

H'Emma was white. She always was. She had come to Harrigan's ranch that morning fully ex- pecting to be Mrs. Laflamme before the sun set. The gory turn of events which had resulted in her relegation to the background in favor of her sister had not visibly affected her. H'Emma didn't care, whatever her father decided would suit her. He had always arranged everything which concerned her, and it never occurred to the young girl to oppose his wishes. Perhaps if she had lived less in the backwoods, and been more in the company of other young people, h'Emma might have known something of Women's Rights. Perhaps not. For, intellectually, h'Emma was not a giant. She never would fill a niche in the Hall of Fame. But in the work-a-day world in which she lived, h'Emma could always be de- pended upon to do something useful, even though humble.

So, to the stirring tune of "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark," played on a seventy-five cent mouth organ, Old Man Fraser proceeded with the ceremony. For a time all was plain sailing until the parties had to make the usual responses.

"Wilt thou, Cornelius, take this woman, Jose- phine, to be thy wedded wife. . . ."

"Sure," rumbled Harrigan, "that suits me."

"Wilt thou, William. . . ."

"I tink you got to use my right name dere, Mr. Judge," Bill interrupted.

"The devil you say," protested the parson. "I can't twist my tongue around that name you told me yesterday. I've long since forgotten what little French I ever knew, and you'll just have to be married as plain Bill or William."

"But it won't stick, mebbe, Mr. Judge," plead- ed Bill. "You just got to make a stab at it."

"Nothing doing," was the curt answer.

"Then sing it, or whistle it, or," broke in Floyd, in a burst of inspiration, "Spell it."

So Old Man Fraser overcame the linguistic difficulty by varying the question, prompted by the interested party:

"Wilt thou, G-U-I-L-L-A-U-M-E, take this woman, Alice. . . ."

To which Guillaume replied with a triumph- ant "You can jes' bet I will, Mr. Judge."

Miss Aiken avoided a possible confusion of names in her case by stating that she had been christened Emmeline, and was now willing to marry William Hazelton, but not a non-existent Frank Hayes. It was at this stage that Harrigan made things a little clearer by explaining that he always called his hired men "Frank," and also that he had shortened Hazelton to Hayes at a time when a name was a matter of little moment to the stranger he had befriended.

One wedding ring, provided by Mrs. Frushing, had to serve for the three couples. Mr. Laflam- me expressed amazement at his lack of foresight in this matter, and was hardly consoled when told by the more experienced persons that such an omission was by no means unusual on the part of a bridegroom.

The ceremony over, wholesale congratulations followed, while h'Emma continued playing rag- time on the mouth organ. Her repertoire was not great, but it was lively. As a concession to the solemnity of the occasion, she twice played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It was the only hymn she knew.

Then came the wedding feast, Harrigan's beans and sourdough bread being unceremoniously thrust aside by that efficient cateress, Mary Par- sons, under whose direction the famous Stude- baker table supported a repast such as had never been dreamed of in that shack.

Mary had intended to devote all her attention to the guests, but at the last moment she vigor- ously re-arranged things to make a place for her- self at the table. In answer to a mild protest from her employer, Mary snapped:

"You don't suppose I'm going to let anyone sit down thirteen to a wedding supper, do you, and have somebody spill the salt and die before the year's out?"

The guests shuddered at the narrow escape.

After supper the two Vancouver girls had a few minutes' private conversation.

"I've been talking things over with Mrs. Frush- ing—I mean Mrs. Harrigan," said Miss Ingraham, "and she's very kindly offered to finance me to start a Palace of Sweets in Soda Creek. I'd rather stay up here than go back to Vancouver just now. Later on, I don't know. . . ."

"Things have turned out very different from what we expected, haven't they?" remarked Mollie.

"They certainly have," assented her friend. "I don't want to add anything to what I told you this afternoon, just after we met Harrigan. . . ."

"Thank you, dear. You didn't overlook any- thing worth while."

"—But I'd like to know, now that we've seen the inside of this hutch, why Harrigan thought

it necessary to tell such awful lies about the fur- niture and everything. You didn't make that up, did you, Mollie?"

Mrs. Hazelton shook her head vigorously.

"It's all true, Bessie," she explained. "Yes it is. Wait till I tell you. Billie was explaining it to me, and I think I understand it all now. It seems that Harrigan's amanuensis is an advanced Euphuist, who inclined to Hyperbole. Billie says that in the final analysis we would find that the writer did not depart from the fundamental truth."

"Is this what-d'you-call-it a religion, or a drug habit, or what?" inquired Miss Ingraham.

Her friend looked at her in amazement: "Why, honey, don't you know?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter now, anyway. I'll have a toney little place of my own at Soda Creek pretty soon," answered Bessie.

"If it wasn't so slangy," laughed Mrs. Hazelton, "I'd say 'heavy on the Tony'." Then she ducked.

Late that evening the men left the shack to the women and proceeded to the hay mow, where Cory Harrigan swung a pitchfork vigorously for a couple of minutes. As the men dug themselves into the opened hay for their night's sleep, only Guillaume Laflamme had any comment to make on this unusual way of commencing a honey- moon.

"A lot of tam's I dream of my weddin' night," he said to his seven bedmates, "but nevaire in my dream do I dream dat my wife sleep wit' five oder women in a shack fifty yard' away, and I sleep wit' seven oder men in a haystack, and me all bus' up. . . . Mr. Judge, don' put your foot on my stom-mok lak' dat, please. . . . An', by gar, now I come to tink of it, I tink it's yesterday I got to go to Soda Creek for de mail. Oh, well, de gover'ment won't mind if I tak' a li'l holiday jes' to get married. De mail can wait dis week lak' it waits every oder week. . . . Say, de way everybody grab a wife to-day, I'm t'inkin' I'm lucky somebody don' grab my li'l Alice, and den mebbe I've got to marry h'Emma after all. . . . Mr. Judge, your foot—t'ank you. . . . Dat was some fight we had, eh Sam? Wat's de mattaire, You wan' to sleep. . . . No, I won' shut up; I'm married man now an' I spik when I can. Excep' dat I got two teet' not dere. I'd sing you a nice little French song about a weddin' night not at all lak' dis."

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

A DAY JUST LIKE ANY OTHER.

SIX thirty! Outside all was dark, silent and cold. Not a pitchy blackness, for the white mantle of a newly fallen snow lightened the night, though not sufficiently even to distinguish outlines at a short distance. In the stillness one could vaguely guess at the house fence rails shivering under the crystal bandage the snow- flakes had placed so softly upon them—a tremb- ling ridge that could not survive the morning's activities. The well-worn trails from the house to the barn and to the water hole were hiding, but not hidden, under the fresh snow, for only a couple of inches had fallen since evening.

On the wall, close to the door of the shack, hung a thermometer, cheap and presumably un- reliable. The mercury, perhaps by force of habit but possibly because such was the case, marked thirty below zero. Later the day would warm up, maybe thirty or forty degrees. But to-mor- row the thermometer would tell the same tale at half past six, unless to-morrow happened to be a Sunday, when it would be colder, for a change.

A mile or so down the meadow a coyote howled. A long-drawn-out lugubrious howl that informed the continent of North America that the wild dog was hungry, cold, miserable, alone, friendless, dis- appointed, despondent, and out of tune with the infinite. The howl expressed all this, and more. It started on the high note, and worked up and up, and lasted a long time before it was half way through. The melody of agony was taken up by another coyote five miles east, another far to the south, and yet another and another. The world awoke to a realization that it had been a poor night for coyotes, but no sympathy was wasted on the "four-footed friars in gray," as Bret Harte called the brutes in better poetry than the subject deserves.

The hungrier coyotes become, the better pleas- ed men are. But, unfortunately, coyotes do not die of starvation. They may be shot by good marksmen, or trapped by experts, or burned in a forest fire, or killed by accident, or may die of old age, but they cannot starve. They will live for weeks on the memory of a shrivelled rabbit, and grow thin in retrospect. And, smarting under the urge of a million fleas who will not let them die, they ceaselessly forage for food—a rabbit, a dead cow or horse, a young calf—anything that will stop the pangs of hunger and provide the wherewithal for a gorge that may be the only meal worth while for still more hungry weeks.

The coyote's howl has not set the world in mo- tion, but nevertheless it is. Inside the shack someone is stirring—shuffling, rather, and evi- dently fussing with kindling and a jack-knife in a cold attempt to start a fire. Soon a thin curl of smoke rises from the chimney, indicating that the warming up of the house has started in real ear- nest.

Presently a man comes out, carrying a lantern, and plods his way to the barn, scuffling the snow with his rubbers and thick German socks. A pair of brown overalls, a heavy sheepskin coat, a cloth cap, and a pair of wool-lined leather mitts complete his visible clothing.

The barn is fifty yards from the house, close to a small stream dignified by the name of Crystal

Creek. The man first goes to this creek, breaks the surface ice with a picket so the cattle and horses may drink, then proceeds to turn the animals out of the barn while he performs the first "chore" of the day, cleaning up the stalls, in a vigorous manner, partly because he is natu- rally energetic and partly because it speeds the circulation of the blood. The job does not take long for only two milk cows and four horses—a work team and two saddle ponies—are kept un- der shelter. The balance of his stock is sleeping in that piece of timber which is becoming dimly visible across the pasture.

The barn cleaned hay is piled into the mangers and the animals having sparingly assuaged their thirst at the icy waters of Crystal Creek return to their stalls and eat greedily. Even a cow feels warmer with a full stomach, though warmth is a comparative term that is possibly out of place in a barn where boiling water would cool and freeze in twenty minutes.

Chores accomplished, the rancher returns to the house. Two water pails are on the doorstep, mute evidence that some other person is up and about, and has evidently reasoned that one trail- ing of snow into the kitchen before breakfast will be enough. The person must be a woman; men are not so particular about trifles.

So a trip to the water hole is in order, which means breaking the old trail anew. The water hole is in the centre of the creek, and in summer is approached by a precarious log that is forever threatening to give up the job, but forever de- laying dissolution. In winter the log is fast in the ice, unused and unnecessary.

Because Crystal Creek, except during freshet time, is only three or four inches deep, a hole has been dug in the bed of the stream and a large box sunk in, so that a pailful of water may easily be dipped out. That is, in summer. In winter, the water is chopped up with an old axe and taken out in chunks before the liquid can be reached with the bucket. This system of water service is somewhat slower than the city tap, but it also has its advantages. It enriches no plumb- ers, nor does it cause the rate collector to be told to call again. But it does sometimes shatter tra- dition, as for instance, when the good man is re- quested to "bring up an armful of water, so you won't have to go back again," an armful being about equal to two gallons, depending on just how the ice splits and how thick it happens to be that day. But usually, as on this occasion, pails and not arms are the carrier agency.

Arrived back at the house, the pails were set down while snow was brushed from footwear and socks. Then the man entered the kitchen, now cheerfully warmed by the roaring fire in the range. A woman was bending over the stove, busy with the cooking of the breakfast.

"How cold this morning, Billie?" she asked without turning round.

"Thirty below, as usual, Mollie," he answered, busy stripping for a wash before sitting down at table. "Breakfast about ready?"

"Just about," answered Mollie, "so look alive. And don't be so free with the soap. We're run- ning awfully short."

BY which scrap of conversation it will readily be seen that Frank Hayes, alias Billie Hazel- ton, and Mollie, nee Aiken, have become quite domesticated in the five months that have elapsed since their wedding in the Harrigan shack. Life has been running fairly smoothly lately, and they have long since become used to each other's whims and fancies. Mollie knows a great deal more about ranch life than she did on that Au- gust morning, when Mrs. Frushing introduced her to a few of the mysteries of the country, though, truth to tell, she still has a great deal to learn. There are things her husband some- times tells her, that no one can teach her until she does otherwise, a remark which is by no means so obscure in speech as in print. Elabo- rated, it means that there are certain daily tasks on the ranch that can only be performed in one way—not by the wildest flight of the imagination does anyone suppose that any person would pro- ceed on a different tack—then some Mollie comes on the scene and adds to the merriment of the community.

The interior of the shack does not require a lengthy description. It is divided into two rooms, one a large kitchen and the other a small bed- room. The walls are papered with four thick- nesses of newspapers. In deference to the artistic taste of the owners, careful selection of the pages has kept away flamboyant advertisements which so soon become annoyingly obtrusive; the small print of the news pages is so much more restful to the eye. The ceiling—also newspapered—has here and there a suspicious sag that reveals to the initiated that things are not what they seem. The ceiling is but burlap stretched under light poles equidistant from beam to beam, and toe-nailed to the walls. In truth, the ceiling is a great concession to Mollie, as her lord and master had not provided for such a superfluity when he made plans for the house which he little thought would shelter a wife as well as himself.

There is not much furniture; a table, four chairs, a sideboard, a couple of cupboards, a long box masquerading as a settee, and an easy chair—another concession to the lady. There are a few pictures on the wall. All the furniture has been manufactured by Billie, who is rather proud of the chairs with their netted rawhide seats and backs, and who stoutly disputes Mollie's asser- tion that the easy chair is improved by the ad- dition of two cushions made of flour sacks which

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



## A Story Showing the Power of a Tragic Past

THE  
HANDS OF  
ESAU

By BEATRICE REDPATH

ILLUSTRATED BY P. C. SHEPPARD



Mavis noticed how Rodney Tennant paused on the threshold, regarding her quizzically, while frowning upon the black severity of her widow's attire.

"I had forgotten that was necessary," he said, as he came forward into the room. And then as he faced her across the width of fireplace his tone expressed all his pent up impatience. "Must we give up a year, a whole year, Mavis, to the mere task of forgetting him?"

"A year, Rodney?" Mavis repeated, her head resting against the rose-colored back of her chair, "but can one forget in that time?"

She turned grave eyes upon him and felt a suddenly achieved balance in his mere physical presence, a balance which she had sorely lacked of late. The sudden and welcome release had come attended by crowding memories of the dead man, memories which tormented and with which she became obsessed. She had struggled hard to forget, she had striven to obliterate from her mind all thought of Wyndham Andrews. But she had not succeeded. Even now she pressed her fingers down upon her eyelids to shut out

the hateful vision of his face, which rose so constantly before her.

"Oh," she exclaimed, from the depth of a profound weariness, "sometimes I feel as though I could never forget, as though he had left his imprint on me forever, as though his memory would coil up in my mind like a serpent, ready to spring, ready to bury its fangs and poison all that is pleasant."

She paused, shuddering at the impression created by her own words, till Rodney's voice came, dominating and reassuring.

"I will show you how to forget," he said with great gentleness, "I will give you other things to remember."

His voice seemed to imbue her with a fresh courage. He would teach her how to forget. Mavis lifted her eyes to send a flash of gratitude across the intervening firelit space.

"You've given me so much already," she said gratefully, "and yet still I can't forget, Rodney," and she leaned one elbow on her knee and sought for reassurance in his face. "Can one live six such years and yet come through unscathed? It seems to me, sometimes, that no matter what you

may put into my life, those years with Wyndham will always be there, a dark morass in the back of my mind."

Rodney Tennant gave a glance about the long room, so pleasant with its atmosphere of comfortable living, and then looked back to Mavis's face, to the blue shadows beneath her eyes, full evidence of the strain which she had been undergoing.

"This place," he said emphatically, "is horrible for you. It's simply haunted by memories. You must get away from here at once. You must not allow your mind to dwell on what is past."

Wyndham Andrews is dead and all the evil he brought into your life is dead with him.

You must forget, Mavis, you must forget. Such as Wyndham Andrews was are not meant to be remembered."

It was as simple as that to Rodney. Mavis almost smiled at his simple and easy adjustment of her mental attitude. She must forget. She was only too willing to forget. Rodney had no conception of how she had striven to this purpose. A man like Rodney, practical and without imagination, could not understand the vagaries of her brain. And she did not want him to understand. She would defeat this thing herself, these memories which threatened to rob her of the present. But she must have a little time, just a little time in which to do so.

"Memory," she said slowly, her eyes drawn to a flaming log in the fireplace, "is so beyond one's control. It creeps to one's side at night, a hood over its head, and suddenly stands out in all its stark horror." She paused, and then with an involuntary shudder went on in a stifled tone. "Things come and cry to me in the night. . . . creatures he has injured. . . . their faces come to me out of the darkness. . . . tears in their eyes. . . . a curse for him on their lips!"

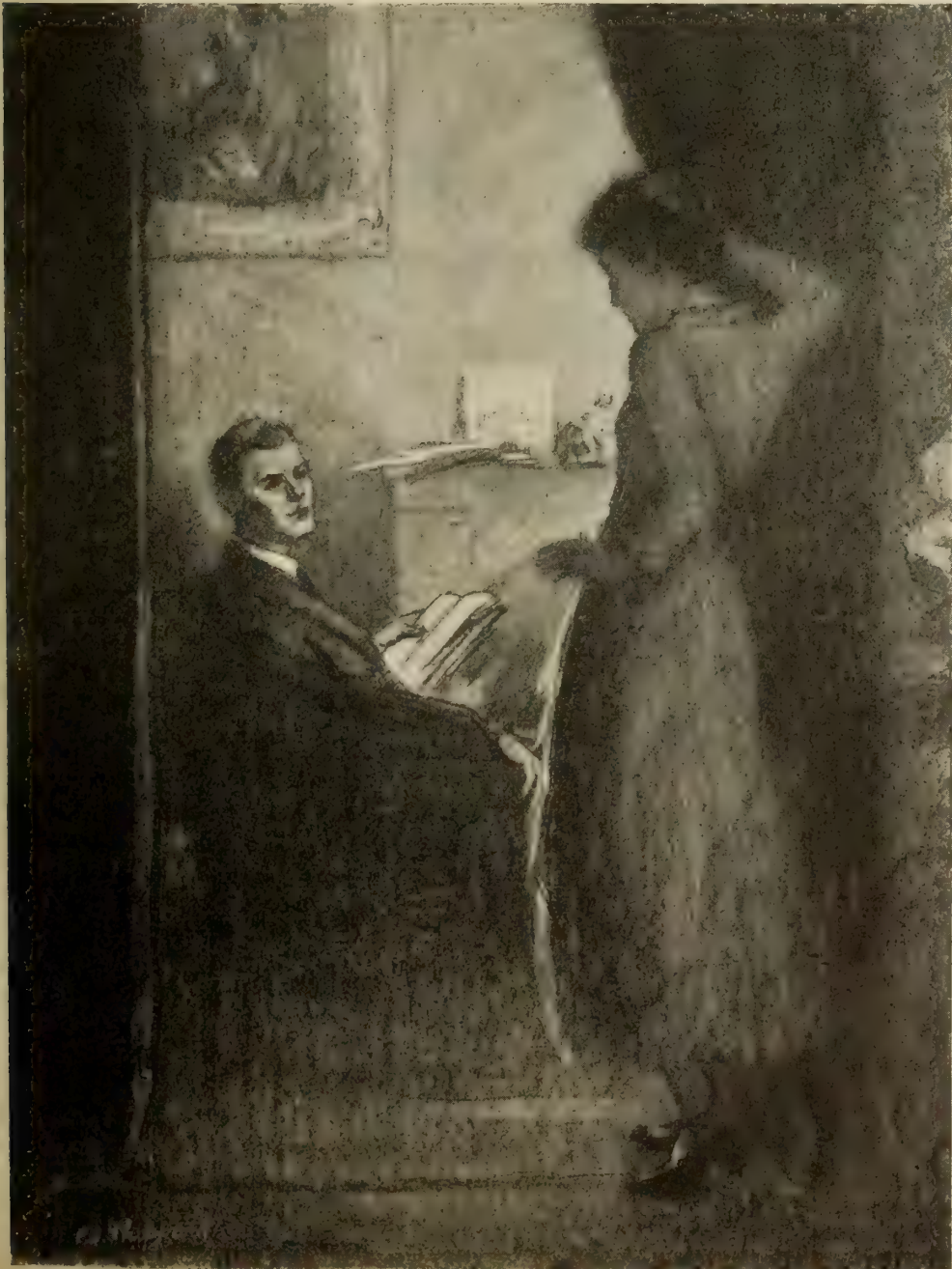
"Mavis!" Rodney Tennant rose quickly and took both her hands in his, forcing her to lift her face. "You are not to talk nor think in this way. Wyndham Andrews is dead. . . . forever! And now you are to begin life all over again. You are going to forget him. Promise me that you will never speak in this way again. It is bad for you, Mavis, terribly bad. Besides, we have other things to think of, haven't we?"

Mavis nodded as Rodney released her hands with a firm pressure. Her glance rested upon a shaft of sunlight which had pierced through the half-closed blinds and lay like a broad bright ribbon across the floor. It was as though some of the golden miracle of that Autumn day was creeping inside, tentatively, with small shafts and tender stealings, touching the gilt of frames, lighting up the backs of bindings, picking out the high lights upon a bit of brass or rich colored pottery, dispelling the gloom which had hung over the house for so long; even to that upper chamber where the dead had lain. The house was to be swept and garnished, swept clear of all hateful memories, garnished with a sweet cleanliness of living.

Mavis continued sitting beside the fire for some time after Rodney had left, watching the slow consuming flames eating into the logs, while her thoughts recurred to the visit she had received from her lawyer earlier in the afternoon. She had not spoken of this to Rodney. She had omitted to tell him that Wyndham had left his entire fortune to her, for her inclination was to refuse the money. She wanted nothing which should come to her through Wyndham Andrews. Only her insight was beginning to tell her that were she to do so, some day, as Rodney Tennant's wife, she might feel that she had robbed him of what might have been his. Was it quite fair to him? That was the question she must answer for herself. Rodney, in his lifetime had had so little. If she put aside her own personal feelings she could give him so much. And that was her desire, just to give, to give all she had and was to the man she loved.

It puzzled her that Wyndham should have left everything to her, so unconditionally. That was not like Wyndham. He could not have been ignorant of just how largely Rodney had figured in her life. Moreover he could not have failed to draw the conclusion that if the opportunity ever occurred she would marry him.

For the fact that Rodney Tennant had been the pillar to which she had turned in the complete wreck of her life was common property. She knew the public wonder why she had not long ago taken her fate into her own hands. She also was quite aware of the mercenary motives attributed to her having not done so. But those who ascribed such considerations had discounted her Puritan ancestry, the adamant streak which had kept her clear of the mire through



She had left Rodney sitting in the library with a book.



which Wyndham had suggested. She could not have been so faithful to a man who even to her seemed a stranger as Wyndham Andrews. If fate had not been so cruel, she herself would have had no hand in the breaking of it.

But at the very moment of the other, the smile was on her face. In the complete sum of her happiness. To be able to call her hours her own, to be at the door of life which had darkened and closed to be open and unburdened, this was the miracle. Life had been darkened, withdrawn from her, and memory could be obliterated, and she was a date. This was not present and future purpose. To banish from her mind all thought or recollection of that which was past.

Mavis had been married to Rodney Tennant for some months, and these had been quite all that she could have wished. The long period of waiting upon which she had insisted, had not in the end altered the reality, as so often happens when the reality grows frayed by too constant dreaming. No, it had been in every sense quite all that her imagination could have pictured it. There had been no flaw which she could discover in her union with Rodney Tennant.

She was pondering upon the extent of her happiness one evening, as she wandered slowly about the garden. A harvest moon was rising behind the house, like a yellow coin flung up in the sky, accentuating the black masses of masonry from which points of light escaped between closed shutters. Even the surroundings had not flawed the whole. For the greater part of a year after Wyndham's death she had travelled, and then on her return the impossibility of finding a purchaser for the house had presented itself. She and Rodney had at first viewed the advisability of living where she had been so unhappy with some misgivings, but she had trampled down her distaste and brought her good sense to bear on the situation. No, life had no flaw which she could discover, was her thought as she wandered about in the delicately perfumed dusk of the garden.

She had left Rodney sitting in the library with a book. She was too much self-centred these days, too much absorbed in her own personal happiness to feel any interest in spelling out the lives of others in the novel she had just thrown aside. Her happiness filled her with a supreme power to love and live. From the depths out of which she had come it made it appear as though she were now upon the very pinnacle of the summit of life, where nothing could touch her, where she was unassailable.

She paused, just outside the library, with a sudden impulse to look in at Rodney through the interlacing leaves which shrouded the panes. She stepped into the long grass growing beside the brushes and put up her hands to push aside the leaves of the hawthorn bush. The light from inside flowed over her face and shoulders with a white glare. Suddenly her face became transfixed with a strange terror, an utter bewilderment of horror which made her eyes round and glazed as those of a doll. For the man seated in the chair with the book in his hands was to all appearances . . . Wyndham Andrews!

She gave a strangled, choking cry, and then she heard her own voice raised, shrill, uncontrolled. "Rodney . . . Rodney!"

Immediately she saw the absurdity of her illusion. Rodney jumped to his feet and crossed the room, looking anxiously down into her frightened face, framed in the thick foliage.

"What is it?" he asked hastily, "whatever is the matter, dear? Did you hurt yourself?"

"No, no, how foolish of me!" Mavis responded, ashamed and embarrassed. "It was nothing but a horrible fancy which swept over me," and she put up her hands to her eyes, pressing the fingers down tightly upon the closed lids. And then she dropped her hands and looked up at him keenly, while she inquired with an assumed carelessness.

"Rodney, why do you smoke cigars? I've never seen you smoke anything but cigarettes before?"

Rodney was still regarding her with a puzzled frown.

"I don't know, dear. I suppose I'm developing expensive tastes. You don't object to cigars, do you?"

Mavis shook her head slowly while she looked away into the shadowy garden.

"No, of course not," she said, slipping her fingers into his. "It is only, my dear," and she turned away from him back to his face, "it is only that I have to be so good to anything he did."

Rodney pressed her hand affectionately, and threw his arm round her as he sat upon the grass. She felt grateful to him that he did not laugh at what she had said.

"I didn't know," he said, lighting a cigarette from his case and lighting it. "There is that better?" and he smiled down upon her intense seriousness. "How wonderfully sensitive and imaginative you are, dear."

Imaginative! Yes, Mavis supposed that was all it was. Her mind kept too long the impressions of things pleasant or unpleasant. She allowed her imagination to work upon them to build up strange fancies and ideas. How often it had been for her to enter the past! Had she not even succeeded yet in completely doing so? She had been so sure that she had forgotten, that her mind had been freed of the imprint of Wyndham's personality, but here it was in a new guise, and a peculiarly horrible one.

The idea kept recurring to her. This grotesque fancy then was to persist, was to encroach unbearably upon her happiness. She found herself watching Rodney continually, seeking to discover what it was that was actually beginning

## The Morality of Clothes

By NELLIE McCLUNG

The suave saleslady was showing me gowns, serges and tricolettes.

I timidly asked for my old friend Black Velvet, whereupon there was an embarrassed pause, and instinctively I knew I had made an unfortunate remark.

"Black velvet," said the lady, in tones of mild yet unmistakable reproof, "is not good this year."

I apologized, and murmured something about not having heard. How did it happen? Black Velvet had been the soul of propriety when seen last by me!

The lady, with true politeness, passed on to speak of pleasanter things.

"Serges and tricolettes are VERY good—tricolettes are so new, and serges are always good."

I rejoiced over the steady-going goodness of serge, but could not forget my old friend, about whom I still refused to believe evil.

From that I fell to thinking of the Morality of Clothes. Clothes are thoughts made manifest. The history of womankind has always been written in their clothes. The Eastern woman, who veiled her face to her eyes and must not uncover in the presence of anyone but her own family, revealed not her face, but the bonds of her soul.

The tightly-laced, high-heeled, long-skirted lady loudly proclaimed her economic dependence. She cried aloud to some man to support her, for, by her dress, she admitted quite frankly that she could not support herself.

Women will never be free until they are free from the bondage of dress. Fine raiment, silk linings, ornamentation, seed pearls, embroideries, have caused more women to sin than poverty or passion.

This will never be eradicated, any more than the thirsty man's predilection for cold water. But it can be changed. Beauty is a relative term. It varies with the season, locality, race and with the years. Hoop skirts bear witness to the length to which humanity will go. The Fiji Islanders hang rings of iron as large as horseshoes in their ears and think them beautiful.

There is no limit to what may be called and really thought beautiful. Do you remember the toboggan-slide hats we wore, along about '93, or the basques of 1880? We liked them. Everybody—I mean all the best of us—wore them.

Now there has come a wholesome movement in the direction of useful working clothes. It is no longer considered a fine, ladylike thing to be idle, but, rather, a disgraceful condition. Everyone works since the war, or at least makes a bluff at it! So, working clothes are coming into their own—skirts wide enough to step in; fine big pockets; neat, well-fitting hats that defy the wind; skirt bands wide enough to give room for deep breathing; one-piece dresses, easy to put on and take off. The business woman of to-day dresses handsomely. There is a morality in their clothes because sex is not emphasized.

Unfortunately, it is not so in the present style of evening dress with its shamelessly low-cut bodices, front and back, especially back, where the bare neck is prolonged into the bare spine!

How can we expect men to respect women when the women show by their dress that they do not respect themselves; for the women who dress indecently confess their poor opinion of themselves, in the honest ways of life, and admit by their costume that they have to descend to the grosser plane in order to be attractive. Unable to charm the beholder by legitimate means, they lower the standards to the level of the animals. The history of women, past, present and future, is written in their clothes!

to make her see a strange resemblance to the dead man growing up in him.

He was becoming stouter, his clothes were different, he was assuming the sleek, groomed appearance of Wyndham Andrews. She knew there was sufficient reason for this. His clothes were better made, better cared for, and he was no longer worried by business affairs. But to her mind the resemblance was gaining greater proportions than these things alone could signify. And she watched him with a growing fear in her eyes lest she should see other things, other resemblances from which she would shrink the more.

It was beginning to form invisible barriers between them. She would meet his eyes and look swiftly away with a tinge of embarrassment in her own lest he should read there her fears. How could she possibly tell him, how could she even suggest to him, that to her, his personality was becoming merged with that of the man whom she had loathed? No, she must kill, she must destroy this monstrous idea, before it gained too great headway upon her, before it took entire possession of her mind.

Rodney had commenced to play golf and to ride, and Mavis listened to him discuss a play at golf or the points of his horse, as she had once listened to Wyndham speak on the same subjects. She bought books which at one time would have interested him intensely, placing them about the house conspicuously, but he barely glanced at them.

"You never read any more?" she remarked to him one day.

She noticed how his manner stiffened immediately as though he perceived criticism in her tone. It made her realize more fully than she had yet done, the strained atmosphere which was growing up between them.

"It used to be all the amusement I could afford," he replied, and then with his eyes narrowing until they had become quite hard, "I wonder why it is that you always seem to object to anything I do these days. Is it," he hesitated a moment, glancing sharply at her face, "is it because you think I am spending your money on my amusements?"

Mavis's cheeks grew hot and tears sprang into her eyes. At one time he could not have said such a thing to her. It was the fashion in which Wyndham had so often spoken to her in the past, the same intonation, the same cold cutting speech. And yet . . . and her reason granted him some excuse for his words . . . what must Rodney think when she so constantly appeared to dislike these new ways which he had adopted?

"You know it is not so," she said, her voice very low, "I never said that I did not like you to play golf."

"It wasn't very necessary for you to say so," he retorted, turning coldly away.

THEN it was that Mavis made up her mind that she would not show the slightest aversion to whatever he did. If she could not banish it from her mind she would at least endeavor to hide from him any trace of it. For he could never understand. All the meaning he would take from it would be that now she felt towards him as she had once felt towards Wyndham. His matter-of-fact mind would not be able to comprehend anything so shadowy and so unreal.

Each day brought to her somehow, in one way or other, that strange sensation, that, with averted eyes she was watching Wyndham Andrews. It was no longer as though Rodney Tennant sat opposite to her at the table, to whom she talked, with that self-inflicted restraint, for whose comings and goings she daily more tearfully watched. She found herself letting her book slip into her lap, while she sat seeking to discover the reason for that strange resemblance, as he sat under the lamp at the desk, or as he stood looking out of the window, his back to the room.

Sometimes when he touched her she shrank back quickly, feeling upon her shoulder the very touch of the dead man. And she remembered how she had once said that the memory of Wyndham Andrews would coil up in her mind like a serpent, ready to spring, ready to poison all that was pleasant.

She had gone up early to her room one evening, feeling unable to sit in the same room with Rodney, where the atmosphere seemed so impregnated with unspoken words. She felt as though storm clouds were pressing down upon her, thick and stifling, smothering her with their weight. She leant far out of her window, glad of the freshness of the damp night air, so filled with the scents of the garden, muffled perfumes which broke one upon another, drowning each other's scent. Mavis clasped her hands upon the sill and stared out into the purple darkness, fretted by starlight. She felt within her the weight of something intolerable, something heavy laid across her heart. What would be the outcome of this fancy which was making such a mockery of her happiness?

She did not hear the door open behind her, but she heard a step sound in the room. She got quickly to her feet to find herself held close in Rodney's arms. He was looking down into her face with love in his eyes while he pressed his lips upon hers.

She stood passive for an instant, and then, hideously, she felt that the arms of Wyndham Andrews were around her, that his were the lips which were laid upon hers. The old shuddering repulsion which she had always felt for Wyndham swept through her body. She opened her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



# THE JADE ELEPHANT.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY MANLY MACDONALD

#25-  
#40

"Not so long, Sir, they've got to her hair and sash, Sir."  
"Good!" he returned starting to whistle. It was pleasant to hear him, Biddy thought. The stillness of the place got on her nerves as she often remarked below.  
Presently came the tap-tapping of crutches and young Neil stepped down the hall again.  
"Hello, Princess!" he said. "I didn't want you to hurry you know!"  
The little girl smiled in a wan, mirthless way. "I didn't hurry, really. They had me about finished when you arrived."  
"Good!" he answered as they entered the Elephant Room.

"Had breakfast and what not—princess?"  
"Yes, she replied. "Oh, yes—or no. I didn't, I sent the tray away, I was not hungry."  
"Oh I say!" he cried. "What's being hungry got to do with it? Breakfast time, breakfast comes on tray. Eat, just like that. Don't stop to analyze your old symptoms; fall to."  
"It's all very well for you," said the child. "You have an appetite."  
"Not so, Princess," he averred contrariwise. "Never hungry in the early morning. Breakfast mere matter of form. Duty, and, so on."

NADINE had settled herself in a corner of a black Chesterfield, and Lawrence was busy snapping up the blinds. The sudden sunlight revealed a room that even in that city of the rare and unusual must have been unique. Everywhere there were carved heads of elephants.  
On the door panels in bas-relief, on the arms of the high teak-wood chairs, the legs of the teak-wood tables, the pillars at the sides of the teak-wood mantel. Sombre black elephant heads gleamed everywhere.

The effect was bizarre, arresting, but not unpleasant. Nearly everyone likes elephants.

The mantel-piece held the eye longest, for on the wide black shelf was arranged a motley collection of the jungle kings, from a huge ebony one three feet high, to a tiny fellow made of mother-of-pearl; compliment to the sacred elephant of Siam.

As a rule Nadine came to that room because of the big teak-wood piano. She liked the tone of it. Now Larry seated himself at the instrument and played a few chords. The chords ran into Madam Butterfly music; the "One fine day."

Nadine leaned her head against the black velvet cushions and shut her eyes. Presently she opened them widely.

"Don't play that, Larry," she commanded, "it hurts."

"Perhaps it does," he said with a grin, "the way I play it."

"I didn't mean that," replied the child. "I know you haven't technique, but you get something out of the piano that is music just the same. I can't stand it to-day."

"All right, princess," he returned swinging round on the stool. "That's the Amen. But I've got a day. Let's go and play. Shall us?"

"Picnic? Park? Coney Island? Beasts at Bronx?—What?"

"No," she said. "No, thanks, Larry. Not but what you are very kind."

"Oh, come now!" he cried, "give it a thought."

"I have," she returned gravely. "There's too much disparity in our ages for you to play with me."

"Well, really, Princess!" he laughed. "When did you find it out? I've played with you off and on ever since I came over—since the bally war ended."

IT was one of Nadine's restless days and it was a summer day at that. From sunrise to sunset would be a "linked sweetness long drawn out."

The servants in the great house facing the park were heartily glad the little girl was not allowed by her physicians to rise until noon. At least her general dissatisfaction with things was visited only on her nurse and one maid. Later the tap-tapping of her crutches would be heard along the mosaic halls—down the onyx stairs—through the high echoing rooms—up and down—up and down—until night-fall. There was little peace for any of the servants then. On Nadine's restless days nothing was right.

Now it was noon. A blue and gold noon out of doors, but a purple twilight within the room when the little girl was being dressed by her two attendants. She had ordered the purple silk curtains to be drawn closely and only a few shaded electric lights glowed here and there. Always this dressing was a tedious ordeal by reason of the complicated metal frame which the child wore.

The adjusting of this was something to be dreaded, not only by Nadine but by her nurse and maid. "It took it out of them" as they often said:

That stage was past, and the last touches put to her lovely garments and shining fleece of golden hair, when a maid knocked at the door, then entered.

"It's yer English cousin, Miss Nadine," she said smiling. "He wants to know shall he come up?"

"No. No, Biddy. Tell Mr. Lawrence to wait for me in the Elephant Room."

"Sure I will, Miss Nadine," answered the girl with a little dip curtsy. "It's like sunshine in the house he is, Miss Nadine!"

"That will do, Biddy," the child said curtly. "Go at once."

A bit of red flew into the maid's bright face as she turned. The tone had hurt her somewhere.

"It's herself has a way with her makes ye that mad!" she muttered, all her smile gone. "The little spalpeen! The airs of her! Sure I never come to this country to be put in me place neither. Here ye be free an' equal. But, Holy Virgin! She 'minds me somehow of me own shmall brother at home. Lame he is too. The angel face on her an' the devil's temper in her! He has the same. Belike they go along with withered legs. God help them!"

Lawrence Neil was at the foot of the stairs as Biddy came with her message.

"Am I to go up?" he asked in his dashing, impulsive way.

"You are not, Sir," she said. "Her royal highness towld me to ask ye to step into the Elephant Room an' wait."

There was a twinkle in the girl's eye for her flash of temper had passed.

Larry Neil answered it with a twinkle in his own eyes. He understood that the words held no hint of impertinence.

"Thanks," he nodded. "Will it be a long wait, Biddy, do you think?"



From the green hollow rolled a string of pearls.



"I know," he nodded. "But it's bored you and you mustn't call me 'Princess.' It's absurd." "What's absurd?" he exclaimed. "What's absurd about it? You are the daughter of the man they call the 'Green King,' ain't you? And it never bored me to play with you either. So!" He came over to the Chesterfield and stood looking down at the little white figure.

As for her, he continued. "Well, you are seven and I am twenty-two. A nice difference I call it. No more!" She shook her head. "I don't want to play (more) with you. I'm not in a happy frame of mind."

"Now I give you what the old man once gave to me. I see you are not too proud of it. So be it. If you drive me away, you drive me away. I will not stand on the order of my going. But isn't there any little thing you pine for? Something I can get for you, what?"

She drew a long breath. "I can't think of anything, only to run around without crutches, Larry, and to have this," she glanced at the metal bands. "This off my foot. Dad gives me everything you know. But you are so very kind."

There was a little pause and her eyes fell on the wide black mantel-piece with its colony of elephants.

"There is one thing I've sometimes fancied I wanted," she said slowly.

"I live to learn what it is," returned the boy. "It's a green elephant," she answered. "There isn't one amongst them. There's a black one and a slate-blue, and a reddish-brown, and a white one and lots of grey ones. I want a green one, Larry; about middle-sized."

"Ask me something hard, Princess!" he smiled. "They don't make them. There ain't no such animal; but," with a low bow, "should there be, trust thy henchman to return with him at heel. Give me a fortnight to seek him through the jungles of New York. Then watch with thy maidens on the turret." He swept the floor with an imaginary befeathered cavalier's hat, as he bowed again.

Nadine was used to his ways, and usually fell in with them. To-day she waved them aside.

"Thanks," she said. "Don't trouble too much." "No trouble at all," he assured her. "It's only the hard things that are really worth doing, as the copy books have it. What? I'll be on my way, green-elephant-ward. But first will you promise to be good and go down to the sea if I corral the brute?"

The child hesitated. "They look at me so," she said. "Everywhere I go they stare and stare. That is why I stay at home. But—but yes, I will go to the sea if you get it, Larry."

"Good!" he said briskly, and went out, a vision of the lonely child going with him.

ABOUT a week later, on one of the benches of a little park, a ragged man sat down dejectedly at the noon hour. A small Syrian boy had the end of the bench and was curled up on it with a newspaper covering his head. Soon he sat up and brushed the paper to the ground.

"I was waiting for that, son," said the ragged man picking up the paper.

"Why didn't ye take it?" questioned the boy. "It was your paper, wasn't it?" queried the other. "It was a-keepin' the sun off ye anyways."

The boy grinned, his dark face lighting. "Most anyone would have took it," he remarked. "W'at ye readin', mister?"

"The want ads," he said. "Ye can't tell w'at they might be wantin'. P'raps somethin' yer could get."

"That's right," said the boy. "Well, read 'em out, mister. What they want?"

The tramp drew a finger down the column. "Wanted," he said croakily. "Old tambourines and triangles, Crazy things them to want, I'll say," he commented.

"Wanted—second hand set Balzac. What that, kid? Wanted—old jewelry—Anyone would, kid. Wanted—Human hair, apply, etc. Wanted—A green elephant, not piece of jewelry but standing ornament. Twenty dollars paid for information regarding whereabouts of one. Apply, &c., &c. Listen to that, kid!" said the man sarcastically. "Wanted, a green elephant. Say! let's go and find one?"

The boy was gazing ahead of him with bright unseeing eyes.

"Wanted—" the man said returning to the next item.

"Hold on!" cried the boy. "I seen a green elephant somewheres—somewheres, mister, somewheres."

"Did ye?" said the man hoarsely, "honest? Where did you see it?"

The boy stared, held by some elusive memory. "I seen it," he muttered. "I seen it—in a window somewheres. A window."

"Think!" whispered the man grasping his arm. "Think hard. Twenty dollars paid for the information. We'll dive up, kid."

"All right," said the boy absently. "In a window—wonder. Oh, yes, mister. A Jew's window down the east riverside! Three gold balls overhead. Savvy? A dusty, old, green elephant made of glass, standin' on a blue plate. Come on, we'll find it, mister!"

So they started for the East Side, a memory leading them. As the crow flies the boy went to the Jew's window, and there within, on a willow-pattern plate, amid a clutter of bent spoons and bits of tarnished silver, and amber beads, there was a green elephant nearly a man's hand long. The dust upon it could not hide the translucent green of the jade from which it had been carved.

It was an elephant of worth; this both the man and the boy dimly comprehended.

"That's him!" whispered the ragged man jerking his thumb towards the window.

"Yes," assented the boy. "That's him. It's halves on this mister? Ain't it?"

"Sure," said the man, "halvers. We'll mosey along and give the information, the ad. says an uptown club." He looked at the bit of paper. "Come along, son."

The ragged man dealt with the porter at the club door.

"I reckon it's easier to get into the new Jerusalem than into thish yer place," he said, "but either I'm going to get in or yer going to take a message to thish yer man what his name is Lawrence Neil."

The boy stood by, the calm of the East in his eyes.

"It's important information he wants to give him, mister," he remarked softly.

Some occult influence made the porter feel that it was.

"Page Mr. Larry Neil," he commanded a bell boy.

The two outside leaned against the grey stone wall of the club and waited.

Then Larry appeared. He lifted his young eyebrows as he beheld them.

"Well?" he said brightly. "Did you ask for me—you two?"

"It's the elephant, Sir," commenced the ragged man. "The green elephant."

"Yes," echoed the boy, "the green elephant."

"What about it?" exclaimed Larry. "Do you know where there is one—what?"

"Sure we know!" said the two together, "sure we know!"

"Good! On with the dance. Where is he? Big or little? Alive or stuffed?"

"Information were to be paid for," suggested the ragged man. "Twenty bucks."

"Righto! if it's a proper green one, portable."

"It's all that," they said together. "Show us the coin mister."

Larry Neil drew a twenty dollar bill from his pocket. "Yours," he said, "when you lead me to your find."

"Get yer hat, mister," remarked the ragged man.

The three took their way to the Jew's shop. The willow plate with its jumble of trinkets was brought to the counter, and Larry disentangled the jade elephant from the amber beads.

His boyish face was non-committal and the old Jew watched it for a sign. At the door the ragged man and the boy waited in suspense.

Larry blew the dust from the carved jade, then suddenly turned towards the door. "Oh, I forgot!" he said. "Here's the twenty; it's a green elephant all right."

They gulped with joy and departed swiftly with the money. Then Larry lifted the jade again. Something seemed to roll within it as though it were a child's toy.

"How much?" he asked the Jew.

"I sell not," the old man shrugged.

"Why?" he demanded. "Every elephant has his price."

The Jew threw out his wrinkled hands. "That one is different," he explained. "He belonged to little dark woman. I think she be Hindoo, high caste maybe. A lady. Vell. She has pawn ticket, she vill redeem him. The days are not accomplished to redeem him yet, I play fair."

"Good!" said Larry, "I like to myself. Where does she live, the Hindoo lady?"

"Nearby, I think. She slips past evenings with a boy. She is shawled over her head. Some neighbor might tell you where she live. There are Assyrians, Armenians, Turks, Hindoos, round about."

"Thanks," nodded the man, "I will look."

The Jew put the willow plate back in the window, and Larry took his way along the crowded river street.

"Feels like a bally game I am playing,—call it 'needle-in-the-straw.' But so far, so good. I'm on the trail."

A small girl darted past him, and Larry called to her.

"Wait a moment, little girl! Can you tell me if there is a little dark woman living near by—wears a shawl over her head—has bangles and what not?—A little dark woman and a boy?"

The child looked into the boy's attractive face. "You mean Mrs. Damayanti and Bhima?" she questioned.

"Perhaps I do," he said.

"They live in that house on the corner," she pointed. "But you must go up the stairs to the top."

Larry put a quarter into the grimy little hand and then made for the corner house.

The stairs were many to the top floor—many and broken. Reaching the top he knocked at the first door before him.

A boy opened it, a dark boy of about ten years. "Does Mrs. — does a Hindoo lady live here?" asked the man.

"I am Bhima," said the boy. "My mother is Damayanti."

"Righto! That is thanks. May I come in?"

"She is sick," said the boy hesitatingly.

"Kindly ask her if she will see me," Larry requested. "I wish to speak to her about a green elephant—a jade, don't you know?"

The boy gave a startled cry. "My mother's jade elephant!" he exclaimed. "Oh, wait! I will tell her—please wait." He passed into an inner room, but in a moment came back. "My mother will see you," he announced gravely.

The man parted the curtains before the door and entered the inner room with the boy.

It was a very empty room, but clean and sweet with some aromatic perfume. There was a low couch covered with worn and curious silk, and a woman lay on it. Her little dark face against the old silk cushions was stricken with grief and poverty. A still young face. She lifted her half-frightened eyes to his friendly ones.

"I spik little," she commenced. "My son he spik."

Larry turned to the boy. "Please tell her," he said, "that I want to buy the jade elephant in the keeping of the Jew at the pawn shop. Tell her I will pay well for it if she will be good enough to let me have it."

The boy interpreted swiftly and the woman suddenly clasped her hands against her heart.

"No! No!" she repeated excitedly. "No!"

Again Larry tried. "Say I will give much money for the jade," he insisted. "Much money."

As the boy interpreted her little cries of "No! No!" ceased and she lay very still. Then slowly from her dress she drew a worn pawn ticket and handed it to her son.

"Go!" she said, making a gesture of renunciation.

The boy asked her something further, and she replied sorrowfully.

"My mother says I am to go with you to the Jew. If you will redeem the jade and bring it to her here, then she will decide. Very little money will redeem it—but we have it not."

The woman's eyes pleaded.

"All right," assented Larry. "We will get it first and then talk business." Then to the woman. "I feel you are ill?"

"Ill," she nodded. "Ill."

"Well, we've got to do something about that," he smiled down at her.

"No go to hospital!" she cried looking at the boy.

"Not unless you jolly well want to," Larry returned, some answering sensation in his throat.

The boy and he descended into the abyss of the lower hall, and went to the shop of the Jew. With the pawn ticket and the money working in harmony the Jew relinquished the jade: albeit reluctantly.

"It is an antique," he explained.

"No! Do you think so?" said Larry.

The Jew looked at him searchingly. There was more to this he felt than showed on the surface.

Together the two returned to the upper room, and gave the little green elephant into the woman's hands.

She laid her dark face against it lovingly, then held it out to Larry.

"How much?" she faltered.

He named many dollars.

"It is enough," answered the boy for her. "It is yours."

So Larry gave them their price, and took the carved treasure. As he lifted it something again rolled softly, as in a toy.

"What is within it?" he asked.

"Only, we think, some small pieces of jade that have loosened and fallen with time or jarring. It has travelled far and is old. Very. It is hollow. Two pieces of the rock have been carved and joined together, cemented by some lost art. One cannot see where they are joined. There is no way to find out more."

"Oh," said Larry. "Oh, indeed."

He looked at the woman and at the boy. "Could you—would you tell me about this odd thing? Not if you do not care to of course. But there is a little girl who might be interested. She is lame. I am taking it to her."

The boy interpreted. There was silence—then the woman began to speak. The words came rapidly in a smooth ancient tongue. A flame of regret and longing seared them. Her eyes burned as with destroying grief. She stopped speaking as suddenly as she had begun.

The boy raised his calm eyes to Larry's. His dignity permitted of no emotion it seemed. "My mother says that the jade was a wedding gift to her from my grandfather, my father's father. He told her it was very old and very precious. That it held a charm against evil. He was the Maharaja of a great principality of India. Kosala. My father was his second son, but when I was only a baby my father chanced to offend him most bitterly, and was banished from his presence. Then my father took my mother and me and brought us to this new country. English he knew, being the son of a Hindoo Prince. They carried little with them; but few silks, but few jewels. My father died of the trouble. All the jewels were sold that we might live. The jade failed to keep evil away; still my mother kept it till the last. But very lately she has heard that my grandfather, the Maharaja, is dead, and his elder son, my uncle, is dead. It was the plague. My uncle left no son. My mother tells me that now I am Maharaja of Kosala. They have no other prince though I am far away." he ended simply.

"Here be news!" said Larry, his eyes very wide open. "Here be news. It holds a quality of conviction." He looked squarely at the little boy, and then bowed. "Accept my salutations, O Prince!" he said quite gravely.

The boy returned the bow with an Eastern up-lifting of the hands.

The woman's eyes gleamed and she smiled softly. The man believed.

"Jolly story," Larry said. "A regular one! Queer about stories: the stranger they are—the more likely they are to be true. I could tell you some—some waf ones—what? Well, I am



# A Tale Which Shows How Very Easily Things Go Wrong THAT PREPOSTEROUS AFFAIR

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY CAMPBELL-DUNCAN

"Indeed not!" I exclaimed emphatically, the blood suffusing my face.

"Mamma," the youngster immediately qualified to my relief. I perceived it was not addressing me as a parent in particular, but as representative of parents in general.

Then I remembered Mrs. Rimmills, my housekeeper. Of course she had placed the child in my bed! My relief was short-lived, however, when I recalled that Mrs. Rimmills was a childless widow, and that this being Wednesday, one of the evenings on which Mr. Bemis called, they had left for a nearby moving picture theatre an hour or more before. Of course they would not have left the child alone. Mr. Bemis was a condition of my agreement with Mrs. Rimmills. He was a very worthy fellow, though somewhat radical in his views. A blacksmith, I had judged him to be on mentally comparing his brawny arms and massive frame with the subject of Mr. Longfellow's excellent poem.

I looked around helplessly. Then I searched every room in the apartment, even venturing into Mrs. Rimmills' room, something I had never done before. Of course, I found no one. Then I remembered finding the door open when I entered my flat. Apparently Mrs. Rimmills and her escort had neglected to lock it on leaving; this had happened before. But the child could not have entered the apartment and got into my bed of its own volition as even my rudimentary knowledge of infants informed me that the child was very young.

Though the delicate perfume still lingered it was becoming fainter. I wished it would re-

main. It suggested a friendly solver of this remarkable problem.

I reapproached the child, the sex of which I had no means of determining. It was quite a pleasant little mortal, I reflected. I felt a desire to take it in my arms, which of course I at once suppressed. At least I could contemplate my mystery if I could not solve it.

THEN quite suddenly catastrophe threatened my temporary security. Even as I watched the tiny progeny its rosy mouth puckered up, its eyes dimmed, its tiny nose dilated, and it commenced to cry,—a plaintive, hungry little cry that turned my heart topsy-turvy.

I sought wildly for some object that would distract its attention from its stomach, as I was convinced that the fundamental cause of the infant's distress was its stomach. A respectable bachelor's apartment should of course contain nothing that would appeal to a child. And I have, I trust, sufficiently emphasized my respectability. Then I remembered my pipe. It was my only hope. The child's wail was growing more persistent, more pitiful.

Its tiny dimpled fingers closed firmly around the stem of my briar. Its wail died away. It regarded the pipe wisely. Then it put the stem into its mouth in the oddest way imaginable. I at once made a mental note of this illustration of the laws of heredity. The child's male parent had been a smoker.

I perceived I had gained a respite.

Then I heard the elevator clang and footsteps approaching. I listened intently. The missing parent, I concluded hopefully, until the footsteps grew familiar. "Jack Evans!" I exclaimed aloud. Panic seized me. Jack and his wife live on the floor above mine. My suite is 506; theirs is 605. We are great friends, but, well, Jack is Jack. Our temperaments, both amiable, and both eminently respectable, are quite dissimilar. Jack has a buoyancy of character, an effervescence of spirit that sometimes completely demoralizes me. Sometimes I fear he is a little irresponsible. Perhaps, however, I am rather too conservative. We are the best of friends—have been for years. But not to save my ten thousand dollars a year would I have allowed Jack Evans to find me with an infant in my apartment. I should never have heard the last of it. In his wild exuberance he would have spread it over the entire town. My reputation, cherished possession of years, would have disappeared at one fell swoop. He would have revelled in the ruins of my good name; he has always deprecated its unblemished virtue.

One acts quickly at such crises.

Dismissing my former fears, I clasped the child, gaped frantically about the room. Jack was at the door—was knocking. I espied a cedar chest, a gift of Aunt Phyllis, in the corner of my room. I could hear Jack's hand on the door knob. He never knocks more than once. I raised the lid of the chest and deposited the child in a soft nest of undergarments and nightclothes. It seemed to regard the affair as amusement for its benefit. It chuckled and gurgled happily. The lid dropped with a bang just as Jack entered my room, his face beaming.

"Hullo, Arnold, old top," he grinned, "just dropped in to say how do."

"How do," I returned as calmly as I could, seating myself casually on the cedar chest.

"You look flustered, old boy." Jack will persist in addressing me in this irresponsible fashion. He commenced to fill his pipe. "I've got some new tobacco I want you to try," he went on. "Why there's your pipe on the floor—broken." My eyes followed his pointing finger. I had not noticed that the infant had dropped the pipe. There it was—broken in two. Rhoda had given it to me on my last birthday.



Campbell-Duncan  
1920

"Explain!" sniffed Mrs. Rimmills. "There ain't no explainin' to be done. Nice goin's on for a respectable woman like me to find in her home."

AT the outset I must explain that when this tremendous affair occurred I was as innocent of all cognizance of its sequel as I was of responsibility for what, at the time, threatened to prove the most disastrous event in my uneventful life. Jack refuses to believe me in this and as Vi remains neutral, I shall probably unsuccessfully continue to protest my innocence to the end.

A young man of good family, impeccable virtue, and studious habits, I had attained my thirty-second year with an unspotted reputation, a taste for worth-while books and good pictures and an income of ten thousand dollars a year. Particularly do I wish to emphasize my impeccability as it has much bearing on what follows. I was the possessor of a well-furnished bachelor apartment kept in excellent condition by a housekeeper installed by my Aunt Phyllis. Aunt Phyllis supervises my welfare when her various uplift movements permit her to do so. And I had Rhoda.

Rhoda was the only one of the opposite sex with whom I had more than a passing acquaintance. I called every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. We discussed literature, art, and current topics. Rhoda being an exceedingly interesting conversationalist our discussions were frequently stimulating. Rhoda had a rather more liberal temperament than I. Particularly on sociology did we disagree. Being of excellent family, as I have mentioned, and eminently respectable, I always felt it behooved me to deprecate the spirit of radicalism so evident in international life. I now remember that on several occasions Rhoda had evidenced a disposition to depart from the subject under discussion to more personal topics. I recall that on such occasions Rhoda's eyes had seemed unusually bright. We thoroughly understood each other until this tremendous experience of mine—or I believed we did. Some of my beliefs have been shaken of late—especially those pertaining to the weaker sex. Its apparent perspicuity had always convinced me that I thoroughly understood it—there seeming so little to understand.

I remember, it being Wednesday, that I had been to see Rhoda on that memorable evening. She had seemed inconceivably restless with an unusual propensity to depart from our discussion, the subject of which has escaped my memory. I left earlier than usual and returned to my apartment in anticipation of a comfortable hour or so before turning in.

My sitting room opened from a tiny hall; it also had another door leading into my bedroom. I passed through this in search of my slippers and my pipe, my only dissipation, and stopped suddenly. My skin goosefleshed unpleasantly up and down my back. I became intensely conscious of another's presence. At the same time, a faint perfume assailed my nostrils. My knowledge of perfumes at that time was confined to Rhoda's cologne and Aunt Phyllis' lavender. But this perfume was delicious, sweetly intoxicating, fit accompaniment of dreams. I have since learned it was the scent of violets.

Yet I neither saw nor heard anyone, anything. I tiptoed to my bed every sense a-quiver. And then I saw it—a little rosy faced cherub of a child, a baby pitifully tiny, yet wonderfully, amazingly, smilingly dominant of the situation, tucked up in my bed. It cooed and gurgled at me even as I stared at it, my heart chugging painfully.

I recovered myself by degrees. Gradually coherence entered my brain.

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" I gasped.

A gurgle, quite unintelligible, was the only reply. I approached a few steps nearer and poked my finger at it inquiringly. "You must belong to some one," I declared in a more natural voice.

"Dadda," it chuckled with obvious humor.







## The Witches Are Out!

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

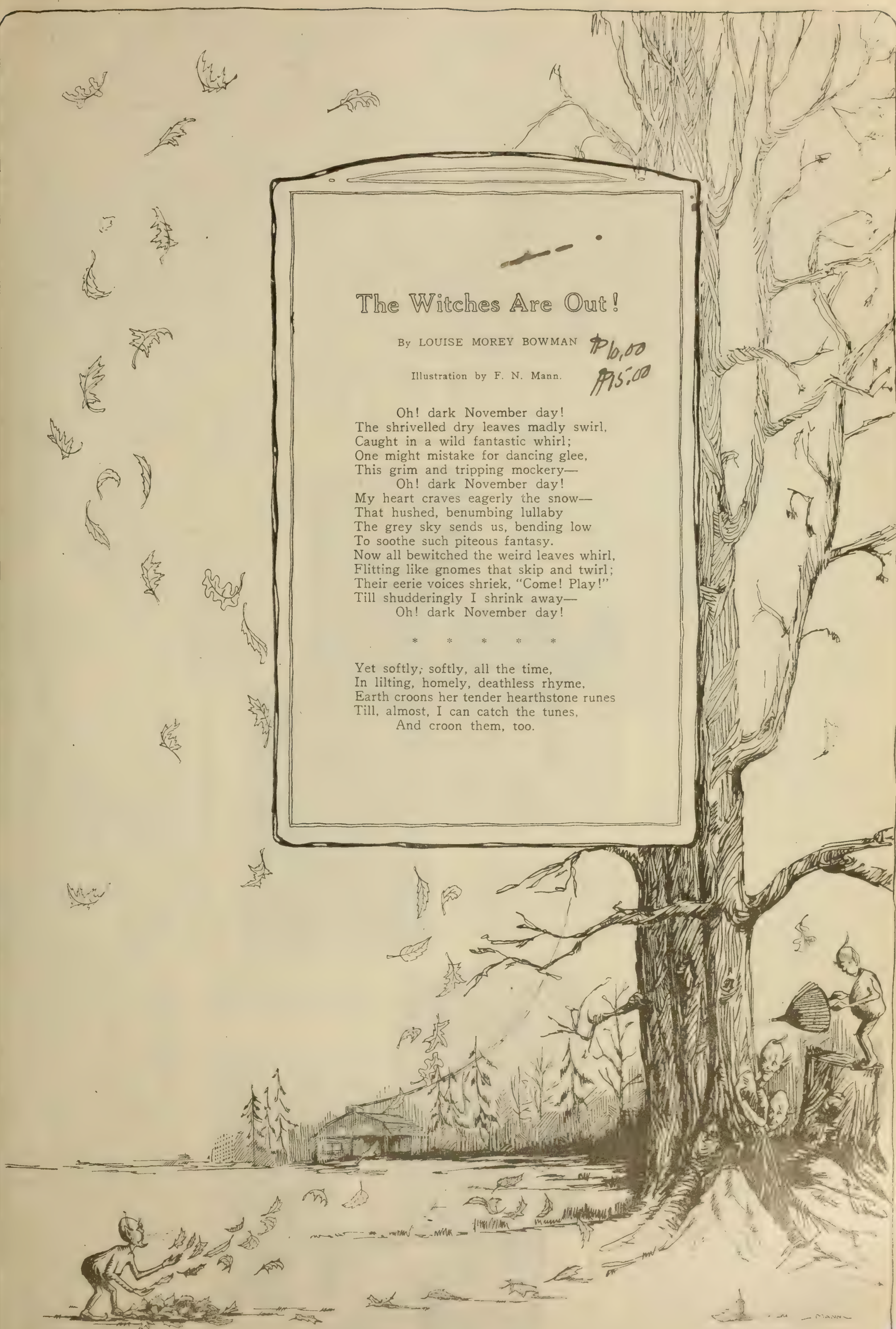
Illustration by F. N. Mann.

Oh! dark November day!  
The shrivelled dry leaves madly swirl,  
Caught in a wild fantastic whirl;  
One might mistake for dancing glee,  
This grim and tripping mockery—

Oh! dark November day!  
My heart craves eagerly the snow—  
That hushed, benumbing lullaby  
The grey sky sends us, bending low  
To soothe such piteous fantasy.  
Now all bewitched the weird leaves whirl,  
Flitting like gnomes that skip and twirl;  
Their eerie voices shriek, "Come! Play!"  
Till shudderingly I shrink away—  
Oh! dark November day!

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet softly, softly, all the time,  
In lilting, homely, deathless rhyme,  
Earth croons her tender hearthstone runes  
Till, almost, I can catch the tunes,  
And croon them, too.





# The Chrysanthemum—Queen of November Blooms

WHEN the chrysanthemums in the Akasaka palace garden have fully unfolded their marvellous petals, the Emperor, whose crest is the 16-petalled chrysanthemum, sends envoys to the lords of his realm and to a few visiting folk of other lands acquainting them with the beautiful event and inviting their presence at a "viewing" of the national flower as it stands in the glory of its perfection within latticed bowers. Like ladies in waiting to a queen they look on their stand in rows beneath heavy silk curtains embroidered with the royal crest of Japan, arrived in the most gorgeous colors known to the flower world. Each blossom, signed with the grower's name, titled like pictures in a gallery, hardly needing the cabalistic cards with which to identify them as "Sunset," "Early Snow," "Quiet Morn," "Pensive," "Caprice."

The first Japanese royal chrysanthemum party was held in the era of Heian in the eighth century, to pray for the long life of the Emperor, in celebration of the myth of a man who escaped death by drinking wine in which lay a fairy-charmed chrysanthemum. It is even to-day regarded as the symbol of longevity and called Oginagusa, the old man's plant. After the restoration of Meiji, the chrysanthemum festival was suspended for a while, probably owing to the troubles which marked the years following the Restoration. But, at the desire of the late Emperor, who took a great interest in chrysanthemum cultivation, the festival was revived.

After the garden party at the palace is over, the flowers, at the Emperor's request, are taken beyond the close-guarded gates into Hebeia and Ueno Parks, that his people may enjoy them also. At this same season, the Red Leaf Month—the curious exhibition of historical and mythological figures, made of growing chrysanthemums, takes place. Few there are who call them beautiful, but all must admit their cleverness and acknowledge the supreme skill of a cultivation that can make a single root produce enough blossoms to form a life-sized figure, or a series of diminishing circles, the outer one forty feet or more in diameter and bearing hundreds of perfect flowers.

This flower that arouses the love and enthusiasm of high and low alike is doubtless of Chinese origin. It was introduced into Japan, so say some authorities, during the reign of the Emperor Kwanmu, (seven hundred eighty-two—eight hundred and six), through Korea. It immediately sprang into favor, was adopted as crest and official seal of the Mikado, crept, as decorative device on sword hilts, pottery, porcelains, lacquerware, bronze and in textiles. "The Order of the Chrysanthemum" was instituted; its emblem a star in the form of a cross with thirty-two rays attached to red ribbon by a gold chrysanthemum, being reserved as an especial honor, for crowned heads and the highest dignitaries.

IT is impossible to fix the date of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Europe, for authorities differ greatly, or to give a complete chronology of varieties or records of its development from single to double, from yellow, white and purple to the multi-colored wonders of the present day. As an exhibition flower it has no equal, for it responds amazingly to the whims of experimenters. They have apparently done everything with it that interested imagination could suggest except to create a blue one. Here they are provokingly baffled, Nature being chary of bestowing the color of the mid-day sky, and the hues of the morning and the evening, even to this favorite of man.

Varieties succeed varieties so rapidly that only general classification is possible—styles in chrysanthemums being set by China and Japan as rapidly and arbitrarily as a woman's gowns are by Paris. How could their whims be fixed in a single article? But all developments are now under certain main divisions. The single with its flat disc and ray-like florets, which will almost be mistaken for a marguerite, or aster are made to show regular or raised, pointed or blunt-edged petals of graded tints, with light or dark centres at will, early and late flowering suitable for indoors and out.

The large anemone chrysanthemum has a raised disc in the centre formed by quilled florets surrounded by flat or nearly flat ones. The Japanese anemone chrysanthemum has a similar raised centre, but the outer rays are flat, twist or droop in manifold diverting ways.

Then there are the two lovely chrysanthemums the pompons and the anemones; the wonderful incurved ones with quilled petals turned inward, covering the heart; and the reflexed, circular blossom with broad, overlapping florets turned outward.

Chrysanthemums in the hands of growers can be dwarfed for edgings and pots, or expanded until the stem can scarce hold the weight of their blossoms. Thread-thin petals droop like waterfalls or flash upward like bursting rockets—wide petals unfurl to the sun as symmetrically as lilies upon a quiet pool, or bend and curl and turn and

## Chrysanthemums, the Crest of the Mikado, and the Favorite of the Little Garden

twist like foaming cataracts. Flat, quilled, fluted and thread-like are the petals, incurved and reflexed in an infinite variety of ways. From less than an inch to fully a foot in diameter can these remarkable, adaptable flowers be grown.

Every grower has his own distinguishing names and rules for growing, but certain broad laws will do for each, for they are hardy, accommodating flower friends who can be depended upon to take a hint, who are not easily offended, who, if slighted a very trifle from stress of circumstances, do not sulk or lose their brightness. They are easily propagated—grown from seed within a few weeks (hardy annuals), from cuttings or even from roots stored from the previous season. They are not particular as to soil, nor do pests annoy them much. As exhibition plants they are supreme, because of their possibilities for freakish size, shape and color. For gardens they are indispensable, for their season of blooming is a long one; they are the last to hold the colors of summer in remembrance, the easiest to cultivate, the most useful for almost every need, the showiest, and because the memory of

their fragrant perfume and their staunch, loyal way of standing by their colors even after the frost has vanquished their leaves, touches a chord in the heart of everyone who ever walked in a garden on a bleak November day. For conservatories and for home decoration, their popularity is unquestioned because they make such a cheerful color and lend themselves to bowls tall or squat, grey, green or gold, of bronze, pottery, or glass, and because they last a long time. They will bloom profusely in town or country, even come up year after year in abandoned door-yards, thrive in poor soil, though of course they develop much more wonderfully when sympathetically attended to, put forth as perfect a flower in a Bowery tin can as in a royal garden. They have inspired designers and decorators as perhaps no other plant, unless it be the rose. Names of creators of new varieties are cherished and honored as are victorious generals, poets or explorers.

IN both East and West, plants should be lifted from the ground before the heavier frosts are expected. Many roots will survive a winter, but the best results are obtained from a more careful attention. Cuttings taken from lifted plants thrive better, seem to be more vigorous. By the end of February, cuttings should be started in boxes; when well rooted set in three-inch pots and transfer to cold frames. Hardy treatment being good for them from beginning to end, a little cold air will not prove injurious. When transferred out to the garden, the ground must be prepared by deep digging and manuring. If soil be too light, add good leaf mould. Many growers set stakes in position when plants are transferred to ground. This seems the easier way, for then the matter is on one's mind and a tie need not be given again for a month or more. A little hoeing now and then is all that is needed for the ordinary garden cultivation. If especially large blooms are wanted instead of a show of color, disbudding must be attended to, even to thin the shoots somewhat.

It is difficult to write of this flower honored by Emperors, loved by everybody, without drifting into a rhapsody. How impossible to record all the vagaries of a plant whose nature is as capricious as the mind of man and as steadfast as the course of stars—one which freakishly improves even upon the madcap motive of an enthusiastic breeder when released from laws, or which will bloom true to type year after year in the door-yard of those who like its golden yellow familiar face in the old-fashioned way. A flower that is modest in royal gardens and proud in the factory yards, though ignominiously covered with soot, one that has the love and admiration of every flower grower on earth, is surely worthy the admiring eulogy of poets, as well as calm statements of biographers. No garden is truly complete without a display of such dependable beauty.

From August to November, chrysanthemums supply both home and garden with feathery blossoms of all the shades the most romantic or critical-minded enthusiast could desire. Indeed, they seem to have borrowed nearly every note of the scale of color, from the faintest to the boldest tones. With their brilliance in the autumn, they form a splendid climax for the garden symphony that began with the snowdrops in early spring. All through the summer the different flowers have added their rich notes of harmony, until the advent of fall the crescendo reaches its greatest height. And it is at this season of the year, when the pageant of the preceding months nears completion, that the chrysanthemums achieve their triumphant finale.

Someone has said of the flowers of the year: "Yes, we admire the asters and the chrysanthemums when they come to us in the months of the waning year—but we value them, only after the roses have gone."

This is a rather pessimistic estimate of our feeling towards the blossoms which come to us in the weeks of autumn and make a glory of the last month before December is upon us with the real cold and gloom of winter. There is something truly regal about the fashion in which the chrysanthemum displays her gold and tawny brown and crimson. She has a place—and a large one—in the heart of the lover of flowers—and we willingly crown her Queen of November.

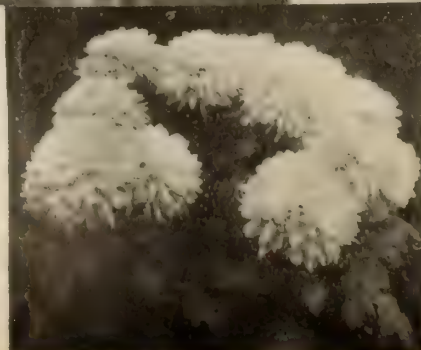
At the right is shown a small Anemone Chrysanthemum. Below is a lovely single variety, freakish as the Shirley Poppy in color.



The Japanese Anemone Chrysanthemum shown at the right has a raised centre of close-packed tiny florets: its outer petals twist and turn in every direction assuming manifold diverting forms of flat or pointed tips, which in the hands of experts grow in a long graceful feathery fringe.



To the right is the Polly Rose, peony like of growth.



At the left is a small Pompon, Belle L. Isoloise: the strong yellow or vivid lavender and white varieties thrive with little or no care.



Above is a group of easily grown Chrysanthemums that bloom abundantly, making a fine show of color in the garden.





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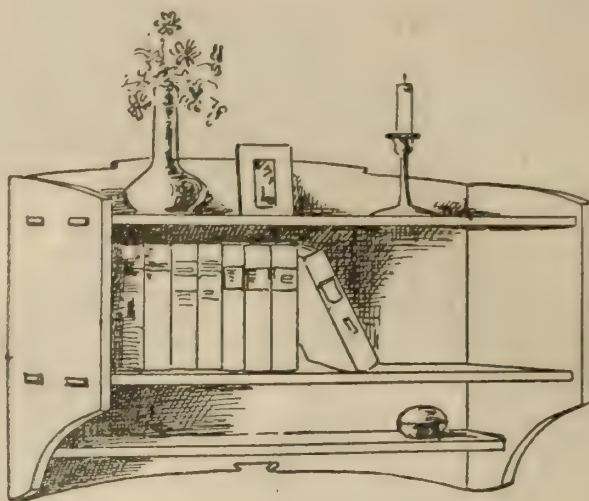




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# HOME-MADE FURNITURE

THE SIXTH ARTICLE



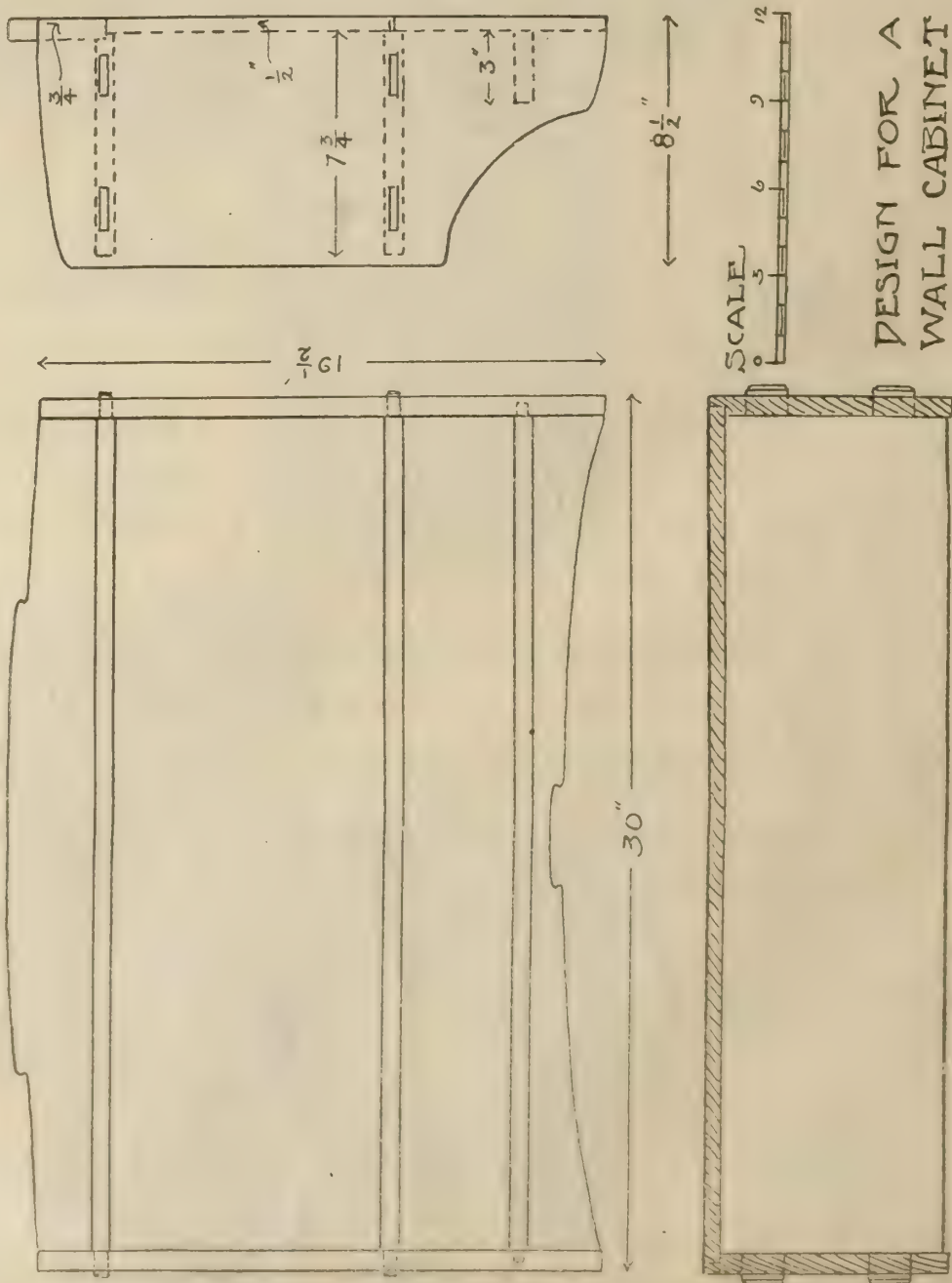
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| Ends .....        | 2      | 21 in. | 8 3/4 in. | 1 in.   | 8 1/2 in. | 3/4 in.   |
| Shelves .....     | 2      | 31 in. | 8 in.     | 1 in.   | 7 3/4 in. | 3/4 in.   |
| Small shelf ..... | 1      | 31 in. | 3 1/4 in. | 1 in.   | 3 in.     | 5/8 in.   |
| Top of back ..... | 1      | 30 in. | 4 in.     | 1 in.   | pattern   | 3/4 in.   |
| Back .....        | 1      | 30 in. | 10 in.    | 3/4 in. | 9 3/4 in. | 1 1/2 in. |
| Back .....        | 1      | 30 in. | 10 in.    | 3/4 in. | pattern   | 1 1/2 in. |

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# The Permanent Farmerette—The Farmer's Wife

IT seems to me that before a woman can intelligently and effectively grasp the problems of home making on the farm, she must first approach the task from the proper view point. It will make things vastly easier for her if she fully realizes and appreciates the fact that when God made Adam in the Divine image and fashioned Eve as a perfect and beautiful helpmeet, their first blissful abode was the Garden of Eden, and man's primal vocation in life during his short stay in Paradise was agricultural in nature. A thorough examination of this historic event should surely make a woman satisfied with her estate as a farm resident, if not with the realities incident to modern rural localities. Her habitation seems to bear the stamp of Divine ordination and her chief problem is to rescue her lot from the abuses due to man's bungling manipulation.

The next requisite is to fully digest the fact that she farms to live, but that she does not live to farm, and that the days of slavery have passed away, for the abuse of the body by hard labor is as much a crime as its abuse by liquor or uncleanness. No woman has any more right to disfigure her fleshly being by unnecessary physical dissipation in the way of unwholesome and degrading manual labor than she has to warp and starve her soul by spiritual neglect or abuse. Consequently the woman who develops a passion for incessant toil, forgetting the benedictions of rest hours, leisure time and diversion, not only advertises her poor management and her weakling judgment, but reveals a total lack of appreciation of the gift of life.

But to come down to particulars. Before a woman undertakes to farm, she should ponder and examine Tennyson's dictum "That woman is not undeveloped man," and that she cannot, and never was fashioned to take a man's place physically. And whilst there are some male duties she may shoulder with caution, there are others she should eschew entirely. Now outside war time, a wife with a farm house to keep has no more right to plough in the fields than the city wife has to go and help her husband in the factory or machine shop. Her kingdom is the home, and in normal times it should not be neglected to save the wages of a hired man. A ditch-digger, or a coal heaver doesn't take his wife along in the morning to carry his shovel or assist with his task. Exclusive of the present National crisis a woman should limit her outdoor activities to correspond with the adequate accomplishment of her homemaking and housekeeping. And as a rule the ordinary duties of the house on a fairly comfortable farm are far greater than one pair of hands can possibly tackle. There is the care of the milk, no matter who does the milking; there is cleaning, baking, washing, ironing, sewing, fruit canning and chicken-raising with all the attendant setbacks and contretemps, and the constant wearing anxiety to match time, strength and finances. And as soon as the home standard deteriorates, the male bread-winner loses in efficiency.

A HOUSE, of course, fitted with electricity, lavatories and machinery is considered the ideal farm environment. But there are some labor-saving devices that only create fresh labors, and some conveniences that only multiply tasks. My first vision of the cream separator in action made me sympathize with the woman who refused to adopt it, so exhausting a task it proved to turn the crank. Barrel churns and washing machines often fall into the same category, and chopping the turnips with a knife or hatchet is often easier for a woman than running a pulper.

The essential aim should be after simplicity in furnishings, cookery and dress, and the saving of money should be a secondary consideration to that of saving health and strength. For, once a man possesses his land, even if sickness overtakes him his means of livelihood does not cease. Many a wife can manage a farm and secure an income without doing an hour's rough work. The fear of "losing his job" is a fairly idle possibility to the thrifty soul who has his land paid for. So the necessity for saving money is largely removed because his earning opportunity is secure. Then he should feel freer to spend his profits not only on field machinery but on genuine household improvements. I sometimes wonder whether the woman who bungles along with a rag-plugged dishpan and one saucepan, is a shiftless, slovenly housewife or merely the victim of masculine niggardliness.

So much of the home life depends on the kitchen on a farm that I would begin there to tackle the strength saving. And above all things, a farm kitchen should be large, well-lighted, and easily ventilated. There should be plenty of room to move about in. There should be as little furniture as possible, plenty of cupboard space, a big table, good stoves, handy soft and hard water, a rocking chair and a sofa. A waxed table and a painted floor would obviate all necessity for "knee scrubbing," and there should

## A Consideration of An Old Subject From a Modern Point of View

By A. H. HERBERT

\$15.00

not be one article more to dust than can be avoided. But there should be room—oceans of it,—and light—floods of it. Let the dining room be as small as possible for convenience, you only need to eat in it. Have your linen for the table and your china ready for use, and some clean baskets hanging in the kitchen would save many a trip back and forth at dishwashing time. Also a basket to carry necessities up and down cellar would make one journey take the place of six. The rocking chair should be in constant use, for apples and potatoes can be as well peeled sitting as standing, and when you cannot leave bread or cakes, a favorite book on a handy shelf would make the rocking chair a more enticing waiting place than the end of the table or the nervous, racking, impatient tramp up and down the kitchen floor.

There isn't any profession under the sun necessitates keener logic, shrewder brains, more

menus and endless table accessories are out of place, but nice white cloths, shining cutlery and pleasing delft are absolutely essential, for an attractively served meal gains several per cent. in digestibility. Home-made bread should be deemed indispensable, and baking should be limited to twice a week or once, if possible. And there should be no between time orgies devoted to cakes, pies and tarts. Try a freer use of eggs and milk, garden stuff and fruit for extras and puddings, and you will have a better nourished family and less work. Keep at least two house dresses and three aprons for morning kitchen work and dress after dinner. You will save a lot of washing, and get strength from self respect, if you live tidily and work calmly. An old skirt, old rubbers and old thick gloves should be stored in the wood shed, where they may be donned for a temporary descent into outdoor or inside slushing so that they may be thrown off and burnt when too unsightly and malodorous. Set yourself to count your steps, and then like an army commander, move your furniture to lessen your miles of travel. For instance, have your cupboard nearest the side of the dishpan on which you drip your dishes. Reserve the day's supply of milk and eggs in the pantry. Get your wash tubs near the source of water, hot and cold, and the kitchen door, out of which you carry clothes and suds. If you have not a sink keep a waste pail handy and don't waste two hours a day running a few yards every ten minutes to fetch and carry.

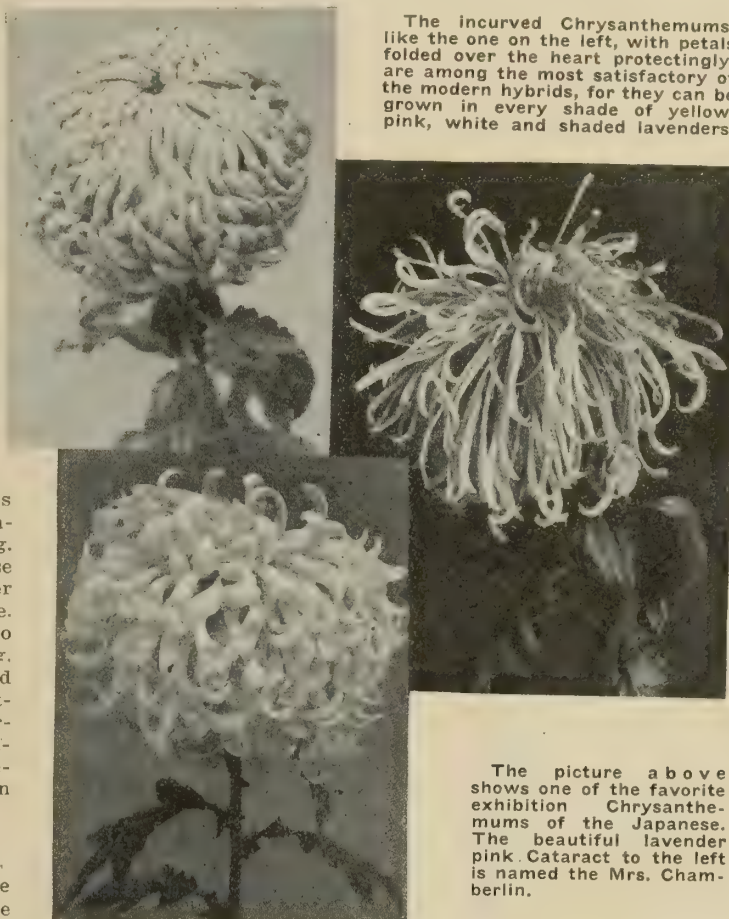
If you get up at five and work till dark you are either a stupid manager or a miserable work fiend. Custom discourages a man from working more than eight hours a day in town for a living wage. Out-door labors are less exhausting but the woman who "slaves" from daylight till dark isn't a very efficient member of society and certainly not a desirable companion. Don't plan as many tasks for the day as you think you can accomplish, and vary your programme occasionally, as a change of work is often as good as a rest. Take an hour off every other day to study your system. Examine your methods. Keep a list of needed groceries. Buy seldom and in proper quantities. Have a little medicine chest in your kitchen with batting, white cotton, needles and drugs, and see that it is well stocked for all rational emergencies. Don't stint yourself in dishes and pans, in towels and dusters, in lifters and bowls and pitchers. But keep your eye fixed on wash day and housecleaning and study the latest styles in simple furnishing and housekeeping economies.

Remember, skill, brains and artifice will often compass finer results than brute force. A woman can learn to dig with a spade so skillfully as to obviate the necessity for much strength. And many a man's job, if tackled with gloves and an observing eye, can be as easily performed by a woman as her own.

Above all, cultivate brains for house-keeping, there is no place in national economics where they are more necessary than on the farm, and no one to whom they are of greater advantage than the farmerette.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The writer of this article contributed to our September number also, a few observations on the "Business Man," as seen by some business women. Miss Herbert has convictions—and the courage which does not always accompany them. She knows both country and city and is always ready for a discussion of the topics in which she is interested. The farm—always an important sphere of work—has suddenly grown larger and nearly everywhere in the cities one hears the declaration: "I'm going back to the land!" Happy is the man or the woman who owns a few acres of Canadian land. There is a sense of proprietorship which comes from such possession that gives a delightful "lord-of-the-manor" sensation. There are drawbacks to offset the farm advantages, however, and we realize that too often all work and no play has made "Janey" a dull girl. We do not wish to revive the lifelong discussion of high school pupils on the relative attractions of farm and city life;—but a consideration of how the former may be made such as any girl of ability and ambition would be glad to choose, will do us all good. Incidentally we may come to consider whether it is better to be lazy or over-tired. The woman who suffers from ennui, however, is not easily found in Canada—certainly not on the farm.

The matter of conveniences for the farm household is one which demands instant and serious consideration, for the farmer's wife has suffered too long from old-time discomfort and "extra steps."



The incurved Chrysanthemums, like the one on the left, with petals folded over the heart protectingly, are among the most satisfactory of the modern hybrids, for they can be grown in every shade of yellow, pink, white and shaded lavenders.

The picture above shows one of the favorite exhibition Chrysanthemums of the Japanese. The beautiful lavender pink Cataract to the left is named the Mrs. Chamberlin.

This group of chrysanthemums shows some autumnal beauties, and is connected with the article on page fourteen.

alert intelligence and accurate organization than that of housekeeping. Whereas, through lack of system, stupid management and vulgar, inartistic means and methods it has become a nightmare to the feminine majority. Even under a hard mistress, the life of a maid is more sheltered, and less cruel than the well-paid hours in a factory. Yet women are rushing into factories, shops and offices so as to work under the superior jurisdiction of male enterprise. However hard that is to swallow, it is true, is it not? And it cannot be because the servant eats alone and lives socially apart from the family; no factory hand on earth, no stenographer living, expects to dine with her employer's family, nor share his home fire-side.

IT is quite evident that woman has not even tried to inspire male creation with a proper veneration for housekeeping. She has simply accomplished colossal tasks and unthinkable labors in silence and sacrifice. In her gentle, unselfish way woman has left mankind blind to the practical necessities of the home, and the fascinations of housekeeping as a business proposition. Indeed housekeeping has been one of woman's heroic economic contributions to the world's welfare that has been shamefully minimized and ignored.

Home is the source of family inspiration and of each member's training in efficiency. So the woman on the farm must plan for her household's physical and spiritual sustenance. And her biggest problem is the food problem. Elaborate



# Good Cheer for November

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES"

NOW that the days are shortening, and we dine by lamp light again, comfortable meals are once more appreciated. This month the housekeeper is well provided with all kinds of food, and she is looking forward to having every variety of game and poultry at her disposal. We regard this month as the birth of the winter, which makes us look to our winter garments, so that we are externally protected from the cold weather. The same may be said about our food, though many do not take the necessary precautions in this respect. Our diet should now undergo a radical change; the basis of our nourishment should be more solid during the winter months to enable our systems to generate the necessary amount of heat to face the colder season of the year. The following are some excellent recipes.

**Fruit Cake.**—Take one pound of cake or pastry flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, twelve eggs, two pounds of seedless raisins, one pound of currants, one-half pound of candied citron peel, one tablespoonful each of powdered cinnamon and ginger, two teaspoonfuls each of powdered mace and nutmeg, one pound of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of grape juice and one-half cupful of sherry wine. Mix the grape juice and sherry wine together and soak the spices in them over night. Clean the fruit, chop the peel and dredge all lightly with flour. Beat the butter and sugar until creamy, add the beaten yolks of eggs, flour, then add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs, fruits and soaked spices. Pour into a buttered tin lined with paper and bake in a moderate oven for three and one-half hours.

**Beet Soup.**—Two beets, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half of a lettuce, four cupfuls of stock or water, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, a few drops of red color, salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Peel and slice the beets rather thinly. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and let it cook over the fire for a few minutes, taking care, however, that it does not brown. Add the stock or water, and stir over the fire until it boils and thickens. Then add the slices of beets, put the lid on the pan, and let it cook for half an hour. If it is cooked longer the color will be spoiled. Rub it through a sieve, add the cream or milk, make it very hot, but remember it must not boil, for if it does the cream will curdle and spoil the soup. Then add the seasonings and the red color. Wash and shred the lettuce, put it into a hot tureen, pour the soup over and serve hot.

**Sweet Cider Jelly.**—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of hot water, add four cupfuls of sweet cider, one-half cupful of sugar and the strained juice of one-half lemon. When cool pour into a wet mould and place in the refrigerator until firm. Turn out on to a pretty serving dish. Whip up one cupful of thick cream or evaporated milk, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar to it with a little grated nutmeg. Put into a forcing bag with tube and decorate the jelly.

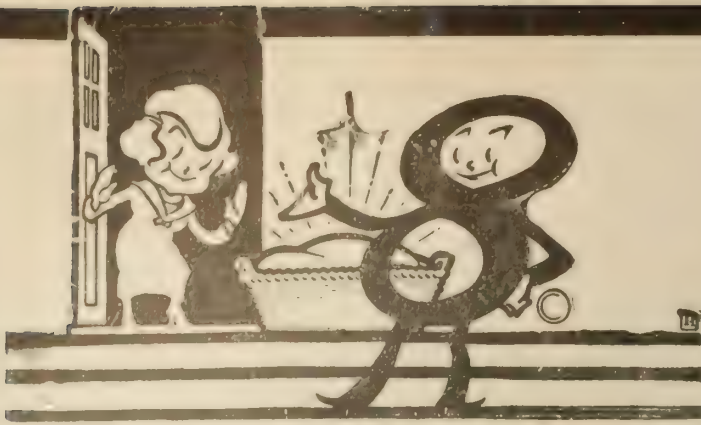
**Pumpkin Pie.**—Select a solid meat-ed, golden, glossy pumpkin, not too large. The smaller ones, flat at the ends, are usually the sweetest. Cut into small pieces without peeling, rejecting the seeds and the inner shreds. Put the pieces into a large porcelain-lined kettle with one cupful of boiling water to keep the pumpkin from sticking and cook from five to six hours, preferably longer. At the end of that time the pumpkin should be sweet, tender and nearly dry. Pull off the loose skin and rub through a sieve or colander. If it seems watery, let it drain over night. When ready to bake the pies, measure the pulp, and to every five cupfuls allow one teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful of powdered mace, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of maple syrup, four beaten eggs, and four cupfuls of milk. Beat well and turn into plates lined with good pastry and bake three-fourths of an hour or until a rich brown. Serve cold with cheese.

**Glazed Sweet Potatoes.**—Cook sweet potatoes in boiling salted water for ten minutes, drain, skin and cut in halves, lengthwise and put in a buttered baking pan. Make a syrup by boiling for five minutes one cupful of grated maple sugar and one-half cupful of water, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Brush the potatoes with the syrup and bake for ten minutes. Baste the potatoes with the syrup twice during the cooking.

**Salmi of Ducks.**—Singe, draw, and truss one duck, peel and slice one small onion, and cut one-fourth pound of bacon into small dice. Cook the bacon in a baking tin and when crisp take out one-half the quantity and put it on a plate, put the onion in the tin, place the duck on this, add one bunch of pot herbs, season with salt, pepper and paprika and dot over the top of the duck with butter, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, so as to half cook the duck. Take up, untruss, and cut the duck into neat pieces. Fry two tablespoonfuls of flour in one tablespoonful of butter to a nice brown color, add two cupfuls of stock or water, boil up, skim, add this to the gravy in the tin, stir the sauce until it boils a second time. Put the pieces of duck, twelve stoned olives, and the dice from the reserved bacon into a clean saucepan, strain the sauce over this and add a bouquet of herbs. Simmer gently for forty minutes, season to taste, skim off the fat, and remove the herbs. Arrange the pieces of duck in the centre of a hot platter, surround with the olives and bacon. Pour over the sauce, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

**Tomato and Green Pepper Salad.**—Have both the red and yellow tomatoes for this salad. Peel them by dipping into boiling water, cool, cut in thin slices, and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Cut the stems from the peppers, remove all the seeds, then cut the peppers in very thin slices, crosswise. Put the yolk of one hard cooked egg into a small bowl, add a pinch of mustard, a pinch of sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of white pepper, a saltspoonful of salt and six tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Stir until smooth, and then add one tablespoonful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat for a few minutes and then pour over the salad. Chill before serving.

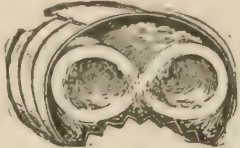
**Jugged Hare.**—Wash and wipe one hare; joint it neatly, and remove the bones from the legs and the breast, then cook the bones in two cupfuls of water for one hour. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, allow it to get brown, then flour the hare and three-fourths of a pound of lean beef, cut in pieces and fry them in the butter until a brown color. Remove the hare and meat from the pan and add two small onion slices and four tablespoonfuls of flour and brown them also, then add two cupfuls of stock and stir until it boils. Put the pieces of hare into a stone-ware jar, add one-fourth pound of sliced ham, then the beef, pour over the gravy, add one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, four cloves, two sprigs of parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, and the strained juice of one lemon. Cover the jar and set in a pan of boiling water, which should come within two inches of the top of the jar. Boil for two and one-half hours. Meanwhile prepare some forcemeat balls. Mix together in a bowl three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one-half



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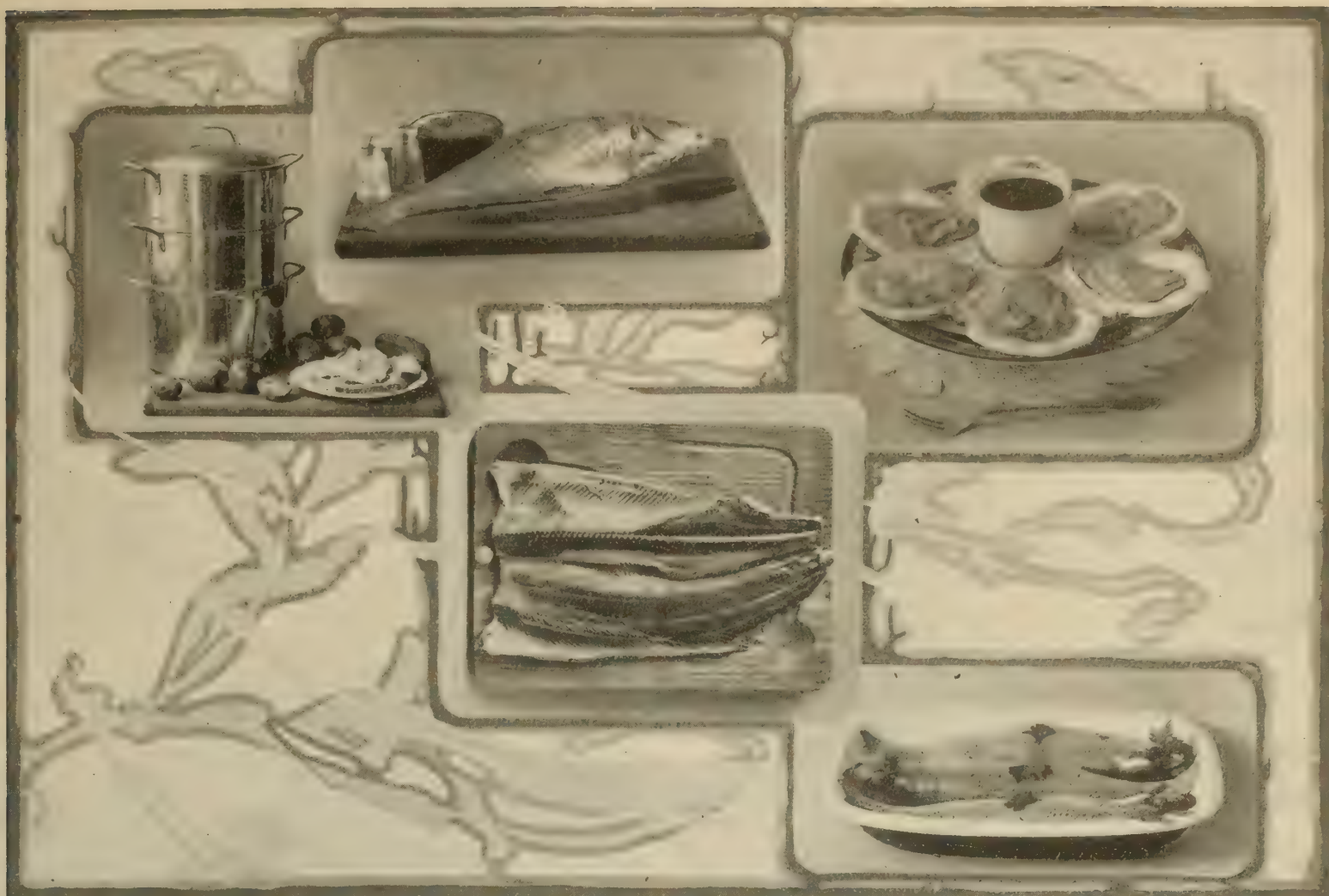


Medicated Ear Drum

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



# The Finest Fish Story You Could See or Taste



At the top (centre) is fish with potato shape; to the left is steamed fish; on right, oysters on half-shell; centre (lower) is fish on plank, ready for oven; on right, baked fish.

## Tasty and Economical Fish Recipes \$60.00

**F**ISH, to be good, ought to be in season and very fresh. Moderate-sized fish are usually the best, especially those which are thick and plump in proportion and size. There are several signs by which the freshness of fish can be judged—the fish should be firm and stiff, the gills red, the eyes bright and not sunken, and there should be no unpleasant smell.

The thorough cleansing of fish is essential to its wholesomeness. Although in towns, fish is usually bought ready cleaned, it is always as well to know how it ought to be done, as sometimes in the country districts, the knowledge is necessary. First empty the fish. Some fish such as flounders and the like are emptied by making a small cut on the dark side of the fish across the round cavity, which lies close below the gills. The inside can then be easily withdrawn and the gills removed. Other fish such as haddock, are cleaned by making a slit down the length of the abdomen, from the head about half way to the tail. Again, there are small fish such as smelts, which are not opened at all, but merely drawn through the gills.

When the inside has been removed wash the fish well in cold water, being careful to remove any black skin lining the cavity of the fish, rubbing it off with salt if necessary. If this were left in it would give a bitter taste to the fish. Also remove any blood from the backbone.

If there are any scales on the fish, they should be scraped off from the tail to the head with a small sharp knife. Hold the knife slanting against the fish and scrape slowly to prevent the scales from flying about. If the fish is to be served whole, cut off the fins with a pair of scissors, cutting from the tail to the head, and then trim the tail. Also remove the eyes. If the skin covering these is tough, cut through it first with a pair of scissors and then the eyes can easily be pulled out, or pushed from the inside.

To skin haddocks and fish of a similar shape, cut a thin, narrow strip off down the backbone, taking off the back fins and those on the underside. Loosen the skin round the head and bony part of the gills, take the skin between the thumb and finger and pull it off towards the tail. Repeat this on the other side as well. Dipping the fingers in salt will prevent them from slipping. For flounders and other flat fish, the skin on each side is raised just by the tail, the little finger pushed in under the skin right along the fins, the raised piece of skin by the tail seized in the finger and thumb and pulled off towards the head. This is repeated on the other side also.

To fillet the fish, make a cut straight down the middle of the back to the back bone. Then remove the flesh first from one side and then from

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

the other. Two fillets are taken from each side. It will be found easiest to raise the first fillet from the left hand side of the fish, working from the head towards the tail; and then to turn the fish round, and to raise the second fillet, working from the tail towards the head. Turn the fish right over, and do the other side in the same way. Use a sharp knife.

**Halibut with Tomatoes.**—Wipe two pounds of halibut, and cut it into small neat pieces, free from skin and bones. Put one tablespoonful of flour on a plate, and coat each piece of fish lightly with it. Dip three or four fresh tomatoes into boiling water for a minute or two, lift them out, dry, and skin them, or use canned tomatoes. Put them on a plate and cut them in pieces or slices. Grease a fireproof dish, lay in a few pieces of the fish, season with salt, pepper, paprika and a little lemon juice. Over these put a layer of the tomatoes, then more fish and seasonings, and so on until all are used, making the last layer tomato. Sprinkle over with bread crumbs, and dot all over with pieces of butter. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot in the same dish.

**Baked Fish.**—Wash, dry, and trim the fins and tails neatly of three white fish, such as haddock, cod, etc. Mix four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and enough milk or water to prevent it from crumbling. Press this stuffing into the fish and sew the edges together. Rub the fish all over with flour to dry the surface. Lay thin slices of fat bacon in a fireproof dish, put the fish on these, then add three tablespoonfuls of drippings and bake the fish in a moderately hot oven for twenty to thirty minutes according to the thickness, baste them frequently. Serve hot with tomato sauce, garnished with parsley.

**Planked Fish.**—Fish is planked when baked on a board as oak, hickory or ash. Secure a plank the size of your oven, or one that will fit the underneath portion of your gas stove. The plank must be at least one inch thick, a little wider than the fish and as long as the oven. Place the plank in the oven or in the broiling chamber of the gas stove until very hot. Place the fish skin

side down on the board, fasten it with small pins, season it with salt, pepper, and paprika and brush it over with melted butter. Cook for at least forty minutes until the fish is a nice brown color. Baste often with melted butter. Serve hot on the plank and garnish with parsley, lemon slices or pickles. Cucumber or lettuce salad and creamed potatoes are the usual accompaniments. White fish and trout are best served in this style.

Sometimes the fish is garnished with potatoes. Pare and boil six good-sized potatoes, when done drain well and rub through a sieve, then add one-fourth cupful of hot milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper, and beat until very light. Put them into a forcing bag with a star tube, and press the potatoes through the tube, making a circle of roses the entire round of the board, brush the potatoes lightly with beaten egg, put back into the oven, and allow the potatoes to brown. Serve hot.

**Oysters on Half Shell.**—Open oysters and loosen. Serve in shell on bed of cracked ice, having the small ends of the shell pointed toward the centre of the dish. Mix one tablespoonful of grated horseradish, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and a few grains of red pepper. Serve in small dish and pass to each person, with one-half of a lemon in the centre of each serving plate.

**Steamed Fish.**—Fish may be cooked by steam instead of boiling it. It is a slower process, but the flavor of the fish is retained better than by boiling, especially in smaller pieces of fish. The fish is placed in a steamer which fits on to a saucepan and success depends upon keeping plenty of water boiling under it. Slices of fish, small skinned fish, or fillets of fish can be cooked to perfection both as to flavor and substance by steaming, whereas boiling would render them tasteless. If it is only a small quantity of fish which requires cooking it may be steamed on a plate. Grease the plate with butter and lay the fish neatly on it. Season to taste with salt and pepper and squeeze a little lemon juice over the top. Put a piece of well greased paper on the top and cover with a second greased plate as well as the saucepan cover. Allow to steam for thirty minutes, or until the fish is sufficiently cooked. The liquid on the plate should be served with the fish or made into a sauce with flour and butter added, and then poured over the fish. This is an

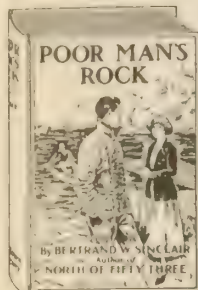
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)



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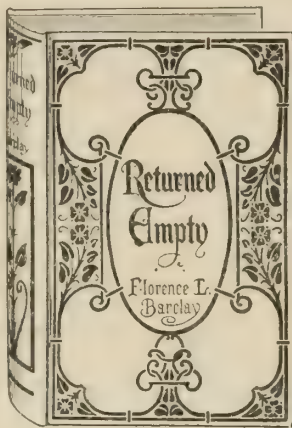
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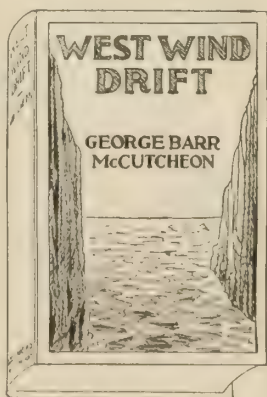
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# The Book Corner

"Poor Man's Rock." A novel by Bertrand W. Sinclair. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THE writer of this romance of today has chosen the scenes of the salmon canning industry in British Columbia for a story of ambition, revenge—and love. It is a wild, almost primitive, life to which we are first introduced, and the reader feels the stern fascination of the adventures of the fishermen in the Gulf of Georgia. The first chapter tells of an ancient injury and the undying grudge it begets—resulting in the lifelong hatred of Donald MacRae for Horace Gower. The former dies just as his son, Jack, returns from the war, but he bequeaths to the son a story of the old-time wrong, which the latter feels in honor bound to avenge. Of course, Cupid plays a complication and sends Betty Gower, an aggressively charming young person, across the path of Jack MacRae's vengeance. The story is one of romantic interest, to which the strenuous endeavor to wrest a living from the sea affords a vivid background. The writer's style is graphic and picturesque and he knows the life of the Coast. Yet, strong as the human interest is, the

They are an appreciation of our boys from the standpoint of the sympathetic and understanding teacher, who had seen them go forth to the conflict, from the class-room and the campus. The writer has been for years on the staff of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute and knew the hundreds of pupils and graduates of that school who served in the war—and Parkdale was but typical of Canadian schools. These essays are written by one who has a charming literary style and possesses, moreover, a Celtic warmth of feeling and expression which brings the heroism of those Canadian lads who paid the price of freedom very close to our own lives. Surely, the land will be dearer to us for the sacrifice they made!

"Glen of the High North," a novel by H. A. Cody, author of "The Long Patrol," "The Frontiersman," etc. Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

THE author of this book has associated his work with the life of the far North—and the present volume is another tale which takes the reader on a magic carpet of modern fiction to the outer trails of the



ONE OF CANADA'S LITERARY LANDMARKS

This is the picturesque old home in Windsor, Nova Scotia, where Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) resided for many years.

reader will remember not only Jack and Betty, but the high-flung seas that broke on Poor Man's Rock. There is a bit of reflection which comes to Jack, which shows this side of the story: "And when they were all dead and gone, Poor Man's Rock would still bare its brown hummock of a head between tides, the salmon would still play along the kelp beds, in the eddies about the Rock. Other men would ply the gear and take the silver fish. It would all be as if it had never happened. The earth and the sea endured, and men were passing shadows."

"Learning To Read: Phonics Made Easy for Primary Teachers and Mothers," by S. B. Sinclair, Ph.D. Published by The Macmillan Company, Toronto.

THIS little book, in contents and style, is typical of the best work in our modern text-books. The writer is a well-known authority on educational subjects and the various lessons show that they are arranged by an experienced instructor. This book is intended to assist the "many over-worked primary teachers and mothers who find themselves confronted with the difficult problem of how best to teach a little child to read, with the least expenditure of time and energy." The stories, told by Miss Anna E. Sinclair, are narratives just suited to help and please the Small Person who has set out to learn "the letters Cadmus gave."

"The School-boy in the War," and "Some Young Immortals," by Nellie Spence. Published by the Mussen Book Company, Ltd., Toronto.

THESE are articles contributed to the "Canadian Magazine," and now republished, making two booklets, that many will be glad to keep.

Yukon and the life of the mines. The writer has a directness of style which plunges the reader at once into the whirl of youthful romance. A book which opens with this sentence is almost sure of attracting the attention of the public which loves a good story:—"It all happened in less than two minutes, and yet in that brief space of time, his entire outlook upon life was changed." Of course it was a girl's face which made all the difference in the life of Tom Reynolds. Straightway, Tom decided to follow the gleam of the new face—and the first thing he knew he was on the "Northern Light," bound for the Northern Pacific. Perhaps it is difficult for the reader to believe it—but along came the girl of the epoch-making glance and Tom discovered that her name was Glen. There follow chapters of high adventure, in which the course of true love runs with its usual turbulence. However there are no disappointments to the reader who enjoys a happy ending, and the story is a thoroughly enlivening and wholesome piece of fiction.

"Returned Empty." A novel by Florence Barclay. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THE author of "The Rosary" is one of the most popular writers of fiction in England, and the present volume is likely to appeal to a large number of readers, who like melodrama in large doses. This is a story of reincarnation which is wildly improbable and sentimental, but may prove of great comfort to those who are seeking knowledge of "the other world." Sir Nigel Tintagel as Luke Sparrow, is a decidedly bewildering hero, whose amorous and military adventures are curious to the matter-of-fact reader but may prove highly satisfactory to all who found "The Rosary" a delight.



# Through the Looking Glass

by  
VAIN JANE



TO have or not to have the Permanent Wave—that is the burning (no reflection intended on the hairdresser) question which is agitating the minds of the fashionable feminine world at the present moment. You simply hear it talked of everywhere that women are gathered together for no other purpose than the intimate discussion of frivolous topics. It seemed to be the natural subject to bring up when Isabel and Miriam wandered into my room, kimono clad, for a last-thing-at-night gossip and found me religiously bestowing fifty strokes upon my scanty tresses with a stiff hair brush.

"Why don't you have your hair permanently waved?" inquired Isabel, snuggling herself into the softest chair and settling a cushion to fit her back. "It would make it look ever so much more, and be so much less trouble to dress."

"Twenty - three, twenty-four, twenty-five," I counted, and began the strokes on the other side before replying: "It's always superior people like you with so much hair that it gives you a headache, who ask: why don't you do this, and why don't you do that? Why don't I have it permanently waved? Well, in the first place, it costs too much."

"Oh, no," interposed Miriam soothingly, from the depths of the eiderdown in which she had wrapped herself. "It really is not so expensive. Five dollars a curl is the charge, and you have so little hair, dear, that you wouldn't need very many."

"Now look here," I announced indignantly, turning on them, brush in hand, "I simply will not be patronized by two woolly-headed creatures, who wander into my room uninvited. Just because my hair is short and of too beautifully fine a quality to be considered luxuriant, you think you can walk into my room and make disparaging remarks about it. Where was I?" I turned back to the mirror, "you've made me lose my count! What do you two know about the permanent wave anyway?"

"Well," replied Isabel, "of course I have had no personal experience with it, my hair being curly enough," and she swung a heavy golden braid over her shoulder tantalizingly, "but I went with one of the girls from college the other day and saw her through the first stages of having hers done. She took her knitting and I took Walpole's 'Jeremy,' which I was just in the middle of reading, for the hairdresser told us it took from three to four hours to perform the miracle.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



A Dainty Afternoon Gown

And do you know we were so interested that we neither read nor knitted?"

"What's the process?" asked Miriam out of the depths.

"Oh, it would take too long to go into details," said Isabel, "but all the time is taken preparing and winding the hair—only fifteen or twenty minutes is required for the actual curling. You see each curl has to be wrapped exceedingly carefully on irons, tied at both ends, and then slipped into a tube and tied into this again. Then a little pad has to be put under each tube next to the scalp so that there is no danger of burning the skin. You never saw anything so funny as Margaret when those thin tubes, fourteen

in all, were standing straight up on her head waiting for the big cone in which they are baked, to be lowered on them. I had to leave at that stage; I just remembered an appointment I must keep."

"And how did it turn out?" asked both Miriam and I in one breath.

"Oh, she is satisfied," replied Isabel. "It looks a bit frizzy to me, but Margaret says the hairdresser told her to wet her hair, and place combs in it and that she would have a very nice water wave."

"But what a nuisance," I said, "having to bother with it every day, and besides, constant wetting is not good for the hair. I would rather go every two weeks and have mine marcelled."

"My dear," said Miriam, getting up and stretching herself. "You could never have yours done; they say it is ruinous to fine hair. Isabel's, on the other hand—"

"What about Isabel's?" demanded Isabel herself. "You were probably going to say

it is so coarse and thick that nothing could do it injury. Well, my dear, it is at least not the color of a brick wall. . . ."

"Nor is mine, if that is what you are insinuating. Only the other day someone told me that red hair has more character and commands more admiration. . . ."

In this friendly spirit they left me, their arguing voices trailing into indistinctness, and the patter of their slipped feet ceasing as they reached their rooms. It is not a very helpful discussion. I feel that I shall have to find out for myself just how effective, lasting and beautiful the permanent wave really is.

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# Ottawa Garden Suburb

**L**INDENLEA, the garden suburb of Ottawa, the development of which is being carried out under the administration of the Ottawa Housing Commission, has already established a standard for housing development. The sort of street system—if lines at right angles to each other can be called system—by which most of our housing developments have been straight-jacketed, cannot stand the competition of such projects as Lindenlea, which is but fifteen minutes' ride from the heart of the city.

Such developments are bound to have a profound effect for good throughout the country. They represent an escape from the gridiron development and give a freedom to domestic life which is spiritual as well as physical. Workers who have lived in such towns will not be content with less advantageous surroundings. Building operations must equal these developments or go out of business sooner or later.

If it is worth while, as a civic policy, to encourage escape from congestion to better and healthier living conditions, it is worth while to study out and provide means whereby recreation and neighborhood can be stimulated.

In the ten-year period prior to 1911 the population of the County of London, England, had fallen off to the extent of 0.3 per cent., whereas in the outer fringes of the metropolitan areas it had increased 33.5 per cent. in the same period. This rapidity of decentralization of city population is becoming nearly as great in this country.

There is, however, an imperative need for social and recreative facilities in developments of this kind. This movement has come into prominence since the war, and must be taken into account in preparing housing and town planning schemes.

Men and women returning home from service in the army, used to the recreative huts in camp, have awakened their fellow citizens to the need for social centres, where they can meet their friends and enjoy mutual intercourse during the evenings or find means of self-expression in music, dancing or art.

Suggestions are now under consideration at Lindenlea to promote such a social community project, with the hope of realization when the Community Hall is built.

The progress made with this scheme will be appreciated by recalling that it was not until the autumn of 1919 that building operations were commenced, whereas now over 60 houses are completed or nearly so and further contracts have been placed for the erection of another fifty.

The roads are now taking shape, emphasizing the physical expression of the development; also, by utilizing the surplus rock and boulders incidental to the excavation of the houses, the wading pool is being formed. Even the casual visitor must be impressed by the rewarded efforts of the home builders—random rubble paths, grass lawns and beautiful flowers, which are only part of the evidence of the effect of community life under favorable conditions.

It is the duty of all to co-operate in a social and democratic way to create attractive local communities on the outskirts of cities wherever practicable, thereby working in accordance with the broader meaning of housing reform, defined as the furnishing of healthful accommodation purchasable at reasonable prices, adequately provided with facilities for privacy and comfort, easily accessible to centres of employment, culture and amusement, and accessible from the centre of distribution of the food supply.

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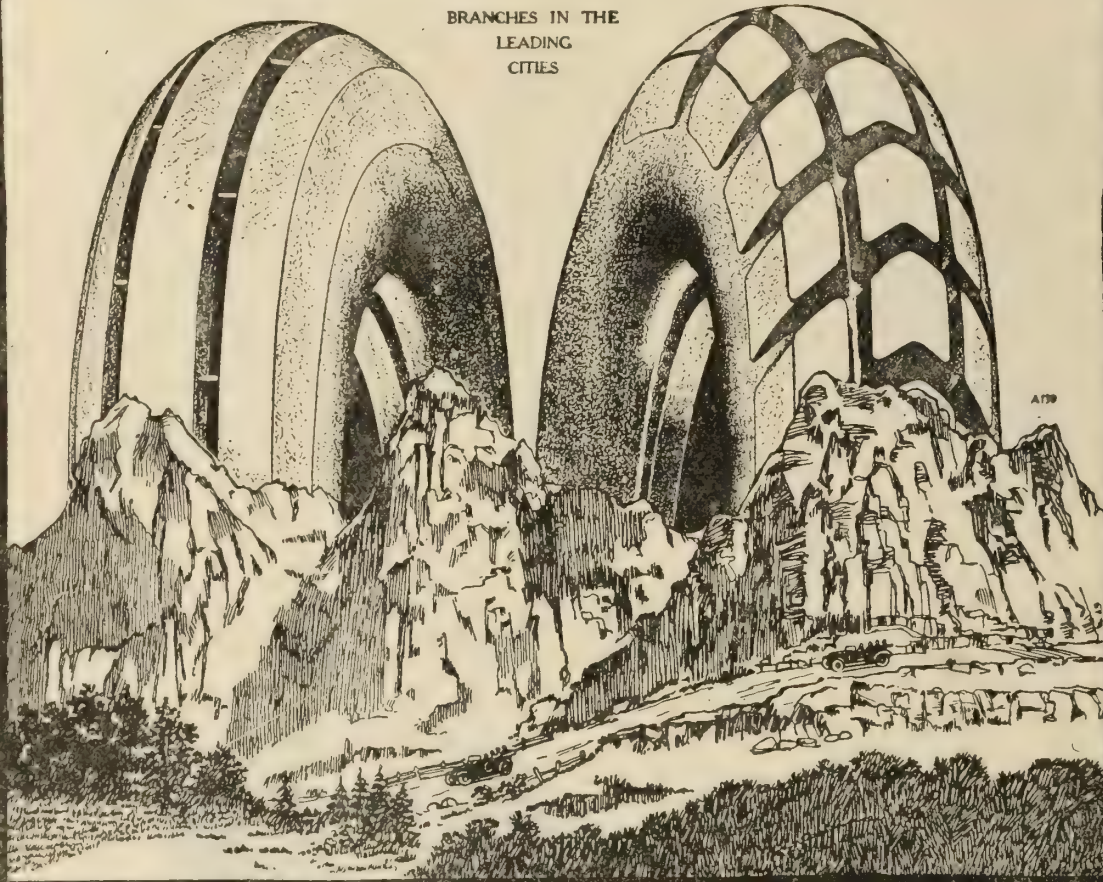
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## Canadian Home Journal

71 Richmond Street West, TORONTO.





Some Notes on the Art and Personality  
of the Greatest of Singers

# The Centenary of Jenny Lind

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

SOME months ago on the occasion of the death of Adelina Patti, I wrote an article for the "Canadian Home Journal," on the childhood of the three most famous singers of the nineteenth century, Malibran, Jenny Lind and "La Diva." Circumstances have once more focused a public interest on Jenny Lind. On October 6th, the centenary of her birth at Stockholm in 1820, was celebrated in England, her adopted home, in Sweden, her native land, in the United States, where she made a permanent fortune in two years, and I do not know how many other lands. Having within so comparatively recent a period written of her artistic apprenticeship, it would perhaps be more interesting to many readers if I confined myself to the later aspects of her remarkable career. Of those who heard her at the zenith of her fame in 1850 very few survive, but allusions to her in books of recollections and memoirs are innumerable; and the consensus of opinion is that as a young woman her voice was the most beautiful that they had ever heard. With flexibility and warmth matching that of other great singers, who were her contemporaries and successors, it seems to have possessed an ecstatically spiritual quality which gave her a unique place in musical annals.

Her career, apart from her vocal eminence, was unique in several respects: first, the furore which surrounded her appearances both in Great Britain and America from 1847 to 1852, has never been equalled in the history of music, before or since; second, in the very height of her popularity as an operatic artist, she from religious motives gave up the stage, at what, in the long run, meant a large financial sacrifice; third, her tremendous vogue left her quite unspoiled, for when little beyond thirty she settled down to domestic life, and though she made occasional appearances, devoted herself chiefly to her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, one of the best and happiest of wives.

This latter circumstance is perhaps the most extraordinary of all; a woman, who in her youth had been the most courted personage in the world, save perhaps a few royalties, submerging herself in her own little artistic circle in London, where she was seen by thousands of people who did not know that she was the great Jenny Lind. This past summer an actor friend, who was originally a boy chorister in the Chapel Royal, St. James Palace, London, told me of an occasion when a number of boy singers were borrowed to assist the Bach Choir of London. This would be somewhere about 1880. At rehearsal a sweet grey-haired old lady shared her music with him and discussed points of expression. What was his amazement when he learned afterward that for three hours he had been sitting beside Jenny Lind of immortal fame!

THE facts of her early career are briefly these. Born at Stockholm, Sweden, on October 6th, 1820, she early lost her father, a lace manufacturer. The family was left in poverty and the mother became a school teacher in a suburban town.

The clerk and organist of the village church taught her music and was so impressed with her abilities that through a dancer whom he knew he interested the intendant of the Royal Opera at Stockholm in her. The consent of the mother to her becoming an apprentice at that institution, receiving a thorough training in music and dancing was obtained, and at the age of eighteen she made her debut in a leading capacity as Agathe in "Der Freischutz." The fame of her lovely voice gradually spread to Germany and France, and in 1842 she went to Paris and studied with Manuel Garcia, the brother of the great prima donna, Malibran. It was well that she did so, for Garcia is credited with having saved her voice, which was in danger of ruin from a bad method of singing.

Her greater fame dates from her appearance at Covent Garden, London, on May 4th, 1847, as Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." Shortly afterward, while making a concert tour in northern England, she met Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, father of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. He became her spiritual adviser and persuaded her that the stage was sinful. So as soon as her existing contracts expired, early in 1849, she bade farewell to the operatic stage forever. Learning of her great success in England, P. T. Barnum, the great American show man, secured her for an American tour, and by unparalleled skill in the arts of publicity made it throughout its duration (1850-2) the most memorable success in the history of this continent. At Boston, in 1852, she married Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist of her concert party and went with him to reside in Dresden, Germany, but continued to make concert and oratorio appearances in England and elsewhere, confining herself to sacred and ballad numbers as a rule. In 1858, her husband was appointed teacher of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and founded the Bach Choir. England thenceforth became her home, but her last public appearance was at Dusseldorf, Germany, in 1870, in her husband's short-lived oratorio, "Ruth." For the rest of her life, she used to sit among the first sopranos at the concerts of the Bach Choir, and had for her neighbor, Princess Christian, one of the younger daughters of Queen Victoria and her devoted friend. She died at Malvern, Nov. 2nd, 1887. By the consent of the Dean of Westminster, son of her old spiritual adviser, a bust and memorial tablet to her were afterward placed in Westminster Abbey. No other singer in history has received a similar honor in Britain or elsewhere.

There died in Toronto a few months ago a gentleman who heard Jenny Lind on her first appearance in Canada in October, 1851. He was Mr. W. H. Pearson, of the Consumers Gas Company, and at that time was a lad of nineteen. She gave two concerts under Barnum's management in St. Lawrence Hall, near St. James Cathedral on King St. East, Toronto, and Mr. Pearson's record of the event shows her immense fame at that time. The scenes in connection with her Canadian concerts were typical of



THE FAMOUS SINGER  
This is reproduced from a portrait of Jenny Lind painted in 1866.

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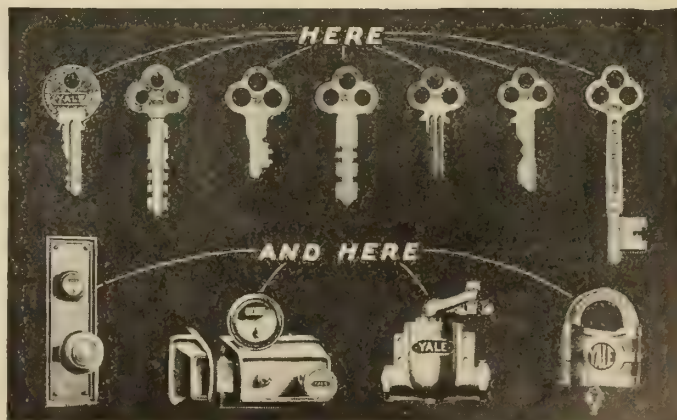
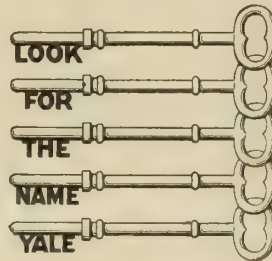
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# The Journal Puzzle for November

By TOM WOOD

In the centre of each of these strange art flowers you will find a little picture. If you guess what is represented correctly and place the words in proper order—they are not arranged in proper order on the panel—you will find that the initials spell the name of the favorite flower for the month.

The six larger pictures beneath portray things or words, all of which may be found in the word "November."



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by November 20th to be included.

## Correct Solution of the September Puzzle.

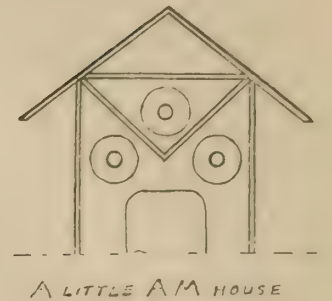
- |                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1—Bell Island.         | 5—Sleepers Island.      |
| 2—Mansfield Island.    | 6—King George Island.   |
| 3—Coats Island.        | 7—Baker's Dozen Island. |
| 4—Two Brothers Island. | 8—Marble Island.        |

Birthstone—Chrysolite.

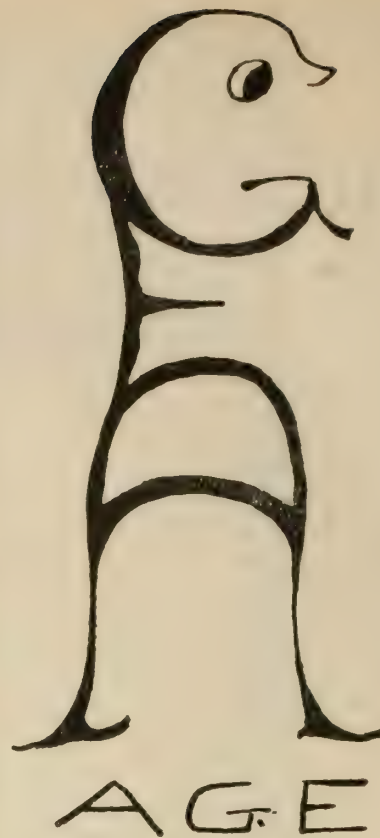
First prize, Edith L. Dunkin, Box 157, Burlington, Ont.; second, D. E. Green, P.O. Box 279, New Glasgow, N.S. The first prize for the August puzzle was won by Ruth Howard, of Springfield, P.E.I.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

# The Land of P'raps



By  
BETH SADLEIR



DIDDY HAPPEN, and Dedder Naherrin, and also the little If, were at the far end of the October road, but a curtain-cloud with a smiling face shut off their view of the November path.

Surely this could not be journey's end, thought Diddy. Even, as he thought, a cloud rolled upward, just like a window-blind, and a broad, beautiful roadway stretched out in front of them.

There were few flowers, but the leaves that carpeted the pathway, as well as those which still decked the trees, bore all the rich tints of Autumn. There was a pleasant tingling in the

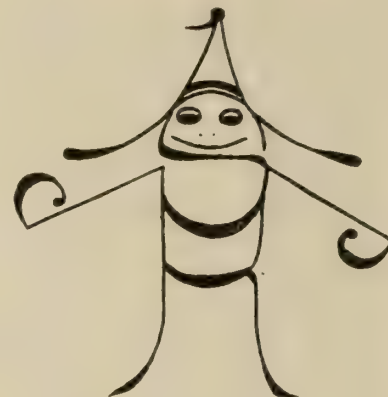
I've opened up the nut-burrs for the winter eaters. What can I do for you?"

The speaker was Jack Frost, and though Diddy thought him a cool customer, there was a friendliness about him too:

"And what can I do for you?" asked Jack Frost again.

"Paint us a picture, of course," answered Dedder Naherrin.

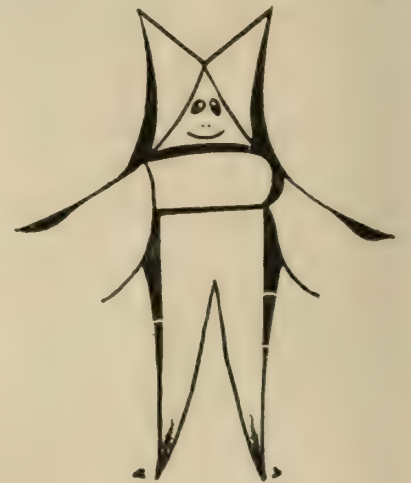
The frosty chap stretched out his strange single arm, and, hopping and dancing here and there with amazing quickness, changed everything that he touched. Blades of grass became little white plumes, dead leaves changed



THE P'RAPS



DRY



WARM

morning air, and a freshness to the wind, and Diddy saw many of the little people of the outdoors making ready for the cold days to come.

"They have found the box with all the winter beds in it," said Diddy. "Jack Frost must have brought his key and opened it."

A sudden gust of icy wind nipped Diddy's ears. Dedder's nose, and the If's curly tail. They were no longer alone, for a sharp, clear voice spoke crisply:

"I've brought bed-time for the winter sleepers."



FROST

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

from leathery-brown to velvet-white. A tiny wayside pool was now surfaced in a glassy stillness, on which a million snow-stars sparkled.

Jack Frost touched Dedder Naherrin too, and the old man's long beard was covered with a glistening rime. He painted Diddy's nose a cherry red. The little If had not escaped either, for he was hopping around briskly to keep his toes warm.

With a laugh and cheery word, Jack Frost danced along, back and



# THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted by  
BERTHA E. GREEN

MY Dear Club Members:

I was very glad to hear from so many of our boys and girls. You see it is through your letters that I get acquainted with you all, your tastes, your ambitions and your plans. It is from your letters, too, that I shall look for your co-operation in making the page the best that can be—it is our page, you know.

There is another way of getting acquainted. Each winner in one of the contests shows the other members a new way of doing something, perhaps, or it may be shares an encouraging thought. If it is a photo in a camera competition, there is the sharing of something beautiful and new to your comrades. With this thought in mind, and with summer past and more indoor hours to spare for all, I look for keen interest in the contests from now on. Our Club is the meeting place of understanding friends.

I enjoyed your story, Mary Jackson, ever so much even though it was not the prize winner. "The Good Shepherd," painted by Plockhurst is indeed a fine picture and I am glad you have it in your room. It certainly was a lovely birthday gift and doubly precious when it came from your "Daddy."

Your story of the dog, Irma Fraser, was indeed most interesting and how you must have enjoyed meeting him. I am fond of dogs too, Irma, and hope you will compete often in the contests from month to month.

What a charming story you sent me, Tessie Tadman, about your favorite picture, "The Melon Eaters," a copy of Murillo's famous picture. It is the prize winner and the members of the Journal Juniors' Club and myself extend our congratulations and hope you may grow to like art better and better and so see the beauties which lie hidden to a casual observer.

In reply to your letter, Kathleen Dawes, I am so sorry your journal reaches you so late. I have spoken to the editor and I hope you may get it next month in time to compete. "Anne of Green Gables," is one of my favorite books, too, as well as "Sowing Seeds in Danny." I am sorry your "My Favorite Book and Why" was so late reaching me. But try again and write me if the journal does not reach you earlier. So you would really like my picture to be put in the journal. That is very nice of you, Kathleen, and some day when we have a little more space I should be very glad to do so.

Trusting to hear from you all early this month, I am

Sincerely your friend

BERTHA E. GREEN.

## Prize Story for September.

"The picture I like best and why," awarded to Tessie Tadman, age 10 years, 107 Lisgar Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

## THE PICTURE THAT I LIKE BEST AND WHY.

By Tessie Tadman.

IN my bedroom I have a large copy of Murillo's picture. "The Melon Eaters." I insisted on having this picture bought because it appealed to me so greatly. I am about to relate the story as my Dad told it to me.

It's a picture of two street urchins who lived in Seville, Spain, a long time ago. From their surroundings we judge they had gone into the country for vegetables, and when returning had loitered by the way. Their clothing indicates that they are from poor families, but the expressions on their faces show them to be contented and happy.

If you have a copy of the picture, notice the attitude of the boy about to eat the piece of melon. How eagerly his gaze is fixed upon it! The expression of the other boy shows that he is enjoying the sport as much as his companion. Perhaps the first boy is about to swallow the piece of melon on a wager, and the second boy seems to be very much interested in what his companion is doing for he has delayed eating his own share.

A cute little dog is also interested in the sport. See how eagerly he is watching his master, and his wistful expression shows that he also would like to share in the feast.

The rest of the picture shows a basket of vegetables and a shrub. Both are to the right of the picture.

Boys and girls, don't you think that this picture is, or should be a favorite with all children? The man who painted it must have loved children of all classes. I think so. Don't you?

TESSIE TADMAN, (10)

107 Lisgar Ave.,

Winnipeg, Man.

## THE YEAR'S LAST ROSE.

By Bertha E. Green.

NOVEMBER brings within its days a time of peace: it is the Indian summer, when, after the first frosts and cold rains, there comes a mellow softness to the air. There is a blue smoke-haze behind which dull red suns seek to hide, and nights with softened moonlight.

It is as if nature hesitated, and took a long, slow breath before the plunge into the depths of winter.

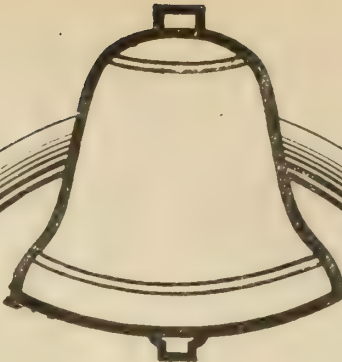
In Spain, in Southern France, in Sunny Italy, there is the same period of rest between seasons. But among the peoples whose homeland borders the Blue Mediterranean Sea, it is St. Martin's summer. The festival of good Saint Martin falls in November, the eleventh. We may read of it in lines written ever so long ago, and when November comes each year, we, too, with Shakespeare in his Henry VI, "expect Saint Martin's summer halcyon days."

One may hear stories told in many lands, of why the springtime comes, and why it is that winter brings its snow. But I would tell you the Indians' reason for their summertime,



A LITTLE WELSH COUSIN

Here is a picture sent to us all the way from Wales from a family interested in the Journal's Juniors.




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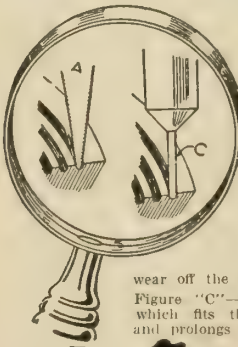

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# The Centenary of Jenny Lind

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

what happened everywhere she went. The legend, not only of her beautiful voice but of her religious and benevolent character, had been exploited by Barnum to the full. At the sale of tickets which opened at Nordheimer's Music store on King Street, the sidewalk had to be barricaded to keep back the clamorous and disorderly throng. The price of admission was \$2.50, which would represent at least three times that sum to-day; but very few got in for so small a fee, because ticket speculation was rife, and many paid fabulous sums for those days. The number which lingered in Mr. Pearson's memory was her rendering of "Comin' thro' the Rye," but he said that her voice was strangely thrilling in more important works. He recalled her as of medium height with blonde hair and plain features, relieved by a very sweet expression, and everyone was impressed by her unassuming manner.

HERMANN KLEIN, a veteran London music critic, and the official biographer of Patti, was a boy in Norwich in the sixties when Jenny Lind's memory as a singer was still fresh in everybody's mind. As the scene of her conversion she honored the city with many visits and founded there the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Children, to raise funds for which she sometimes gave concerts. At one of these, when she was approaching fifty, he heard her sing Agathe's prayer from "Der Freischutz," the work in which she had made her debut at Stockholm thirty years before. Her voice was still as fresh and clear as a young girl's. Its sweet tones long haunted him and he can never forget the wealth of religious sentiment with which she invested the number. In the opera Agathe falls on her knees as the aria begins, and Klein saw her revert to the old custom on the platform of St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich. The sincerity of her personality prevented her action from seeming incongruous. Many years later he was present at the unveiling of the tablet in Westminster Abbey, when all the celebrities of the day were present to honor her memory.

The loyalty of the English public to musical artists whom it loves is proverbial, and as early as 1847, it became sacrilege to speak in terms other than eulogy of the "Swedish Nightingale." At that time the leading music critic of London was H. F. Chorley of "The Athenaeum." The singer had brought to him from Germany, a letter from his friend, Mendelssohn, and they became close friends. Chorley, however, at the height of the "Lind Fever" (when well-dressed people would wait for hours to obtain admission to Covent Garden) showed his candor by raising a single voice of protest against what he termed the "chorus of idolatry." He claimed that the enthusiasts ignored the existence of any defects in the public favorite and forbade the discussion for any other claims than hers (Grisi, for instance, had been deposed). He has left it on record that his sincerity brought on him "such ignominy as belonged to the idiotic slanderer. Old and seemingly solid friendships were broken forever in that year." The prima donna herself, remained his friend.

The association of Jenny Lind with Barnum, "Prince of Humbugs," has always seemed incongruous to many. But in her old age, the singer herself told Sir George Henschel a story which in his opinion entitles the show man to the "grand old name of gentleman." Her first contract with him, made in London, seemed advantageous from the European standpoint, but on her arrival in America, Jenny Lind discovered that her remuneration was out of all proportion to the enormous receipts. For instance, at the opening concert in New York, Genin, the hatter, paid \$300 for a single seat. She spoke of her surprise and disappointment in a good-humored way to Barnum and to her surprise he immediately took from his pocket the precious contract, which insured him incredible profits, tore it up, and said, "Madame, send me your lawyer to-morrow, and I will sign any contract he may see fit to submit to me." The result was a sharing arrangement based on equity, which gave her a fortune.



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## Health and The Home

Our Family Physician is writing one of the most helpful departments in this JOURNAL. The writer has had many years of varied experience, and we are fortunate, indeed, to have secured her services. The department is not for diagnosis, but for suggestion and discussion of all topics associated with well-being and the healthful home.

## 1,000 Eggs In Every Hen

Don't Kill Your Yearling Birds.  
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CUT THIS OUT

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short," says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of "Poultry Success." The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and may be made to lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care. How to work to get 1,000 eggs from every hen is the poultry system explained in a Bulletin issued by Mr. Trafford, one copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader who keeps six hens or more. If you want your hens to make more money for you, cut this out and send it, with your name and address, to Henry Trafford, Suite 342P, Tyne Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y., and a free copy of his 1,000 EGG HEN Bulletin will be sent by return mail.





THE Romantic Girl sighed deeply as she helped herself to a cheese sandwich. "I've been at Marion Grey's wedding this week, and, do you know, there was something sad about it? She was engaged to Billie Markham, who was killed at Vimy—and—well, she might have remembered him a little longer."

"But she's married an awfully decent man," said the Practical Person. "Harry Grange was a friend of Billie's and came back with several decorations."

"Oh, I suppose it's all very sensible and wise of Marion to be married and have a home of her own—and the Madeira table-linen she got was simply lovely—but it seems so soon to forget."

"That kind of love wears off more quickly than any other," said the Practical Person with a wise nod of her brown head. "Look at the war widows who are being married again! After all, how many widowers remain true to a memory? Most of them marry again within two years of the dear wife's death. They're too silly for words over the second venture."

"I suppose you're thinking of that tiresome Mr. Hornby, who has made such a goose of himself over May Win-

surveyed such wealth of peaches as even this garden district has seldom known. "It is no wonder," said Stella, "that Canadian artists are always painting October scenes. It is Canada's month."

When one reads of famishing citizens in certain stricken parts of Europe, there comes a wonder that the fruits of the Earth seem to be so curiously distributed. Here are heaps of peaches which cannot be picked—and apples are rotting on the ground. If we only had a magic carpet or an aeroplane that would make the journey across the sea in a day, what largesse we might give to those with whom even the daily bread is a problem!

Then we wandered through a glorious old woods, where old trees spread their sturdy branches above us and the leaves came fluttering down so gently that we felt summer was stealing away in the quietest fashion, as if she were unwilling to say good-bye to so much beauty. Golden was the leafy pathway, and russet, brown and tawny gold were the branches overhead, beyond which was a deep-blue expanse of sky. There were surely good fairies in the old woods that day, telling us that life is



"WHO WANTS APPLES?"

Mayor Gray, of Winnipeg, is here showing some of the Ontario apples he imported in an effort to supply Winnipeggers at low prices.

ton. And he declared to my brother George, that his heart was buried in his first wife's grave and that he didn't care to see any woman again."

The Practical Person chuckled gleefully. "I'm glad he has married May, for she's an extravagant little thing and will spend his money on ever so many gowns and hats. He was rather stingy with the first wife, you know:—affectionate, but thrifty."

"Well, to go back to Marion's wedding! I could quite understand how Billie's mother didn't care to go. She was invited, of course, and sent some beautiful china, but Mrs. Somers told me that she refused to be at the wedding."

"Oh, mothers are different," admitted the Practical Person. "They always remember, and I shouldn't think that Marion would have expected Mrs. Markham to be at her wedding. It's curious how stupid some brides can be. But it's a cruel old world, after all, which forgets very soon—and it's just as well, perhaps, that these war widows are so easily consoled. You are dreadfully uncomfortable if you have much heart—and, you know, there's nothing more effective than a young widow with a pathetic little air of bereavement that just cries out for sympathy and protection."

"Yes, I suppose it's all right—only you would like to think of Marion cherishing Billie's memory."

"Perhaps she will cherish it all the more when her husband scolds because the dinner isn't ready or because she's put too much powder on her nose," said the Practical Person.

"You're hopeless," said the Romantic Girl with a sigh.

ON a certain golden day in mid-October, several of us went over to a perfectly wonderful fruit farm which is enough to make Niagara famous, and

good and the Earth has always beauty at its heart—that "through showers the sunbeams fall."

THE announcement of the marriage of Miss Roberta MacAdams, a member of the Alberta Legislature, leads to many conjectures as to what the feminine legislator who takes unto herself a husband is to do with her public career. Will she retire from the legislative halls or will she endeavor to combine politics and domesticity? This western bride is an able and charming woman, who has many friends in East and West, who showered best wishes on her wedding day. During the war, she went overseas and gave valuable service at Orpington Hospital. Naturally, when she became a candidate for political honors, the soldiers' vote was hers without the asking and the election could hardly be called a contest. Cupid is no respecter of parliaments, however, and has not the slightest compunction in sending his arrows over the desk of the woman legislator. The marriage of the feminine member is somewhat different from that of her brother in the legislative seat. She is supposed to occupy herself with the cares of the household; and in these days, when the domestic helper is a vanishing quantity, it will not be an easy matter to look after the affairs of a menage and worry about such trifles as budgets for the province. However, the modern woman is equal to many emergencies and the world may soon become accustomed to the charming hostess, who pours tea with one hand and draws up an amendment to the home-stand laws with the other.



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Choose it for its unrivalled Tone and Versatility—for its matchless beauty.

Choose it because of its exclusive *all-wood oval horn* which amplifies tone according to the laws of Acoustics—for its exclusive *Ultrona* that plays all makes of records exactly as they should be played.

## Hear! Compare! Decide!

Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer to play ANY make of record—let your own ears be the judge.

Write for the book, "What to look for in buying a Phonograph"—sent free and postpaid on request.

### The Musical Merchandise Sales Co.

Sole Canadian Distributors

Dept. H. J.

79 Wellington St. W., Toronto

## Read Canadian Literature

The best way to know your country is by reading the stories, essays and poems of your own writers. The Canadian has made a place of his own in fiction and poetry, and the productions of Canadian artists are winning recognition everywhere. If you wish to keep in touch with Canadian thought and problems of native importance, you must read the daily, weekly and monthly magazine

M A D E I N C A N A D A



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

forth through the November days, painting his feathered pictures, sometimes only playful, sometimes a bit of a mischief.

The travellers came at length to a part of the road where they found all the flowers blackened and withered, and many of the green things were dead or drooping. Jack Frost had touched them once too often.

But all was not dull and desolate, for, immediately beyond this part of the road, Diddy and his friends passed through the quiet, restful days of Indian Summer-time. There were tented fields of shocked corn, and great golden globes of pumpkins.

After this, there were days of rain, and days of sleet, and little skiffs of snow sometimes. But the weather didn't bother Diddy and his friends at all, for countless numbers of two kinds of letter-men came with them through the unpleasant days. These were the D-r-y-s and the W-a-r-m-s and they were surely a great comfort to the travellers.

As they went along the November road, old Dedder Naherrin grew a little more excited every day, for, as he told Diddy, they were nearing the city of Am.

There was hardly a moment when some of the little letter-men that they had met before were not in sight. Often, indeed, there were whole processions of words that told the travellers they were on the right road.

Their journey had led them through the Province of the Unexpected on the road of the long year, from one November to another.

And now they were coming to the city of Am where the Grand P'raps lived.

The first glimpse that Diddy had of the city of Am was the tip of a high tower that showed above a hill ahead of them. When they reached the top of the slope, a strange sight unfolded, a strange city spread out before them circled by stone walls. The November road led the travellers to one of the great gates in the wall, before which stood the letter-man S-t-o-p. He would not open the gate until he caught sight of the little If.

They might go in, the Stop said, because the Grand P'raps was fond of Ifs. So the great gate swung wide, and Diddy and his friends passed up a wide street between odd houses. These houses were the homes of the letter-men, and each one had an A for a roof, and an M for the walls. There were crowds of little word-men, and all were very noisy as they rushed from their homes and followed Diddy and his friends.

They came at last to a great square, in the centre of which was a fountain, and, standing in front of the fountain was a letter-man almost as tall as Diddy himself.

It was the Grand P'raps. Standing beside him was old Father Time smiling in welcome. It was he who spoke first.

"So you are home at last, Dedder." "But the city of Am can't be your real home, Dedder," said Diddy quickly. "You are not a letter-man."

Old Dedder Naherrin did not reply. He seemed to shrink, his beard disappeared, and, quicker than it takes to tell, instead of the kindly old fellow there was a wobbly little letter-man, whom Diddy made out to be A-G-E.

At a sign from the Grand P'raps, the A-G-E took his place with the other word-men who stood in rows at the side of the square, and as the P'raps waved his knobby arms again, all the queer word-people of the city of Am sang their closing ode.

While they were singing, Old Father Time unhooked the alarm-clock from the If's curly tail, saying that the If would need it no more on this journey. Then, taking both Diddy and the If, he set them both on his hour-glass.

A strange thing happened then. The hour-glass rose from the ground, and so did Father Time. The Grand P'raps and the word-men were still singing as Diddy and the If mounted higher and higher.

Through and over the clouds they journeyed, far and long, until—

A sleepy Diddy Happen rubbed his eyes. He was sitting on the ground.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

Barber - Ellis  
**FRENCH ORGANDIE**

*Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery*

*In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match*

**FRENCH ORGANDIE**  
"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"  
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT



Gathering sap for Small's in the great maple forests of Quebec.



## The real maple flavor— a secret known to Nature only

That tantalizingly delicious maple flavor that always earns a call for "more!" cannot be imitated, at least not successfully.

There's no necessity of putting up with imitations, anyway, when your grocer can supply Small's Forest Cream Syrup, Sugar and "Sugar Butter." The genuine syrup of your younger days that adds a new delightfulness to pancakes, that is so good with just plain bread and butter, and is "simply heavenly" with Johnny cake. And Sugar—the good old-fashioned kind that you used to eat until you couldn't eat more. Grown-ups as well as youngsters of to-day crave this characteristic Canadian sweet.

Small's Forest Cream Cake Icing and Bread Spread or "Sugar Butter" is a more modern product, but it has the same old-time natural maple flavor. It can also be had with Chocolate, Honey or Coconut flavor. Spreads like butter—great on bread. A delicious cake icing that needs no preparation.

"Small's"—that's easy to remember—at your grocer's.





made the mistake you mention. White lashes and brows are a serious defect, in my opinion; also there is a freckle lotion which has been successfully used; therefore I may be able to help you on both scores. Remember, though, great care must be exercised in altering the natural color scheme. I have known a perfectly charming expression of countenance to be given a villainous cast by an inartistic darkening of the eyebrows.

L. E. N.—There is nothing so disagreeably noticeable as a color line distinction between face and neck. Now that the holiday season is over it is high time to begin a reform in that direction. The sun and wind have a darkening effect which sometimes requires careful treatment to counter-

## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

act. However, a few minutes attention each day will work wonders and I would advise thorough massage with a good cleansing cream as first aid. After this an application of the preparation whose name I am sending you, will, I hope, restore your discolored skin so that its whiteness may not fear comparison with a peaches and cream complexion.

PEARL.—Not many of us object to a generous supply of color, my dear girl, provided it stays where it belongs. But when it forgets that the

parking spaces for a really well-behaved rosy flush lie east and west of the nose, and proceeds to intrude over forbidden area, then indeed must we take means to protect ourselves. Poor circulation might easily be the cause of your distress and the other trouble seems to me to be quite worthy of consideration. There are simple ways of dealing with both of these which everyone knows and meanwhile you may purchase the cream, the name of which I am sending you, and which will keep your nose white and unshining for hours at a time.

ANNETTE.—If I knew of any restorer for grey hair which was not a dye, my fortune would be made, my friend. Also, I would be glad to tell you about it, for it is a real trial to find those stiff white hairs making such inroads among your pretty brown locks. You are so young that I am inclined to think a good tonic applied regularly would do wonders to restore health and beauty to your hair, and that in the new growth the intruders would be so lost and uncomfortable that they would disappear altogether. I shall send you the name of a successful tonic and wish you good results. There are dyes, of course, some may be satisfactory, but I would advise the greatest caution in dealing with them.

the Northland story of "The Year's Last Rose."

A river flows through the land ever towards the morning, just as in the time back through uncounted suns. Over the wide snows walked Giant Wendigos in the dark of the moon, the evil spirits of the night. There was much game, and hunters kept to their tents after the sun had set.

On the bank of the river, one early summer, was a tent of cariboo hide, and close around it played a little girl—Neenah of the Star Eyes. A laughing sprite was Neenah, with all the straight, supple grace of a young birch, and a voice as a bird in spring.

Oh, happy hearted was Neenah in the summertime. Hers was a world of berries, of frisking squirrels, of friendly, brown rabbits, of laughing waters. But, mostly, hers was a world of roses.

It came to Neenah that with the snow would come the end of her rose-days, and, hunting in her mind as to why this should be, she said:

"It is a Wendigo who covers up the roses."

All that day Neenah thought, and the next morning saw her gathering roses, sweet briar roses, and with

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

twining vines and roses, Neenah wove a flower chain as long as the canoe of her father.

That night, when all was quiet, Neenah crept from the tent and out to the top of a hill bare of trees. Here in the misty light of the stars, Neenah waited for the coming of a Wendigo.

How long she waited Neenah never knew. From the north there came a sound as of a cloaked figure passing

in the darkness, a cold whisper as of the night wind in the pines. As the sound came near the hill top, Neenah flung out her rose-decked flower-chain to bar the way.

There was a hush, the Wendigo could come no nearer. To Neenah he looked as a mist in the starlight, but finding his way blocked by the flower-chain, the Wendigo began to plead. So Neenah knew that she had indeed caught him.

### CONTESTS FOR NOVEMBER

- 1—Boys and Girls 12 to 16 years—Not more than 500 words on any one of the following subjects:—
  - (a) If you were a great artist, what sort of picture would you paint?
  - (b) If you were a great musician, what would you like your music to tell?
  - (c) If you were a great writer, what sort of book would you give to the world?
- 2—Boys and girls 8 to 12 years—Not more than 300 words; subject, "My Favorite Game."
- 3—Camera Contest—Subject, "A Winter Country Scene."

In vain the spirit promised her more sunshine for the snowy days, in vain he offered to let the spring come earlier. To neither of these would Neenah listen. She wished to keep her roses a little longer from the snows.

So it came at last that, though the Wendigo would not agree to hold back the cold rains nor the first light fall of snow, he promised that after these, each year, would come a little time for Neenah to say good-bye to her roses.

So every year since then, following the first snows has come the Indian Summer, the resting time days of the year's last rose, the time to say "good-bye" to flowers and summer days.

### WIND WHEEL OF THE DJINN.

There is a place for the home-coming of all the winds, and there lives he who calls them back, the Djinn, their master. As each wind returns, the Djinn winds it slowly on his wheel as wool is wound upon a reel. As the wheel turns, the Djinn sees on the reel, as on a scroll, the pictured story of its wandering in far-off lands, so we shall tell you tales of this wonderful wheel.



SOCIAL SERVICE AND THE SARNIA BABIES

The women of the Sarnia Branch of the Red Cross Society have been doing a good work in baby clinics. In top row (left to right) are Mrs. Samis (President), Dr. Logie, M.H.O.; Dr. Young, Assistant M.H.O.; Miss Grace Menzies (Red Cross Nurse).





## Try This Way of Making Liquid

# KLIM

**R**EAD the label on the tin for proportions, pour fresh water into a fruit jar, add the KLIM, then shake the jar for a moment or two. In actual practice, this method is the quickest and most convenient way of

making liquid KLIM in whatever quantity you require. If you make more liquid than is needed for immediate use, leave the balance in the jar and put in a cool place until required. Keep the jar handy to the Klim tin and you can quickly make a supply of liquid separated milk that has the fresh flavor so necessary in getting the best results from your favorite recipes.

Good cooks recognize the advantages of Klim. It guarantees a reliable supply of fresh pure separated milk at all times and under all conditions. It eliminates waste. It saves the ice bill and is not affected by variable weather conditions.

KLIM is packed in three sizes, the half-pound tin is a splendid "trial package," or for use at a picnic or on a day's outing. The pound tin makes four quarts. The big ten-pound tin is the favorite for family use—it is the economical size to buy. Order from your nearest grocer.



Place Klim  
on top of  
water in a  
fruit jar



Close top,  
shake  
for a  
moment



Pour Liquid  
Klim into  
a pitcher

### CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED

10-12 St. Patrick St., Toronto

81 Prince William St., ST. JOHN    319 Craig St. W., MONTREAL    132 James Ave. E., WINNIPEG

B.C. Distributors: Kirkland & Rose, 132 Water St., Vancouver, B.C.

### Send a Dollar for a Tin of Klim Brand Powdered Whole Milk

**KLIM**  
POWDERED WHOLE MILK  
WITH THE FAT IN IT

which contains all of the fat of the original rich whole milk from which it was made. Because of its richness in fat, the product is not sold by grocers, but is sold direct to the user. Clip out the order form and send to our nearest office. You will receive by return parcel post a trial pound and a quarter tin with price list.

Order your tin to-day and learn how convenient and good POWDERED WHOLE MILK is.



CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED  
(Address our nearest office)

Please mail a pound and a quarter tin of KLIM Brand Powdered Whole Milk and price list. Enclosed is ONE DOLLAR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Print name and address for clearness.) 9-11

## But That's Another Story

Lee County, Mississippi, has had a health campaign in which prizes were offered for health slogans contributed by school-children. Four thousand slogans were produced; the first prize was won by this: "Chew your food; you have no gizzard." Fifteen hundred mile-posts bearing this and other useful health precepts were erected by enterprising merchants throughout the country.

A returned vacationist tells us that he was fishing in a pond one day when a country boy who had been watching him from a distance approached him and asked, "How many fish yer got, mister?" "None yet," he was told. "Well, yer ain't doin' so bad," said the youngster. "I know a feller what fished here for two weeks an' he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."

The late Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly editor of "The World's Work" and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him: "Sir: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story, for as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19, and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same." Mr. Page wrote back: "Madame: At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."

"The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eve," says a well-known clergyman. "So you attend Sunday-school regularly?" the minister said to little Eve. "Oh, yes, sir." "And you know your Bible?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Could you perhaps tell me something that's in it?" "I could tell you everything that's in it." "Indeed." And the minister smiled. "Do tell me, then." "Sister's beau's photo is in it," said little Eve, promptly, "and ma's recipe for vanishin' cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it."

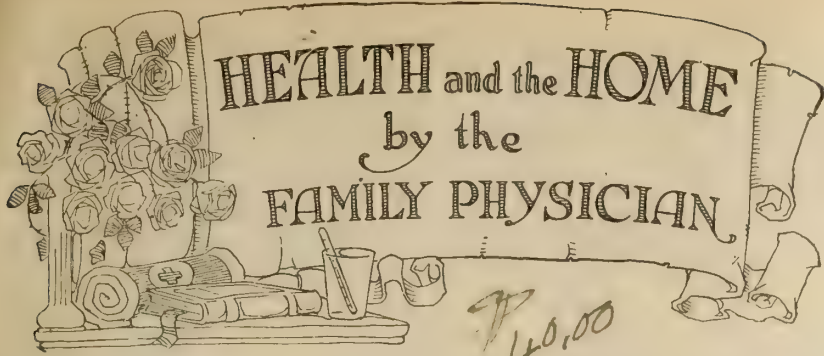
A number of English officers were sitting in a German restaurant in Cologne having a very good time for people who were away from home. They were struck by a rather lively conversation between the leader of the orchestra and several of its members. All of a sudden the orchestra began to play "Die Wacht am Rhein." Every one rose to his feet, while the officers, including the English, stood at attention, until the last note had been played. The leader was so surprised that he came down to the English officers and began the following conversation: "Gentlemen, may I ask you a question?" "Go ahead!" "Did you recognize the piece we just played?" "Sure!" "Do you know that was 'Die Wacht am Rhein'?" "Why, certainly," said one of the Englishmen, raising his voice so as to be heard all over the hall; "but that's all right. Die Wacht am Rhein—that's us."

Have you ever paused to realize, while reading my page, how arduous is the business of hunting up new stories? Like savory omelettes, they should be served hot, for they soon grow stale, and are passed from mouth to mouth with the speed of wireless. Nelson Jackson supplied me with a most amusing anecdote last week, says a writer in "Answers." I noted it eagerly for your benefit—and have just heard it repeated by another comedian. Nevertheless, the odds are that you have not heard it yourself, so I will quote it here on the chance. A very fat man, of Chestertonian proportions, decided to find out how much he weighed at a railway station. Two small urchins stood by and watched him as he struggled on to the automatic weighing-machine. (Two small boys nearly always watch whatever fat men do.) Unfortunately, the weighing-machine was out of order, and the indicator moved slowly and sluggishly, refusing to go beyond five stone. "Blimy, Bill!" exclaimed one of the urchins. "E's 'oller!"

## Our Christmas Number

Our December issue, from its fairy-tale cover to the closing page will tell a story of cheer and good-will, and present such a varied programme that you will find it one of the good things of the Yuletide Season. Fiction, cookery, stories and puzzles for The Journal's Juniors—all these will arrive in our December packet.





### The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition.

**D**O you ever learn anything? The Bourbons learned nothing and forgot nothing. (What a terrible type of mind that—a mind that forgets nothing! The healthy mind can forget.) But you are not a Bourbon, are you? They do say there are quite a number of that famous family still "carrying on."

But about that "Newer Knowledge of Nutrition." Now is the time for you to understand it. You say the older knowledge is good enough for you. Three cheers! All I say is—do you carry out your knowledge? No—of course you don't. Well, then, let me put it in a new way to you and perhaps you will feel more like carrying it out. It takes about seven years to get a new idea before people and it is quite seven years since this knowledge began to be available. As always, "some believed, but some doubted," and so history went on repeating itself. It appears, moreover, to take more than seven years to put new ideas into the heads of some nations, e.g., the Germans. At least the German experts on food, as late as 1916 or 1917, made a special report on the food supply of the German Empire (you know why) and they did not once mention in that report the new word which is the key to the new knowledge. That word is Vitamines. Now stop thinking about the Germans. They were desperately over-rated, but then that was because they rated themselves and did their own advertising. Let us be warned to do the opposite and try to learn something. Live like Lord Roberts for example.

"E's a wonder for his size:  
And 'e does not advert'se."

### Vitamines.

**T**HE first glimpse of an idea about Vitamines came from the East. A terrible and fatal disease known as beri-beri, (the name is derived from a Hindoo word meaning fetters) characterized by multiple neuritis, wide-spread in China, Japan and Polynesia, and because of its wide-spread character thought to be infectious and epidemic, gave doctors the first hint where to direct their thinking. Look in any Medical Dictionary published in 1910 or thereabouts, and you will find something like this: "Beri-beri is supposed to be due to a diet of rice or of fish or to decomposition or infection of these foods, but the causative agent is not certainly known." It was not a bad guess, but it was a first guess and there was a long, long way to go before the guess gave place to sure knowledge.

### Too Much Up-To-Date.

**T**HE next gleam of light came from the conjecture that only those who lived exclusively on rice that had been ground by up-to-date steel rollers and polished, suffered from the disease, while people who lived exclusively on rice that was home-milled, or not milled at all, escaped the disease. How was that? The "Silver Skin" of the rice, the "pericarp" as the botanist calls it, was lost and with it that part of the grain right next to the husk, (Serve your potatoes in their jackets!) containing the "germ" of the rice hidden away under the "silver skin." That was what was lost.

### That Guess Was Right.

**T**HIS conjecture was proved to be true in two ways. First, pigeons, fed upon an exclusive diet of polished rice, took the disease. They could not walk, any more than a man could who had the disease. Such a patient, poor man, walked, if he could walk at all, like a man bound hand and foot with fetters. (Hence the Hindoo word). And the pigeons

when they tried to walk, "turned cart wheels backward." Second, the doctor, who made the clever conjecture, whose name was Casimir Funk, now made an extract from the polishings of the rice, thrown away in the process of milling, (whole wheat flour and old-fashioned oat meal are good for you) and gave a little of this extract to the pigeons. It cured them in from six to twelve hours. They were perfectly well again! There is a miraculous cure for you. So then we knew how to cure Beri-Beri.

### There Were Others.

**C**ASIMIR FUNK was not the only one. There was Braddon and Stanton and Sir Thomas Barlow, and especially Professor Gowland Hopkins who all worked at it, and all helped to solve it.

But Casimir Funk was the one who gave the new name to this new bit of knowledge. He found that his extract that he had made from the polishing of rice was of a nitrogenous character. It was related in chemical composition to certain organic compounds that you used to call "amines" when you studied chemistry. And as it seemed to be necessary to life he called it "Vita-mine," a name that is used now for all these substances.

They are necessary to life. And there are a good many of them. Professor Gowland Hopkins called them "accessory food factors," and that's a good name too. No one has ever yet "caught" a vitamine. They cannot be isolated or "got pure" as it were, as we can get salt or sugar. Nobody has analyzed them, but it is known that there are at least three different vitamines. We do not know much more about them than these two facts:

1. They are necessary to life.
2. What foods contain them. But we cannot live on vitamines alone. Hence the wisdom of the name "accessory food factors." We need meat (protein) once a day, bread, sugar starch, cereals, etc., (carbohydrates) butter and other fats, salts, and water. Milk contains every one of these and so is the indispensable food for children and a good food for anybody. But what we must have in addition is something "fresh" and uncooked. Boiling and cooking at a high temperature destroys that "vitamine", whatever it is. When you see lettuce, cabbage, parsley, apple, orange, tomato, onion or any other fruit or green vegetable, have some if you can.

### Three Kinds of Vitamines.

**V**ITAMINES are named, in classes or orders:

**A. Vitamines. Soluble in fats.** Found in green leaves and the growing parts of plants. Stored up in the fat of the body, and found in milk and most milk products. The lack of these has terrible results to children. The war has taught us this, especially in enemy countries.

**B Vitamines. Soluble in water.** Found in the germs of seeds, the seeds of yeast, and in the yolk of an egg.

**C Vitamines. Found in fresh vegetable foods.** These foods prevent scurvy and therefore are often called "anti-scorbutic." The ultimate source of all these vitamines is plant-life. Man gets them also from eggs and flesh of animals which he uses for food. You do not like canned food too often, do you? Of course not. Nor "sophisticated" foods, all "fuss-ed-up." No. As Col. McCarrison, I.M.S., said last month at the Annual Meeting of the Research Defence Society, "The more men substituted for foods made in Nature's Laboratory, those of their own invention, the more freely would Death stalk unchallenged in their midst, and the greater would be the burden of humanity's woe."



### HAVING THE COUNTRY FAIR.

This shows the gayety of the autumn fair as seen in Ontario this year.



### PRIZE ROSES.

At the show of the Rose Society held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, England.



### RED CROSS WORK IN SARNIA.

This Supervised Playground is under the care of The Red Cross.



# You Owe It to Your Children

To see that they are surrounded at home, as they are in school, with influences that will assure their developing into real red-blooded Canadians—worthy successors of the men and women who, on the battlefields of Flanders, wrote Canada's name in letters of fire on history's page.

Surround them at home, as you know they are in school, with an atmosphere that throbs with the spirit that rings through every line of our stirring "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf Forever"—the spirit that the greatest military machine in the world could not break down, but rolled back from, amazed.

Cultivate, by every means at your disposal, a love for their Canada that no power on earth can break down or conquer. Encourage them to read of Canada's greatest men and women—Wolfe, Brock, Cartier, Macdonald, Tupper, Selkirk, Strathcona, Ryerson and Laura Secord—to know of these first; and place Canadian books and magazines—plenty of them—in the bookcase and on the living-room table. Encourage your children to give Canadian publications always the preference. Let them read others if you wish, but let Canada's be first always.

Non-Canadian publications, good as many of them are, will not develop Canadianism. They cannot. It was never intended that they should. Their publishers frankly admit it. When you visit your American friends, you seldom see a Canadian magazine in their homes. Of course you won't. Canadian magazines don't promote Americanism. That's not their object. Neither is it the object, nor one of the objects, of American magazines to promote Canadianism.

It rests largely with Canadian mothers as to whether Canadian publications or non-Canadian publications will dominate in shaping the ideas and ideals of their children.

What is your decision?

## The Canadian Home Journal

is a thoroughly Canadian publication, owned, edited and published by Canadians for Canadians. Its stories are Canadian. The questions it discusses are discussed from the viewpoint of Canadians. The home problems it solves are Canadian; the Children's Department is Canadian. In every line from cover to cover the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is Canadian.

Encourage your children to read it.



By NORMAN HARRIS

### Editor Concerning Investments:

I think that you are quite right when you say "Inquire first and invest after," but my case is just the other way round, because I did not have anyone to whom I could look for advice. I think you will be able to tell me how I made out. My investments are as follows: Griffin Enterprises, bond at par, \$500, with one share of stock as bonus. These bonds carry seven per cent. and are to be all terminated in 1929. I have fifteen municipal bonds of the City of Leipzig, Germany, each of 1,000 marks, and carrying four per cent. interest. I have also purchased K. 10,000 Vienna 4's. These investments I made through H. J. Dingman & Company, Royal Bank Building, Toronto. Then besides this I have something I think less of, namely 3500 shares of Baldwin Gold Mine Company, at fifteen cents per share. This

vestments for consideration, gives an illustration of the things not to do. What, on the other hand, should be done?

Let us assume for a moment that none of us are trained in financial and investment matters. We then have only our general knowledge and common sense to go on. Our general knowledge tells us that true investment is based on an every-day necessity. The man who puts out his money wants to know what its disposition is going to be. He knows, after it leaves his hands, that he cannot trace its movements, so it is a natural feeling for him to say, "I do not want to release control of my money entirely; I would prefer to have some one employ the funds, and agree to return it to me after a period, and meanwhile pay interest on the same." The instrument that covers



### PROVINCIAL BANK BECOMES POPULAR

The Province of Manitoba has established Provincial savings banks, which are finding favor with labor unions. The office shown above, which is the main office in Winnipeg, is receiving deposits at the rate of \$125,000 a month. The picture shows a wage-earner making a deposit.

I bought of Tanner & Gates, Dominion Bank Building, Toronto. This is all I have invested, unless I buy more Austrian municipal bonds. P. O.

THE Griffin Enterprises bond is a security based on a luxury; therefore it is not the type of security to be chosen to represent the first section of capital to be lodged in well chosen securities representing the basic things of the community, but rather might be selected as the tail end of one's bond purchases. Your acquiring of the kronen and marks securities is against a federal enactment. If the chartered banks of Canada were carrying out Ottawa instructions, they would have refused to allow your cheques to go through. Ottawa says we cannot buy foreign securities at the present time. Apart from that, you are not investing, to my mind; you are simply gambling, because the element of investment usually inherent in a municipal debenture is almost totally lacking in the bonds you mention. If you can get clear of these securities without loss, or at small loss, I would let them go, and acquire either Victory Loan, or Eastern Canada Municipal Debentures which have thriving farm earnings behind them instead of a huge national and municipal deficit such as is most common in Europe to-day. The Baldwin stock is a speculation that is not active enough to be quoted. If you do not object to quite plain speaking, I would say that to date you have rather made a mess of your "investment" programme.

WHERE is the mystery about this subject of investment? I fail to see any. The inquirer on this page who submits a list of what he calls in-

that reasoning is the bond. The bond returns the principal.

Suppose our untried investor settles upon the bond as the basis of his investment. The next question is, what kind of bond? Any first-class Bank manager will inform the customer as to the best and safest bonds. I should think that right away one's ideas would gravitate to the bond issued by one's Government, and after that the bond issued by the local Government, and after that to the bond or municipal debenture issued by the City or town in which he lives. He can see all around him the security for these issues. The selection of a foreign municipal debenture is good only to the extent that the security chosen is a debenture, and not an ordinary stock. Everyone knows in what position the war has left Europe. Every person who reads the newspapers, either carefully or once a week, is aware that the value in the world's markets of the continental currencies is away down. Why? Common sense will tell him the quotation value is down because there is not the real value behind the money of the country that there should be.

### Information Coupon

November, 1920.

If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

Name .....

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# CANADIAN WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

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 MANITOBA . . . . . Mr. S. T. Newton . . . . . Winnipeg, Man.  
 NEW BRUNSWICK . . . . . Miss Hazel McCain . . . . . Fredericton, N.B.  
 NOVA SCOTIA . . . . . Miss Helen J. Macdougall . . . . . Truro, N.S.

## PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

ONTARIO . . . . . Mr. George A. Putnam . . . . . Toronto, Ont.  
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND . . . . . Miss Della E. Saunders . . . . . Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
 QUEBEC . . . . . Miss M. May Chute . . . . . Macdonald College, Que.  
 SASKATCHEWAN . . . . . Mr. S. E. Greenway . . . . . Saskatoon, Sask.

# Prince Edward Island Convention

WRITTEN BY DELLA SAUNDERS.

THE Seventh Annual Convention of the Women's Institutes of Prince Edward Island was held in Charlottetown, September 1st and 2nd, with fifty delegates enrolled. Considering the very unfavorable weather this was a splendid attendance.

The address of welcome was given by Hon. Walter M. Lea, Commissioner of Agriculture, who expressed his pleasure at the privilege accorded him of welcoming so many delegates. Mr. Lea referred especially to the good work which the Institutes are carrying on in connection with school and community improvements and urged the women to use their influence to increase the attendance in the rural schools. He laid stress on the fact that the Government does not legislate in advance of the wishes of the people and said that if the rural communities desire educational advancement they must agitate for it.

Mrs. Walter Simpson of Bayview replied to the address of welcome and after thanking Mr. Lea for his words of appreciation of the Women's Institutes, she spoke of the excellent programme which had been prepared for the enjoyment and profit of the delegates. She went on to state that to those who had attended the Convention in previous years it was an event which is looked forward to and planned for, as one of the greatest pleasures of the year. It is a time when the home cares and work can be dropped for a day or two and our women realize that after all, through the agency of the Women's Institutes, woman is coming into her own.

In our Women's Institutes there must be a living germ,—the germ of service, of mutual helpfulness. It is so easy in this busy world to attend to our own work and let our neighbor do the same, but how much we miss of the real joy of living and how much more it means to us through life, to once in a while drop our work and take some message of love and sympathy to one who is really in need of it. In closing, Mrs. Simpson said, "Let us all resolve at this Convention to do better—to remedy our mistakes and to put before the world a work of which no one need be ashamed." "Service" was the keynote of her address.

Mrs. C. L. Barnes of Georgetown, was appointed Secretary of the Convention, then Miss Saunders, Supervisor of Women's Institutes for P.E.I., presented her annual report.

There are now thirty-one active Institutes in the province with a membership of six hundred. Nearly five thousand dollars was raised by the clubs during the year, most of which was expended on school and community improvements. Fifty visits were made to the Institutes by the Supervisor and Assistants when demonstrations in millinery, home nursing and cooking were given as well as talks on Institute work and other subjects of interest. Teaching cooking to the pupils of the Charlottetown schools is also a part of the work of the Women's Institute Branch. Eight classes a week receive instruction.

During the winter months a series of short courses was conducted for the women of the rural districts of the Province. Each class lasted two weeks and practical work in cooking, laundry, home nursing, first aid, sewing and millinery was given as well as lectures on many subjects of interest to the home-maker. A six weeks' course for the wives and sisters of the P.E.I. soldier settlers was also put on by the Women's Institute Branch.

Miss Saunders spoke of the great opportunities for service afforded the Women's Institutes and urged the members to make the current year the very best one in the history of their clubs. She pointed out that the success of an Institute is not measured in dollars and cents but by the spirit of

sympathy and co-operation which it has engendered throughout the community.

Following the report of the Supervisor the branch reports were read and these proved most interesting. School improvement is engaging the attention of most of the Institutes and many much needed reforms have been brought about by their agency. Covered drinking fountains, individual drinking cups, hardwood floors, new

Edward Island," she said, "and I have come back to it as often as I could. The Island is noted throughout Canada for its potatoes, its horses, its foxes—but there is something greater than all these which the Province is producing—Men."

Dr. MacMurchy explained the duties of the Department of Health at Ottawa and stated that before the formation of this new department eight different ministries were occu-

curate registration of all marriages, births and deaths.

Dr. Ira Yeo, Chief Provincial Health Officer, then addressed the meeting. Dr. Yeo spoke on the subject of Medical Inspection of School Children. He emphasized its paramount importance not only to the children themselves, but to the country. This is an age in which efficiency is being demanded in every department. In the industrial world old ideas and methods have been discarded and it is time that they were being "scrapped" in our educational system. The necessity for medical inspection of the school children is urgent. It has been neglected in the past because its great necessity has never been brought before the public. "To the members of the Women's Institutes of this Province," continued Dr. Yeo, "the appeal is made to establish this great movement."

The Thursday morning meeting of the Convention opened at 9.30 a.m. with Miss Helen McKenna presiding. A talk on "Girls' Clubs" was given by Miss Bona Mills, Secretary, Y.W.C.A., and an interesting discussion followed. The idea of Junior Women's Institutes for the girls was received with much favor and it is thought that a number of these clubs will be organized in the near future.

Miss Helen J. Macdougall, Superintendent Women's Institutes for Nova Scotia was the next speaker. She gave a splendid talk on "Institute Work" which was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and those who listened to her could not but be impressed by the boundless opportunities for service confronting the Women's Institutes.

Miss Macdougall also explained the aims of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada and read the Constitution. The question as to whether Prince Edward Island would join the Federation was then discussed. Mr. W. J. Reid, B.S.A., representing the Commissioner of Agriculture, stated that the Department would pay the initiation fee and, for this year, bear the expenses of two representatives to the Board of Directors' meeting in Montreal. (Applause.) It was moved, seconded and carried that Prince Edward Island join the Federation.

Thursday afternoon meeting opened with Miss Saunders presiding. The nominating committee's report was read by Mrs. C. L. Barnes, when the following were presented as candidates to represent the Province on the Board of Directors: Mrs. John McGuigan, Mrs. Gordon Ives, Mrs. William Cotton. Vote by ballot being taken resulted in the election of Mrs. John McGuigan, Hope River.

The Convention decided to send only one representative to the Board of Directors' meeting along with Miss Saunders, Supervisor, who was duly authorized by the Convention to vote on all questions which might come before the Board.

At the conclusion of the business part of the afternoon meeting a paper on "Kitchen Wrinkles" was read by Miss Bessie Carruthers, Assistant Supervisor, which gave many practical suggestions regarding labor-saving devices for the home.

Mr. Wilfred Boulter, Director, Elementary Agricultural Education for P. E. I., gave a splendid address on "Women's Institutes and Their Part in Educational Progress."

At the opening of his address, Mr. Boulter commended the Institutes for the good work they had accomplished in the schools throughout the Province, and urged the delegates to see that every Institute had one of its members on the Board of School Trustees.

When we have done the things we set out to do and accomplished much that is worthy, we must not cease in our efforts but strive to make the best a little better until our schools are giving every child the chance to secure an education which makes for his best mental, moral and physical development.



AN ONTARIO OFFICIAL

Mrs. William Todd, of Orillia, is one of the most efficient and experienced officers in the Women's Institutes, and is Vice-President for Ontario.

blackboards, libraries, musical instruments for use in the schools, school gardens, pumps in the school yards and more sanitary conditions of schoolhouse and out-buildings are some of the improvements noted in the schools as the result of the work of the Women's Institutes.

The Wednesday evening meeting, presided over by W. J. Reid, B.S.A., opened with community singing and all joined most heartily in a song service of "Old Time Favorites."

A feature of the evening's programme was a talk by Dr. Helen MacMurchy on Child Welfare Work. Dr. MacMurchy received hearty applause in coming forward and opened her address by paying an enthusiastic tribute to the Island Province, to its resources and its beauty. "It is twenty years since I first visited Prince

Edward Island," she said, "and I have come back to it as often as I could. The Island is noted throughout Canada for its potatoes, its horses, its foxes—but there is something greater than all these which the Province is producing—Men."

Dr. MacMurchy explained the duties of the Department of Health at Ottawa and stated that before the formation of this new department eight different ministries were occu-



Residence of Mrs. Todd, Orillia





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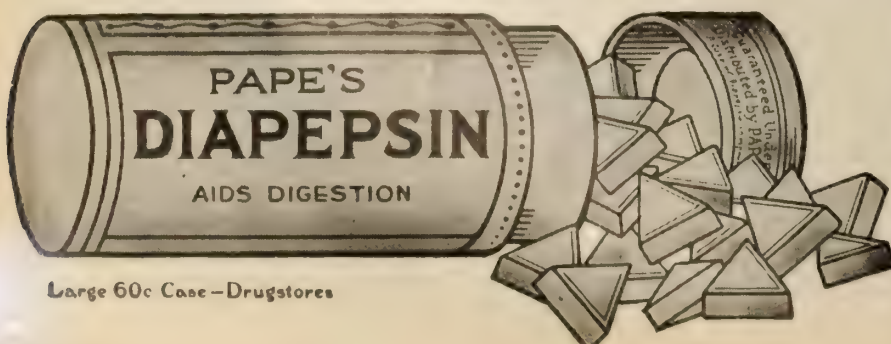
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# INDIGESTION

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It was pointed out that the young teacher, going out to her first school cannot but make many mistakes. Mr. Boulter urged that the women show her sympathy rather than criticism, that they commend the good in her work and suggest ways to overcome her difficulties, and that they co-operate with her in everything that tends to the betterment of school conditions.

Speaking of the work that the Department of Agriculture was attempting to do, he described the organizing of the "Boys' and Girls' Clubs," the loaning of money to enable the members to purchase stock, and the grant offered this year to every school fair in the Province that complies with the regulations laid down by the Department.

In closing, Mr. Boulter suggested that the women study the platform of Agricultural Education as presented by Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen of Huntington, Quebec.

An interesting discussion followed Mr. Boulter's talk after which the delegates were conveyed in autos to the Experimental Farm where afternoon tea was served and a delightful social hour was spent.

At 8 p.m. Thursday evening, the closing meeting of the Convention met in Prince of Wales College Hall with Mrs. Bert Brown presiding.

The meeting opened with a short song service followed by a paper on "The Problem of the Feeble-Minded Child," by Dr. V. L. Goodwill, Medical Superintendent Falconwood Hospital, Charlottetown. Dr. Goodwill stated that a wave of increasing interest in the problem of the feeble-minded was spreading over our Dominion. The actual number of sub-normal children in our child population is much greater than generally recognized. Their management becomes one of our great, modern, social and economic burdens, and we cannot very well consistently neglect them as in the past.

The first step necessary in undertaking this work, if we are to grapple intelligently with it, is to have a complete and continuing census of all the feeble-minded children in the province. If we are ever to make any impression in reducing the number of dependents that crowd our institutions, we must begin with the children, find out where the defectives are, who they are and their number.

The census register should be strictly confidential, under the control of a central government authority or Board. Its responsible officer should have a splendid knowledge of mental deficiency and its many social expressions. The general health examination of the school children should be insisted upon and could be easily executed to include and require a mental examination of every child obviously retarded in school work.

In closing, Dr. Goodwill said that there is reason to believe that if the intelligent handling of the problems of the mentally defective child is undertaken, appreciable results in the reduction of our many classes of dependents will in time become evident.

The second speaker of the evening was Reverend G. D. McLellan, D.D., Rector of St. Dunstan's University, his subject being "The Influence of Good Reading on Character Building." The Doctor said in part: "The formation of character is an absorbing topic. Education that does not make for the formation of character is a sham and an injury. Character may be defined as the sum total of all our habits. If a habit is good we call it a virtue; if bad we call it a vice. We are not born with habits; they are of our own making. Youth is the time when habits are formed, and it is then that character is moulded. The work of moulding the character of youth is given in an especial way to mothers by Nature. Next perhaps to the mother's influence, is the influence of books upon the child. Words fly away but the written thing remains. The quality and character of the written word which reaches the child at an early age is of paramount importance. Reading develops the imagination and with our imaginations we can either live among the angels or wallow with the animals."

In conclusion, Dr. McLellan congratulated the ladies assembled before him for their handling of such problems as would give them higher ideals and send them back from their Convention refreshed and strengthened, ready to do their part in the world's work.

A resolution, moved by Mrs. C. L. Barnes, seconded by Mrs. Walter Simpson and unanimously carried, expressed the thanks of the delegates

## Canadian Home Journal.

to Miss Saunders and her Assistants and to all others who had in any way helped in making the Convention a successful and enjoyable one.

## WOMEN'S INSTITUTE CONVENTION—CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Toronto, November 9, 10 and 11.

November 8th, 2 p.m.—Board Meeting

### November 9th.

Afternoon—Presiding, Mrs. William Todd, Orillia.

- 1.30—Registration.
- 2.00—Opening Ceremonies.
- 2.15—President's Address.
- 2.30—Reports and Discussions.

### Evening.

- 7.30—Community Singing.
- 8.15—Continuation of Reports.
- 8.45—Solo.
- 9.00—Address, Dr. Reynolds, O.A.C., Guelph.

### November 10th.

#### Morning.

- 9.30—Address, "Rural School Farms," Mr. R. S. Duncan, Department of Agriculture. Discussion, Miss K. E. McIntosh.
- 10.00—Report of Treasurer.
- 10.15—Reports of Committees.
- 12.15—Luncheon for Representatives (one from each District). Election of Board of Directors.

#### Afternoon.

- 2.00—Address, "Work of Provincial Board of Health," Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Toronto.
- 3.30—Address, "Child Welfare Throughout the Province," Dr. Helen MacMurphy, Ottawa.
- 3.45—Address, "Consolidated Schools," Dr. Sinclair, Toronto.

#### Evening.

- 7.30—Community Singing, Chairman's Address.
- 8.15—Music. Report on Election of Board of Directors and Officers.
- 8.45—Address—Honorable E. C. Drury.

### November 11th.

#### Morning.

- 9.30—Community Singing. Civic Improvement. Community Halls. Entertainments and Amusements. Demonstration Lecture Courses. Traveling Libraries.
- Address—"House Planning and Home Convenience"—Miss E. M. Chapman, Toronto.
- Address—"Medical Inspection of Schools"—Dr. J. Waugh, Toronto.

#### Afternoon.

- 2.00—Address—"The Responsibilities and Opportunities of Institute Officers and Members"—Miss E. J. Guest, Toronto.

District Work—Co-operation with other Organizations, Extension of Work, etc.

### A NOTE FROM RENFREW.

The District Authority wrote as follows: The Medical Inspection survey is bringing results in our County. Two clinics have been held in Renfrew and one in Arnprior, sixty children having been operated on by the local doctors, so from this fact, I am presuming that the parents have become interested.

The Institutes are taking up the Rural School Hot Lunch and I hope to be able to report about seven schools, carrying on under the supervision of the Institutes.

The above, with the regular routine, has been practically all the work the branches have been doing. Generally they are taking an active interest in their schools. One of the most active members, an officer since 1914, was made a trustee and is working harmoniously with the male members of the School Board. The appointment was entirely voluntary on the part of the men, as they were not approached in the matter.

We are interested in Baby Clinics, and I feel sure such a thing would work out well in a centre like Renfrew.

### ATHENS WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

Our Institute has a membership of over eighty members. We are working in a two-fold way, materially and intellectually. In the first, considerable is being done to encourage the beautifying of the homes. Prizes have been awarded for the best kept and most attractive grounds surrounding residences. Trees have been planted around town halls, seats have been bought and placed on the lawn and window boxes filled with bloom placed in the windows. Steps are being taken for the purchase of a park, suitable for a playground for the children.



## Turn Babies' Cries into Smiles!

When baby's little limbs are chafed and sore use Mennen Kora-Konia.

Mothers, doctors and nurses who use it on babies for diaper rash and teething rash say it is almost miraculous in the way it soothes and quickly heals the raw, inflamed baby skin.

Its medicinal properties, antiseptic and protective, aid Nature in healing and in giving quick relief. Dusted over baby's tender skin, it forms a thin protective film, that guards against the distressing results of further rubbing.

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Kora-Konia should not be confused with Mennen Talcum Powder, which has made babies sweet and comfortable for nearly forty years. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but, in addition, contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture-resisting, cooling, soothing and healing.

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dren. A committee has assisted in the care of the cemetery. In the spring, seeds are purchased and given out to the children—also eggs for setting. Visitors are appointed to visit those gardens during the summer noting the condition in which they are kept. In September, a school fair was held when the children competed for prizes on vegetables, flowers, plants, art, wood-carving, poultry, sewing, embroidery, crocheting, cooking, etc. To defray the expense of prizes, a concert by the children is given, the ladies of the Institute training them for their different parts. The children thoroughly enjoy the day.

The Institute also pays the librarian for the town. At each meeting an address or paper is given embracing such subjects as:—

(1) "Laws Relating to Public Health."

## The Board of Directors' Meeting

By Elizabeth Bailey Price.

IF the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, held in Montreal last month, did nothing else than go on record for its absolute dearth of resolutions, in this age of resolutions from women's clubs, it would be unique in the history of women's organizations whose representatives convene for three days in succession.

But it did much more. It evolved a strong, definite, practical, national policy with machinery and detail as to the working out of this policy.

Getting the work done is not the problem of women's organizations today—it is showing that it is worth while and backing it with a practical plan of carrying it out.

Women are getting tired of being emancipated; they are getting tired of pursuing vague abstract principles, which are alleged to save the nation, and they are getting very dubious about passing resolutions which just go on record.

Women are clamoring for the practical and the definite. All the talk of a great and glorious organization, of its national and international possibilities will be ultimately of no avail unless it can be translated into a definite benefit to the community or the fireside.

The work of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada is divided into departments, each department headed by a convener of a committee, the various Committees being: Health and Child Welfare, Laws, Immigration, National Events, Institute Technique, Agriculture, Education and Better Schools, Household Economics and Publicity.

Outstandingly helpful and practical were the reports of two of the conveners, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., on Institute Technique which she interpreted as principles, aims, and methods of work, and that of Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen on agriculture, those because they seemed to strike at the fundamental and basic principles of the Women's Institute movement which has its strength in its rural membership.

Mrs. Watt explained that technique of any movement or art deals with the matters which belong to its execution, its method of performance, the way in which material, human or otherwise, is made to express mental conception.

"We all recognize," said Mrs. Watt, "that certain principles must underlie all good work, that certain aims and objects are common to Women's Institutes and cognate societies; that certain ways of doing things succeed better in Women's Institutes than other ways; that we have certain distinct features of our work that make for its success. But what we do not always recognize is that each member should be versed in this Women's Institute lore, that she should be able to enunciate its principles, define its aims, describe its method of work and distinctive features. But no one who has studied our movement will deny the need of such knowledge.

"This non-recognition has led us into error and has prevented a proper diagnosis of our case. We assume that Women's Institutes are simple little societies to which any one can belong, which can be run in any old way, which has only to secure a government grant, pass a resolution against cigarettes, and hold a whist drive to be a successful Women's In-

stitute. We start out to reform the world and very often we cannot conduct a meeting or even hold an Institute together.

"No, a Women's Institute is a highly specialized business undertaking. Our members are from the two most specialized branches of our social system, namely, farming and home-making. It is an organization, a bit of machinery, to develop the country community and is intended to have a deep and far-reaching significance in the national life. And above and beyond all that it is a spiritual sisterhood, ever looking upwards to a fine and high ideal.

"Granting these fundamentals then, it is plain that we must have expert trained workers who will instruct in the principles and practices of the movement, who will help us perfect our machinery, who will bring dignity and order into our work and will uplift and inspire as those only can uplift, who know and love and respect their work.

"It must be remembered also that we cannot hope to have a clear field forever in work among country women. We have hitherto got government assistance (and often very generous assistance) on our past record. The time is fast approaching with the growth of independent provincial and county federations when we shall get this assistance only by showing complete and satisfactory plans for the future. We shall have to prove not only that we have the best machinery existing for the development of country life, but that our administrative ability is unquestioned, that we know how to run our own business, smoothly and efficiently and on lines that commend themselves to business people. Then too, no organization stands still. It must go forward or go back. In any movement which presses steadily forward with a healthy growth improvements are continually suggested, and what has been tested and found good in one part of the Institute world should be known to fellow workers. It follows that there must be some experimental work.

"The recommendations for the work of this section are on broad, simple lines and are general in their character and are given with the hope that there will be elaboration by leaders and organizers in the provinces with special relation to their individual needs."

At present we are making preparations for a series of entertainments to be put on by the Dominion Chautauquas, Limited. We have also contributed twenty dollars to the Armenian Relief Fund.

We have raised a goodly amount of money by collecting magazines and newspapers and selling them. We also served tea to the social club of the Robert Wright Co., Brockville, which added materially to our funds.

(2) "A Nurse's Experiences in the War Zone."  
(3) "Making the Most of Our Opportunities as Citizens."  
(4) "Food Value of Milk and its Products."  
(5) "Christmas in All Lands."  
(6) "Importance of Dentistry."  
(7) "Canadian Patriotism and What it stands for."  
(8) "Influence of Music in the Home" and many other such topics.

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### Recommendations for Educational Propaganda in Women's Institutes.

1. That a group of workers selected from the different provinces be trained in the principles and practices of Women's Institutes who will form this section and be prepared to carry out plans of work.

2. That schools of instruction be held in each province with some such programme as appended.

3. That text books and leaflets relating to methods of work be prepared and made available for Institute workers.

4. That this section be made a clearing house for new ideas and improvements which have been tested in the Institutes.

5. That journals which have a W.I. Department include a department of W.I. Technique, mainly for questions and answers.

6. That it may be recommended to the provinces that conference programmes include always items

—"Out of your whole day give but a moment."



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All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna."

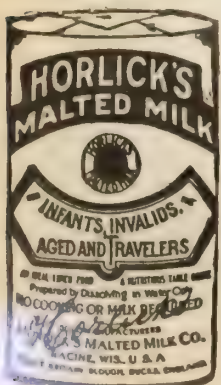
### Laxative for Children

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name—The California Fig Syrup Company.

# DOMINION EXPRESS

**MONEY  
ORDERS**

There is no better way to pay  
your out-of-town accounts.  
On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.



## Horlick's Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly 1/2 century  
Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich  
milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.  
The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.  
Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the  
weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.  
Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's And Get  
The Original

2319

# Small Farming as a Pastime

Jack & Jill on Their Sabine Farm

By JOAN

JACK and Jill were country-born and country-bred, but both had drifted cityward in their youth. Jack had learned railway telegraphy in Toronto, and later migrated to Detroit; but somehow he had failed to become Americanized, and after a while he returned to Canada. For some years he was a station-master in the Muskoka wilds; then he was moved nearer to the haunts of civilized men and was placed in charge of an important junction-station some two miles from a large town. Meantime Jill had donned a nurse's uniform in a Toronto hospital; but, in the course of time, it came to pass (the limits of this story will not permit a narration of the details) that she became mistress of Jack's home at the railway-station.

According to the Company's prospectus, the dwelling provided for the station-agent and his wife was "comfortable and commodious." It consisted of seven rooms, situated over the office and waiting-rooms, and was reached by a winding and rather

"Never you mind!" said Jack. "We'll manage somehow. It's worth trying anyway."

"But what about the distance from the station?" queried Jill. "In the summer you won't mind the walk, and you can cut across the field; but in the winter with the snow ever so high, it will be a different story."

BUT Jack would not be discouraged, and without delay they moved their household goods over to the little cottage by the creek. And there I found them two years later when I came down to pay them a visit in the spring of 1920.

The two years had seen ambitious developments. When I arrived at the station, Jack met me with, "You'll find Jill and Dick at the back, waiting for you," and vanished down the platform in pursuance of his train-duties. Wondering, I went to the rear of the station. There was Jill in a smart little sleigh, holding in check a spirited Shetland pony. So this was Dick!

We drove cautiously, for it was March, and the roads were in a par-



SOLDIER LAND SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Home of Edward Livesay, a Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion, in North Saanich, Vancouver Island. He has twenty acres, a general farming proposition, containing all the elements of success. This has nothing directly to do with "Small Farming as a Pastime," but shows the joys of the life.

treacherous flight of stairs. It was not so bad in the winter, except that the bedrooms were so situated that no warmth could by any chance reach them (it is an historic fact that Jill's nose was frozen one night), but in the summer the heat and the glare were almost unbearable. And it was a lonely spot, for two miles from a town spells isolation. What to do with the evenings became a problem. If only they could sit out under the shade of their own vine and fig-tree! Jack and Jill longed for a little garden of their own, with flowers and fruit and big, shady maples and bright mountain-ash. To go downstairs after the last train had departed and sit on one of the long platform-benches was not an ideal way of getting the fresh evening air. However, Jack felt as if he never got away from his job; from the tick of the telegraph-machine, the ringing of the telephone-bell, the sight of the railway tracks stretching off into the distance. This was as bad as the city—it was not living in the country at all. To give it all up—to take a little farm—only he was no farmer—what way out of the difficulty could be found?

A way was presently found. Where there's a will, there's a way—usually. Half a mile from the station Jack and Jill found one day, on a Sunday's ramble, a little untenanted cottage, with maple-trees in front and cedars at the back, and fruit-trees between. And, oh joy! there was a tiny streamlet gurgling its way through the field near by, and a spring gushing up in one place. Eagerly they sought out the owner, and almost on the spot rented the place, though it of necessity included five acres. "Whatever can we do with five acres, Jack?" asked Jill. "You won't have time to work on the land, and it would never pay to hire a man."

lous state, and Dick had to step warily to avoid ruts and pitch-holes. Jill handled the reins like an expert, and when we drove into the stable, she proceeded to unharness the pony with a dexterity that amazed me. Dicky was soon in the stall, munching contentedly at his hay and oats.

"You must see the rest of the Stock," said Jill, "before we go into the house." (I have noticed since the proud way in which Jack and Jill speak of their "Stock." "Have you watered the Stock yet, Jack?" Jill will say before Jack goes off in the mornings; and the word calls up a curious mixture of a questionable business concern and a long vista of stalls containing harness and cattle galore.)

Two little greedy, grunting pigs had also to undergo inspection. "It was necessary to get the pigs on account of the cow," Jill explained. I did not quite understand at the time, but I did later, when Jill poured a supply of Mollie's milk, after the cream had been "separated" from it, into the trough in the pig-pen.

"What do you call the pigs?" I asked.

"I shall call them Ham and Bacon before very long," said the practical Jill. "Meantime you may call them anything you like."

"Let them be Beatrice and Rosalind, then," I said.

"Doesn't that sound like sacrilege?" asked Jill uneasily. "Using Shakespearean names like that?"

"Shakespeare won't mind," I said confidently. "But I am not so sure of Peter McArthur. His cherished Beatrice—but my hostess was leading me to the poultry-house."

THE poultry-house seemed to be meant as a sort of piece de resistance of the whole establishment. Such an assortment of plump,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)





MADE WITH A 3A KODAK. EXACT SIZE

# At home with a *KODAK*

After all, Kodak means most in the home—because home pictures mean the most.

The vacation album, the pictures of the summer outing, the travel pictures, our pet hobby pictures—Great! All of them! But the pictures of the children—just as they are every day about the home—these are the ones of which we never tire.

The two pictures shown here were both made with the same Kodak. In the lower one the Portrait Attachment was used. This attachment is simply an extra lens, costing but 75 cents, that slips on over the other lens and so alters the focus that sharp pictures can be made of a “close up.”

There are Portrait Attachments to fit Kodaks and Brownies of every size—and their use is very simple.

*All Dealers'*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited  
Toronto, Canada

MADE WITH A 3A KODAK AND KODAK  
PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT. EXACT SIZE.



## Don't be "Penny Wise"

The "penny wise, pound foolish" person continues to ruin expensive carpets with cheap brooms and beatings. The thrifty housewife uses a

### CADILLAC ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

She knows that in the end it is more economical. This method of cleaning keeps carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, etc., in perfect condition, and makes them wear longer.

The Cadillac holds the Panama Exhibition Gold Medal as the best vacuum cleaner made.

Sold on the easy payment plan. Write for further particulars.

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78 DUCHESS ST. - TORONTO



## - A Canadian Industry

built on the good-will of Poultrymen and Stock-raisers

THE success of this big industrial plant is closely linked to the success of the poultrymen and farmers of Canada. For, only in so far as Pratts benefits poultry and stock, and makes larger profits for the farmers and poultrymen, can the business of Pratts Canadian plant increase. This big plant shows our faith in Canada, and in the value of our service to Canadians. Here, are made the tonics, remedies and foods, supplied to the Canadian trade.

### CONSULT PRATTS EXPERTS.

At this office we daily receive letters from all parts of Canada, asking advice on the care of poultry and stock. We gladly give to any one in trouble the benefit of our years of experiment, and study of poultry and stock diseases. We advise how to get the best results from feeding. How to improve housing conditions—in short, how to make the most profit from poultry and stock. Write for this Free service. Booklets, also sent to those interested.

### THE PRATT LINE

**FOR POULTRY—**  
Pratts Poultry Regulator  
Pratts Dip and Disinfectant  
Pratts Buttermilk  
Pratts Chick Food  
Pratts Roup Remedy  
and many other specifics.

**FOR STOCK—**  
Pratts Animal Regulator  
Pratts Cow Remedy  
Pratts Hog Tonic  
Pratts Healing Ointment  
and a full line of specifics for Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

**Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited**  
328 E. Carlaw Ave., Toronto Ad No. 1

**pratts**

## ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" is the thumbprint of genuine Aspirin. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

relating to Institute methods of work with ample time allowed for after discussion.

7. That it be suggested to the Institutes that their yearly programme contain from time to time similar items.

8. That it be suggested to the Institutes that their annual meeting being the business meeting of the year, could well be a model meeting illustrating W.I. procedure and conduct of business.

9. That educational institutions which have a Department of Agriculture be asked to inaugurate a short course in Women's Place in Rural Economy with special reference to Women's Institute work.

### REPORT OF CONVENER OF AGRICULTURE.

Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen reported as follows:—

IN these days we read much about the woman in business, and nowhere is she more in evidence than on the farm. On the farm every woman is her husband's partner but her labors are so correlated that it is hard to separate the activities of the one from the other.

Nothing but the most hopeless conservatism would deny that there are great opportunities for the right woman in the field of agriculture.

During the war the farmerettes proved that there are many farm tasks that even an active, intelligent city girl can readily learn to do well and this opportunity to work on the land has removed much of the prejudice against rural life. That this should be reflected in the college statistics on this continent is creditable alike to the enterprise of women and to their good sense. We realize that brains and training count

fairly spoke of the good work being done by the boys and girls of our Country. It is something that should receive much encouragement from us all.

During the past season I have met a number of women who are successfully managing fruit farms, market gardens and caring for bees and poultry. There are big possibilities along these lines for women who want to go into such work extensively, or for those who require to supplement a rather meagre income.

I believe there is a large opening in the flower Kingdom for the right persons to undertake. The demand for cut flowers is always increasing. There are women who grow sweet peas, gladioli, etc., in immense quantities for the Montreal shops. To a flower lover it is a delight to thus earn a living.

Incidentally I might mention that one of my hobbies is gardening. Strawberries, we have in plenty, and I would like to urge those who have even a small garden to put in some strawberry plants. From fifty to one hundred plants will supply an average family with delicious fruit. Asparagus is another delicacy that should be home grown.

For several years I have harvested my flower seeds, and the past two springs have sent out in all, over twelve hundred packages of seeds. This is a little home mission work I love to do.

The present time seems most opportune for women to enter commercially into the lighter branches of Agriculture. Both prices and markets are good and the scarcity of labor makes it all the more imperative that women should lend a hand in easing the situation. Dairying, poultry, bee-keeping can be well handled by women and bring in good

### EDMONTON, THE NEXT CONVENTION

Edmonton, Alberta, will be the place of the next convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. Suggestions for an interesting programme will be welcomed from each Province, and the final arrangements will be in the hands of the Alberta members of the Board of Directors; the President, Mrs. Arthur Murphy; Miss Isabel Noble, President of Alberta W.I., and Miss Mary MacIsaac, the Superintendent.

and no longer is agriculture considered a matter of reasonable weather and muscular strength. There is nothing better than an educational training as a foundation for any life work and we would strongly urge women who contemplate following some special line of agriculture to take advantage of the many splendid special courses offered by our agricultural colleges.

Last March I prepared propaganda for the Agricultural Section of the F.W.I. I sent out thirty-three copies to the Premiers, Ministers of Agriculture and Superintendents of Institutes of the Provinces of Canada and also to the heads of the Institutes in England and Scotland and to other special people. The many replies I received were gratifying in their expressions of continued interest and co-operation in our work.

The president requested that I write the various Provincial Superintendents of Institutes, asking them to see that a committee on agriculture was appointed and to send me the names. I heard from a number of them regarding the matter stating appointments would be made at their next Convention. I have but one name as convener of agriculture—Mrs. James McKay for Alberta.

Later I wrote for reports on women's activities in Agriculture, and while I received replies the department is so new that little available data could be had. These reports stated Agriculture is more and more being taught in our schools and nature study is being given much attention. Teachers in large numbers are availing themselves of the opportunity to attend the summer schools and thus further fit themselves to teach agriculture in the public schools. This education reflects itself in the more attractive appearance of the school buildings and grounds—plants in the windows and flower beds and shrubs outside are no longer novelties.

The School Fair has established itself in every province and is proving a wonderful factor in stimulating a love for and interest in growing things. The fine collections of vegetables, flowers, canned fruits, poultry, etc., exhibited this fall at the school

returns. If we could make farming fashionable we would have a large following.

As Mrs. McKay of Alberta is the only one to send in a written report on Agriculture, I will read hers in full—knowing that it voices the work done in other provinces, and that when all have had time to appoint conveners on Agriculture they will greatly stimulate the work in their special branch:—

Provost, Alberta.

As this is the first year for the Province of Alberta to have a Convener of Agriculture added to the list of standing Committees on Institute work, the report will not be as definite and full as it should be. I hope to establish a system to secure definite reports from the different districts in our Province. I am situated in the central part of the Province and will try to give a general outline of the work as it is being taken up by our Institutes.

Bee-keeping is in its infancy in Alberta, and I have heard that quite a number of bees are in Alberta but the difficulty is in wintering them.

The Department has opened a summer school where teachers may take a short course in agriculture and a goodly number of teachers are availing themselves of this opportunity.

We have the three schools of agriculture in Alberta and the attendance is very good, increasing each year.

The school fair is being established throughout Alberta with great success. Wherever it has been tried it has been attended with unbounded success. Through Central Alberta school fairs are being held in all the live towns. A great many are being organized this year. The school fair is one means of interesting the child in the work of the farm and when the teacher is interested the children are very active. They do like to be asked every day or two, how the garden is progressing.

The work that a great many Institutes are taking up this year is the establishing of a Scholarship Fund so as to be able to send at least one girl to the Agricultural School for a term. This has been tried out at Daysland

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)





## Can You Make Good Mince Pie?

You are, of course, proud of your ability as a pie-maker, but have you ever tried making mince pie with Bowes' Mince Meat as the filler?

If you haven't, you have an excellent opportunity to surpass yourself the next time you make mince pie.

Just buy a trial tin from your grocer. You will be captivated by the pure, wholesome flavor of this popular mince meat.



Mince Meat in  
Its Most  
Wholesome Form

## A Helpful Hint for Housekeepers

Whether you do your washing in the old fashioned tub, or in a new electric washing machine—

### Keen's Oxford Blue

is indispensable, and produces a pure snowy whiteness.

Insist on Keen's.

MAGOR, SON & CO.,  
Limited  
Montreal, Toronto  
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37

## Never Cakes No Waste



**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED  
MADE IN CANADA C205



# Tasty and Economical Fish Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

excellent way of serving fish for an invalid.

**Cod Steaks, Fried.**—Wash and dry the steaks, which should be cut about three-fourths of an inch thick. If the skin of any of the steaks has been cut through for cleaning purposes, fold the flaps of skin over each other neatly and bind round a piece of thread or fine twine, or close the edges together with a small wooden skewer to prevent them from opening. Sprinkle the steaks with a few drops of lemon juice, and seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika. Beat up one egg on a plate, mix with it one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one tablespoonful of melted shortening. Brush each steak over with this mixture, roll in fine bread crumbs, flatten these down smoothly and fry the steaks in hot fat for twelve minutes. The fat must have a faint blue smoke rising from it when the fish is first put in; then lessen the heat until the cooking is done, otherwise the exterior will be far too dark, and the inside of the fish will be half raw. If a pan of shallow fat is used, the steaks must be turned so as to brown both sides. When cooked, drain the fish on kitchen paper, remove the thread or skewer if either was used, and serve the steaks neatly arranged on a hot platter. Garnish it with cut lemon and parsley. Pass separately any suitable sauce, such as oyster, shrimp, egg, etc.

**Fish Soup.**—Any white fish may be used for this soup, such as haddock, flounder, cod, or trimmings of fish, or a cod's head. Wash two pounds of fish well and cut it into pieces, put it into a saucepan with eight cupfuls of cold water, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and bring to the boil. Skim well and boil for twenty minutes. Then remove a few nice pieces of the fish free from skin and bones, and reserve them for serving in the soup. Prepare one small onion, one small turnip, and one carrot and cut them in dice, then add them to the soup, with one bunch of herbs, six white peppercorns, one blade of mace, two cloves and one bay leaf, and allow to simmer for two and one-half hours. Then strain through a sieve into a bowl. Rinse out the saucepan and melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in it, add four tablespoonfuls of flour and mix until smooth, then pour in the sieved soup and stir until boiling. Add one cupful of scalded milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and the

reserved pieces of fish, and cook the soup for fifteen minutes longer.

The yolk of one egg may be put in the soup tureen and the hot soup poured over it, stirring all the time. Or small egg balls may be served in the soup.

**Broiled or Grilled Fish.**—This is cooking fish on a grill, either in front of or over a nice clear fire, or under the grill of a gas stove. It is one of the best methods of cooking small fish, as the flavor is retained better than in any other way. Herring, mackerel, trout, haddock, etc., may all be cooked in this manner, also slices of steaks of the larger kinds of fish. They may be prepared in one of the following ways:

1. Wash and clean the fish, cutting off the heads and fins, and dry lightly in a cloth. Then score the skin across diagonally on both sides to prevent it from cracking during the process of cooking. Season the fish with salt, pepper, paprika, and a few drops of lemon juice, and brush it over with salad oil or melted butter, or allow it to marinate for one hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar with a little chopped parsley and onion.

2. The fish may be split open, the bone removed and then lightly coated with flour or fine oatmeal, or crushed vermicelli. A coating of beaten egg and bread crumbs may also be used if desired.

Thoroughly heat the gridiron, grease it well, and lay the fish on it. Keep the fish rather near the fire while cooking or it will become flabby. Cook it from eight to ten minutes according to the thickness of the fish, and turn it once at least during the process. If a gas stove is used, place the fish on the grill tin and make the grill red hot before placing the fish under it. When finished, it should be well browned on both sides and show the marks of the grill. Serve grilled fish immediately with cut lemon and small pats of maitre d'hote or any other savory butter. If there are any roes belonging to the fish, these may be cooked on a tin in the oven and used as a garnish. Some sharp sauce, such as tomato or tartare, may be served separately, and parsley used as a garnish.

**Grilling in Paper.**—Fillets of fish, such as salmon, or flounder, are sometimes wrapped in a piece of greased paper with a spoonful of good sauce and grilled thus. They should be served hot in the paper.

## Small Farming as a Pastime

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

self-satisfied hens I had never seen—mottled Plymouth Rocks, and black and white Minorcas; and one dear, tawny, little Bantam. "And most of them are laying now," said Jill, "and eggs are still seventy cents a dozen."

"But what about the cost of feed?" I asked.

"Oh, it's awful!" admitted Jill sadly. "And the cost of feeding Dick and Mollie is shocking, too. In the summer, of course, they will be out in the pasture-field (so those five acres serve some purpose, after all)."

"Do you keep books?" I asked. "So as to find out if it pays? Debits and credits and balances in red ink, and all that sort of thing?"

"I haven't any red ink," said Jill (she never attended a Business College, you see), "but in a sort of way I keep account. But it will take a year or two before I can tell whether it pays or not—financially."

She seemed to stress the last word, and I suppose my look contained a question.

"I never knew Jack to be so contented," she said. "He loves to fuss over the Stock." ("Stock" again!) "And he doesn't mind the walk to the station at all. He's a lot better in health and so am I."

I had only to look at her to realize the truth of the last remark. The glow of health was in her cheeks, the sparkle of health was in her eyes, the buoyancy of health was in her

step. When Jack came in a little later, I saw the same symptoms, somewhat accentuated, in him. Fresh and unjailed, he looked as if the day's work had been a mere nothing to him. Picking up an empty pail, he started off, whistling, for the spring.

"You don't have to go up the hill, Jack," I said, "to get a pail of water?"

"No," he laughed, "so I avoid the tragedy of falling down and breaking my crown, and Jill doesn't have to take a header after me."

A few minutes later we sat down to a supper of poached eggs and home-made bread and baked apples smothered in thick yellow cream. "We shall be having lettuce and strawberries from our own garden soon now," said Jill, surveying the table as if apologetically—a supper which was the final proof, if I had been disposed to be still skeptical, that the experiment of Jack and Jill in small farming as a pastime had been a paying venture, if not in the coin of the realm, then in that which the coin of the realm cannot purchase—the boon of good health.

"And we are not lonely now," said Jill. "Of course I go to town once or twice a week to take my butter and eggs to market and do my shopping, and I get a fresh book from the Public Library. And we have some kind neighbors and pleasant friends. And, of course, there's always the Stock!"

# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## Every-Day Surprises

ON holidays—at Thanksgiving and Sunday dinners, as well as for every-day occasions—the crowning delight is the surprise dessert that can be made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

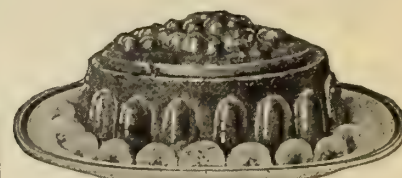
One of these special desserts is the Knox Charlotte Surprise which seems at first glance to be only a cake—but when cut the center reveals a fine smooth ice-cream-like fruit filling, similar to a frozen charlotte—indeed a great surprise.

Another creation that brings happy exclamations is the Knox Apple and Rice Delight, a combination so unique that it is simply irresistible. Both are easy to make. Try them.

### CHARLOTTE SURPRISE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water whites of 3 eggs  
1/2 cup boiling water 1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
1 cup canned peach juice and pulp  
1 square or round sponge cake

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or other fruit juice and pulp, which has been rubbed through a strainer. When mixture begins to stiffen beat until light; then add egg whites, beaten until stiff and beat thoroughly. When quite thick, but still soft enough to pour, fill a square or a round sponge cake, the top of which has been removed carefully and the center hollowed out to within an inch or inch and a half of the sides and bottom. Fill to within an inch of the top and then replace top part of cake, fitting it in place carefully so it looks as though it had never been cut. Place in ice box to chill. Serve on platter with or without whipped cream, or a fruit sauce. Cut like brick ice cream. If desired, this recipe may be served without the cake. Any fresh, preserved or canned fruit may be used in place of the peaches, or a cocoa or chocolate filling made if preferred. One cup of whipped cream may be used in place of the egg whites.



### APPLE AND RICE DELIGHT

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cupful cold water 1 cup cooked rice  
1/2 cupful milk 1/2 cupful sugar  
1 cup whipped cream or 2 egg whites  
1 teaspoonful vanilla few grains salt  
coddled or stewed apples

Soak the gelatine in cold water for ten minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. To the cooked rice add the milk, sugar and salt. Strain into this the dissolved gelatine and mix thoroughly. Cool slightly, add the whipped cream or the egg whites beaten until stiff. Add the vanilla and turn into a wet mold. Chill and serve with coddled or stewed apples, made by cooking unpared, quartered or round slices of apple in a syrup of one cup of sugar and 3/4 cup of water until soft and transparent. Other fresh or canned fruits may be used in place of the apples. This recipe will make an ample dessert for a family of six or seven, and uses only 1/2 of a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

### SURPRISE DISHES

If you would like recipes for other Surprise Dishes send 2c stamp and grocer's name for my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy."

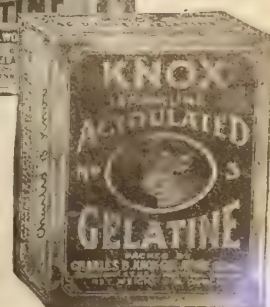
MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

DEPT. D., 180 ST. PAUL ST. W., MONTREAL.



"Wherever  
a recipe  
calls for  
Gelatine—  
it means  
KNOX"



This package  
contains an  
envelope of pure  
Lemon Flavor  
for the convenience of  
the busy housewife.



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)



## Why Junket is so Wholesome

If milk is properly digested, it is first coagulated upon reaching the stomach by a ferment in the stomach called "rennet."

Junket is cow's milk that has been properly coagulated at the right temperature by the pure rennet in the Junket Tablet before it is eaten. Thus it is cow's milk better prepared for sure digesting in the human stomach.

### Junket

MADE with MILK

has long been a leading children's and sick-room food. With whipped cream, nuts, fruit, etc., it makes a delicious dessert. You will do well to have Junket often.

**The Junket Folks, Little Falls, N.Y.**

Canadian Factory:  
Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory  
Toronto, Ontario

**Nesnah—  
the  
Powdered  
Junket**

is the same as Junket Tablets, except it is in powdered form and already sweetened and flavored. It comes in 6 pure flavors, delicious in taste and appearance. Simply add milk.

## Beauty Lies in a Clear Complexion

The healthy glow of a radiant skin is the main asset in beauty. Through neglect, many have lost this charm, and their skin is marred by Pimples, Blackheads or Blisters. Care and the use of our preparations will remove these blemishes. Successful for twenty-seven years in the treatment of all non-infectious skin troubles, we ask you to write us confidentially. Consultation free.

Princess Complexion Purifier..... \$1.50  
Princess Skin Food ..... 1.50  
Princess Face Powder, all shades .75  
Princess Cinderella Cold Cream... .75

All preparations will be sent in plain wrapper to any address, carriage paid, on receipt of price. Send for Booklet.

**The Hiscott Institute, Limited**  
61B COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO



**The  
CANDY  
Cathartic**

"NICE  
to Take"

### Cascarets

PLEASANT LAXATIVE

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Institute this past year and a number of Institutes are following their example.

Nearly every farm woman, (with few exceptions) is giving her attention to the raising of hens, geese, turkeys, etc. In this particular district, since prices of beef and pork are so high, there are few farmers' wives but have all the fowl they need and also some to sell.

The co-operative spirit has not grown yet as it should; but by education along this line I feel that in the very near future we will have it so established that all the produce and butter, eggs, etc., will be marketed co-operatively.

There is one part of Mrs. Stephen's propaganda that I like very much and that is, "Wherever boys and girls show an interest in certain lines of work on farms they should be given a stated share of the revenue derived from that part of the work." This is a matter that has to be made popular too, or we will not retain our boys or girls on the farm and that is where we want them to stay.

One thing our Institutes are doing is having representatives on the Agricultural Fair Boards, and this is very general throughout the Province. I hope for 1921 to be in closer touch with the work over our Province and be able to send in a more definite report than this.

MRS. MARGARET MCKAY,  
Convener of Agriculture,  
Alberta.

The Women's Institute is so closely connected with rural life that it affords abundant opportunity to assist in carrying out as far as possible the many avenues of work as outlined in the propaganda—all of which is respectfully submitted.

LAURA ROSE STEPHEN,  
Convener of Standing Committee of  
Agriculture.

"Strathdon," Huntingdon, Quebec,  
September 28th, 1920.

## EDUCATION AND BETTER SCHOOLS.

MR. GEORGE PUTNAM, convener of the Committee on Education and better schools, reported that from the recommendations of this committee he believed there was a growing interest in making the rural schools of greater value to boys and girls who intended to remain on the farm; that there was an increasing sense of responsibility on the part of trustees in the rural districts as evidenced in a better class of school buildings, and better salaries for teachers, while governments have increased their educational grants.

In reviewing the work of the provinces Mr. Putnam reported on three, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec.

Manitoba now has two Municipal School Boards, one comprising sixteen townships. Manitoba also has 110 Consolidated Schools, nineteen having been established during the year. Salaries for teachers have advanced considerably: for Rural Schools, from one thousand dollars to eighteen hundred a year; Intermediate, sixteen hundred to two thousand five hundred per year; High Schools, outside of Winnipeg, two thousand to two thousand seven hundred per year. The maximum salary for Principals of Public Schools in Winnipeg is thirty-two hundred, and for High School Principals, thirty-eight hundred a year.

Manitoba has forty school nurses under the direction of the Provincial Board of Health.

In Quebec, the Institutes have assisted in introducing drinking fountains with sanitary drinking cups, given assistance to improve the interior and exterior of the school buildings, also to improve the school grounds, equipped Shawville Academy with a household science apparatus, assisted in medical and dental inspection in the school to a limited extent. The Institutes have also provided a hot dish at the noon hour for the children, given prizes for the school fairs and taken an active interest in making the fairs a success, kept up an interest in the consolidation of schools and supported compulsory education. The Institutes are using their influence to secure permission for women to sit on the School Boards.

In Ontario, better school buildings, the emphasizing of the practical in education, advances in salary made possible by increased grants from the Government and liberal appropriations on the part of the districts concerned, enforcement of truancy regulations, liberal assistance in the consolidation of schools, medical school inspection, provision for greater efficiency in the ungraded schools, encouragement of permanency by the erection of teachers' residences or otherwise, are among the improvements which have characterized the real progress which has been made in Ontario educational matters during the past year. The expression of public opinion would seem to indicate that there will soon be a reorganization in the local boards of trustees.

The educational authorities in Ontario have appropriated funds for and are making a close study of auxiliary classes, the effect of rest and fatigue, proper nourishment and diet for the children, classes for the under normal, medical and dental inspection, the school nurse, etc.

While the above reports indicate progress a very hopeful feature of the present situation is the increased interest being taken by parents, teachers and organizations, especially the Women's Institutes, in health problems and wholesome social activities as related to the school. The child holds a more prominent place than ever before in our national planning, and we believe that the Women's Institutes of the Dominion can be a real factor in introducing and carrying out policies which will mean much in the health, efficiency and morality of the coming generations.

## REPORT ON IMMIGRATION.

MRS. ROBSON, Convener of Immigration Committee, reported as follows: Your Convener expected to be in touch with the various annual meetings of the Provincial Women's Institutes last winter but, instead, early in February, had to go to England on business for the Department of Immigration. After a careful summing up of the situation in Great Britain as your Convener found it through conferences with different groups of women, she prepared a memorandum which, on June 25th, she sent to the provincial conveners of immigration. At the same time she wrote these conveners both on this subject and on the subject of a movement towards better citizenship among our foreign-born people. To this letter she only received one reply and that was from Miss Sutherland of Toronto, who reported giving assistance to the Provincial Employment Bureau in placing any houseworkers who went out into the rural districts, and in assisting the Soldier Settlement Board. Through newspaper accounts your Convener has learned of the splendid work being done by the Women's Institutes of Saskatchewan for our new citizens.

Since December 1st, 1919, under the new system of immigration of women inaugurated by the Department of Immigration, 4,815 unaccompanied women have come to Canada. Of this number, 783 were coming to be married; 1,796 to join relatives; 1,539 to assured positions, and 697 seeking employment. Commencing with this month the present system of conductresses on board ship, provided by the Canadian Government, is being done away with and an arrangement is being made whereby all passenger ships between Great Britain and Canada which carry parties of unaccompanied women shall have a special woman officer to be known as the "ship's matron." This officer will work in close co-operation with the women officers of the Department of Immigration in England and at Quebec. Orders-in-Council have been passed providing for the appointment of Principal Women Officers at the ports of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, also at the Atlantic ports in Canada, and for two Conductresses to work on the trains inland from the port.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Council of Immigration of Women took place October 5th to 7th. At the last meeting of this Council it was decided that with the increasing size of the Council, railway fares and travelling expenses of delegates should be paid by the organizations interested.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)





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TORONTO  
WINNIPEG  
VANCOUVER





# The Jade Elephant

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

coming back with the Princess tomorrow. I mean with my little cousin, Nadine Atherton. Look after your mother then. Give the Princess a lot to do." He started, then stopped. "I hate to take the jade beast old boy—your highness, I mean. Please tell your mother I perfectly hate to take it."

The Maharaja smiled his inscrutable smile.

"We have accepted the money," he said, "we are grateful."

"Jolly nice of you," replied Larry, and hastened down the stairs.

THAT evening the young man took the green elephant in his pocket to the house of the wheat king. As the bronzed grilles opened he heard the tapping of crutches.

"Hello, Babino!" he called. "My, but you look little and sweet and fluffy! Commend me to those American things. At home—well the little girls have to wear such horrid plain frocks, even to come down to dessert. At least you would think them horrid."

She shook her head without preliminary welcome. "I am all wrong," she said. "Of course the plain gowns are correct. For children. The English know. But I like these best; and I don't feel like a child."

He laughed, "Well, I do—just to balance things, Princess. Have you been abroad in the land to-day?"

"I have not been out," she answered soberly. "It did not seem worth while."

"Moth and rust will certainly corrupt those seven or eight cars of yours," he smiled. "Gadzooks! this was a day for the gods."

"I know," she nodded. "I saw it from the windows. But I would rather stay in, they stare at me—out of doors."

He whistled softly. "Come along to the elephant room, Babino," he suggested. "I've something for you."

Her sea-blue eyes grew suddenly dark. "Not—not the green—"

"Yes!" broke in Larry. "Yes! and Yes!"

"Oh," she half whispered. "How wonderful you are! It's like 'open sesame' to ask you for anything."

Larry switched on the lights, as they sat down side by side on the black Chesterfield.

"Now!" coaxed Nadine.

"Oh come, Princess," he said, "guess about him a bit first; prolong anticipation!" She pouted prettily.

"I guess he will be little—very wee—like a charm; a jade elephant—charm. You see them in stores." The light faded from her face at this thought.

"I say!" cried Larry. "You'll annoy me presently. I certainly wouldn't play the game like that. But you are partly right. He is made of jade, and he carries good luck and what not. Is supposed to—that is."

A thought of the little dark woman and the boy swept over him and he swallowed hastily. Then he dived into his pocket.

"Well, here he is, Princess!"

She clasped the jade in her two hands, with a glad cry. "Oh, Larry!" she said. "Isn't he dear, and queer, and funny, and old-looking and valuable!"

"He is," replied Larry, "and historical also."

"Historical?" she queried absently. Then—"Hark, Larry!" she rattled.

"Bits of jade fallen down inside of him," he explained. "Don't ask me why, though."

She listened intently, the green elephant held close to her ear. "I don't know," she remarked looking puzzled. "They don't click together; they roll. Bits of jade wouldn't roll, exactly."

"The people I got it from—the owners explained it that way. They seemed to think it might be so, and that he was hollow, because carved in two halves and cemented together. But what does it matter, Princess? Take him at his face value and don't bother if he is a bit chipped inside."

Nadine was gazing at the wonderfully carved thing. Some old art had expended itself in his workmanship. Time would not avail to wear those delicate lines away. He was a faithful diminutive copy in translucent stone of my Lord the Elephant.

"Queer," the child meditated. "Queer they did not know more than

that. Those little lines about his neck, now, I think his head screws off—like a toy you know. There is no distinct line—only a suggestion. Please see if his head will turn."

Larry took the elephant and with his strong young fingers tried to move the head. "She was full of fads this little cousin of his," he thought. "It was a fool thing to try and twist the solid jade." A sudden flare up of annoyance swept him. "A bally expensive fool thing the whole business," he continued to think still pressing skeptically;—and then the head turned.

"Oh!" breathed Nadine, Larry turned again, and the head lay in his hand.

The little girl reached and took the square green body, she upset it on the lace of her out-spread dress, and from the green hollow rolled a string of pearls. She and Larry did not touch them. They just looked. Never had they seen such pearls before. They were materialized moonlight. A faint radiance seemed to float from them. Into Larry's eyes came an odd expression.

"The story is true!" he said to himself. "He is the Maharaja. It certainly is a priceless tale to tell."

The little girl touched him lightly. "What are you talking about, Larry?" she asked. "You did not really know the pearls were there, did you?"

"Heavens, no!" he exclaimed. "They are not ours—not your pearls, Nadine. They belong to the mother of the Maharaja of Kosala."

The child gazed at him half started, then laid her hand over his a second. "Your hands are cool," she said. "And you don't look feverish, but you seem a little strange in your head, Larry dear."

"I should say I did! Look here Princess, this is a case for action, a sudden advance! Get your hat and things while I order the car. Those pearls must go back at once. She is ill; very. They might drift away down in the City, and I would never be able to locate them! Hurry! It is devilish important. Give me the elephant. Put the pearls into him, and screw on his head."

"Your are all mixed up," she asserted gravely. "The elephant is mine. You gave him to me. I will only give back the pearls. Tell me the story about him first."

"No! No!" he cried desperately. "Time counts. In the motor I'll tell you, if you hurry." So she hurried, and they drove towards the East River Street, and he told her the story.

AT the corner house they stopped, and Larry carried the child up the stairs into the room of the silk couch and aromatic perfume. She was introduced to the little dark woman and the small Maharaja. Looking at them no doubt of their tale could survive. There was a pathetic truthfulness about it. And there were the pearls. Only a Prince of India could bestow a gift of such pearls.

Larry and Nadine together told of how the elephant's head came off, and how they found them. All were excited, all but the little Maharaja, who looked on calmly.

"My mother says," he explained, "that they are the great moon pearls. My grandfather must have hidden them for a whim, a fancy, hoping to surprise her. He was old, and perhaps he forgot about them. He was a great Prince, and had many other pearls."

The woman fastened them around her throat and drew the shawl up over them tightly. "She says they will grow more beautiful by being worn," said the boy. "She tells me we will sell one pearl and with the price return to India. To my country."

"Good!" answered Larry. "But don't lose them, your Highness. That would be a dismal thing to do—what?"

"We will not lose them," he said soberly. "We thank you greatly. You are righteous and kind. My mother thinks you must be a noble."

Larry gave away to sudden mirth. "Nice of her," he said politely, "but I am really not. How about the elephant? Nadine may keep it—what?"

They assured them the jade had passed from their possession. It belonged to the beautiful little girl forever.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



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# These Frocks Make the Stout Woman Look Slender

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DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 49.

Blouse 8887  
Embroidery 12570

Blouse 8687  
Embroidery 12559

Dress 9057  
Embroidery 12558

Tunic Blouse  
9001  
Skirt 8831

8887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe. Lest the black Georgette crêpe prove too somber, the vest is elaborately embroidered in heavy white floss in design 12570.

8687—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch silk voile. For all the world like splashes of rain are the embroidery motifs in design 12559 which finish the edge of the surplice shawl collar.

Blouse 8902  
Beading 12320

Dress 9019  
Embroidery 12594

Dress 8783  
Embroidery 12531

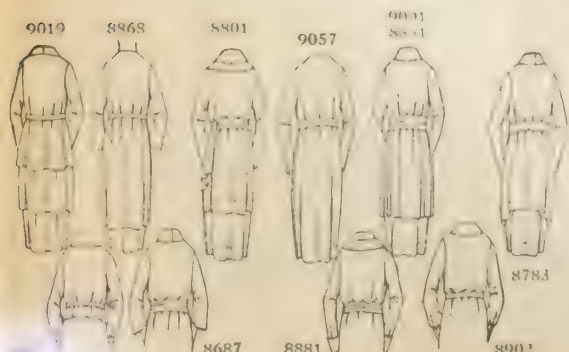
Blouse 8881

Dress 8868  
Embroidery 12593

Dress 8801  
Beading 12505

9057—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest. Embroidery, which the Autumn mode favors above any other trimming, is applied in large, scroll-like motifs in design 12558. These motifs cover the entire skirt so that the effect is a plain fabric for the bodice and an embroidered one for the skirt. Particularly gracious to the full figure is this delightfully simple frock and the embroidery adds its quota of style. Metal threads work out charmingly in this type of embroidery.

9001—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 8831—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—½ yard 44-inch organdy for vest and collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No wardrobe is really complete without at least one foulard frock, as it adapts itself to a wide variety of uses. Foulard is light, cool, sheds the dust and does not wrinkle. What more could one ask of a frock?





# Smart Frocks Take Up Fashion for Eyelets

**9051—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody and back gore. The Autumn mode accords the new favor to embroidery of every type and eyelets are especially in vogue. On this frock of Georgette crêpe they form a square block effect and design 12597 is suitable. The sleeves are fashionably short and the blouse closes at left side-front over the front-closing underbody.

**9049—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Georgette— $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch satin—3 yards ribbon for sash— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Eyelets also form the decorative effect for this frock but here they are worked out in circular scroll-like motifs in design 12595.

**9056—Misses' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards 54-inch broadcloth— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Novelty is given to this frock by the long panels rounded at the bottom which are extensions of the overblouse. They are embroidered in eyelet motifs in design 12594. These eyelets are now among the most fashionable forms of embroidery, and are used with much success on many of the best models.

Three Patterns Free with a Subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.



Dress 8727  
Embroidery 12593



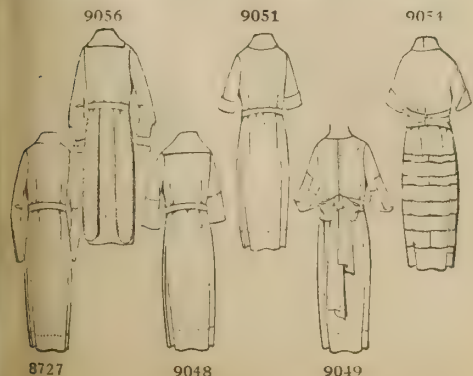
Dress 9056  
Embroidery 12594



Dress 9049  
Embroidery 12595

Dress 9051  
Embroidery 12597

**9048—Misses' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch taffeta for collar. Scarcely a frock but shows a touch of embroidery this season and eyelets seem to be the most favored form. In design 12591 they form a border on this frock and also trim the patch pockets.



8727

9048

9049

Dress 9048  
Embroidery 12591

## November Patterns and Prices

**8902—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 18-inch tucked organdy vesting. A sunplice vest of Georgette crossed over a vest of tucked organdy and for the embroidery design 12320 is suitable.

**9019—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch black taffeta— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44-inch organdy for vest— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch lining. Long panels rounded at the bottom and embroidered in design 12594 are slipped under the rolling collar of this dainty frock and are held in at the waistline by an odd-looking belt of leather formed by oblong sections linked together with suède.

**8881—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard black lace for vest— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards velvet ribbon— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Loops of narrow velvet ribbon give a slight touch of coquetry to this simple blouse, making an attractive finish to the large collar ending at the waist.

**8868—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch broadcloth— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**8801—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{7}{8}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe— $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard velvet ribbon— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining.

**8783—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards 54-inch serge— $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard chiffon frilling for trimming— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining.

**8727—Misses' One-Piece Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**9054—Misses' Dress.** Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch black satin— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch white satin for collar and cuffs— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

Dress 8727, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12593, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 9056, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12594, blue or yellow, 40 cents.

Dress 9051, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12597, blue or yellow, 50 cents.

Dress 9049, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12595, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 9048, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12591, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Dress 9054, 35 cents.  
Blouse 8887, 20 cents.  
Embroidery 12570, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Blouse 8687, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12559, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 9057, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12558, blue or yellow, 50 cents.

Tunic Blouse 9001, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8831, 25 cents.  
Blouse 8902, 30 cents.

Beading 12320, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 9019, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12594, blue or yellow, 40 cents.

Blouse 8881, 30 cents.  
Dress 8868, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12593, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 8801, 35 cents.  
Beading 12505, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 8783, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12531, blue or yellow, 15 cents.

Coat 9042, 25 cents.  
Coat 9029, 25 cents.  
Dress 9045, 25 cents.

Dress 9030, 25 cents.  
Braiding 11290, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Coat 9009, 25 cents.  
Coat 9028, 25 cents.  
Cape Coat 9052, 25 cents.

Suit 6977, 20 cents.  
Dress 7793, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12508, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Coat 8607, 25 cents.  
Dress 8945, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12372, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

----- 9054



# The Mode Prepares Pocket Editions of Best Sellers

**9042—Boys' Coat.** Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 54-inch cheviot—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Raglan sleeves and large patch pockets are two very good reasons why this very masculine appearing coat should appeal to the small boy. It is suitable for any of the heavy winter fabrics, and is loose enough to be quite comfortable.

**9021—Girls' Coat.** Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool mixture—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Exactly like brother's is this good-looking coat. Raglan sleeves, patch pockets, and a notched collar exactly like a masculine garment. The coat may close to the neck with collar rolled high or the fronts may be turned back in revers and the collar worn flat as preferred.

**9045—Girls' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch black velvet—½ yard 36-inch black satin for trimming. The simplicity of this frock adapts it not alone to velvet but to wool fabrics such as serge and tricotine with equally good effect. The closing is at the center-back and trimming-bands of satin outline the square neck ending in deep points in front. Satin also forms the cuffs and trims the pockets.

**9030—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar—¾ yard 36-inch braid for binding. To give smartness to this practical frock the collar of white satin is braided in dark blue soutache in design 11290. The dress would be very attractive also in brown tricotine.

Child's Coat  
9009Child's Coat  
9028Child's Cape Coat  
9052

Three Patterns Free with a Subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.

DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 49.

Girls' Coat  
9029Girls' Dress  
9045Girls' Dress  
9030  
Braiding 11290Boys' Coat  
9042Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7793  
Embroidery 12508

Girls' and Juniors' Coat 8607

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8945  
Embroidery 12372

**9009—Child's Coat.** Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1½ yards 54-inch serge—¾ yard squirrel for collar and cuffs—1¼ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining. Even at the very youthful age of three one may choose a squirrel collar to adorn the every day coat of serge. For comfort in cool weather there is a double-breasted closing.

**6977—Boys' Suit.** Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge. Quite sporty looking is this suit with its single-breasted Norfolk jacket box-plaited below the square yoke. The jacket is belted at the sides and back, the belt buttoning onto the jacket each side of center-front. Of course with such a suit the neck finish must be a notched collar and the knickerbucker trousers have just the right fulness and close in front. There are ever so many fabrics adapted for making this suit such as serge, cheviot, and tweed.

**9028—Child's Coat.** Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1½ yards 54-inch tricotine—1½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The grown-ups need not think they have any monopoly of that smartest of Winter fabrics tricotine, for its use is even extended to the little folks' wardrobe and it is very effective for the small maid's coat on tailored lines. On fine days the little wearer may have the fronts of her coat rolled back but when chilly winds blow it may be fastened to the neck.

**9052—Child's Cape Coat.** Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Could anything be more fascinating for the small girl than this cunning coat with its jaunty cape swinging from the shoulders! So much style this cape gives to the coat that it seems almost like painting a lily to all trimming sections to the front. These are slashed to simulate pockets and the edges are bound with satin and finished at the front with a row's foot of embroidery. A cunning feature of this little coat is the fact that the sleeves may be worn short if preferred. Of course Autumn is a little chilly for abbreviated sleeves, but the coat would be charming for Summerwear in pongee, and the short sleeves would be ideal.

**7793—Girls' and Juniors' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for vest and rolling collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. At the mature age of 12 one wends one's way schoolward in a frock like this with its very sophisticated belted blouse and plaited skirt. The skirt is attached to an underwaist which may be of lining and this is faced with a linen vest embroidered at the top in design 12508.

**8607—Girls' and Juniors' Coat.** Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch plush—¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. The heavy Winter plush is eminently suitable, tho if the wearer prefers woolen fabrics she has an infinite variety to choose from. Such old favorites for example as tweed, Bolivia cloth, English and Scotch mixtures. The broad panel gives straight lines to the back and the front. Fastened to the neck and finished with a large collar.

**8945—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress.** Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and cuffs. Quite neat and trim the school girl looks in a frock like this with

its tiny round collar and turn-back cuffs of white satin or organdy. Added smartness is given by the double row of embroidery on the skirt in design 12372.





*Mahomet said: "Had I but two pennies, I would give one of them to buy white hyacinths." If so great a prophet taught that beauty—even the quickly perishing beauty of a flower—is worth half one's fortune, how much more is it worth while to find that beauty which nature, wise in her artistry, has placed within the grasp of every woman, who by self-study will find the true expression of her personality.*

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Transfer pattern 12529, blue, 20 cents, supplies one centerpiece 24 inches in diameter, which includes a scallop. It is exceedingly simple and quickly worked. The inner design should be carried out in running, eyelet, and raised satin stitches. A narrow half-inch Cluny or crochet edged the set. Plate and bread-and-butter doilies 12530 complete the set.

Transfer pattern 12530, blue, 20 cents, supplies 6 doilies  $5\frac{1}{4}$  and  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter with scallop edge. This design is worked in outline, eyelet and raised satin stitches.

Transfer pattern 12527, blue, 20 cents, supplies one centerpiece 23 inches in diameter including a scallop edge. The entire design is worked in raised satin stitch. Delft blue crochet finished the edges.

12525—Luncheon Set in Basket and Flower Design

Transfer pattern 12525, blue, 30 cents, supplies a luncheon cloth 45 inches across, and 4 doilies  $8\frac{1}{2}$  by 12 inches. This basket and flower design is one of the prettiest motifs for a luncheon set if worked out in color. The baskets are worked in golden brown in raised satin stitch, the flowers in light blue and dark red, pink, yellow, and violet in French knots, and the leaves in one shade of green. Cluny lace edges the set.

12529—Centerpiece 24 inches in diameter

12530—Plate and Bread-and-Butter Doilies to Match

Transfer pattern 12526, blue, 25 cents, supplies enough design for a buffet and serving table scarf. Like luncheon cloth 12525 which matches it in a scarf, the work should be carried out in the same stitches and colored cottons.

12527—Centerpiece 23 inches in diameter

12528—Tumbler and Plate Doilies to Match

Transfer pattern 12528, blue, 15 cents, supplies 6 tumbler doilies,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter, and 6 plate doilies,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter with scalloped edge. These doilies form part of a luncheon set, centerpiece 12527 completing it.

12526—Buffet or Serving Table Scarf Matching Luncheon Set 12525 Above

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# Gladsome Gowns for Those Who Frivol

By C. M. STOREY

ALL work and no play makes Jane a dull girl, so Jane must frivol now and then, be she widow, wife or maid. And if she frivol, why of course Jane must have some frivolling frocks. So let me try to reveal some of the mistiness, the glitter and allure of the gladsome gowns one finds in atelier and salon, some of them just arrived from Paris, some from elsewhere and some by our own clever Canadian designers.

It is to be a season of rich blacks, sparkling with jets and sequins; of delicate colors radiating brilliancy from myriads of crystals, and iridescent paillettes; petticoats and bodices of drap d'or veiled with gold embroidered net or chiffon; shimmering satins draped with silver laces and net tunics a-glitter with bugle beads and opalescent sequins—a veritable riot of color and brilliancy.

Anent the décolletage, the real discriminating woman, so comes the word from Paris, has discarded the extremely low cut gown for one of more modest intent, and so we find the bodice of the evening gowns more substantial, and while there may be but shoulder straps—a glittering band of jet or sequins—very often net floats over the shoulders and veils their nudity, and for girlish dance frocks, there are the quaintest little short puffs or capes sometimes of net or lace.

Daintily pretty was a young girl's evening dress, which one saw in the making, with a foundation of apricot chiffon with overdress of black Chantilly lace, the larger motifs in the design edged with a fine chenille cord. Lace and chiffon continued over the shoulder and serving the purpose of a sleeve was a chiffon band covered with the lace which would come in handy in case of a vaccination mark, leaving an open space between the lace on the shoulder and the band. In other models the same idea was carried out with a lace puff that seemed to have slipped from its moorings at the shoulder seam.

This frock was girdled with black silk net which formed itself into a large butterfly bow at the waist in the back, a single end trailing behind, a filmy train terminating in a silk tassel. Not a few of the evening gowns have spiral flounces, usually of gold or silver embroidered net or lace, or sequin flouncing, and for the sake of diversion, some have side draperies of some filmy material, and to further accentuate the attention paid to the side of the gown, ribbon sashes are tied on the side, with the ends falling almost to the ground or even trailing on the ground. Such a sash is usually of some strongly contrasting shade, such as jade or rose on a black dress. Then, there's the indispensable corsage bouquet or sequence of blossoms arranged on the sash or girdle, or perhaps a single motif of flowers on the drapery. Thus a pale lemon colored taffeta, with the approved side drapery of silver lace, had a deep girdle of self-material festooned with nasturtium vine and blossoms.

Gorgeous almost beyond expression are the black dinner and evening gowns, so heavy with jets and sequins that one wonders how the filmy foundation bears their weight. Whole fronts are studded with jets and sequins like the armour of the Middle Ages while flying buttresses of net float airily from the sides, and long besequined train adorns the back, all of which is sustained by a cloud of net or a simple strap of jet over the shoulder. And quite as gorgeous, though perhaps less showy, are the black Chantilly evening gowns, which have recently recovered their old time prestige in festive halls. They are trimmed with glittering bands and flounces or draped over cloth of gold or silver. And not alone, black lace. White and colored laces will be in the spotlight of fashion the coming season.

Chiffon velvets in black and all the pale colors are to be found in the show rooms, and pheasant red is a fashionable color in Paris for evening wear. For less formal wear, there are equally pretty frocks to be had. One of them is a Sinbad crepe, the interpretation of which is a silk and satin check of beautiful fine silk weave, of a pale fawn color with overdrapery of Georgette crepe exactly matching, trimmed with real filet net, a wide girdle of bright blue Georgette crepe tied at the side, three-quarter flowing sleeves with filet motifs inserted and a V neck that was simply slashed down the front, the corners turning back. Now, the really interesting feature of this very dainty confection, was that the white filet net lace insertion was set in with small wooden beads about the size of French peas, in their natural color. A simple little afternoon frock for Miss Sixteen was of maize colored taffeta with the short skirt slashed on either side and the narrow pleating of the taffeta which edged it following the slashes up the sides, curling itself up into large, flat rosettes at the top of the slash, and around the shorter-than-elbow length sleeves.

WORTHY of the gowns are the accessories that complete it, even to the Spanish combs that glitter in the coiffure. It is fashionable once again to dress the hair on top of the head, or at least rather high and to wear combs and hair

ornaments, such as one sees displayed in the windows of the hairdressing establishments, and incidentally, one hears that the superfashionable hairdressers in New York are placing the combs backwards, so that the setting of brilliants may show from the front instead of the back. Spanish combs are worn more than the less pretentious ones.

The filmy scarf that is almost indispensable for the evening toilette may be as simple or as magnificent as circumstances dictate. The young girl adheres to the utmost simplicity, of which the interpretation is a cloud of silk net or chiffon the shade of her frock. Something more substantial and wrappy that may be worn with different

the gown calls for silver or white or even black, there's nothing to hinder. Usually the hose match the slippers, particularly if they are silver or gold, and we have heard that some very discriminating ladies are having their slippers dyed to match the gown, and of course everyone knows that when the desired shade of hosiery cannot be found, any reliable merchant can have white ones dyed the exact tint if given a few days' notice.

There has been quite a fad for fancy hosiery of late, such as drop stitch, and one learns that for this winter's evening toilette, there will be quite a run on lace inserts over the instep. Metallic stockings, once so fashionable are seldom asked for now, as they were so expensive to keep clean, having to be dry cleaned instead of laundered.

The plainer the slipper, the more modish it is considered, but if one cares for them, gold, silver, steel or jet bead buckles may be tacked on the instep.

WITH the rejuvenation of the fan, comes the bracelet, modern or antique. It makes no difference. The jewelled wrist watch and bracelet is not sufficient. One of the most unusual bracelets one has seen is made of ostrich feathers and worn high up on the arm, and incidentally, there is a bag for one's "hanky" and powder puff to correspond, also made of ostrich feathers.

The really new and exclusive bracelet is flexible with a row of sapphires down the centre bordered on either side by diamonds. Perhaps the most popular bracelet of the hour is that known as a bangle which slips over the hand. An exceedingly pretty version of this is composed of green gold with filigree work. They are narrow and exceedingly dainty.

One looked in vain for something more voguish than the ostrich feather fan, and what one found was ostrich, ostrich and ostrich again, but with much variability. Five long plumes mounted on mother of pearl sticks are pretty enough for anyone and the range of colors takes in every shade one could possibly want. The Prince of Wales fan has been awarded to the debutante for her own exclusive use. Needless to say it has but three plumes. Another has three or four long uncurled plumes laid together and dyed in variegated colors. One hasn't seen them here yet, but doubtless we shall see them among the Christmas offerings—tiny fans from Paris which one stows away in the hand bag, each one with the head of a cat or a dog, the animal's head covering the entire fan, sticks and all.

JUST to vary the programme slightly, may I quote from a letter received from a friend in Paris who writes glibly and knowingly of clothes that are fashioned there by couturiers of fame. She says:

"Many of the costumes have jaunty little capes of the gendarme effect that hang below the waist, and are often entirely without other collars, being simply folded in at the neck. Like a diminutive cape is the circular collar, that ripples just below the shoulders. These capes are usually outlined with braiding, darning, embroidery or fur, and the vest or bodice worn underneath is apt to be bright-colored in keeping.

"Jenny's evening wraps and coats are also inclined to develop into capes, mere capes, for there is nothing startling about them whatever unless it be the little touches of braid or points of embroidery dotted regularly all over them in close observance of the styles of the Moyen Age. With these capes, and often with the more negligee costumes, the collar is simply a scarf that is twisted around the throat and thrown over the shoulder.

"The trimming resolves itself into three factors, fur, black military braid and embroidery. Taking fur as the most important, it is interesting to note that Jenny, in protest against the prices that reign among furs, has used almost entirely imitation effects. Instead of lining her choker collars with beaver she has used dyed shaved rabbit, and where fox is supposed to be bordering a jacket we find nothing more romantic than Mongolie. Goat in various shades of grey is used in imitation of otter, while plushes are devised to look like anything from beaver to mole. With a daring akin to impudence, Jenny sends two mannikins forth at the same time, one wearing a little dolman wrap of real moleskin and the second an imitation in silk plush. The models are identical and very smart, the lines of the skins being worked horizontally and very close together like narrow stripes. When the price was considered there was much to be said in favor of the plush.

"The fur trimmings in this house differed from others in one great essential, they are not heavy. Far removed from the ponderous border of grey fox that one so often finds on a velvet wrap, is the trimming of thin strips of fur that run down the front and about the hem of a skirt, the strips an inch or more apart. Throughout her fur trimmings Jenny keeps consistently to this idea of using only strips. We find the same method applied to Mongolie, caracul, skunk, plush, squirrel and kolinsky, while monkey fits into the scheme of things as if designed for the purpose."



A CHARMING EVENING GOWN

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toilettes is a length of Georgette crepe in some delicate shade, such as silver grey or maize, draped up so as to form dolman sleeves and trimmed with some kind of light weight fur such as squirrel, or feather trimming like ostrich, marabou or even swansdown, and in between these two extremes are the printed chiffon scarves obtainable in any smart shop.

Long white kid gloves, which have been somewhat eclipsed for the past few years while we were practising thrift, are once again regarded as indispensable to the correct evening toilette. This is straight from the man from Paris, and we all know that no matter how good the quality of silk gloves, there is not that sense of being well dressed which kid gloves impart. We begin to realize this now that we are not as intimate with kid gloves as we used to be when a dollar and a quarter was probably our utmost expenditure for a pair of every-day gloves and two-fifty or three for sixteen-button lengths. We value our kid gloves now by the price we pay for them, and anyone who has a supply on hand may call herself fortunate.

The style of slipper one frivols in is largely a matter of individual choice in color and material, but at the moment the fashion barometer indicates that gold ones are ultra fashionable, but if



## That Preposterous Affair

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

seemed to assume greater proportions as her indignation gathered force. "Nice goin's on," she continued, "for a respectable woman like me to find in her home. What do you say, Bemis?"

"I say 'yes,'" said the blacksmith. Then he appeared to relent. "Maybe it's his wild oats comin' up," he added. Then he produced a plug of black tobacco from which he bit a large piece.

I perceived that I was hopelessly ruined, that the dignity of character and impeccability of virtue which I had revered as a hereditary gift had become fleeing phantoms before the wrath of my housekeeper.

Appreciating my incoherence my companion attempted an explanation.

"Don't want to hear!" snapped Mrs. Rimmills. Then her eyes softened as they fell on the child. "Poor lamb!" she murmured enigmatically. She turned on me. "I'm goin' to pack my trunk, and I'm goin'—tonight! Mr. Bemis will help me. As for you, I'll make it my business to see your Aunt Phyllis!" she concluded.

I gasped for air like a fish out of water. "Wait—wait—" I essayed. But Mrs. Rimmills had turned her back.

My cup of misery was full; it lacked but a drop of overflowing. Then suddenly, it brimmed right over. Someone knocked sharply, familiarly, on the outer door. It was Jack Evans! He came right in. I collapsed into a convenient chair, turned away my head. Rather would I have seen anyone at that moment than Jack Evans, yes, even Aunt Phyllis.

"Hullo, Arnold," I heard him cry. Then "What's this?" He drew up short. "What in the world—?" Again he stopped as he caught sight of my mysterious guest. "Violet!" he exclaimed.

"Jack!" cried the girl gladly.

"You! Here! How—what—" For once in his life Jack Evans was speechless.

I cannot remember clearly what followed. I seem to recall seeing Jack clasp the young lady in his arms after Mrs. Rimmills had relieved her of the child. Then followed a confused jumble of explanations. Jack had got the train time mixed. Violet had thought Jack's suite was 506 instead of 605. She had left the infant in my suite thinking it was Jack's, while she went out to telephone to Jack's office, knowing he was in the habit of working late, and thinking he had not received her telegram. I seem to remember offering Mr. Bemis my cigar case and that he took two putting both into his waistcoat pocket. Beyond this I can recall nothing.

A **F**ALLEN arch had prevented me from taking a part in the war for democracy. As Violet's husband had died in France two years previously it occurred to me several months later that it would be a patriotic as well as a pleasurable task to undertake the care of Violet and her child. To my intense gratification my proposal was accepted. Aunt Phyllis, Mrs. Rimmills, (who has since become Mrs. Bemis) and Mr. Bemis were at the wedding, which, notwithstanding its embarrassing nature, was very successful.

I have never quite understood, though, why Rhoda did not accept our invitation.

## The Land of P'raps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

and beside him was the nobbly stone against which he had stubbed his toe just before his journeying began.

In the distance he could see the broad road of the long year. A little tinkle sounded near, and there beside him stood the little If. Then Diddy knew, though Old Father Time had brought him back again, that when he wished, the little If would take him into the Province of the Unexpected. Would he go? He thought of Old Dedder Naherrin, o the Pink Star, and the letter-men, and then he said:

"P'raps."

THE END.

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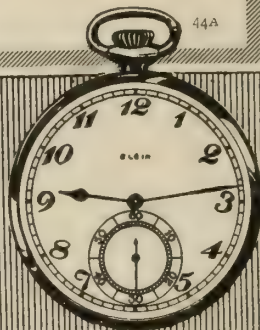
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# Modes & Fabrics

THE coat-frock will be more fashionable than last year, and although this seems incredible, it is a fact. Women have taken more to the habit of dressing to go out in a special frock, which is taken off immediately on the return home to be replaced by a tea-gown or a frock more suitable for indoor wear. In fact, coat-frocks, though quite elegant without a hat, very seldom look nice and chic when deprived of this addition; they give the appearance of being ready to go out, which prevents one feeling quite comfortable and cosy at home in them. This sensation will certainly be accentuated this winter on account of the vogue of high collars, which seem to be really established, and not only will high collars be seen, but the true mentonnière hiding the chin completely. This fashion, which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt made characteristic to herself years

used, especially in plissé bijou, as underskirts to panels or aprons, which hide part of the plissé. If there is no pleated, printed, or embroidered material noticeable under these panels or aprons when the wearer walks—a new idea is to line them with printed or embroidered tissues to match the trimming of the dress.

THE first models ordered on returning from the country are the tailor-made and two-piece costumes—worn for the morning promenade. The colors to choose are, preferably, brown, rust color, beige, and all tones of reds and russet-browns of autumn. One will notice that even if the new line is long and slim, often beltless and high-collared, there are little jackets, too, with cape effects; short loose coats, and the real cape blousing behind and straight in



## A FETCHING WRAP FOR EVENING WEAR

This delightful cape has been created in Chinese blue velvet and colored metal brocade. It is gracefully draped from a wide yoke which buttons to the cape proper and forms a hood effect at the back. The long sleeves with fringe panel at the lower edge are an interesting feature.

ago, is seen in practically all the new winter collections at the grand couturiers, says an English authority in "The Queen." Some of the coat-frocks look more like an entire dress, and some like a tailor-made or tailleur couturier; but what defines it as a coat-frock is the jacket—which is part of the whole effect—being irremovable; others are made somewhat in the style of a mantle, and to be worn without a dress underneath. One, again, sees another combination in a long mantle with the appearance of a robe-manteau which can be removed; it is generally worn over a dress to match, which is entirely hidden from view until the mantle is opened and taken off; sometimes being a lighter material, these dresses can be worn indoors. The general line to be observed in the majority of the houses is the long and narrow silhouette, and the long jacket. Panels, already so much worn during the summer, are again a feature of the next season's creations, as well as the apron effect at the front or at the back. It is very rare to see pleated skirts, one has really seen rather too many of them lately, but they are still

front. The low waist line is really one of the decided notes for winter fashions, and even the gowns and coats which have no belts at all give the impression of a long waisted silhouette by the method of draping, or by the disposition of the trimming. Fur will be used more and more as a trimming: collars, cuffs, bands of fur surrounding the hem of the skirt—often covering the bottom of the skirt, and bordering the fastening of a coat to convey the idea of an entire fur lining. The same effect is obtained by printed colored lining covering the long revers, though a particular one noticed in one of the shops is an embroidery ensemble which is also used for the belt. A number of coats are fastened on the cross, when the bottom is adjusted by a decorative button, which can be varied by a tassel or braid motif, when the coat is not entirely buttoned from neck to hem. The tailleur is often made in two kinds of material which might also contrast in color—black and red, plain beige and black striped beige. Braiding effects are still used in geometrical designs and for separate trimming motifs.



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#### TAKING HER HERO HUSBAND'S PLACE.

Mrs. Gallagher is one of the Soldier Settlement Board's settlers in British Columbia. Her husband who served with the 29th Battalion was killed at the front, and Mrs. Gallagher has been a tenant on the Matsqui Farm taken over by the Soldier Settlement Board, and known as the Amiens Training Centre. Through the Board she purchased a forty-acre farm adjoining this property, and is going in for dairying. She is seen here among a crop of carrots at the Matsqui Station.

CHARTS and pictures showing the various stitches and methods of holding the work are necessary as illustrations in a sewing class; but these should be quite clear and distinct, else they are apt to mislead the children and so do more harm than good. They should be of such a size as to be able to be seen by all the children in the class, and, if of the correct kind, may so help the teacher in her explanations, that a great amount of time is saved.

When children are learning to do different stitches the teacher has entirely individual work to do, and large, bold illustrations, which the children on explanation can understand, save the teacher's constant repetition of the same instructions.

An Examination of the Charts issued by the Department of Education for use in Toronto Public Schools.

#### Illustration I.

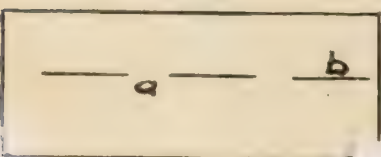
Chart I. (showing basting). (a). This chart seems rather confusing. Why should an empty space on the right side of the work be called a stitch in basting when in all other cases, such as hemming, overhauling, etc., the thread showing on the right side indicates a stitch?

(b). This is called a space but can hardly be a space when filled in by a stitch. A chart should be a perfect illustration of the stitches used and some of these on this chart are not even straight. Children are required to work straight stitches so this illustration is not a good pattern.

Basting is usually used to fix hems and seams—this chart only shows the stitch itself and does not denote the purpose for which basting is required.

Chart II., (showing running—back-

#### Basting



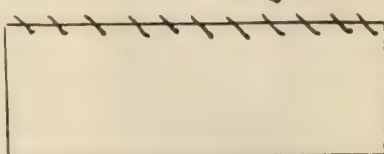
## Sewing in the Schools

By EVAN ETTA

stitching, etc.) This chart would appear very much clearer if the illustrations had been horizontal instead of vertical. Children are only too ready to turn their work around and methods of working are more easily seen when the illustrations are drawn horizontally.

Chart III.—(showing overcasting.) This chart is really unnecessary in an ordinary Public School sewing class for overcasting is really only used in finishing off material and can be quite easily taught by the teacher individually to whoever may need it. If these charts are so placed as to be in the order in which the children should be taught, it is rather confusing to put overcasting next to overhanding since the latter stitch should be taught

#### Overcasting



first and as the putting of the needle in an upright position is a difficult problem for children, this is harmful placed where it is in the series.

Chart IV.—(showing overhanding.) Overhanding is used to join two pieces of material together, usually two selvage edges. In English Schools the junior children are taught what is known as a sew and fell seam, and overhanding is the stitch used to join the edges of the material together before the seam is felled. This does not denote any joining process at all.

The thread in the needle shown, is twisted and forms a loop. This makes the picture difficult for children to see. In the second picture the stitches

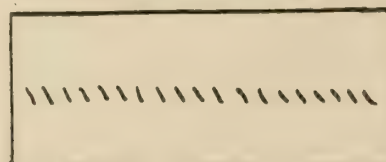
are not regular which is the object one aims at in this work.

Chart V.—(showing hemming—hemstitching). Here again the illustrations are vertical but would be plainer were they horizontal. For children, it would be better if a double stitch were used in place of a knot as shown in the basting, as so frequently a huge knot is put in the way of machine stitching.

Hemstitching. This does not convey the idea of the hem being stitched as it is shown on a straight piece of material, thus it does not show the use of the stitch. It would be an advantage here to have two charts as for hemming.

Chart VI.—(showing plain seam.) This illustrates a type of seam chiefly

#### Overhanding



used by dressmakers and need not be taught to children as their first lesson in seaming. Run and fell is the most useful type of seam for the junior grades.

Chart VII.—(showing felled seam). It is not clear either from this chart whether the stitch to be used is running or backstitching. In the run and fell seam shown, the stitches are not in the same straight line and therefore this is not a good example for children to copy.

Chart VIII.—(Buttonholes). The buttonhole shown on canvas is a very clear illustration, but the chart would prove much more valuable if a perfect copy of a buttonhole worked on cotton

goods had been shown too, for such buttonholes are usually worked by children.

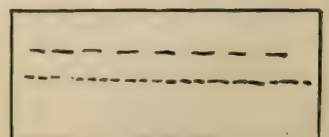
The specimen showing the three methods of sewing on a button does not include linen buttons without holes and children would certainly need instruction in the various methods of putting on this kind of button.

Chart IX.—(indicating how to find true bias, etc.) This chart is quite clear, but some of its value is lost because the running stitches in the joining of the bias strips, are not even or straight, and children are only too ready to exaggerate slight errors—hence the necessity for perfect illustrations.

Chart X.—(showing blanket stitch, buttonhole stitch). In the chart showing how to work blanket-stitch, everything is clear and graphic and any child once shown the stitch could easily continue to work by constantly looking at this chart. The method of working the corner, too, is quite clear enough for children to be able to understand and do by themselves.

Buttonhole stitch. It will be noted that the buttonhole is worked from right to left. The method of working from the left towards the right (as in blanket stitch) will be found equally effective, if the children be told to put double thread under the needle from the left (making letter L).

There is the additional advantage that the part of the buttonhole already worked can be better seen and can be held firmly between the thumb and finger of the left hand, while the thread is drawn up tightly into position. Buttonhole stitching in this series of charts is a little out of place on chart X, when a finished buttonhole is shown on chart VIII. Are children supposed to be able to complete a buttonhole before actually learning the stitch?



Running etc





Furniture Making in the Days of Queen Elizabeth.



The Elizabethan Cabinet Adapted by Mr. Edison

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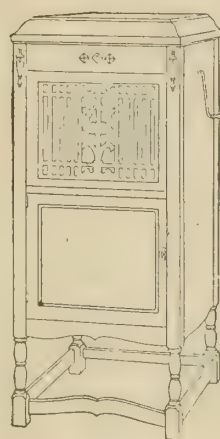
Fine living was the ideal of the day. Architects conjured up monumental palaces. Unparalleled designers and craftsmen furnished their interiors.

This era of luxury produced Chippendale, Sheraton and other masters of the

English, French and Italian schools. It brought the cabinet maker's art to its most exquisite development. It was aptly named "The Golden Age of Furniture."

TWO centuries later came a momentous development in music.

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Jacobean

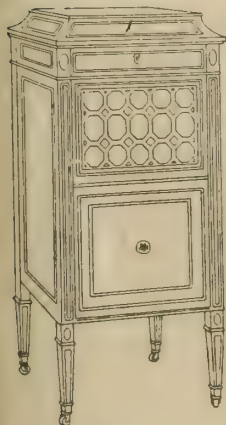
through direct comparison, that the New Edison Re-Creates an Artist's performance exactly as the Artist himself gives it. No one was able to tell the living performance from its Re-Creation by the New Edison.

THE family that has an ear for the finer things in music is the family that has an eye for the finer things in furniture. Mr. Edison decided that Edison Cabinets should be patterned after the most exquisite furniture known. And so his designers have made every Edison Cabinet a period Cabinet out of the Golden Age of Furniture.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N.J.



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### They remain black to the end


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Sketchley Dye Works  
ENGLAND

## The Hands of Esau

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

eyes and in the dim moonlit room she could just see the back of Rodney's neck as he bent over her. The impression gained upon her, sweeping away the last vestige of her self control. With a cry she struggled from him, pushing him aside with her hands, tearing herself loose from his arms, her head down, fear and horror choking her.

In the centre of the room she stopped, her breath came quickly, and she stared at him, darkly outlined against the open window.

"So . . . you hate me," he said quietly.

The illusion vanished with his words and her mind cleared, her heart opened and tears rushed to her eyes as a great surge of love swept through her, of love for Rodney Tennant.

"No . . . no," she said, her voice low and tense. Her arms reached out to him across the space which separated them, but he turned aside. Her arms dropped.

"I love you, Rodney," she whispered, but he laughed as he exclaimed mockingly:

"Love me . . . you? It looks like it."

"Yes, I love you," Mavis repeated, her head high, trying to pierce the shadows and see his face.

She hated the laugh with which he responded. It was cruel and hard.

"Why aren't you honest?" he asked briefly, "why do you lie? Are you lying to yourself as well as to me? You hate me, Mavis. Why don't you say so? You hate me just as before you hated Wyndham Andrews."

"No . . . no! Oh, I will tell you . . . I will explain," Mavis cried, eager now to tell him, eager to make him understand if she could. She must try to do so. She must make every effort. "I will tell you," she said desperately, and then her voice fell to a half choked sob. "Oh, Rodney dear I love you . . . Rodney listen . . . I love you . . . you must understand what I tell you . . . you must try to understand."

But he went to the door and opening it said coldly:

"There is nothing to understand. You are going to invent some reason for your physical aversion to me. I don't think I want to hear it."

THE door closed quietly behind him while Mavis stood for a moment looking into the darkness surrounding her, despair in her heart, an awful despair which she could not combat. It was fighting against shadows, nothing tangible to lay her hands upon, nothing solid to thrust aside. It was all shadows surrounding her, shadows and darkness on all sides. With sobs choking her Mavis turned back to the empty window.

The following morning when Mavis came down Rodney had already left the house. She had lain awake all night battling with the complex forces of her mind which she could not subdue nor conquer. It was impossible for things to continue as they were after last night. Matters had reached a crisis between them. Yet Rodney had said that he would not listen to her explanations. She knew that he would immediately dismiss any effort on her part to make him understand. And would an explanation help matters? She could not actually think so. It would not eradicate the impression which was growing each day more firmly fixed in her mind.

She wandered restlessly through the rooms during the entire day, seeking for some assuagement of this thing, some way in which she could kill this obsession which was ruining her happiness. If she could only persuade Rodney to sell the house, to give up everything which had belonged to Wyndham, in that way she felt that she might escape from it. But he would not do so. Already she had offered the suggestion that they should sell the house, this time perhaps being successful in finding a purchaser, but he had definitely refused.

"It suits us, doesn't it?" he had responded in the cold tone he now inevitably used when speaking to her, "I can't see any purpose in selling it."

Oh, if only he would be satisfied to do as she wished. There were so

many spots on the earth's surface where they could be happy in conditions of their own making. Here the very air seemed tainted, seemed permeated with memories of the dead man. It would require something radical, some explicit change in the mode of her life to uproot it all, to wipe away her impressions. She could never obliterate them as long as she lived here.

She paused finally in her restless pacing about the rooms to pick up a book. Such thoughts as these did not advance her any further. It were better to seek distraction, to seek to occupy her mind with other things. As she turned the pages listlessly, looking for some sentence which might gain and hold her attention, a paper slipped from between the leaves and fluttered to the floor. She stooped mechanically to pick it up and instantly recoiled as the writing flashed before her eyes. Wyndham's writing! These constant reminders! There was never any escape from them. She glanced at the few lines, carelessly scrawled across the page, and then suddenly grew rigid with amazement, her eyes riveted to the sheet of paper. It was apparently a last will of Wyndham's, written the very day he died, and it left everything of which he died possessed, to charity, should she marry again.

She held it tightly in her hand while thoughts flashed in a swift current through her mind. Here was the response to her need. This was what she would have expected Wyndham to have done. It seemed like a direct answer to her problem . . . and then like a horrid flash out of a clearing sky the thought . . . if Rodney had really become as Wyndham he would tell her to destroy it.

Her hand clenched upon the paper and she got up out of her chair and commenced walking up and down the long room, while her mind groped with this new complexity. She stepped into great golden spaces of sunlight, crossed the soft rugs which were as yellow moss beneath her feet, into the shadow and back again, the paper held fast in her hand. Her eyes narrowed as she contemplated the possible outcome.

Suppose she were to take it directly to a lawyer? That way she would insure against its being destroyed. She started quickly across the room, spurred by that thought into instant action, and then stopped half way. If she were to do this, she were indeed treating Rodney as though he were as Wyndham. She was giving him no benefit of the doubt. If instead she were to show it to Rodney and he himself should suggest taking it to a lawyer, would not that kill forever the idea of any similarity between the two men? For that would be the one thing which Wyndham never would have done. He would have destroyed instantly anything which stood in the way of his own comfort.

Her fears set her to walking up and down the length of the room. The light gradually faded from the rugs as the sun left the sky, and gray shadows effaced the corners of the room. A log fell occasionally on the hearth, where the fire was burning low, with a sputter of sparks which for an instant illuminated Mavis's face with its set expression. And still she walked up and down, nervously, her feet soundless except when her heels struck between the rugs on the polished floor. Her face became more determined in its expression as the dusk deepened. She had made up her mind. She must put Rodney to the test . . . she must show him the paper when he came in.

IT was almost completely dark before she heard his step in the hall. Her heart beat suffocatingly as she paused, staring towards the curtained doorway, while the paper crackled in her nervous fingers. She was trembling as she stood waiting for him to come in, but his step went past the door on his way upstairs. She recalled that there was no light in the room, and she switched on a small table lamp and called to him. She recognized her own great agitation by the tremor in her voice.

He turned back and stood outlined between the curtains, the light from the hall shining at his back. She felt a swift clutch at her heart,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



# The Hands of Esau

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

a moment's terror. He looked so like that other as he stood there looking into the room.

"Did you call me, Mavis?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Yes, I have something to show you, something I have just found."

He came forward into the room and Mavis extended the sheet of paper without a word. And then she turned away. She could not bear to see his face, she was too terribly afraid.

The silence in the room seemed to endure while centuries rolled past. She listened to the ticking of the clock, the sound of far off noises, of a door slamming downstairs, a log falling in the grate, and still he did not speak. She clasped her hands together till the nails bit into her flesh. If only he would speak and put an end to her suspense. She turned slowly about unable longer to endure the weight of silence and met his eyes, level and keen, regarding her fixedly.

"I'm afraid you've made a bad bargain, Mavis," he said, and his voice was surprisingly matter-of-fact. "I'm terribly sorry about this for I see how

you feel. For myself it is rather a relief . . . it's not altogether to one's liking to step into a dead man's shoes. But I wasn't worth the price, Mavis . . . you had found that out . . . even before this happened."

The voice was the voice of Rodney Tennant. Swiftly Mavis came towards him, and this time, held by the transfiguration of her face, he did not elude her. He listened to her gravely as she told him, hesitatingly at first, and gradually conveying to him the full horror of what she had suffered mentally through her strange obsession.

"It's been all my fault," he said, "I should never have allowed you to live here . . . I should have known that here you could never forget. Every room must hold for you some reminder, some imprint of the past. But you will forget. Mavis . . ." his voice rang through the room with a firm energy and defiance, while Mavis crept closer into his arms with a great and strong belief in his words. . . . "This time," Wyndham Andrews is dead . . . is dead forever."

# Good Cheer for November

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

teaspoonful each of chopped parsley and sweet herbs, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt, pepper and paprika, one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of chopped suet, one tablespoonful of chopped ham or tongue and one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon juice. Mix and form into small balls, then fry them a light brown color in hot fat. Drop these into the jar with the hare thirty minutes before it is finished; when ready lift out the balls, and arrange around the edge of a hot dish. Pile the hare in the centre, and strain over the gravy. Serve hot. Red currant jelly should accompany this dish.

**Corn Bread.**—Three-quarters of a pint of corn meal scalded with water to make a thin mush. Allow this to cool. To two cupfuls of sour milk, add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and one teaspoonful of baking soda. Beat two eggs and pour this into the mush. Pour into a hot buttered baking dish and bake for twenty-five minutes. Serve with maple syrup.

**Layer Cake.**—Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter with one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar until creamy, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, one and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and beat for two minutes, then add the beaten yolks of two eggs, beat the batter again for two minutes, then stir in gently the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and divide the mixtures into two large, or three small round or square layer cake pans, which have been greased and dusted over with flour. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. Allow the cakes to cool before removing from the pans and they will not break. Put together with the following fig filling:—Wash and dry one-half pound of figs then put them through a food chopper. Cook them in a double boiler with three tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of maple syrup, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of fruit juice and cook until reduced to a smooth paste, stirring often. When cool, spread between the layers of cake.

**Cheese Omelette.**—Mix one teacupful of grated cheese, one teacupful of scalded milk, and two tablespoonfuls of butter, cool and add one beaten egg, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and paprika. Pour into a greased fireproof dish, and bake in a hot oven. Serve at once.

**Apple Butter.**—Boil one gallon of fresh sweet cider down to one-half

its original quantity, then fill the saucepan with sliced sweet apples and let them simmer gently all day, until reduced to about one-half their bulk. Stir frequently with a wooden spoon or paddle to prevent their scorching. If not boiled down sufficiently the first day, allow to cook longer on the second day and pack away in sterilized stone jars. If desired, use one-half sour apples. In this case, sweeten to taste when the apples begin to break. The butter is better, however, if left with the natural sweetness of the apples.

**Frozen Cranberries.**—These frozen cranberries make a delicious change from the usual cranberry jelly or sauce. Pick over and wash four cupfuls of cranberries. Dissolve one pound of sugar in two cupfuls of cold water, and heat slowly to boiling point, then add the cranberries and cook gently until soft, cool, and add one-half cupful of strained lemon juice. Rub through a sieve, turn into a wet mould, and bury in crushed ice and rock salt for four hours. Turn out and serve on a pretty dish.

**Curled Celery.**—Use only the tender stalks of celery for eating raw. The hard outside pieces can be utilized with distinct advantage in soups—as a vegetable or for seasoning. Be sure and save the enlarged root in separating the stalks, cutting right down through it and leaving it attached in slender pieces to the stalks. Wash well, then crisp by folding in a damp cloth and laying on ice until ready to serve. To curl celery, cut the stalks into three or four inch lengths and split each piece nearly to the end. Cover with cold water for eight or ten hours, when the celery stalks will curl up in feathery shapes very pretty to look at. Celery is no longer served in a high glass, as was formerly the custom, but is laid flat on a cut glass celery dish or pretty plate.

**Bread Stuffing for Turkey or Chicken.**—Ten cupfuls of bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of powdered thyme, one-fourth teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, one cupful of butter or butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of powdered sage, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one and one-half cupfuls of water.

To prepare the crumbs, cut loaves of stale bread in quarters lengthwise and grate the crumbs on a large grater or put them through the food chopper, discard the crusts for other purposes. Mix the crumbs with the seasonings, butter and water and stuff the turkey with this. Half quantity will be sufficient for a large chicken.



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# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.)

Coming back to the question of citizenship, while it is the duty of the Federal Government to bring new settlers into this country, it is equally the duty of the Provincial Governments to co-operate with the reception and assimilation of such of these as become their citizens. I would therefore urge the early approach of the Provincial Governments by members of the Provincial Women's Institutes with the request to inaugurate a policy of citizenship among our new settlers.

## REPORT ON HEALTH AND CHILD WELFARE.

IN discussing the report on Child Welfare, submitted by the convenor, of Dr. Margaret Patterson, the Board of Directors recommended that the Women's Institutes co-operate with the Provincial Health Department in the various provinces.

Dr. Patterson congratulated the Women's Institutes of the various provinces on what they had done in getting the hot lunch installed in the schools.

She also gave the following suggestions:

(a) Why not aim at having every school a health centre?

(b) Could the Institutes not start an order of Nation Builders, whose membership should be children pledged to observe the simple laws of health in person, home and school? The membership pledge should consist of a list of health rules like the following:

1. I will respect my body and keep it clean.
2. I will strive to be clean in mind.
3. I will rinse my mouth after every meal and use my tooth brush every night.
4. I will keep my face, hands and finger nails clean.
5. I will bathe often and try to keep my clothing clean.
6. I will drink a glass of water every morning before breakfast.
7. I will eat wholesome food and chew it well.
8. I will live in the open air as much as possible.
9. I will go to bed early and sleep with my windows open.
10. I will try to protect the health of others and will not cough or sneeze without protecting my face.

Advancement in the Order to be given for keeping these rules. The cards should be signed by parent, teacher or school nurse testifying that the rules have been kept. When children learn and practice the rules of health they carry them into the home and the parents are educated by the children. A set of rules could be adapted to the community, but the essentials are the same; thus:

The American Commission for combating tuberculosis in France is circulating among children an excellent set of rules for health of which the following is a translation:

1. Breathe fresh air at all times. Fresh air and sunshine destroy the germs of contagious disease.
2. Wear light, loose and porous clothing.
3. Live as much as possible out of doors.
4. Sleep in a well ventilated room.
5. Practice deep, slow respiration.
6. Avoid eating too much, especially of meat and eggs.
7. Eat a variety of food and masticate thoroughly.
8. Evacuate the bowels regularly.
9. Maintain an erect posture in sitting and walking.
10. Avoid drugs. They contain poisons.
11. Keep the body strong and clean. This will increase resistance to disease.
12. Work with energy, but take proper rest and recreation.
13. Keep a contented mind.

(c) Tooth brush drills, calisthenics, folk dancing, organized play grounds and morning "stand to" for inspection at the opening of school could also be a part of the Order and merit marks be given. This stimulates competition and keeps the interest keen.

(d) Women are the guardians of the health of the Nation, but have been too modest over their frust. When we have our school fairs with prizes for best calf, best vegetables, and fruit, why not a prize for the school having the best health record whose pupils are in the best condition, whose buildings and grounds are kept in the most sanitary condition?

(e) Why not also judge the home on "points" as we now do "the standing crops"? Supposing the homes were inspected by a duly qualified inspector and marked on such points as

the following, might it not stimulate an interest in "Better Health and Child Welfare"?

1. General Location—Cheerfulness of outlook, material beauty.
2. Outlook—amount of sunshine possible.
3. Ventilation.
4. Heating.
5. General Convenience.
6. Cellar—dry and airy.
7. Water supply—purity and convenience.
8. Disposal of waste and sewage.
9. General Health of Occupants.
10. Sanitary condition of house and grounds.



A ROYAL RANCH.

This shows the ranch near Alberta belonging to the Prince of Wales.

There is one very simple piece of work the importance of which no one can gauge that I would like to ask the Institutes to undertake this coming year. We all view with sorrow and alarm the great prevalence of goitre, especially among our young folk. It has been estimated that fully one-fifth of all our people under thirty years of age have goitre to some extent. Goitre rendered a man unfit for military service; so it is a serious physical detriment and in many cases most unsightly. While the cure of

The matter of gambling devices, games of chance and exhibitions of objectionable freaks was brought to the attention of the Board of Directors and a resolution, urging that provincial governments and fairs associations, do all in their power to eliminate these evils as features of fairs was passed.

Attending the meeting were official delegates from every province in Canada but Manitoba, these including, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, president, Edmonton, Alberta; Mrs. William Todd, first vice-president, Orillia, Ontario; Recording secretary, Mrs. W. F. Cameron, Davidson, Saskatchewan; Cor-

responding secretary, Miss Emily Guest, Toronto; treasurer, Miss Eliza Campbell, Fredericton; Superintendents, Alberta, Miss Mary MacIsaac; Saskatchewan, Miss Abbie De Lury; Ontario, Mr. George Putnam; Quebec, Miss May Chute; New Brunswick, Miss Hazel McCain; Nova Scotia, Miss Helen MacDougall, Prince Edward Island, Miss Della Saunders; Directors, Mrs. Alfred Watt, B. C.; Mrs. George M. Beach, Miss A. S. Pritchard, Quebec; Miss Annie Stuart, Grand Pre, N.S.; Mrs. John Lawlor, St. John, N.



This is a photograph of G. Korose, Lorette, Manitoba, returned soldier, ploughing with tractor. He is on the tractor.

goitre is difficult, its prevention is so simple that it is a crime to allow any child to develop it. Through the research work of Professor Stewart, it has been proved that the fumes of tincture of iodine in the air will prevent goitre. The mere presence of iodine is quite sufficient. Professor Stewart found that in localities where ninety per cent. of the children between ten and eighteen years develop goitre it might have been absolutely prevented by simply keeping a bottle of tincture of iodine in the schoolroom. We cannot reach every child's bedroom, but we can reach every school. It would be a very easy matter for the Women's Institutes to place a small bottle of tincture of iodine in every school, to have it left there uncorked and replenished as it evaporates; for, of course, there must always be liquid iodine kept in the bottle so that it may by evaporating, give off its fumes. This could not have any injurious effect, and what a national service we could render in preventing this common and serious disease.

B.; and Conveners of Standing Committees, Agriculture, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, Huntingdon, Immigration, Mrs. Jean Robson, Ottawa, Publicity, Mrs. J. F. Price, Calgary, Alta.

A very pleasant outing was held at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, when the Board of Directors were the guests of the principal of Macdonald College, and Miss Bessie Philip took the visitors around the beautiful grounds and through the school itself. Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Watt gave brief addresses to the students.

## NOVA SCOTIA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

THERE have been no reports of the work of our Women's Institutes published during the summer months, although most of the Institutes have been active, and most interesting reports have been received.

Our June Convention was a wonderful success, and the delegates who were privileged to be present found new interest and enthusiasm in the two busy days spent in Truro. The

reports which were brought in to the Convention were splendid, and our Institute members may well be proud of our organization in Nova Scotia and its accomplishments.

During the summer, many enjoyable Institute picnics were held. In several instances all the Institutes in a County met, renewing old acquaintances, as well as forming new ones.

Almost every Institute was visited during the summer by a demonstrator sent out by the department. The favorite topic for demonstrator was Canning by the Cold Pack Method. Many very successful meetings were held, which were largely attended.

Some of the Institutes held no meetings during the months of July and August, and are now taking up the work for the autumn and winter with freshened interest. The majority of the Institutes, however, continued holding their regular meetings. It is impossible to describe fully the work undertaken by each Institute or to estimate its great value, but a brief account of their activities is outlined herewith.

Arcadia has been active in Community improvement, the Institute purchased a lawn-mower to be used in caring for the tennis court which they made for the young people of the village. An appeal from the Salvation Army resulted in collecting the sum of \$38.00 for their use.

Bear River had a most interesting entertainment, an old-fashioned play with genuine antique setting and furnishing. This proved most successful. They have appointed a Committee to visit the School Board re the sanitary condition of the water supply for the school. They have also extended invitations of welcome to the wives of soldier settlers in the vicinity.

Bible Hill.—"The New Housekeeping," by Christine Fredericks, stimulated practical discussion in Household Methods, at several of the meetings of this Institute. They have been actively interested in improving the school grounds. Their interest and support at the time of the Convention was invaluable. The appeal from the Salvation Army resulted in a substantial sum being raised by subscription.

Barss Corner.—This Institute has been active in working for the School Exhibition as in former years. Funds are raised by making an autograph quilt. Their meetings are always bright and lively with interesting stories and readings contributed by the members.

Berwick.—"Physical Culture" was the subject of a most interesting address given by Miss Flora Chute. This Institute is working to place a woman on their School Board. The subject of Community Singing was taken up at a meeting of the Institute and plans are made to organize a Choral Society in the autumn.

Bridgetown continues to sew and provide for needy children in their town. They purchased new equipment for the Supervised play ground which the Institute has established and maintained for two years.

Cambridge.—A talk on Home Nursing given by Miss Meldrum of New York, followed by a Round Table discussion, was of great interest at a recent meeting. Subjects of interest at other meetings were "Care of the Eyes and Teeth," by Dr. David Webster, New York, "Child Welfare," "The Prohibition Referendum."

Caledonia and S. Brookfield has a Committee which visits the school. "Recreation, its value" was an important subject taken up at one of their meetings recently. This Institute is interested in building sidewalks in their community. Their meetings are bright and interesting with readings from the Standard Authors as well as modern publications.

Carleton had a most enjoyable visit from the Kemptville Institute this summer. A collection has been made for the Hospital Aid Society in Yarmouth. The Institute has been very active in securing land and erecting a Memorial in the village, and the interest of the whole community has been aroused.

East Leicester.—A beautiful lamp has been placed by the Institute in the hall as a memorial to their fallen soldiers. Cemetery improvement has been undertaken. A demonstration in sewing given by one of the members proved most interesting and helpful.

Gaspereaux is interested in the sanitary conditions of the school and plans to improve conditions. A committee for visiting the sick has been appointed. The case of a needy family has also been undertaken by this Institute.

Kempt.—The remodelling of their hall, as well as other community work



has been undertaken by this Institute. They purpose giving a play to raise funds for the prize for the School Exhibition and School Gardens. Material help has been given by them to the Dawson Memorial Hospital in Bridgewater.

**Kemptville.**—This Institute is interested in erecting a Soldiers' Memorial, also in cleaning and beautifying the cemetery.

**Lakeville** is sewing for needy children in their locality.

**Lawrencetown.**—The members of this Institute formed committees to give the school children instruction in sewing and cooking to assist them in their School Exhibition. A Supervised Play Ground was established this summer. They are also sewing for the Provincial Infants' Home.

**Lunenburg** is interested in improving the sanitary conditions of their academy. The Dramatic Club gave the Institute sixty dollars to be used by their Charitable Committee, which is very active in its good work.

**Maplewood and Parkdale** has been raising funds to procure water coolers to place in the two schools. The reports said that the members had planned to spend one afternoon each week to help any in need of such assistance as quilting, mending, etc. In doing this they "help each other and have a good time in the bargain."

**Bedford.**—One of the new Institutes, has been studying the handbook. Miss Stuart of Grand Pre, has given them a talk on "The Possibilities of Institute Work."

**Martock and Windsor Forks** is interested in working for the Children's Aid. The sum of fifty dollars has been collected and forwarded by them.

**Mahone** is planning to erect a community hall as a memorial for its soldier boys. A July 1st celebration netted the sum of \$1,032.

**Paradise.**—It is interesting to hear that the boys and girls of the school cleared up their school grounds and planted flowers, which were handed over to the care of the Women's Institute during the vacation. The flowers to be used by them for church decoration. The members have been studying Home Economics, and Public Health.

**Fort Maitland** is interested in the study of Home Economics.

**Point Edward** is interested in school improvement.

**Fort Williams** has been favored in having a travel talk by a visitor in their community. A petition has been circulated to ask the D.A.R. to place an automatic bell near the railway crossing.

**St. Andrews** contributed canned goods to St. Marchas' Hospital in Antigonish.

**Sheffield Mills** has been successful in painting and improving the Primary room in their school. Through their efforts the Minister of Highways has ordered the removal of piles of logs from the roadside and forbidden the placing of others there.

**Scotch Village** plans to repair the outside of their hall.

**Tatamagouche.**—The committee appointed to take charge of Clean-up day were so successful that they have been made a permanent committee to look after the community improvements. A committee has also been appointed to look after some children in the vicinity, who have never attended school, the Institute offering to be of assistance in supplying clothing and school necessities.

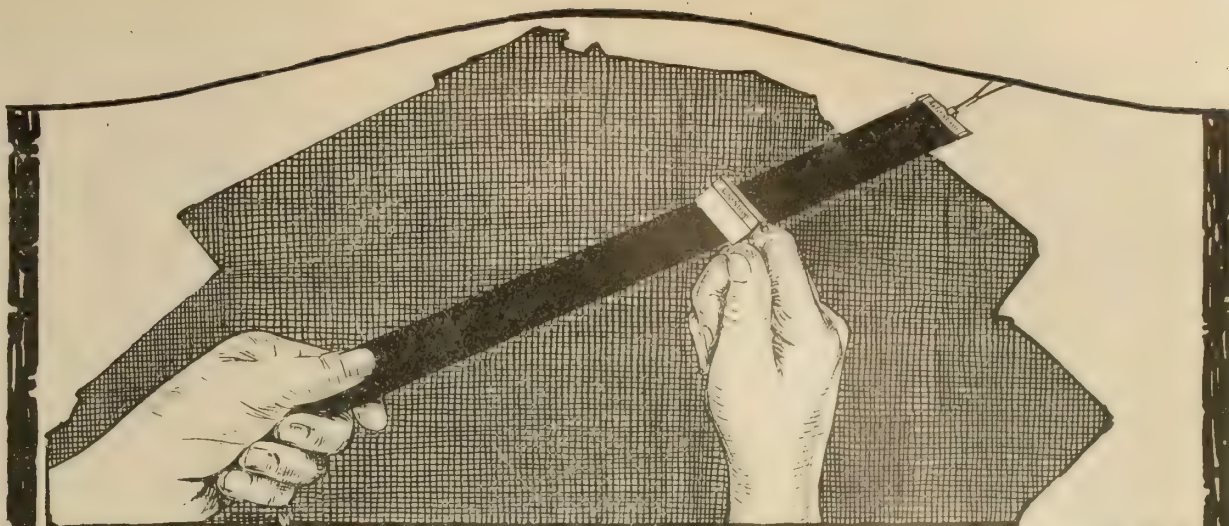
**Wallace Bay** has given ten dollars to the Children's Home in Amherst. A sanitary water cooler has been placed in the school. The establishing of a school library, and repairs to their hall are matters of interest to them at present.

**Weymouth** is working to obtain a gramophone for the use of the inmates of the County Poor Farm.

**West Gore.**—A round table discussion of the use of Home vs. Commercial goods was an interesting feature of one of their meetings. Other subjects of interest which they have taken up are, "Future Home Making," "Home-Making Education," "Address to Girls," "Labor-Saving Methods."

Four new Institutes have been organized during the summer and are looking forward to a profitable winter. These Institutes are Onslow, Colchester County, Mabou, Cape Breton, Hantant, King's County, New Germany, Lunenburg County.

HELEN J. MACDOUGALL,  
Superintendent of Women's Institutes.



## 'the razor that sharpens itself'

"A PERFECT shave in 3 minutes" is AutoStrop Razor service. Stropping and cleaning without taking anything apart, without even removing the blade from the frame is an exclusive AutoStrop Razor feature.

And the quality of the shave is the kind you are craving for!

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate the AutoStrop Razor to you. He will guarantee to refund your money, if the razor does not prove to your entire satisfaction.

Only \$5.00—complete with strop and twelve blades in an attractive assortment of cases.

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## Your dealer will gladly demonstrate it to you

## To Institute Members

Our friends in the Women's Institutes are urged to send us special photographs of unusual scenes or gatherings—not the ordinary group, but the out-of-the-way undertaking which means variety in the work of the Institute. These organizations have so much in their work that is inspiring that we wish pictures of any scene or feature of interest.



## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)



**The  
Most  
Satisfactory  
Shaving  
Equipment  
Ever  
Produced**

# Gillette

## Safety Razor

**The Shaving Service for Everyman  
—Everywhere**

There has never been a time when the trend towards *quality* and *economy* has been so universal. The demand is sweeping over the country for better—more serviceable—more economical merchandise.

It is these very ideals which have created a world market for the Gillette Safety Razor. The personal shaving service idea has gone around the globe and changed the shaving habits of thinking men everywhere.

To-day, Gillette shaving is vouched for and acknowledged by twenty million men as one of the cleanest, safest, most economical, and most valuable habits they ever formed.

Men are enthusiastic about the NO STROPPING—NO HONING feature of the Gillette, and the easy adjustability of the razor to suit their particular types of skins and beards. They appreciate the super-keen edge for every shave, with its incentive to daily shaving and smart appearance.

*You will find Gillette dealers everywhere anxious to put you in touch with this vital, personal service.*



she stuffed with feathers when the ducks announced the opening of the shooting season by their appearance on Crystal Lake.

Behind the stove there is a generous pile of wood. Mollie had demurred at this arrangement at first, protesting that the wood made the house look like a basement, and that she preferred keeping it outside and bringing in the fuel a stick at a time. Though amazed at the quantity of wood the stove could consume, Mollie had stubbornly persisted in this arrangement for over a week, much to her husband's amusement. And then it rained for three days at a stretch, and utilitarianism triumphed over aesthetics.

The breakfast bill of fare this morning was porridge, bread and fried bacon, and boiled apple sauce. It was the invariable order, but every other day they had tea instead of coffee. There was no stint of quantity. To Mollie, who for years had lived in boarding houses, such lavish use of butter and real cream had at first seemed sinful, but she had quickly welcomed the change, and now sometimes idly wondered how she could have mistaken the anaemic blue liquid of the city for milk, or lived on the wafers of bakers' bread when she now required so many generous slices of her own baking to satisfy her northern appetite.

As breakfast progressed, Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton discussed affairs of world-wide importance: Would Billie haul firewood that day?—or would he keep on cutting rails for the pasture fence? He would soon have to break a trail to the south haystack; this one would no more than last out the week. Mollie had better ride out for the mail to-day, or perhaps it would be better to wait until to-morrow; the mail was only due at Bill Laflamme's last Thursday, so it might be too soon. But it was our turn to go for it, and bring back the Harrigans' papers, and that parcel that should have arrived two weeks ago. Well, we'd wait until the day warmed up, if it was going to, before we decided what to do. There was no hurry about it, anyway.

That was it! "There was no hurry about it." Things didn't necessarily have to run on schedule at the ranch, except the feeding of the cattle, and even that schedule was not held by time to strict accountability. Once a day they were fed if the weather was fairly mild, twice a day if it got really cold, say forty-eight or fifty below zero. All other tasks could wait a more convenient season.

Breakfast over, Billie emptied one of the water pails into the kettle, and went to the barn to milk the two cows. Their yield was not heavy—cows living on hay in always-below-zero weather are not in the record-breaking class—but the milk supply was

ample for the needs of the house, and even allowed enough cream for Mollie to conduct wasteful experiments in cheese-making, in which, by carefully following printed directions, she was certain of failure every time. But she had the satisfaction of being successful at churning butter three times out of five. On the disappointing occasions, she blamed the weather, quite properly. Her dairy would never have been passed by any health inspector, who would have learnedly discovered millions of bacteria to the cubic inch and protested that her system of keeping milk in wide-open pans had long since been discarded in all hygienic establishments. But for all his learned talk he would probably have been unable to answer the argument which Mollie herself could not controvert when she was initiated into the mysteries of butter-making and had made a feeble protest.

"But we're healthy for all that!"

By the time Billie had returned with the milk, Mollie had decided the mail could wait for another day, but she would go down the meadow later and help feed the cattle. Meanwhile, an hour's work on the woodpile might be in order; the pile wasn't any too big if a really cold snap came along and we had to put in most of the time throwing hay to the cattle.

Try as he might, Billie could never get ahead of that woodpile. Each day he religiously saved a certain quantity, and each day saw Mollie diminish the supply by that same quantity, plus a few sticks, so that every once in a while an extra spurt had to be made and extra time put in so that the pile might return to standard size.

MOLLIE had not been used to seeing fuel poked into a stove with lavish hand. To her, wood and coal had represented an outlay of real money, and not merely of energy, so that it was some time before she could reconcile herself to the prodigious demands of the kitchen range. One day she had mentioned to Billie that they seemed to be burning a vast quantity of wood. He had replied that that could give him no cause to worry; there was enough wood on his ranch to last them well over a thousand years. Mollie had been properly impressed at this revelation of nature's bounty to them, and had later amused herself by giving it a monetary value, fictitious and probably exaggerated, but based on certain principles, or lack of principles, she had learned when working in Vancouver real estate offices. Her argument was that if all this standing timber could be cut down and cut into suitable lengths, split into kindling and tied into small bundles, these could be sold in the east end of London for a ha'penny apiece, and would realize a fraction over a billion dollars. This fraction she allowed for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)

## The Jade Elephant

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.)

Then good-byes were said, but not until the Maharaja and his mother had requested them to come soon to see them in their far away country.

Larry carried the little girl down to the waiting car, and they rolled homeward. She held the green elephant fast.

"Larry!" she said. "Do you remember that bit of verse Stevenson wrote, 'The world is so full of a number of things'?"

"I think we should all be as happy as kings," finished Larry.

"It's true, Princess, and there are more people in it than just you and me."

"You mean," observed the child quaintly, "that often I do not seem to think so."

Larry nodded. "If you'd jolly well look around, Princess, you know. Get interested in some of them; not that I'm preaching, I'm just telling you, lovely one."

"Yes!" she said.

"And as I did find the green elephant for you," he went on, "and you can see that he has a charm that works, why I look to you to fulfil your end of the bargain. To go down to the sea, live in the fresh air, get strong, and what not. It's the only way to get that iron band affair off, Nadine."

She drew a fluttering breath. "Yes," she answered "even if people stare I will go. A bargain is a bargain, Larry. My part is to try to get strong. Isn't it?"

The boy's eyes that had looked on life and death in Flanders, smiled into the child's face. "The world is so full of a number of things," he quoted again. "I am sure we should all be as happy as kings." We will be, too, Princess, if we just keep on helping those things on a bit you know."

"Yes," she said, thinking of his strength and patience, and of the way he had with him. "Yes, Larry, I know."



# Pompeian

## NIGHT CREAM



## Brings Beauty while You Sleep

Confidently you face the searching light of the morning sun, knowing that the tired lines of the previous day have been softened and subdued by Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

This improved cold cream brings, while you sleep, the beauty of a soft, youthful skin. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all druggists at 50c and \$1.00 a jar.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are the 60c Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (60c), a powder that stays on; Pompeian BLOOM (60c), a rouge that won't crumble; Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with an exquisite new odor. Clip the coupon now.

### Marguerite Clark Art Panel and Samples

Miss Marguerite Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel, entitled "Absence Cannot Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are faithfully reproduced in dainty colors in this Art Panel. Size, 28 x 7¼ inches. Price, 10c. Samples of the three Instant Beauty preparations, Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Day Cream, and Pompeian Bloom, sent with the Art Panel. Also samples of Pompeian Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance, a talcum. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.

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The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.

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"Don't Envy Beauty—  
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"Absence Cannot  
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Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for 1921 Marguerite Clark Art Panel, entitled, "Absence Cannot Hearts Divide." Also send Instant Beauty samples and samples of Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum)

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Prov \_\_\_\_\_

Please specify shade of Beauty Powder, unless another shade requested.







My Mother says -

**COWAN'S**  
**MAPLE BUDS**  
 are very good for children

DON'T BE IMPOSED UPON ! For Your Protection Every MAPLE BUD  
 is stamped with the Name "COWAN"—  
 Scorn Substitutes !



# A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

expenses and transportation, the proportion being good real-estate logic. Thereafter the Hazeltons occasionally spoke of their Billion Dollar ranch, and in time the property became so designated throughout the Quesnel country.

The cutting of fence rails occupied Billie for a couple of hours that morning. By that time a healthy appetite had been worked up, Mollie hallooed that dinner was ready. Billie drove his axe into a standing tree, high up to be out of reach of any wandering beast, and headed for home and beans and rice pudding. Tomorrow there would be meat—fresh meat which would be thawed overnight after being chopped off the frozen quarter hanging outside the shack. Sometimes they had fish, caught through holes in the ice on Quesnel Lake, and brought home by the sackful, but Mollie complained of the lack of taste of these fish, and they were eaten only so that the meat and the beans could be enjoyed the more. They had had venison, but deer were scarce that winter, and there was no more in sight. Bear meat, which had been plentiful, and which Billie really liked, once in a while, had been declared taboo by the lady of the house for no better reason than that she had once seen a bear on roller skates at the Orpheum Theatre, and it made one feel like a cannibal. There could be no answer to such an argument. So the dogs fattened on Bruin.

After dinner Billie hitched his work team to the bobsleigh and started out to feed the cattle on the meadow. Mollie went with him to build the load and drive the horses while he tossed out the hay. She had by this time reached the point where her assistance was of a real value, though by no means indispensable, and the hay could be scattered quicker when she formed half of the feeding crew. But she could not feel a liking for the cattle. To her they were wild beasts, just domesticated enough to stay in a place because hay was thrown out on the snow for them day after day. Mollie was not far wrong in this estimate of the range stock; even Billie never took chances among them, for all that they might seem weak and helpless.

Hazelton was a careful feeder, which is a ranchman's expression of approval of anyone who succeeds in determining just how little hay will keep an animal alive through a winter, in addition to what rustling the cattle could get in the uncut portions of the meadow, where the ground had been too wet and soft to allow the mower and rake to be used the previous fall. Though on slim rations, because Billie deemed it wise to end the winter with hay on hand and so have a reserve for the inevitable bad year, the cattle were looking in fair shape. They were nearly all young stock, and Mollie was proud of their condition, particularly after she had ridden through the Harrigan herd and gazed in amazement at some of the old cows, rickety frameworks of bone over which mangy hides were loosely stretched, like an oversize tent on a swaying ridgepole. In her innocence, Mollie had inquired why the poor beasts were not killed and put out of their misery, a question which had brought from Harrigan the information that those critters had pretty nearly an even chance of pulling through, but it was their last year; they'd be beefed in the fall. And Mollie, taking another and longer look at the forlorn animals, at last understood why roast beef in restaurants was so very tough. It was because the cattle had such a tough life.

Three times was the hay sleigh loaded and feed scattered to the cattle on the meadow, Mollie driving the team along the well-packed road while Billie scattered out the feed with a sparing fork. The feed train stretched out for well over a mile, so that all the cattle would have room to eat without fighting, which would invariably be the case if their hay was thrown out in a limited space, when the weaker ones would be horned aside and forced to chew the cud of bitter reflection while the stronger munched the cured swamp grass. On a long road there are no favorites, and each animal gets its fair share.

Feeding over, the Hazeltons returned to their shack, where Mollie proceeded to prepare supper, while Billie attended to the barn work. By

the time he had unharnessed his team, fed the horses and milk cows, carried two pails of water to the house, brought in a few armfuls of wood and attended to a few odd chores, it was quite dark, and the evening meal was ready. They had beans for supper that day, because they had had beans for dinner. A repetition of dishes simplifies cooking, and they would even up on the morrow by having meat twice. And they had cold apple pie, with a composition on the side which Mollie called cheese, but of which Billie had grave doubts. Still, being a healthy male animal, he ate it with apparent relish; he was quite willing to "break-in" Mollie, but he didn't want to break her heart by telling her the whole truth about some of her dishes.

After supper Billie went to the barn to milk his cows in their chilly stalls. The unreliable thermometer by this time registered thirty-six degrees below zero, and it could not have been far wrong, for when Billie returned to the house, there was a crust of milk ice inside the pail, where the milk froze in layers as it swished against the sides. But this did not matter; Mollie would thaw it off with boiling water. In the first cold days of the winter Mollie had said that she had never expected to see so much natural ice cream, or want so little of it. The opinion still held good.

After disposing of the milk, Hazelton enjoyed a thorough wash, removed his rubbers and two pairs of heavy socks, stripped off his overalls, and announced his willingness to call it a day. It was then a quarter to eight, and he proposed taking life easy for a couple of hours before retiring. These evenings, when no work was done, were the pleasantest part of the day. On these occasions when they received their mail, they indulged in an orgy of reading, for in addition to such letters and catalogues as might come unsolicited, they also subscribed to an Eastern "family paper." They had to, or be hopelessly out of touch with world events and masterpieces of fiction as known to their neighbors. For every Canadian rancher and every homesteader takes a weekly, or borrows it from a neighbor. To be without it would be like having one's name in "Burke's Peerage," and not subscribe to "The Times."

But a weekly newspaper, even though it be of thirty-two pages and treat of every subject under the sun, is eventually exhausted by an intelligent reader. So, for many successive evenings, husband and wife merely talked to each other during the restful period of the day. Much of the time Hazelton would instruct Mollie in the mysteries of the ranch; the superiority of one breed of cattle over another, the advantage of light horses over heavy animals in a land where feed is an important item, the fattening qualities of pea-vine and vetches, and such important matters. Mollie would listen and learn a little, but she gravely doubted if she would ever become an expert rancher like Mrs. Harrigan, ex-Frushing. Then Billie would remind her that he had learned all he knew in the few years since she had last seen him grinding out publicity matter for the North Coast Steamship Company. And so the talk would drift back to years ago, when life for them both was so different. There was much that they missed, theatres, concerts, moving pictures (but only Mollie really missed these, for this attraction had been in but a crude state of development when Billie Hazelton had staggered into the north to lose identity and emerge as Frank Hayes), excursions, automobile rides, sea bathing, churches (again only Mollie missed this) and many, many other delights of city life. But principally Mollie missed shopping. She had never looked upon herself as a shopper, as distinct from a buyer, until she found herself making all necessary purchases from a mail-order catalogue, where she could either buy the article described as X4793b2, or do without. She had two choices, take it or leave it. It was on these occasions, when she filled the order form that she realized how very difficult she must have been to please in the past, when ten thousand sales people stood ready to do her slightest bidding, on the chance that she might spend a dollar and a quarter in the store. . . .

## Another Royal Suggestion

# Biscuits, Buns and Rolls

From  
The New  
Royal  
Cook  
Book

**BISCUIT!** What delight this word suggests. So tender they fairly melt in the mouth, and of such glorious flavor that the appetite is never satisfied. These are the kind of biscuits anyone can make with Royal Baking Powder and these unusual recipes.

### Biscuits

2 cups flour  
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons shortening  
¾ cup milk or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add shortening and rub in very lightly; add liquid slowly; roll or pat on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

### Royal Cinnamon Buns

2¼ cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
2 tablespoons shortening  
1 egg  
½ cup water  
½ cup sugar  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
4 tablespoons seeded raisins

Sift 2 tablespoons of measured sugar with flour, salt and baking powder; rub shortening in lightly; add beaten egg to water and add slowly. Roll out ¼ inch

thick on floured board; brush with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and raisins. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 1½ inch pieces; place with cut edges up on well-greased pan; sprinkle with a little sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes; remove from pan at once.

### Parker House Rolls

4 cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
2 tablespoons shortening  
1½ cups milk

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Add melted shortening to milk and add slowly to dry ingredients stirring until smooth. Knead lightly on floured board and roll out ½ inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter. Crease each circle with back of knife one side of center. Butter the small section and fold larger part well over the small. Place one inch apart in greased pan. Allow to stand 15 minutes in warm place. Brush each with melted butter and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

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So they would talk, of the future, the present, and the past, but chiefly of the past. For they had the present, were young and felt sure of the future, but the past was gone, and had left only pleasant memories behind.

At ten o'clock they would stick two big chunks of green wood into the stove, shut off all the drafts, throw out the cat and tell it to go and sleep in the haystack, take a last look at the unreliable thermometer, then retire for the night.

To-morrow would be another day.

### CHAPTER NINETEEN.

BILL LAFLAMME WRITES TO OTTAWA FOR MORE PAY.

THE sun was shining brightly at nine o'clock in the morning when Mollie left the Billion Dollar ranch for the Khakala post office, nine miles away. She would not return till dark, for the return trip would be made via Harrigans', which would lengthen the journey by six miles. Possibly she might stay at Harrigans' overnight, if the weather took a cold turn during the day, or her cayuse happened to go lame on the journey. For Mollie was riding an Indian horse that was not noted for its staying powers, but had been picked out for its docility by Hazelton, who had a fine contempt for any animal that didn't buck at irregular intervals, and always when feeling good. Mollie had come to the ranch a few years too late in life even to expect to become a first rate horse-woman, but she had hopes that by summer she would be able to ride an animal with a little more life than the aged Plod.

Mollie was riding astride, as a matter of course. But it had not been a matter of course when this had first been suggested. She had expostulated at great length against this mannish method, and had been inclined to resent her husband's refusal to take her objections seriously. He had not even answered her arguments, contenting himself with observing impartially to the patient horse that "We first abhor, then endure, then enjoy." And when, at last she had consented to waive her old-fashioned ideas and adopt the northern method, she had naively expressed the hope that no one would happen by and see her, quite unconscious that no rancher would give more than a passing look at a woman astride a horse, while a side-saddle rider would have convulsed the district and provided material for gossip for months.

Plod was an easy-going horse, a fat and lazy animal that would consider three miles an hour through the snow fairly good going, though he would do four when sufficiently spurred. The trail from the Billion Dollar ranch to Bill Laflamme's was well broken for the last four miles, but for the first part of the journey Plod had to shuffle along and break the road, for no one had gone over it since the last snowfall. Further on other trails converged towards the common centre—the rural post-office. The path was only a few feet wide, and wound about in so crooked a fashion that Mollie felt certain it must box the compass at least for every mile. But she had no fear of getting lost, the trees were blazed, the trail quite apparent under the fresh snow, and, best of all, Plod knew every inch of the way. Sometimes horse and rider scaled steep cliffs and travelled on the brow of a hill for a distance, then descended into a canyon and crossed a frozen strip that would be a raging torrent in the spring. Up the opposite hill old Plod would wind his way, slow but sure-footed, threading through the thick patches of jackpine and firs that so generously showered blessings of crystal snow on horse and rider from overhanging branches.

Scampering rabbits, white as the surrounding landscape, were the only signs of life, and they were seen only as they disappeared, startled and nervous. Sitting on their haunches munching frozen grass under the willow bushes, they were "visible, but unseen." Even their arch-enemy, the coyote, would have to startle them before his keen eye could locate his prey. Had a rabbit brains enough to remain quiet when danger threatens, he might live to a ripe old age in the land of ice and snow. Instead, he runs a race and becomes a dinner.

Mollie saw no human being in her nine-mile journey, and but for a thin wisp of smoke, the post-office might have been a deserted cabin as she approached it. The silence was only

broken as she came within twenty yards of the house, when Peep, Bill Laflamme's Airedale, barked a staccato welcome. Peep was one of those dogs who unconsciously absorb their master's traits, and by this means he had become everybody's friend. He barked joyfully at everyone who approached, and barked joyfully when they went away. But visitors could have helped themselves with impunity to any article around the place, barring Peep's dinner. To that he claimed absolute title.

Peep's noisy welcome brought Mrs Laflamme to the door of the cabin.

"Well, well, Mrs. Hazelton," exclaimed the postmistress. "I'm glad to see you. Do you know, I felt sure you would be coming to-day, or to-morrow at the latest. And I was pretty sure it would be to-day."

Mrs. Laflamme's pleasure at seeing Mollie was quite genuine, even though she did use the same phrase of welcome for every person who dropped in for mail. Possibly it gave her confidence in her ability to foresee coming events in thus ascribing the arrival of a guest to her prediction that the event would happen. True, she did not always particularize who would happen along, but daily she forecasted the coming of somebody, and by a subtle process of reasoning backward she could later convince herself that by somebody she could only have meant the one person who did come. After all, it was a perfect syllogism: Somebody will come; So-and-so is somebody; So-and-so comes. Accuracy itself!

Bill was away, it appeared, busy on his trap line, but was expected back that afternoon.

The postmaster's trap line, so Mollie learned, was about thirty-five miles long, "and was a triangle shaped like an egg, with Bill's trapping cabin at the big end, and the post-office at the apex," so Mrs. Laflamme explained, describing a geometrical figure with her finger which would have puzzled a mathematician to interpret, but which Mollie understood perfectly, because she explained it to herself as a combination egg-shaped triangle without any angles or curves.

When making the rounds of his trap line, Bill would be away from home for the best part of two days, spending the night at his trapping cabin, where he stored the pelts picked up on the first leg of his journey so that he might make better time on the morrow. Towards the end of the season he would make a trip to the cabin with a pack-horse and bring down his spoils. Some years Bill would make five or six hundred dollars by his trapping; once his earnings had gone as high as fifteen hundred dollars, but that was exceptional. On an average his five months' work brought him a little less than a thousand dollars, which was considerably more than his earnings as mail stage driver and his salary of thirteen-and-a-half cents a day as postmaster of Khakala.

MRS. LAFLAMME was inordinately proud of her Bill, and she extolled his virtues while the two women enjoyed the dinner she had prepared on Mollie's arrival. With a child's naivete, she congratulated herself on having become Mrs. Laflamme, instead of that honor having fallen to her sister, h'Emma, as her father had intended, until after the great fight with her persistent suitor. The two men, so she informed her guest, had ever since been the best of friends; in fact, Mr. Floyd had recently borrowed one hundred dollars from his son-in-law. Friendship, so Mrs. Laflamme allowed it to be understood, could soar no higher, for her father had always been very particular in his borrowings. Which was true, but largely because other persons had been very particular in their loanings, though this phase had never occurred to his daughter.

As post-mistress of Khakala, Mrs. Laflamme knew all the gossip of the district, gossip which would have seemed infinitively trivial to Mollie Aiken a short year ago, but which now assumed proportions of due importance. For news, after all, is largely a matter of geography. The abdication of Queen Liliuokalani failed to interest the peasants of Irkutsk who were just then much exercised over an increase in the price of vodka. And neither of these two events stirred the fisherfolk of St. Malo, because a recent scandal in the Douane occupied their minds to the exclusion of everything else.

So Mollie found herself listening with real interest to the news that



old Marchefson, of Soda Creek, had broken out after having stayed sober for seven years, and was trying his hardest to make up for lost time; that Leeds, forty-seven miles north, would certainly be short of hay; that Jessie Furlong was having a one-and-thirty-dollar saddle built to order in Spokane; that there would be a dance at Old Man Fraser's next week, and that Mrs. Laflamme was most emphatically not going, after what Pete Fraser had done with Jack.

Whatever Pete Fraser had done with Jack, it certainly was something which had been, and still was, highly displeasing to the post-mistress, for a brief spell she forgot that she was a lady. She said so herself, and after listening to her outburst, Mollie had not the courage to contradict her. But Mollie's curiosity was aroused, for though the utter depravity of the unspeakable Pete Fraser had been laid bare, it had not been made clear in what way he had sinned. So Mollie inquired.

"You mean to say you haven't heard what Pete Fraser did to Jack?" asked Mrs. Laflamme in amazement.

"And who is Jack?" persisted Mrs. Hazelton, making her question a confession of ignorance.

"Was, not is," answered the post-mistress, setting her visitor right on the question of tense as if that explained the whole story.

Instinctively Mollie divined a tragedy, though whether to man or beast or bird was still shrouded in mystery. So she diplomatically hinted that perhaps if Mrs. Laflamme first explained who Jack was, then the connection between Jack and Pete Fraser, and finally what had happened to Jack, she would most certainly sympathize with her hostess.

The postmistress needed no encouragement; only guidance. She was only too willing to relate the tale of Pete Fraser's perfidy, which has since passed into the history of the northern country.

"You remember my dog, Jack? No? Didn't you ever see him—a big Newfoundland dog, with long, thick curly hair? When we got married I brought him along here because Paw had another dog, and I hadn't much else to bring, and a bride's always got to bring her husband a trousseau. You know what that French word means just as well as I do. Well, Jack was my trousseau, but he had too much appetite, and he didn't seem able to get used to so many people coming here. Hardly anybody came to Paw's place, you know, as we lived quite a piece off the road. So after a while Jack got to be kind of a nuisance, and I could see that after we'd been married a little longer Bill would make a fuss and we'd have to get rid of him.

"One day, about a month ago, Pete Fraser comes along for their mail, and for a wonder Jack is quite friendly towards him. He's seen Pete quite a few times before, which is maybe why—he's got no more sense than that. I noticed Pete's patting and fondling Jack, kind of running his fingers through his long hair and bunching it in his fist, and it strikes me he's taken quite a fancy to the dog. And I'm right too, for pretty soon Pete says, just like that: 'I reckon you find two dogs—one too many sometimes, eh, Alice?' and I said he certainly had a hankering for food several times a day. And then Pete says he figures out he could find some use for Jack, if I felt like giving him away, and I said I guessed it would be all right, so long as he had a good home because I'd had him from the time he was a puppy, and Pete said 'Sure,' and would I lend him a piece of rope to lead him by. And Jack went along with Pete, as quiet as you like, and seeming not a bit sorry to leave me. And yet they'll tell you dogs have in-tell-i-gence!"

Mrs. Laflamme paused as if the tale were ended. So Mollie prompted her gently.

"Yes, Pete Fraser took the dog away, and then?"

"And then," said Mrs. Laflamme with a dramatic gesture, "the next time I see Pete he's wearing Jack!" "He's what?" inquired Mollie in amazement.

"He's wearing Jack, the cheap four-flushing sneak! He just took Jack home, shot him, stripped off the hide, and made a pair of woolly chaps out of his long black curly coat. I went mad clean through when I saw those chaps, and what I didn't tell Pete Fraser wasn't worth while."



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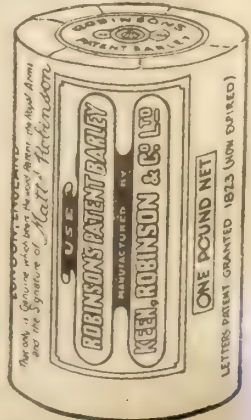
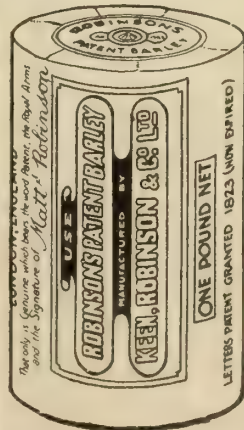
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Bill, completing his thirty-five mile trap line jaunt, was plainly tired. And he had every reason to be, for his shoulders bent under the weight of a forty-pound beaver, frozen stiff and unwieldy to pack. The beaver had been dead in the trap two days before Bill got to it, and the carcass would have to thaw out before the pelt could be removed, a delicate task on the success of which the future value of the skin would largely depend.

Over the beaver Bill had slung three coyote hides, the lower ends tied to his belt to prevent flapping as he walked. Two of these animals Bill had found alive in his traps, and the third he had brought down with a lucky long distance shot, for the wild dog is one of the most difficult animals to stop with a bullet. Almost before the life was out of the animals, Bill had them skinned and was on his way.

From the trapper's belt dangled half a dozen musk rats, big water fellows, worth this year, twenty-five cents a piece! Sometimes Bill would only get rats on his trap line, and the financial returns for the two days' arduous work would be light. On other occasions he would be luckier. Sometimes a bear or a lynx would fall to his lot, but in the main it was rats and coyotes and beavers. This day's harvest would bring him nearly twenty-five dollars, for the beaver was worth six or seven dollars while the coyote pelts would sell for two to three dollars, and in addition a benevolent government would hand the trapper a bounty of three dollars for each coyote killed. Towards the end of the trapping season Bill would have Old Man Fraser bring his punch and seal of office, when calling for his mail, and the Justice of the Peace would methodically count up the pelts, punch a small hole in each ear to guard against any attempt to collect the bounty twice or more on each skin, and finally give Bill an official declaration that he was entitled to the government bounty as duly set forth in the statutes. After which, Bill would religiously ask the Justice of the Peace how much he owed him, and the Justice of the Peace would just as religiously answer that he didn't owe him anything at all. It was the etiquette of the country that Bill should suggest payment of the prescribed fee of fifty cents, and it was etiquette for Old Man Fraser to waive this trifle. Only strangers ever fee a Justice of the Peace in the northern country. Among friends the matter of payment is just hinted at, and just as carelessly dismissed.

Bill hung his catch high up against the wall of the cabin, well out of the reach of Peep or other hungry dogs who would consider frozen beaver a dainty morsel and would naturally worry through the hide to reach the meat. Later in the day Bill would skin the animal but just now he was intent on dinner. He had not eaten since early morning.

Mrs. Laframboise, with the wisdom that comes with experience had busied herself preparing her man's meal; the moment she saw him approach, and by the time Bill opened the door, the savory smell of fried omelette greeted his nostrils. To Bill, omelets now boiled or fried represented the sum and substance of things good to eat. It was an intellectual feat, though, from time to time his feelings, the burning seats and carefully situated by each successive generation of Quebec habitants ancestors.

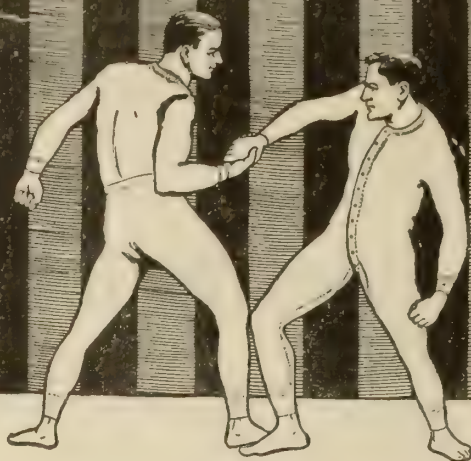
Bill greeted Mollie with genuine pleasure. Though he saw her but seldom, he had a great sympathy for the city girl who had so courageously defied to throw in her lot with these other pioneers on the frontier of civilization. Having tramped over considerable territory before settling down at Khakala, Laflamme realized, as well as Hazdler and Mrs. Harris, just how badly dull life must seem at times for the former Vancouver stenographer.

*"It wears longer"*

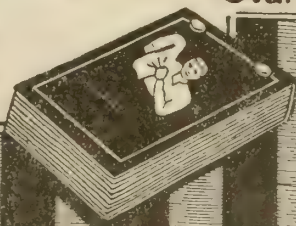
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The first effusive greetings over, Bill settled down to enjoy his dinner while Mollie looked on and marvelled at the quantity of food he could consume, used though she was by this time to the appetites that a cold climate engenders. For Bill could eat! He had his preferences, first among which came onions, but he was far from being an epicure. No man who has lived for years mostly on beans and sourdough bread, with fried bacon for a change once in a while, is really particular as to what he eats.

"So long's it's food 's all right wid me," Mr. Laflamme had once explained to a host who was regretting the lack of variety in his larder.

Quantity, not quality, was what the little postmaster demanded, and quantity he got. Mollie, who best understood relative values when translated in terms of dollars and cents, estimated that, bought in a Cordova Street restaurant in Vancouver—the place Bill would have patronized had he happened to be in the city just then,—the food and drink Laflamme was consuming would have cost at least one dollar. In such a place, where standard meals were thirty-five cents, Bill would have been considered a profitable customer indeed.

Before the first keen edge had been taken off his appetite, Bill had consumed five rashers of bacon, three large helpings of baked beans, five potatoes, ten ounces of bread, seven fried onions and four cups of coffee. Then, and only then, he felt that he could devote part of his attention to carrying on a conversation with his visitor, but not to the exclusion of the more important business of eating.

"You t'ink I got purty good appetite, eh?" queried Bill, conscious that his valor as a trencherman was making an impression on Mrs. Hazelton. "Well, you try it, walkin' a trap line forty-five mile long trou' de snow and bring back a pack lak' I got dere, and see if you don' eat lak' a coyote too!"

Mollie, never having seen a coyote gorge itself after starving for weeks, did not seize the full importance of the allusion, but she knew that Bill did not mean his remarks to be uncomplimentary, so she merely said that no doubt she also would be ravenously hungry after such a jaunt.

"You got no idea how moothch it cost to feed me well, Mrs. Hazelton," commented Bill, "and more too now since I got Alice an' dere's two of us. When a postmaster's got a wife he's got to have more, an' dat's what I tell de postmaster-general at Ottawa las' week."

Mollie did not quite grasp what the postmaster-general had been told. On the surface it would appear that he had been informed that his subordinate at Khakala must have either more wives or more food, which, in either case, was an absurdity. The P.M.G. does not concern himself with such trifles.

"I guess he got de letter by now," continued Bill, "an' I bet he's losing sleep over it, too, because I mak' it pretty strong dat I'm en-title to more money now dat I'm married and got a wife to support me. Do you suppose he call a meetin' of de cabinet right away to discuss de demands of Guillaume Laflamme, postmaster at Khakala, B.C., eh?"

Bill asked the question in all seriousness. Mollie did not smile, though she did conjure up a mental picture of a departmental clerk reading, filing and forgetting Bill's application for an increase in salary, after having ascertained from the records that last year's revenue from Khakala did not warrant consideration of the demand. Red tape never considered the culmination of romance as justification for more pay. Facts, records, statistics—these things count with officialdom, not wives, or children, or appetite.

"I write heem, heemself," resumed Mr. Laflamme as he liberally sprinkled his ninth onion with pepper and caught a thick slice of bread absorb the gravy from his plate. "I don' write jus' to de department on an important business lak' dat. An' I write heem too lak' a first class man." Bill nodded his head vigorously to intimate that there was no question about that at any rate.

"Yes, like a first class man, of course?" commented Mollie, somehow managing to introduce a note of interrogation in a tone of approbation.

Bill answered the unspoken query. "I write heem," he explained, "jus' lak' all de official notices I nail on de

barn, after de beeg cottonwood tree is full up, in French and English. An' I use all de beeg words in it too, so he can see I'm firs' class postmaster, all right. An' I mak' it read lak' a proclamation too, jus' for mak' it soun' real beeg, lak' dis:

"I, Guillaume Laflamme, homesteader, trapper, mail contractor, and by the grace of God, postmaster at Khakala— Why, w'at's de mattaire, Mis' Hazelton?"

For Mollie, seized with a sudden and violent fit of coughing, was forced to rush outside for relief.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY. THE GLORY OF THE HEAVENS.

MOLLIE left the Khakala post office in good time to "make" the Frushing ranch for supper, intending to stay there a couple of hours and then travel home by moonlight. She was ambling along the trail at Plod's favorite gait when that intelligent animal called her attention to a black object on the edge of a lake about a quarter of a mile away. Mollie could not make out what it was, but Plod's stiffened ears and distended nostrils convinced her that it was some animal that had fallen through the ice.

The lake formed the saucer of a straggling swamp meadow which the trail skirted. Tracks in the snow showed that some creature had been feeding on the long dry grass that was partly uncovered in places. Evidently the animal had been there for a few days, probably lured away from some feeding bunch by the deceptive promise of spring held out by two days' bright sunshine and a warm Chinook wind. Unable to any longer satisfy its thirst by eating snow, it had evidently ventured to an air-hole in the lake for a drink, and fallen through.

Mollie made a careful reconnaissance, and discovered that the creature was a cow and alive though so weak that it had given up struggling to get out, which meant that it would be dead in a few hours.

In the parlance of the country, it was decidedly "up to" Mollie to rescue the freezing bovine. There was no time to seek help. Every minute counted.

Mollie had occasionally amused herself by throwing a lariat at the tame animals in the corral, and could easily get the rope around a cow's head—after many attempts. She had watched her husband rescue two mired steers on one occasion and knew exactly what she should do in this case. But knowledge is not always power, and theory frequently does not work out in practice. Mollie was not at all sure she could save the helpless creature, and she fully realized the risk involved but she did not hesitate. She forced Plod over the frozen lake, until the cayuse snorted his resentment and intimated that he considered the ice unsafe. Deterred to his superior judgment, Mollie dismounted, uncoiled her rope, carried for just such emergencies, and advanced to the rescue, only to be routed by a ferocious bellow from the imprisoned victim. Ingloriously Mollie fled to Plod for protection, but dared to return a moment later when she was convinced that the cow could not possibly extricate itself. She advanced to within ten feet of the gaping hole in the ice and, trembling and much afraid, whirled the lariat above her head and threw it. By a miracle, the noose fell neatly over the cow's head. Mollie drew it tight as she ran swiftly back to her horse. Jumping into the saddle, she wound the end of her rope around the horn and then spurred Plod to his best efforts, at the same time shouting and whooping to arouse the cow and bestir it to action. Plod tugged valiantly, the cow moaned—Mollie shuddered—there was a sound of crashing ice as the animal was hauled pulled and a flood poured out of the hole, then Plod went linsky forward, easily dragging the heavy body on the smooth surface and, it reached the top snow and the long grass well out of danger. The easiest part of the rescue was over.

Mollie had now to release the animal from the rope, always a hazardous and often a dangerous business, but it had to be done, otherwise the creature would wander into the woods trailing the lariat, only to be entangled in the brush and die of starvation and cold. Bored of all sense of gratitude, remembering only that a human being is responsible for the sufferings necessarily incurred in its rescue, a cow will nearly always try to attack and gore its rescuer. It would be almost certain



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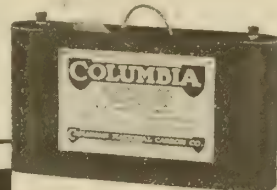
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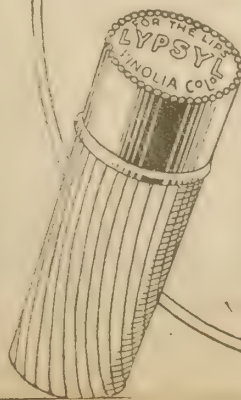
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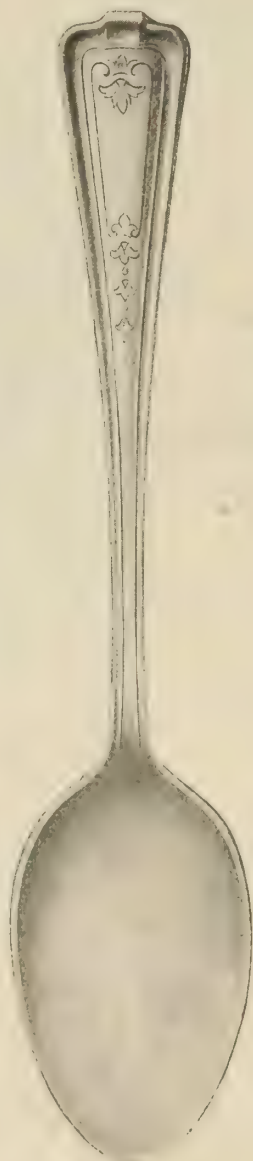


## Tomorrow's Silverplate

WHEN plans are made for new homes, for gift giving and for additions to the family's silverplate service, all consider silverplate of finest quality—for nothing but the best in silver-plated ware is a good investment these days.

This suggestion of the best in silverplate is not new to those who own 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. The idea is more than seventy years old, to be exact, for it is more than seventy years ago that this brand of silverplate first gained the public preference which it still holds.

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# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

*The Family Plate for Seventy Years*

death to approach it on foot; safety is to be found on a horse's back, for a cow is always afraid of a horse, and will only attack it when goaded to frenzy.

Mollie knew all this, knew also the absolute necessity of swift action, before the cow recovered from its rough treatment. Leaving the cow securely "anchored" to Plod's saddle-horn, Mollie stumbled through the deep snow to the brush at the edge of the meadow, where she broke off a cotton-wood sapling, about eight feet long, and over half an inch thick at the foot. Breaking off the small branches at the top, she struggled back to Plod and again mounted. Then, coiling up her rope as she advanced, she guided the horse to the side of the prostrate cow and proceeded to remove the lariat.

Fortunately, the honda ("eye") of the lariat was on the upper side of the animal's neck, and Mollie was able to dig her stick underneath this at the second attempt and loosen the noose. The cow, irritated, tossed her head and glared ferociously at her tormenter. Mollie, almost forgetting to be frightened in the excitement, took advantage of the tossing to pay out rope enough to enable her to raise the honda within reach of her hand. Then she wheeled Plod to one side, and from a safe distance drew the rope away from the animal, coiled it up, and tied it on her saddle.

The problem now was to make the cow get up and walk or run, for to leave her lying down was certain death. Hazelton would have used a length of rope with vigor, but Mollie was not an adept with this inducement. She could not swing a rope so as to make it sting, so she fell back on her sapling.

Normally, Mollie Hazelton was a tender-hearted young woman, but she allowed no false notions of mercy to interfere with the serious business on hand. This was a case where sentiment meant death, where brutality gave the only chance for life. So, curiously enough, without thought of pity, Mollie, from her safe perch on Plod, belabored the prostrate cow mercilessly with her stick, whooping and shouting at the same time to frighten the creature into action. And eventually it succeeded. After a couple of abortive attempts, the cow finally got on her feet and made a sudden feint at Plod. Mollie screamed with terror, but Plod, remembering past cow fights, merely curled back his upper lip, bared his yellowed teeth, and snorted defiance. The cow retreated, and Mollie, her fright over, herded her on to the trail towards the Frushing ranch, and with the help of her stick and lusty voice, kept her going at a rapid gait. For speed meant warmth, and warmth meant safety from evil after-effects of immersion in icy waters—such as rheumatism, paralysis, or lumbago: Mollie was a little hazy on bovine ailments, but she had the correct theory regarding treatment and a strong right arm.

MOLLIE had lost nearly an hour in getting the cow out of the air hole, but she made good time for the rest of the journey to the Frushing ranch. The cow, naturally, kept on the trail—the going was easier than in the deep snow—and Mollie encouraged her with the stick. What with the cow trying to keep ahead of the stick, and Mollie trying to keep the stick within reach of the cow, a miniature drive was staged in real earnest.

Hallooing for assistance when she came within a short distance of the ranch buildings, Mollie saw Harrigan himself come out, throw open the corral gate, and stand on one side, armed with a pitchfork, to cajole the animal into going in the right direction. But the cow, scenting hay, needed no urging, and willingly entered the stockade to satisfy her hunger. Dismounting, Mollie untied the Harrigan mail bag from the back of her saddle, turned her horse over to Harrigan with an admonition not to unsaddle, as she would only stay for supper and not for the night, and then made her way to the house for a gossip with her old friend, Jo.

Though, for that part of the world, they were close neighbors, their houses being only fourteen miles apart, Mrs. Harrigan and Mrs. Hazelton frequently passed several weeks without seeing each other. There is always so much to be done on a stock ranch that mere visiting is postponed to a more convenient season—which seldom comes. It is only when there is some definite reason, such as a dance, that the settlers come together. "Calls," as understood in the more

artificial environment of congested civilization, are unknown.

The two women had much to tell each other while Mrs. Harrigan busied herself in getting supper ready. Mollie, having just come fresh from that fount of all rural intelligence, the post office, naturally supplied most of the news for the conversation; the other lady supplied the comment that made things clear to Mollie. Out of that infinite wisdom which comes to a woman who has lived several years in a quasi-wilderness, where the settlers are few and far between, Mrs. Harrigan could reason from cause to effect, or from effect to cause, with a facility that always amazed those who had not her store of local lore. That the coming dance would be held at Old Man Fraser's, for instance, could only mean that the floor had not yet been put in in that new house on Moore's pre-emption; the non-existence of the floor itself, in some peculiar way, was made to bear convincing testimony that Ollie Olsen, the Swede, had gone out for the winter and that the half-breed Samson must be doing poorly on his trap line.

"But how," exclaimed Mollie, "can you tell that this half-breed is not doing well on his trap line, just by knowing that they're going to hold a dance at Old Man Fraser's?"

"I'll put it in reverse gear for you," answered Mrs. Harrigan, "and you'll see how easy it is to be an amateur Sherlock Holmes. The half-breed isn't doing well with his trap line because he covers the same part of the country as Ollie Olsen, and the Swede has been having such poor luck that he's gone out. If he hadn't, he was to have put in the floor in Moore's cabin, because Moore is a punk axeman, and Olsen owes him several days work. Had the floor been in the cabin, the dance would have been held there, because there's lots more room than at Old Man Fraser's, and the supper could be served in Moore's old shack only half a mile away. An empty house is ever so much better for a dance so that we never miss a chance to rub the floorwax into the newly hewn logs. . . . Give Harrigan a shout, will you, my dear."

So Mollie opened the kitchen door and lifted her voice in a long drawn out "O-o-o-h Har-r-r-r-r-rigan. . . . Supper."

Harrigan, "Slats," and the other hired man leisurely made their appearance at the house from the barns, where they had been feeding the horses after their day's work. The two hired men were boisterously glad to see Mrs. Hazelton, and almost overwhelmed her with questions while making lavish use of soap and water at the famous running tap, in a hopeless effort to remove most of the grime from their hands. "Slats" playfully reproached the visitor for not coming oftener, and accused her of being afraid of a jealous husband, which Mollie laughingly denied.

So, with chaff and banter, the two women and the three men sat down, and enjoyed an excellent meal, a large roast of beef, with potatoes and parsnips as vegetables.

Harrigan, who was just as uncurious as ever, did not ask Mollie any questions about the cow she had driven into his corral. He did not consider that she had done anything unusual in rescuing the animal and flogging it to safety. But "Slats" was cast in a different mould.

"Where'd you pick up our old cow, Mrs. Hayes?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, is it one of yours? I didn't know. I got her out of a hole in the lake about five miles back from here."

"Did you drug her out yourself, alone?" inquired "Slats."

"Drug?" puzzled Mollie. "Oh, dragged! Oh, yes, certainly."

"Believe me, Jo, we'll make a rancher of your little city friend yet. I bet she never had such fun all the time she was writing letters for real estate. This is the life, all right, all right, eh, Mollie. . . . Mrs. Hayes?"

Mrs. Hazelton agreed. But it came upon her as somewhat of a surprise that she had wandered so far from city life that a hired man who was almost a stranger had been on the verge of calling her by her Christian name. . . . and that this would not have been noticed by anyone at the supper table. She called him "Slats," but that was partly because she did not know any other name.

After supper, the two women washed the dishes while the men went out to attend to their chores.

"Put the plates in that corner, my dear," counselled Mrs. Harrigan. "And now I'm going to tell you a big piece

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)





# For the Table

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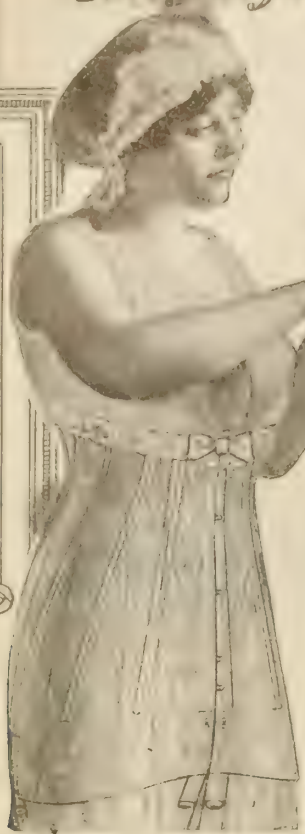
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## A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

of news that I think you won't like overmuch. It's just about decided that the Harrigan-Frushing outfit is going to pull out of here and go into the Chilcotin country."

"Pull out of here?" ejaculated Mollie in amazement.

"That's what we're figuring on," assented her hostess.

"And go into the Chilcotin?" continued Mollie, as if going into another section of the cattle country was an even greater surprise than "pulling out" of the Quesnel Lake district.

"Yes," explained Mrs. Harrigan, "Cory wants to get into the business in a bigger way, and as we're in shape to buy out the Crescent and Cross ranch, it's almost certain we'll do it. The price is right enough, and Harrigan is going out in a few days to look over the cattle. If they stack up as the Crescent and Cross people say they do, and they can run in fourteen hundred head, we'll move in the spring. . . . It's too bad, my dear, but in this world it seems we no sooner get decently acquainted than something happens to put distance between the parties, and from then on friendship is slowly strangled by correspondence."

As Mollie made a gesture of protest at this heresy, Mrs. Harrigan continued:

"Yes, I know what you're going to say. The sentiments, at least, if not the words. But if you stop and think for a moment, you will realize that the majority of friendships fail to survive more than a couple of letters. And I'm honest enough to admit that we won't be any different from most people. But I'll ride over and see you occasionally from the Crescent and Cross. I don't think it's much over ninety miles from here. And you can ride back with me and stay a month or so."

The prospect of a ninety-mile ride did not make much of an appeal to Mollie, but she showed no trace of this in her eager declaration that such a ride would be "just jolly." But this practical young woman did not allow her mind to dwell unduly on future visits; she wanted to know what was to become of the present Harrigan-Frushing ranch and stock.

"I guess we'll sell or rent the place," explained Mrs. Harrigan, "and we'll shoot everything we can into the beef drive next fall. As we have it mapped out now, we'd sell the young stock—it's no use taking Aberdeen-Angus cattle into the Crescent and Cross bunch. They're all white faces—Herefords, you know, and Harrigan always believed in sticking to one breed."

"It's possible," remarked Mollie, thoughtfully, "that you'll find it easier to sell the stock than the ranch."

"You've said something, girl," agreed Mrs. Harrigan. "A ranch is the easiest thing in the world to buy, and the hardest thing to sell."

"It's next to impossible to sell at all except on long terms, these days," continued Mollie, almost enthusiastically. "The buyer would need his ready cash to put into cattle, but of course the land would always be good security for itself. It isn't like speculative property that is sold at inflated prices, when the owner counts half the first payment profit, and all the rest velvet. A ranch is only worth what it will produce, but speculative property is worth what it will sell for. As a realizable asset, an improved farm or ranch is about the poorest going, because it deteriorates so rapidly. I've heard the real estate agents say so hundreds of times in Vancouver."

"Your boys didn't handle many farms, then?" questioned Mrs. Harrigan.

"No," answered Mollie. "We never had any satisfaction selling farms. If the buyer happened to lose on his first crop, he came back and raised a fuss, and if he happened to be pleased, we never had a chance to sell that property again. But speculative property is always changing hands, and even that doesn't amount to much on. . . . And as for the land, to sell the farm, it's a real estate agent's job."

"You're a good little lady," continued Mrs. Harrigan, who has an extra thing on her mind. "I must say," commented Mrs. Harrigan. "I suppose you know Harrigan well enough to understand that all the reasonable folk in the world would not make him an honest one, but from the price he decides is fair. If all men were



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1 envelope COX'S GELATINE, 1/2 cup (1 gill) cold water, 2 cups (1 pint) hot milk, 3 ripe bananas sieved, 1 lemon, 1 cup (1/2 lb.) sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful red or yellow color.

Mix Gelatine and water together, add milk, and when dissolved add bananas, strained lemon juice, sugar, and color. Beat until the mixture begins to stiffen, pour it into a serving dish, set in a cool place for a few hours and serve with milk or cream.

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like him, all your real estate sharks would starve to death in three months. . . . Now we'll go into the parlor and have a little music for an hour or so before you go. The moon will be up about half-past eight, and you won't start till then."

How well Mollie remembered that parlor, where she and Bessie had spent their first evening in the Quesnel Lake country. The cosy little room looked just the same; nothing was changed. There was the same air of refinement and taste that betokened the cultured mistress. Magazines and books and sheets of music were scattered around in orderly disorder. There was the violin in its open case, the same pictures and photographs on the wall.

ON that first night, Mollie had thought this little parlor a very ordinary room, and had mentally compared it with other and more luxurious rooms in which she had been an occasional guest. Only a few short months ago, Mollie had taken everything in that room as a matter of course; since then she had learned that this was a veritable royal chamber in that vast country. There was no other piano nearer than Soda Creek, and what few pictures she had seen had been torn from American magazines and fastened to bare log walls with horse-shoe nails. Her own home, though cozy, lacked the little luxuries that make all the difference in a woman's life. She would get these, and many others, in the fall, after the beef drive, when they would have a plentiful supply of cash on hand.

Mollie had not been in the cattle country long enough to know that there are many prior claims on the beef drive money, and that luxuries must of necessity give place to such prosaic things as rock salt, mower sickles, coal oil, beans, fencing wire, sleigh runners, harness, and a miscellany of articles which, however useful they may be, would in no way add to the appearance or atmosphere of a parlor. Later on, when Mollie would discover these things, she would be philosophical enough to console herself with the reflection that she didn't really want the luxuries because she had no parlor in her two-room shack. She would wait for the better days to come, when the "new house" that is the desideratum of all ranch women, would be built and occupied.

While Mrs. Harrigan played the piano, Mrs. Hazelton sang old familiar songs. The entertainment might not have satisfied a musical critic, but the two women derived as much enjoyment from their playing and singing as if the pianist and singer were always in perfect harmony, for pleasure is in no way dependent on technique, otherwise this would be a most miserable world to live and die in.

Harrigan and the two hired men had not returned to the house after finishing their chores, rightly divining that the women would feel quite at home without their company. Master and men had repaired to the bunk-house and were enjoying a quiet smoke when a powerful shout from Mrs. Harrigan advised them that their guest was about to leave, and that it was time to cinch the saddle on Plod and bring him round to the door.

Harrigan himself undertook this, not because of any recognition of his duty as host, but for the more primitive reason that he was the only one of the three men who had not removed his shoes for the sake of greater comfort.

"I've enjoyed this evening so much, I do hope you won't go to Chilcotin," exclaimed Mollie, as she said goodbye to Mrs. Harrigan.

"I'll certainly hate to go away from here," replied that lady.

"It all depends on the cattle," commented Harrigan, in his leisurely way. "If they're there, and they're right, there we go."

There was no sentiment in his make-up. Many years ago the then Frank Hayes had told him that he must have been born under the sign of Taurus, a joke which had been absolutely wasted on the phlegmatic rancher.

Shouting a cheery good-night to the two men standing in the bunk-house door, Mollie started on her fourteen-mile journey over the trail to the Billion Dollar ranch, Plod travelling at his greatest speed now that his head was turned toward his own barn, with the end of the day's journey in sight.

Though the mercury had dropped to below zero with the coming of

night, Mollie did not mind the cold. The air was remarkably still in that northern latitude, there was scarcely a rustling among the pine boughs, and the silence was unbroken. It seemed to Mollie as if a great and solemn peace had descended on the earth.

Overhead, the moon was at its full. Its subdued light reflected in the crystalline snow, made night almost as clear as day. A few white clouds scudded across the heavens, suggestive of still more intense cold.

Plod needed no guidance on this trail. He had travelled it many times, and as he ambled along Mollie occupied herself with pondering over the information Mrs. Harrigan had given her. Because of her observations while a stenographer in various land agencies, Mollie understood the modern way of dealing with Dame Fortune when she knocked at one's door. She had never seen any one wax rich by closely following Poor Richard's cheese-paring maxims, but she had seen many a bold speculator rapidly force his way to the front because he did not permit caution to interfere with opportunity.

Mollie was so intent on a serious problem that for a time she failed to notice anything unusual in the heavens. It was only after the electric flashes in the vast clear space of which the moon was the centre had been darting hither and thither for a couple of minutes that she noticed anything unusual. Mollie had seen the Northern Lights on two or three occasions, but this was a different phenomenon—one rarely seen south of the Arctic circle.

Even as Mollie looked up, a spectacular change came with startling suddenness. Almost in a flash the queen of the heavens was surrounded by circles of color, the innermost possibly six times the circumference of the moon, and the largest ring perhaps a hundred times.

The color zones were six in number, the smallest being a sea-green that occasionally slowly dulled into a greenish-slate, only to flash back to the brighter hue in a moment. The second ring was purple, a rich dark purple that suggested a warmth strangely out of keeping with the atmosphere. Purple it remained throughout the display, at times fainter, sometimes bolder, but always true to the one glorious color. The third circle was bright orange, and sometimes blood-red, the colors standing out boldly between the rings of purple and green, for the three larger circles were the same colors as the smaller, and alternated in the same manner. The outer sweep, however, differed from its smaller fellow in that it was blood-red when the other was orange, and orange when the other became blood-red.

Unconsciously, Mollie had reined on her horse when the coronal colorization first burst into view, and she sat there, her gaze fixed on the marvellous spectacle, for fully fifteen minutes before she realized that it had become bitterly cold. Answering the touch of her heels, Plod ambled on. But his rider scarcely removed her eyes from the marvellous spectacle until the colors slowly commenced to dim fully half an hour after their first burst of glory. And when, half an hour later, the ethereal display again broke out in sublime beauty, Mollie once more stayed her horse and reverently contemplated the melting waves of color until they gradually faded, as if retreating to realms far beyond human ken, and became merged into the invisible glories of the heavens.

Hazelton was waiting at the corral gate when Mollie rode up.

"Did you see that beautiful picture, Billie?" she asked, indicating the heavens with a sweep of her hand. "Oh, it was wonderful. Did you ever see anything like it before, up here?"

"Never," answered Hazelton, "and I would not have missed it for anything. You know, Mollie, I haven't been in a church for years and years, but that has given me a religious thrill far transcending any effect that could be produced on me by the most powerful sermon. It was sublime."

"Do you know, Billie," smiled Mollie, "back there on the trail, under that flood of purple and gold, I felt just like a very little girl in an old, old church? Not frightened, you know, but just awe-struck."

"I know," agreed her husband, "when I looked up into the sky a little while back, I bared my head, and I thought of those ancient cathedrals I have visited in the old lands. But mostly I thought of the Sainte Chapelle, in Paris. This might have been its wonderful roof, magnified millions of times."



## It Greet's Millions Every Morning—Bubbled Wheat

Do you realize how children now revel in Puffed Grains, which a few years ago were unknown?

Millions now enjoy them, morning, noon and night. And think what a change they've wrought.

Now they eat whole wheat as never before, because it comes as bubbles, airy, crisp and toasted, eight times normal size.

They mix Puffed Rice with their fruits. They use it in candy making or as garnish on ice cream. They douse it with melted butter for any hungry-hour delight.

### But they are foods—not tidbits

The flimsy texture and the nut-like taste make Puffed Grains seem confections. Let them seem so, for foods should be enticing.

But Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, remember, are simply whole grains exploded. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

They supply whole-grain nutrition in the best forms known. Let them supplant the lesser grain foods in every way you can.

**Puffed Wheat**

**Puffed Rice**

**Whole grains**

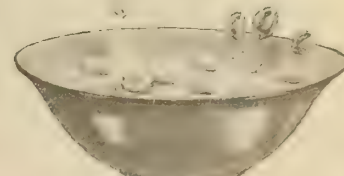
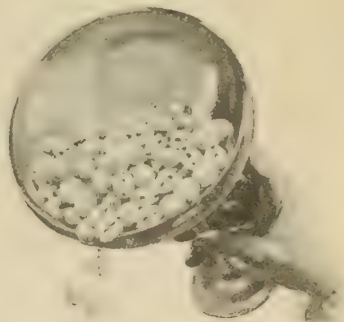
**Steam exploded**

**Puffed to 8 times  
normal size**



**Add Cream and  
Sugar**

and you have the premier breakfast dainty. Never were cereals made so delightful in texture or in taste.



**The supper way**

For luncheon, supper or at bedtime float in bowls of milk. Then you have a supreme food fitted to easily digest.

The airy morsels, flaky, flavory and crisp, seem almost too good to eat. But think what an ideal dish you get from steam exploded whole wheat in a bowl of milk.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada



W

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*Violins*

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145 Yonge Street Toronto.  
*"Canada's Home of Music"*

Established 1849.



## Hair Seems Twice as Abundant

After a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

### Danderine is a "Beauty-Tonic"

Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!

## Dye it Right!

Don't Risk Your Material in a Poor Dye



Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby dresses, blouses, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes" Color Card.



# Diamond Dyes

16 Rich, Fadeless Colors.

Mollie sighed.

"And to think, Billie, to-night millions and millions of people looked up and saw only electric lights and advertising billboards. How little they know how much they lose!"

#### CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

LOVE AND A BIG MORTGAGE.

INCLUDED in the mail which Mollie had brought back from the Khakala post office was a letter from her friend, Bessie Ingraham, of the Soda Creek Palace of Sweets. Bessie had much to say concerning Soda Creek, more concerning herself, and most of all concerning Tony.

This breezy young man, as Mrs. Hazelton had been informed in many previous letters, had been making himself "conspicuous" around the Palace of Sweets and at the house where Miss Ingraham lived. Indeed, Tony had been so decidedly in the foreground that the other Soda Creek young men had kept a respectful—

in some cases a resentful—distance, even when Tony happened to be carrying fares up or down the Caribou road and was certain to be absent from Soda Creek for a couple of days.

There were gossips in the town and Tony was known to be handy with his fists, in spite of his good-humor and breeziness.

Recent letters had prepared Mollie for the good news that came in this last communication from her friend. Tony had proposed marriage, and had been reasonably dejected when told that the young lady was not quite sure in her own mind whether he was the right young man. Apparently, there was no question in Tony's mind as to whether Bessie was the right young lady, for he had gone so far as to make tentative arrangements to dispose of his cars, retire from the Caribou road run, and settle down definitely in one spot. His inclination rather ran to the hotel business, but in his day he had been so many things that he was quite ready to take up any line of activity that promised good returns for his investment and work.

Tony was a real hustler, never overlooked the main chance, and Bessie had no doubt that he would succeed in anything he undertook. She had not definitely accepted Tony, she told Mollie, and until she said "Yes," Tony refused to sell his cars and invest the proceeds in some business that did not take him a couple of hundred miles from home every day. As Bessie positively declined to say "Yes" until Tony settled down, the young couple seemed to be travelling in circles, but Mollie knew quite well how it would end. So did Bessie. So did Tony, except when he had a run of poor luck at cards, and was feeling pessimistic as a result.

Just now the breezy young chauffeur was driving the mail stage. The heavy winter snow made motoring on the Caribou an impossibility, so Tony had jacked up his Cadillacs and taken his seat behind six sharp-shod horses, handling the heavy lines with the same ease that he guided his steering wheel in summer. The old-fashioned coach that Tony drove glided swiftly on its broad runners, but there were times when the going was rough and the weather bitterly cold. Tony had had his hands frozen twice, and more than once he had had to administer first aid to a suffering passenger. The driver carried this first aid in a bottle, and administered it sparingly, partly because of the high cost and partly because of the certain reaction. Being amply protected from the extreme cold by adequate clothing, Tony never touched liquor when he was "up." Heavy underwear, woollen coat and pants, three pairs of socks, felt boots, leather chaps, a fur overcoat and fur cap, wolverine mukluk to protect the face, and three pairs of gloves, left little exposed to the cold. It was only when he had to remove his gloves to fix a recalcitrant strap or undo a tight knot that he was in danger of frostbites. And if he could do the job quick enough—say in less than a minute—he was almost certain to escape suffering.

All these things Mollie had learned from Bessie, not exactly in their proper sequence, but in the fragmentary way in which one acquires or imparts information through the medium of friendly letters. Bessie's letters were always long, and always more or less rambling, with odd facts about Tony cropping up in unexpected places. Mollie had sympathetic ability developed to an unusual degree, and in addition was a born match-maker. She



**CLEAN—yes and disinfected too!**

Everyone likes bed-linen blankets, etc., to be super clean—immaculately fresh. The best of all soaps to use is Lifebuoy—it actually disinfects as it cleanses

**LIFEBUOY**  
HEALTH SOAP

The carbolie odour in Lifebuoy is a sign of its protective qualities—quickly vanishing after use



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**MAKES OLD THINGS NEW**

**WOODWORK  
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**NOT A VARNISH  
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WONDERFUL FOR DUSTING

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Every ounce of extra weight carried diminishes your power of endurance. Jaeger Goods, in proportion to their weight, are the warmest and most comfortable of all known garments.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

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British "founded 1883".



### Only \$17. Ford Car

De Luxe Streamline Hood. Covers the Brass Radiator, places your old style car in the \$1,000 class. Write for circular.

**BURROWES MFG. CO.**  
611 King St. West, Toronto.



had conducted a matrimonial agency for profit, but she would willingly do the same thing again for pleasure. Though she had failed to accomplish her original purpose of making Bessie Ingraham the bride of Cornelius Harrigan, she nevertheless took all the credit for making Mrs. Frushing Mrs. Harrigan, for uniting Bill Laflamme and his l'il girl, for herself becoming Mrs. Billie Hazelton, and finally for bringing Bessie and Tony together.

"And not a single one has paid the regulation fee to the Cupid Exchange," Mollie would murmur ruefully. Though, in all seriousness, she no longer thought in the modest terms of dollar introduction fees. Just now she had far more ambitious financial schemes on her mind, all details of which were quite clear, except the rather important one of financing.

A knock at the door interrupted her musings.

Before she had time to cross her kitchen Cornelius Harrigan walked in and greeted the lady of the house in his usual methodical manner.

Evidently Harrigan had come prepared to stay for supper, for Mollie noticed he had taken off his chaps and spurs. In some respects marriage had changed Harrigan, in others it had left not the slightest impress on that lethargic personage. He now dressed after the manner of other men, and wore footwear of recent manufacture, not because of any conscious alteration in his mode of living, but for the more primitive reason that his wife had gathered all his old wearing apparel and reduced it to ashes as soon as the eastern mail order house could fill her order and forward a complete outfit for her spouse. Mrs. Harrigan did not hurry matters, she saw that everything was on hand before she disposed of the old truck that had for so many years adorned the person of the bachelor rancher. Cornelius made no protest. One morning he woke up to find a brand new outfit on the hook where he had left his old clothes the evening before, and without a word he donned his new raiment. He never referred to the substitution, and at times his wife was inclined to doubt whether he had even noticed it. The clothes were of good quality, they were warm, they fitted—that was sufficient for Harrigan.

One article, however, Mrs. Harrigan had saved from the pyre. The good lady, somewhere in the depths of her practical nature, had a trace of poetry. Possibly she had the cult of the ancient, perhaps it was merely a sense of the eternal fitness of things, but in any event she spared Harrigan's pants and, making a special journey for the purpose, one month after her marriage, she nailed the venerable garments to the wall of the old Harrigan shack, underneath the head, wings and claws of the big eagle Frank Hayes had shot a few years ago. She nailed the pants so securely to the logs that many years of rains and winds and sunshine would pass before the wonderful fabric that had made the name of Harrigan famous from the Arctic to Ashcroft would break up, thread by thread and shred by shred. But this disintegration was a possibility of the so-distant future that Mrs. Harrigan hardly considered it as she stepped back and surveyed her work. She looked upon that elaborate bifurcated garment so solidly affixed to the wall very much as the wife of a reformed toper looks upon the last bottle her man emptied—a symbol of a past for ever dead.

MOLLIE thought of these things as Harrigan stood before her in his mail-order suit, and she smiled ever so slightly as she noticed that in one particular at least, Mrs. Harrigan had failed to work any change. Harrigan looked as if he had shaved a few days ago. In this he would not change, and his wife had long ago given up suggesting that he use the razor often, or grow a beard. Cornelius had never argued the point—he would merely run his hand over the stubble and murmur that it was all right; he had shaved a few days ago.

"Frank around, Mrs. Hayes?" inquired the visitor, after the preliminary greetings.

"He'll be in any minute," answered Mollie, "he's back there in the swamp looking for a fire-killed spruce to make a tongue for the sleigh. If he hasn't found just what he wants he's got to come back soon, anyway, because it's getting dark . . . We'll have supper just as soon as he comes."

"Sure," agreed Harrigan.

Mollie busied herself around the stove, waiting for her guest to volunteer some information as to the rea-

son for his visit. She waited in vain.

"You wanted to see Billie about something particular, Mr. Harrigan," she finally hazarded, "or were you just passing by?"

"Sure I want to see Frank, Mrs. Hayes. . . . You'll burn them beans for sure if you don't shove them back."

Mollie blinked and swallowed hard. "I guess you're a pretty good cook yourself, Mr. Harrigan," she remarked, not being quite sure whether Cornelius had deliberately switched the conversation, or whether he was merely concerned with saving his favorite dish from acquiring a burnt flavor.

"Me and Frank never cooked anything we couldn't eat," remarked Harrigan, in a matter-of-fact tone. He was not boasting, for, though both the men were pretty fair cooks, they were also pretty fair knights of the trencher, and it would have been a tough meal indeed that would have forced those two to rise from the table hungry during the days of their bachelorhood.

"You had sour beans and heavy bread sometimes, I believe," said Mollie so sweetly that any other man would have seen at once the reference to the possibility of beans burning had been unfortunate, to say the least.

"More than many times, Mrs. Hayes," answered Harrigan. "But we never spoiled good food a-purpose. . . . I can smell them beans about to burn. I'll fix them, seeing you're busy."

Harrigan suited the action to the words, and arranged the cooking pots to suit himself. Mollie sighed, and retired from the contest. She was not overly sensitive, but no housewife likes to have a strange man come into the house and take charge of the cooking. For a moment she was tempted to resort to sarcasm, but she realized the futility of this. Harrigan, who had never in his life considered any one but himself, would not be influenced by any remarks she might make. His reasoning was very simple: He was there for supper, the supper was to consist of beans, the beans were in danger of burning, he did not like burnt beans. Mollie's taste in the matter did not concern him in the least. So Mollie gave up, as did everyone who came in contact with Harrigan. On this occasion, as, indeed, on most others, Harrigan did not know that there had been a conflict of opinion. Not that it would have made any difference; he had no more regard for other people's opinions than a wild bull has for a fence that bars his way.

A cheery "Hoo-hoo" announced the arrival of Hazelton, balancing on his shoulder the light spruce tree that was to become a sleigh tongue. A minute later he entered the cabin, greeted his old friend and ex-employer.

"Beans, Mr. Harrigan?" questioned Mollie, in her best hostess manner, when the three were seated at the table.

"Sure," answered Mr. Harrigan, almost showing a suspicion of surprise, "there ain't anything else, is there?"

"Not to-day," confessed Mollie with a laugh, "it's always beans on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Frozen fish on Sunday, and salt pork on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. That's the unvarying menu on the Billion Dollar ranch."

Of course Mollie was exaggerating, but not by a very wide margin.

"Mollie tells me you're figuring on buying the Crescent and Cross," remarked Hazelton, as he passed the plate to the guest.

"Yes," answered Harrigan, reaching for the bread, "I've been studying on it for some time. I'm going over to the Chilcotin day after tomorrow to see their bunch of cattle, and if they're right we'll close the deal right away."

"What are you going to do with your place, if you do move?" Hazelton almost succeeded in making this a casual question, as if he had no particular interest in the answer. Husband and wife did not look at each other, but they waited anxiously for Harrigan's reply. The rancher, busy seasoning his beans, seemed to delay. Then:

"You're going to buy it, of course," answered Harrigan. "Who else? That's why I came over this afternoon, to get it fixed up before I go to the Crescent and Cross."

"We're going to buy it!" echoed Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton in unison, almost as if they had rehearsed for effect. And then, separately, Mollie said "The idea!" while Billie lapsed into slang: "Where do you get that stuff, Cory?"



## You Pay 60c

For water in each \$1 spent for meat  
Quaker Oats saves you 85%

Meats average about 60 per cent. water, plus considerable waste. The water and waste in hen's eggs is nearly 77 per cent.—in fresh fish 85 per cent. In Quaker Oats the water and waste are less than 8 per cent.

Thus Quaker Oats yield 1,810 calories per pound, in the energy unit of food value. Round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

### COST OF WATER

|                 |     |
|-----------------|-----|
| In Quaker Oats  | 7%  |
| In round steak  | 60% |
| In veal cutlets | 68% |
| In fish         | 60% |
| In hen's eggs   | 65% |
| In tomatoes     | 94% |
| In potatoes     | 62% |
| In oysters      | 88% |

### COST PER SERVING

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| Dish of Quaker Oats | 1c  |
| Serving of meat     | 8c  |
| Serving of fish     | 8c  |
| Lamb chop           | 12c |
| Two eggs            | 10c |

### COST PER 1,000 CALORIES

|               |            |
|---------------|------------|
| Quaker Oats   | 6 1/2c     |
| Average meats | 45c        |
| Average fish  | 50c        |
| Hen's eggs    | 70c        |
| Vegetables    | 11c to 75c |

### 12 people fed at cost of a chop

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. A single chop costs 12 cents.

Quaker Oats, compared with other necessary foods, saves some 85 per cent. See the tables, based on prices at this writing.

Quaker Oats breakfasts, on this basis, mean a saving of \$125 per year.

And the oat, remember, is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is the advised food for young folks and the vim-food for the older. To insure proper feeding, one meal a day should be oats.

Start the day on Quaker Oats—the matchless one-cent dish. Spend the saving on your costlier meals and you'll cut the cost of living.

# Quaker Oats

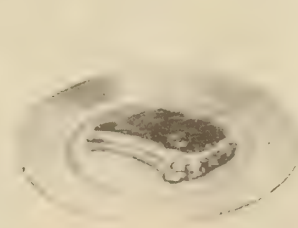
All the little grains discarded

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This selection gives this dish a flavor you should get. It costs no extra price. It is so delightful that millions of the world over send here for Quaker Oats.



Quaker Oats  
One cent per dish.



One Chop  
Costs you 12 cents.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover



# Mack Waists

## Reasonable Prices

have added to the popularity of MACK WAISTS; but it is the intrinsic value of every waist bearing the "Mack" Trademark which has made hundreds and hundreds of women buy these Waists exclusively.

Chic styles—faultless tailoring—full sizes—generously cut—daintiness, attractiveness, dependable materials—these are the qualities which make MACK WAISTS such splendid values for the money.

Ask your favorite store to show you the latest styles in MACK WAISTS. You'll know them by the Trademark.



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10

# Sani-Flush

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

## A Shining White Closet Bowl

*Sani-Flush* keeps your closet bowl clean and white without the unpleasant labor of scrubbing and scouring. All the distasteful work is unnecessary if you use *Sani-Flush*. Just sprinkle a little of it into the bowl, according to the directions on the can, and flush. The bowl and *hidden trap* are thoroughly cleaned—all markings and incrustations are gone and the whole toilet is clean—as shining white and odorless as new.

*Sani-Flush* is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and housefurnishing stores.

**Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.**  
10-12-14 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ontario



Harrigan addressed himself to Mrs. Hazelton.

"Of course you're going to buy it," he went on. "Didn't you tell Jo the other night you were dead keen to get the first refusal of the ranch if I did decide to move?"

Hazelton looked hard at his wife as he remarked: "You said nothing about that, Mollie."

"I didn't say anything of the kind to Mrs. Harrigan, either," retorted Mollie. "What I said was..."

Harrigan broke in in his usual casual manner.

"What you said was that a ranch is the hardest thing in the world to sell, and a poor investment, and a lot more along the same line. Jo's too old a bird not to know what all that cackle meant. She told me you were just trying to 'bear' the proposition, but she didn't explain what that meant; so it must be a real estate term. . . . Sure, you're going to buy."

"Well, Cory," remarked Hazelton, "I'll tell you the truth. Mollie has been at me night and day since she came back to go over and see you and make some kind of a deal for the place, but I can't see it. It's too big an undertaking. I can't handle Jo's place, and yours, and this one, even if I had the money. It sure would make one swell ranch, but it's no use thinking about it, Cory. The way I'm fixed, if ranches were selling for one cent an acre, I couldn't buy enough land to make a mud pie."

"All it will cost you for the land, and the horses, and the machinery, and the rest of the 'fixtus' I'll leave behind will be forty-five thousand dollars," remarked Harrigan, reaching for another piece of bread and passing his cup for more tea at the same time.

"Why not make it half-a-million, Cory?" asked Hazelton, sarcastically. "It would be just as easy for me to raise one as the other."

"No," said Harrigan, firmly, "Forty-five thousand is the right price and that's all you'll have to pay for it. What's the matter with you, Frank?" as Hazelton shook his head vigorously. "all you got to do is to pay eight thousand dollars cash in the fall, and we'll let the balance ride on mortgages. And we'll leave you a big bunch of cattle to run on shares, fifty-fifty, because I don't want to take them into the Chilcotin and mix them with the Crescent and Cross herd."

"What's this fifty-fifty thing?" inquired Mollie. "How does that work out in practice?"

Hazelton explained one of the customs of the cattle country, which was that one man could buy a herd of cattle, and another look after them for a term of years, at the end of which the two would share evenly in the natural increase, the original number of the herd being first returned to the financial backer. Many of the big men, he told his wife, had had their start in the business in this way.

"Well," remarked Mollie, when everything had been made clear, "doesn't that simplify matters a great deal, Billie? What more do you want?"

"Eight thousand dollars cash, and nerve enough to shoulder a debt of thirty-seven thousand dollars. A mere trifle, I assure you, my dear child."

"You've got the nerve, Frank," broke in Harrigan, "and all you've got to do now is to raise the cash. And get busy as quick as you like, because the sooner you can pay it the better it will suit me."

"Sorry, Cory," answered Hazelton, "but it can't be done. There are plenty of rocks on this place, but I haven't found the philosopher's stone among them. And neither am I like what was the name of that old boy who turned everything he touched to gold, Mollie?"

"Midas," smiled Mrs. Hazelton. "I don't see how you could forget old Midas, Billie, after all the advertising stuff you wrote about that old steamer when we were with the North Coast Steamship Company. You remember..."

Suddenly she fixed her gaze intently on Hazelton, holding her breath in suspense as if almost staggered by the immensity of the idea which had just struck her.

"Billie," she went on, in a queer, strained voice, "Billie, you remember that spring when the North Coast was over one hundred thousand dollars in debt to the bank, and the book-keeper told you confidentially that things were looking very bad and the banks might close down at any time. You remember what the old man did

with down to Seattle and bought the 'Midnight Glow' and the 'Midnight Maid,' and got so much deeper into the bank that they just had to carry him until the end of the season, and by the early fall he had interested new capital and things went along swimmingly ever after. Why, that's all you have to do, don't you see?"

THE thread of this argument, while clear enough to Hazelton, would probably have mystified Harrigan had he chosen to try to follow it. But instead he had devoted his attention to the more serious business of finishing his supper, content that in some peculiar way Mrs. Hazelton was trying to influence her husband to close the deal. So long as the decision was reached, the rancher did not care what induced the ex-Frank Hayes to agree to his plans.

Hazelton devined that his wife had some definite plan in mind, but before asking a direct question which she might have to parry, because of the presence of a third party, he did contrive, by his facial expression, to intimate that he could not even then see where the money would come from; for his standing at the banks at Ashcroft did not warrant the assumption that almost unlimited credit would be extended to him.

And then, he noticed that Mollie was gazing at the letter rack on the wall. "In full view, he saw the last missive received from Miss Ingraham, and, as Mollie had already acquainted him with the contents, all at once he saw a great light.

Mollie had figured out that the deal could be swung by marrying Bessie to Tony, inducing the latter to realize on his cars and other assets, and then taking him in as a partner on the Harrigan-Frushing deal!

Inasmuch as Tony had been quite frank with Miss Ingraham as regards his realizable and liquid assets, and as Miss Ingraham made Mrs. Hazelton her confidante in all things, and as Mollie had no secrets from her husband, Hazelton knew that the cash payment difficulty had vanished, always provided Tony and Miss Ingraham raised no serious objections. It seemed quite likely that they would not, for they were looking for a business proposition that would keep Tony at home, and would be certain to yield good returns. It would be hard to find anything more attractive than the Harrigan-Frushing proposition in the whole Cariboo, and Hazelton found it easy to convince himself that the shrewd young chauffeur would not let the opportunity slip. Tony and Hazelton had met only twice, but the impression created had been mutually favorable. The chauffeur might have a lot to learn about cattle ranching, but it would not take him very long to learn it.

As he slowly cut tobacco from his plug and crumbled it into his hands before filling his pipe, watching Harrigan perform the same operation with engrossing attention, Hazelton decided that Mollie's unexpressed plan was good. Finally he pushed back his chair, scratched a match leisurely against his leg, lit his pipe and puffed away in silence for a couple of minutes.

"Come down to the barn while I milk, Cory," he said at last, "and we can discuss some more details of this deal. I guess Mollie wants to write a letter for you to take to Soda Creek on your way to Chilcotin. Did you ever hear of the applied science of salesmanship, Cory?"

"Never," answered Harrigan. "When I've got anything to sell I sell it. I don't need any applied science. I just put the beef on the scales and the other fellow pays the price. There's no science in that."

"Cory," remarked Hazelton, "there are a lot of things you'll never forget, because you will never learn them. You have the finesse of a pachyderm, the light touch of a rhinoceros, the soft and gentle —"

"This shack would be a lot warmer with that door closed," Mollie interrupted sweetly.

The two men laughingly took the hint and made their way to the barn.

As for Mollie, she sat down and wrote an incredibly long letter to Miss Bessie Ingraham, Palace of Sweets, Soda Creek, B.C.

TWO weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton left home fairly early in the morning and went out to break a road to a fresh haystack at the far end of the ranch. It was a bright, warm day, and they did not return until late in the afternoon, a lunch having been taken along. Hazelton



30x3½ All-Weather Tread Tire and Heavy Tourist Tube

Price Sept 1914 \$30.45

Price Sept 1920 \$31.05

Increase 1 10/100%

ONE of the chief sources of the additional value offered in Goodyear Tires is the savings effected through Goodyear's system of distribution.

It is a system made possible by the enormous sale of Goodyear Tires.

To several thousand selected Canadian dealers Goodyear sells tires direct, and the money that would go as profit to jobber is largely saved.

Shipments to distributing points are so large that we make the saving of carload freight rates. Orders from dealers are large enough to reduce clerical expense to a small factor.

Such efficiency in practice and the resulting increased business has reduced expense-per-tire to a minimum.

The saving-per-tire between factory and dealer is approximately \$2.00.

In total this saving represents hundreds of thousands of dollars turned back into the product to heighten quality and keep prices down.

So a 30 x 3½ Goodyear All-weather Tread Tire with Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube costs you to-day only \$31.05. Six years ago it cost you \$30.45. An increase of only 1.9 per cent., while most commodities and labor increased over 100 per cent.

And Goodyear Service Station Dealers help you get all the mileage that is built into the tires.

The resulting low cost-per-mile of Goodyear Tires has built the largest tire sales in the world.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada Limited

GOODYEAR  
MADE IN CANADA



# A Mail Order Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76.)



## Never Sleep

With a film-coat on your teeth

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

### What film does

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

### Watch the teeth whiten

You will see and feel results from Pepsodent which brushing never brought you heretofore. A week's use, we think, will amaze you.

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brought back a big load of hay for the barn after he had scattered feed for the stock along the new road, meaning to drive the cattle there from the other meadow late in the afternoon. But on nearing home they noticed fresh cutter tracks, —tracks, Hazelton said, that looked strange to him. To Mollie all cutter tracks looked alike, but her husband was insistent that there were strangers about. In this he was further confirmed when, on putting his horses in the barn, he found there a team of buckskins which did not belong to the Quesnel Lake district.

"I guess, Mollie," he remarked, "there's some government official of some sort up at the shack. He must intend to stay all night, or he wouldn't have unharnessed. You run up and see, and I'll be there in a couple of minutes."

Mollie had by this time got sufficiently used to the ways of the north not to be surprised at the freedom with which a stranger had apparently taken possession of her home. It had happened a couple of times that winter, though in the other cases the visitors had been old friends of her husband's. She idly wondered why the government official had selected their house as a stopping place, instead of the old Frushing house, which was much more central.

Mollie approached the shack humming a little tune, just to give due notice of her approach to the guest within.

The door flew open and a trim figure rushed out and flung itself into Mrs. Hazelton's arms.

"Mollie!"

"Bessie!"

The two cries burst out at the same moment, and then there followed such a hugging and kissing, such a breaking away and embracing again, such an intoxication of undisguised joy, that it seemed as if it would never cease. In a hysteria of delight, one moment the two women would be bubbling with laughter, and the next shedding tears, or trying to ask and answer questions at one and the same time, with a queer little catch in their voices. . . . It felt good to see each other again, after so many months, and such a surprise. Then each would tell the other how well she looked, and what a wonderful color she was getting in the bracing air of the north, and how wonderfully well that dress became her, but of course only Mollie made this last remark, for Bessie was tactful as well as truthful, and could not in sincerity have complimented her old friend on her sartorial appearance, for Mollie had that day dressed to fork hay, not to receive callers.

But even the most enthusiastic greetings must come to an end, particularly in the nipping atmosphere of almost-zero weather, and so finally Mollie made a move towards the cabin.

"I want you to come in and see our home, Bessie darling," she said, "I think you'll agree that it's every bit as cozy as I wrote you it was."

"You goose," laughed Bessie, "what do you suppose we've been doing this last hour and a half, if not admiring your charming little nest. You didn't expect us to sit down outside in the frozen snow until it should please your ladyship to return and bid us welcome, did you?"

Just then, as if in confirmation of the correct use of the personal pronoun, plural, big smiling Tony Dalzell revealed himself in the doorway of the shack.

"Welcome home, Mrs. Hazelton," grinned that gentleman.

"Welcome a thousand times, Mr. Dalzell," was her greeting, adding, with a twinkle in her eye, as they entered the house. "And how's Tony?"

"Fine. Fine as silk, Mollie. You know," remarked that gentleman, almost confidentially, "I was almost

afraid you were going to be prim and proper, now that you've been and got married and everything. I guess you've had all that frozen out of you by this time, eh?"

"We may as well start right," assented Mollie. "We'd come to it soon, any way, if . . ."

"No 'if' as far as we're concerned, that I can see from this distance," volunteered Tony, as Mollie hesitated to complete the sentence.

Mollie flew to the door in her eagerness to summon her husband from the barn, and all but collided with that gentleman as he stepped across the threshold, still ignorant of the identity of the guests.

"What's the idea of the big surprise?" inquired Hazelton, after a few general observations. "And surely you didn't arrive all the way from Soda Creek to-day."

"We came over yesterday, drawn to this land of promise and promissory notes by the longest and most exhaustive letter I've ever read—and I didn't read all of it at that," laughed Tony. "For Bessie insisted much of it was private, so you needn't frown, Mrs. Hazelton. We spent last night at Jo's place, and this morning I rode around it, had a hurried look at part of the ranch, saw the cattle on the feed ground, and then drove Bessie over here so she could have a real gossipfest with your good lady, though how she can have any conversation left in her after the way she and Mrs. Harrigan gabbled ever since they got together is more than a mere man can fathom."

"How do you like what you've seen of the place, so far, Tony?" asked Hazelton.

"Well, as far as that goes, I haven't seen anything. All land looks alike under two feet of snow. But I've seen the cattle, and I've seen what hay is left. There's a lot I don't know about cattle ranching, but I know what the Harrigan and the Frushing ranches have been turning out in beef in past years, so I don't think it necessary to have the soil analyzed or the place surveyed by metes and bounds before going ahead. I'm willing to go shares in this with you, subject to mutual arrangements and to agreement on a lot of minor details."

"I guess you've got pretty well tired of chasing up and down the Cariboo road and want to get into some steady business, eh? That's your real reason for coming into the deal?" But Hazelton smiled a wicked smile as he put the question.

Tony was not in the least disconcerted. He stepped over to Bessie's side, put his hand lightly on her shoulder and answered in a singularly quiet voice:

"Here's my real reason. I'm going to endow Bessie with half my debts on the fifteenth of July."

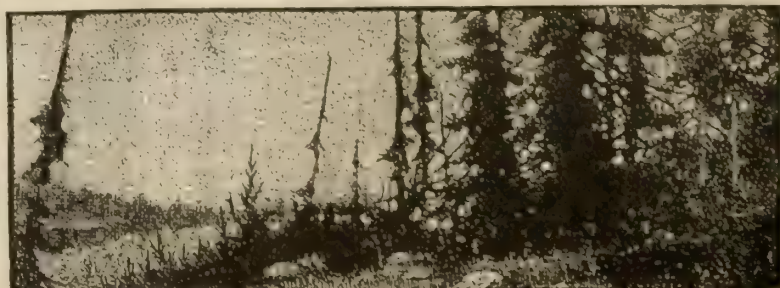
And then, of course, the handshaking and kissing had to be done all over again.

It was late that night when the lights in the Hazelton cabin were finally extinguished. The two men had a shakedown in the kitchen, near the stove. Mollie and Bessie were in the bedroom, and long after midnight they still talked of the future, when their dreams would have come true and their great expectations be realized and very happy.

"Just think, Mollie," whispered Bessie, "I'm really getting the Harrigan cattle, and the Harrigan lands, and the Harrigan leases, and the Harrigan paraphernalia, and everything, just as you promised I would. Only instead of getting Harrigan and his bank account, I get Tony and a big mortgage. Things didn't work just the way we figured at first, and I'm very glad they didn't. And so is Tony. And so is Mrs. Frushing and Harrigan. And you too, Honey. . . ."

But Mollie had fallen asleep, at peace with herself, her deeds, and the world.

THE END.



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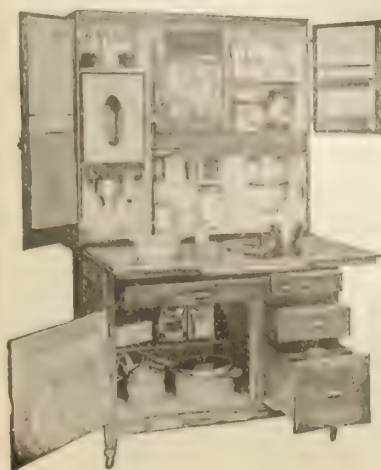
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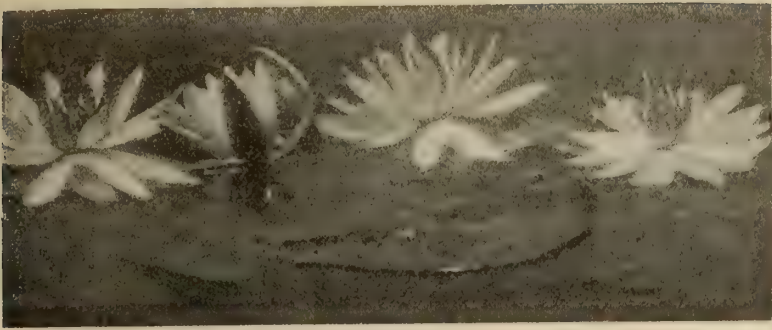
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## Fiction and Fabrics

IN the columns of an English magazine there appeared some time ago a paragraph entitled "A Hat in its Dotage," which brings sadness to the heart of the conservative reader. The article which is described as having reached the Osler stage (if there be a decline and fall of headgear) is the top-hat, dear to the illustrators of the Early Victorian era. Can we think of an old-fashioned David Copperfield or Vanity Fair without quaint cuts of the tall hat? Can we picture "the fine old English gentleman" unadorned by the towering splendor of the top-hat, which is commonly called, on this side of the Atlantic, the silk hat? However, we refuse to believe that the top-hat is doomed. Whatever be its fate, so far as the week day is concerned, that respectable covering will make its appearance on Sunday, for we could not recognize the deacon, the elder, or the vestryman should he descend to the secular vulgarity of the "bowler."

But when we consider the part that the top-hat has played in the fiction of the last century we are led to remark further on the use that novelists have made of dress as an ornament to their loose or periodic sentences. In modern days the writer of an up-to-date romance is severely circumscribed, especially if he selects an athletic heroine whose golf equipment or tailor-made suit gives scant opportunity for picturesque description. But the novelist of the male sex is unavoidably awkward when he comes to the details of the heroine's attire and usually takes refuge in such unsatisfying generalities as "flowing draperies" or "the severe lines of her gown." The riding habit was an old favorite and the reader was invariably assured that Lady Hermoine or the lovely Arabella looked her best in the seductive plainness of her dark-green habit. Miss Corelli, in one effort of her inspired pen, revives the charms of this costume and sends forth her heroine for a ride in a costume of violet velvet embroidered with gold and adorned with gold tassels. One might know that things would happen to a heroine in such array, and, sure enough, the Arab steed objects to the gold trimmings and there is flight, flurry and almost sudden death.

Gone, too, are the days when the novelist could become eloquent over my lady's slipper. The common-sense shoe has changed all that and it is the advertisement of the "Samantha Sodd" or the "Princess Patricia" footwear that approaches the poetry of boots and shoes. It is only when the writer turns in hope to the past and with the aid of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a map and an old history, constructs an historical novel crammed with anachronisms that we have picturesque slippers of black velvet and cream brocade again appearing on the old polished floors. But the pretty slippers belong properly to the poets, and right musically has Sir Edwin Arnold sung the beauty of the Egyptian slippers found in the mummy-chest near the Nile:

"Tiny slippers of green and gold,  
Tied with a mouldering golden cord,  
What dainty feet they must have been  
When Caesar Augustus was Egypt's  
lord!"

It has been said by certain critics that the sex of the novelist is invariably betrayed by the manner in which woman's dress is described. Assuredly no woman would have given us Kipling's wholesale summing-up of Mrs. Cusack-Bremmill's gown in "Three and an Extra"—"It was one of

those gowns that hit you straight between the eyes and make you gasp." We are not surprised that the erring husband is won back to his allegiance and forsakes Mrs. Hawksbee for his wife in the wonderful gown. It is Kipling, also, who sends Charlie Hawley's pretty sweetheart to a ball in a dress of "steel-grey illusion." No woman writer would have been guilty of the horrible blunder of sending a girl to a dance in such sad-colored raiment, but then no woman writer could have told the story of Charlie's overhearing the voices of the flowers and the trees and "the little blind Devil of Chance." So we forgive Kipling for the steel-grey gown.

The unfailing refuge of the man who wishes to have a heroine of the good old-fashioned sort is the white muslin gown. It flows and ripples and falls in filmy draperies until the room is filled with the fragrance of sweet lavender. The novelist provides an old homestead in Maryland or a piazza in St. Louis "befo' de wah" and Dorothy Manners or Virginia Carvel straightway floats about in white muslin. No practical considerations regarding the extreme susceptibility of such a fabric to common dust, no thoughts of the exorbitant laundry disturb the flowing of the novelist's fountain pen. If he can adorn the fair creature of his fancy with blue ribbons he is all the happier and thinks that he has gone far in the simple life, while every woman reader knows that he is basely deceived by those gowns of seeming innocence. Amelia Sedley appeared in them, as a matter of course, and so did Miss Rebecca Sharp, although wicked little Becky should have worn gowns of gleaming scarlet or blazing yellow.

But we have to go back to romantic old Sir Walter to catch the real stateliness of the gowns of long ago. Elizabeth at Kenilworth was a gorgeous sight in her brocade and jewels, but infinitely fairer was poor beautiful Amy when she waited in her robes of brown and amber for the handsome earl whose ambition was her tragedy. How the Scotch "teller of tales" revels in their ruffles, whether it be the treacherous Varney or Raleigh whose velvet cloak makes a soft path to the royal favor. What can the modern novelist do with an everyday hero whose business suit of grey tweed and waiter-like evening attire defy the picturesque? He turns, perforce, to the football field or the wild West, and we have Strongheart on the stage and that prince of cowboys, the Virginian, in a costume which sets ugly convention at defiance.

But sometimes the old and worn suddenly assumes a value which nothing but romance could bestow. Not the richest robe of Arthur's court is remembered as the "gown of faded silk" which comes down to us from the old chronicles and in which Enid first won the love of Geraint. Sometimes it is only a phrase or a chance reference which fixes a memory in the world's capricious fancy. "My Lady Greensleeves" has lived through four long centuries. We may forget that Esmond's Beatrix was selfish and heartless, but we remember that she was a "brown beauty" and that her shoes were small and red with wicked rosettes. Beauty and bravery may go unadorned, but they are all the better for rich garments, and so we have the gowns that are "confections" and the scarlet coat of the hero. We are becoming dreadfully practical and discuss the utility of everything that blows and grows, but, even yet, it is not safe for the writer of fiction to become supremely indifferent to wherewithal his characters shall be clothed.

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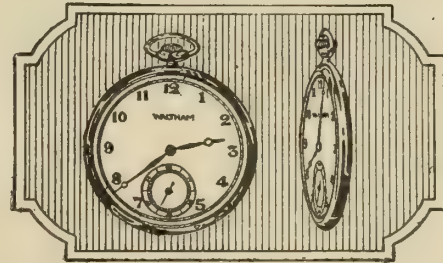
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# Little rules that help you look your best

**O**CCASIONALLY you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. To make the powder stay on, to prevent roughness, dullness, lines—requires intelligent care. Here are a few simple rules, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

## Never permit your face to look shiny

Powder—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder do it to *last*. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base. Then you can carefully powder your face, and never have a moment's concern about its losing its soft, fresh appearance.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once, never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



## A rough skin a sign of carelessness

To go out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

Skin specialists say you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream *without* oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your handbag, so that immediately before and after motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

## Never let your skin look tired

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a cream that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshness to your skin. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.

## The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an *oil* base. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Give your skin this cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream *regularly* and you can keep your skin clear.



## Catch the little lines before they grow deep

By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. For this too you need a cream *with* an oil base, a cream that will work into the skin *gradually*. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required to make a perfect massage cream.

Every normal skin needs both of these creams. Neither cream will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each at any drug or department store, at 50c a jar or tube of either. See how quickly they make you look your best.



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Volume Seventeen

DECEMBER, 1920

Number Eight

THE season of Christmas is just as welcome as ever—perhaps all the more shining with comfort because the war clouds hung so heavily over us for four weary years that “peace and good-will” seemed but a mocking dream. To-day the world does not yet know the meaning of the Christmas message, but the outlook is brighter than it was in those years of crises, and we realize with thankfulness the prosperity and hope in our own land—which shared in the sacrifices of the war, but, in its youth and vigor, looks forward, not with despondency, to the tasks of reconstruction.

There are prophets of evil who would have us believe that civilization has been hurt beyond repair—but THAT we cannot believe, so long as there are so many sincerely anxious to help in the work of putting the world together again. It is usually the idlers who are the despondent citizens—those who are the helpers are also the hopefuls. So, as we look abroad or look at home in this year of nineteen hundred and twenty, we repeat once more the centuries-old greeting which is a prayer as well as a salutation. Peace is what the world longs for—and may Christmas cheer and good-will be the atmosphere of every home!

IT will be admitted that the illustration on this page hardly suggests Christmas or a Yuletide blaze. Mr. Hulbert Footner, one of Canada's popular novelists, is here photographed on a happy summer day enjoying the bracing air of the seashore. Mr. Footner “be-

longs” to Hamilton, Ontario, although he has lived for some years in the United States. Of course, he spends some of his days in New York, for nearly all Canadians who would write a best-selling novel or have a story in the movies find their way to the largest city on the continent and there acquire a studio or a sky parlor from which they send forth tales of thrill and pictures of rare color. Mr. Footner has already mounted several rungs on the ladder of success, and is making his way as a playwright as well as a writer of fiction. “Country Love,” which ran as a serial in “Munsey's Magazine” this year, is one of his recent productions in story-telling.

In our January issue will be found the opening

chapters of “Two on the Trail,” a novel by Mr. Footner which has been published in book form and for which we hold the Canadian serial rights. It is a story dealing with the adventures of an extremely daring hero and a lovely heroine, whose wanderings through Northern Alberta are thrilling as a “real movie.” In spite of its frankly modern melodrama, there is a villain whose super-wickedness seems mediaeval. He is, really, one of the most thorough scamps you could find, and outdoes the Wicked Uncle of the old fairy tales. So, there is an old-fashioned touch, after all, in this tale of modern Canada, and you will follow the varying fortunes of the persecuted heroine with sincere interest.



THE WRITER OF OUR NEXT SERIAL

Mr. Hulbert Footner is of that goodly fellowship of Canadians rapidly winning fame and fortune in New York. We are beginning publication in our January issue of a story by Mr. Footner, entitled “Two on the Trail,” which is an exciting narrative of hair-breadth adventures in Northern Alberta.

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# How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance



*It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits*

*A little roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.*



**W**IND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is, tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of staying tired.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust



*Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening it brings your skin*

have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

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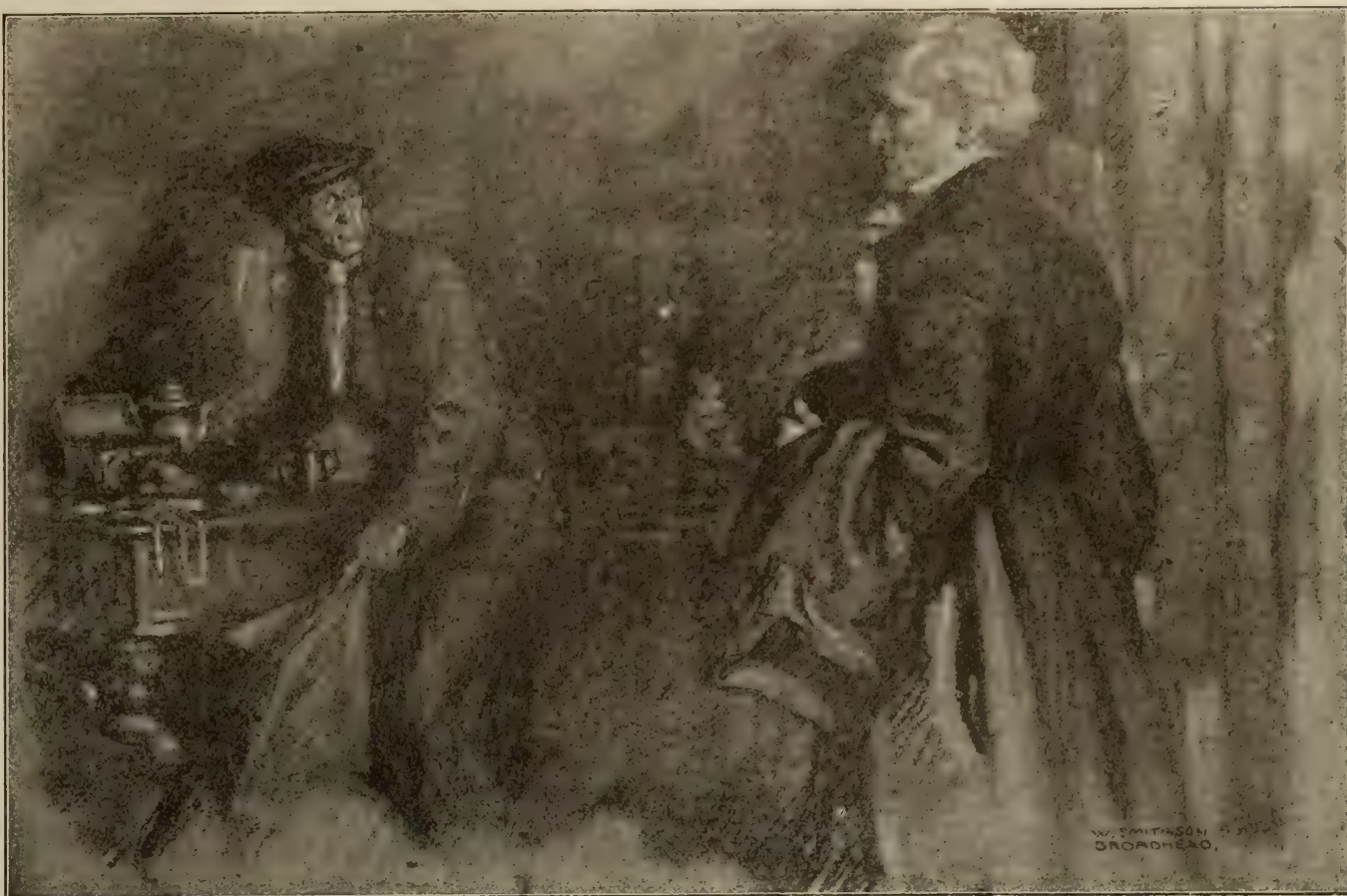
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A man stood on the threshold

# MY CHRISTMAS BURGLARY

By "Q"

(Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.)

ILLUSTRATED BY W. S. BROADHEAD

I HAD come, with high expectations; for Mr. Felix, a bachelor of sixty-five, was reputed to have made for thirty years this particular cabinet his idol.

Any nabob or millionaire can collect. Mr. Felix, being moderately well-to-do, had selected. He would have none but the best; and the best lay stored delicately on cotton-wool, ticketed with the tiniest handwriting, in a nest of drawers I could have unlocked with a hair-pin.

The topmost drawer contained scarabs (of which I am no connoisseur); the second some two dozen intaglios, and of these by the light of my bull's eye lantern, I examined five or six, before sweeping the lot into my bag—Europe and the Bull, Ganymede in the eagle's claw. Agare carrying the head of Pentheus, Icarus with relaxed wing dropping headlong to a sea represented by one wavy line; each and all priceless. In the third drawer lay an unset emerald, worth a king's ransom, a clasp of two amethysts, and a necklace of black pearls graduated to a hair's breadth; these only, and (as I guessed) because they disdained the company of inferior gems. By this time I could see—I read it even in the exquisite parsimony of the collection—that I had to deal with an artist, and sighed that in this world artists should prey upon one another. The fourth drawer was reserved for miniatures, the most of them circleted with diamonds; the fifth for snuff-boxes, gold snuff-boxes bearing royal cyphers, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell and gold, snuff-boxes of blue enamel set with diamonds. A couple of these chinked together as they dropped into the bag. The sound startled me, and I paused for a moment to look over my shoulder.

The window stood open as I left it. Outside, in the windless frosty night, the snow on the house-roofs sparkled under a wintering moon now near the close of her first quarter. But, though the night was windless, a current of air poured into the room, and had set a flame dancing in the fireplace where, three minutes ago, the sea-coals had held but a feeble glow, half sullen. Down stairs, in some distant apartment, fiddles were busy with a waltz tune, and a violoncello kept the beat with a low thudding pizzicato. For Mr. Felix was giving a Christmas party.

I turned from this hasty glance to pick up another snuff-box. As my fingers closed on it the music sud-

denly grew louder, and I looked up as the door opened, and a man stood on the threshold—a short, square-set man, dressed in black.

"Eh?" He gave a little start of surprise. "No, no, excuse me, my friend, but you are seeking in the wrong cabinet."

Before I could pull myself together, he had stepped to the window and closed it. "You had best keep still," he said; "and then we can talk. There are servants on the stairs below and should you attempt the way you came, there are three constables just around the corner. I hired them to regulate the carriage traffic; but now that the last guest has arrived, they will be cooling their heels for a spell, and I have a whistle. I have also a pistol." With a turn of his hand he flung open a door in a dark armoire beside the window, dived a hand into its recesses, and produced the weapon. "And it is loaded," he added, still in the same business-like voice, in which, after his first brief exclamation, my ear detected no tremor.

"By all means let us talk," I said.

He was crossing to the fireplace, but wheeled about sharply at the sound of my voice. "Eh? An educated man, apparently!" Laying the pistol on the mantelshelf, he plucked a twisted spill of paper from a vase hard by, stooped, ignited it from the flame dancing in the sea-coals, and proceeded to light the candles in an old-fashioned girandole that overhung the fireplace. There were five candles, and he lit them all.

They revealed him a clean-shaven, white-haired man, meticulously dressed in black—black swallow-tail coat, open waistcoat, and frilled shirt-front, on which his laundress must have spent hours of labor; closely fitting black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, black polished shoes. They silhouetted, too, in the moment before he swung round on me, an enormous nose, like a punchinello's, and the outline of a shapely head, sufficiently massive to counterbalance and save it from caricature. The size of the head again would have suggested deformity, but for the broad shoulders that carried it. As he faced me, squarely with his back to the hearth, his chest and shoulders narrowing to the hips of a runner, and still narrowing (though he stood astraddle) to ankles and feet that would not have disgraced a lady, he put me in mind of a matador I had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)





*Ford Motor Company*  
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Ford, Ontario.





"I fell to distributing the largesse."

## MY CHRISTMAS BURGLARY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

seen years before, facing his bull in a ring at Seville. The firelight behind them emphasized the neat outline of his legs. He carried a black coat on his left arm, and in his left hand an opera hat, pressed flat against his left side. In closing the window, in finding and producing the pistol, and again in lighting the candles, he had used his right hand only.

"A gentleman?" he asked, contracting his brows and eyeing me.

"Well," said I, with an uncomfortable, nervous laugh, that itself accused my breeding, so inferior it was to the situation, "possibly you are one of those who mix up the name with moral conduct—"

"To some extent," he answered, without seeming to interrupt. "Everyone does, I fancy."

"At any rate I won't challenge it," said I. "But you may, if you will, call me a man of some education. I was at Magdalen once, but left Oxford without taking my degree."

"Ah!" He inclined his head a little to one side. "Cards?"

"Certainly not," I answered with heat. "I own that appearances are against me, but I was never that kind of man. As a matter of fact, it happened over a horse."

He nodded. "So you, too, though you won't challenge the name, have to mix up moral conduct with your disposition. We draw the line variously, but everyone draws it somewhere. . . . Magdalen, hey? If I mistake not, the foundationers of Magdalen—including, perhaps, some who were undergraduates with you—were assembled in the college hall at this moment to celebrate Christmas, and hear the choir sing Pergolesi's Gloria."

"The reminder hurts me," said I, "—if that be any gratification to you."

"A sentimentalist?" Mr. Felix's eyes twinkled. "Better and better! I have the very job for you—but we will discuss that by and by. Only let me say that you must have dropped on me, just now, from heaven—you really must. But please don't make a practice of it! I have invested too much in my curios; and others have invested more. . . . That snuff-box, for instance, which you were handling a moment ago . . . at one time in its history it cost—aye, and fetched—close on two hundred millions of money."

I began to have hopes that I was dealing with a madman.

"Or rather," he corrected himself, "the money was paid for a pinch of the snuff it contains. Open it, carefully, if you please!—and you will behold the genuine rappee, the very particles over which France fought with Austria. What says Virgil? 'Hi motus animorum' atque hec certamina tanta Pulveris exigui jactu'—yes but in this instance, you see, the pinch of dust was the exciting cause. Sir, the Austrian ambassador, one fatal

afternoon, refused to take from the box in your hand that which, three weeks later, and all too late, he would gladly have purchased with many millions. Observe the imperial crown on the lid, with the bees around it, as if to illustrate Virgil's warning. I bought the thing myself, sir, for six napoleons, off a dealer in the Rue de Fouaire; but the price will rise again. Yes, certainly, I count on its fetching three hundred pounds at least when I have departed this life, and three hundred pounds will go some little way towards my monument."

"Your monument?" I echoed.

He nodded again. "In good time, my friend, you shall hear about it; for you make, I perceive, a good listener. You have gifts, though you do less than justice to them. Suffice it to say that I am a sentimentalist, like yourself. I never married nor begat children; and I have but a shaky belief in the future state; but my sentimentality hankers after—you may even say it postulates—some kind of continuity. I cannot discuss this here and now, for by the sound of the violins, the dance is coming to an end, and my guests will be growing impatient. But you remember Samson's riddle? Well, out of my corpse (I trust) shall come forth honey: whereas out of yours, unless you employ your talents better—" He broke off, and stepped up close to me. "Ah, but excuse me," he said, and reaching out a hand, caught me suddenly by the collar.

The arrest—I made sure it was an arrest—took me unprepared, and threw me off my balance. I broke away a pace, drawing back my fist to strike; and in that moment I felt his hand relax with a curious fluttering movement as though his fingers drummed on the back of my neck. I heard him laugh, too; and before I could hit out he sprang back, holding in his hand a white rabbit!

"An old trick—eh?—and a simple one." He pressed out the spring of his opera hat, dropped the rabbit inside, dived his hand after it, and drew out two white rabbits by the ears. "But it will amuse my young friends downstairs, and I practise this kind of thing at odd whiles."

He set the rabbits on the floor, where they gave themselves a shake, and hopped off toward the shelter of the window curtains.

"Now you are the very man I wanted," said he, "and I am going to make you sing for your supper." He stepped to the armoire, and drew out a long cloak of scarlet, furred with ermine. "I had meant to wear this myself," he went on; but stopped all of a sudden at sight of my face, and began to laugh quietly, in a way that made me long to take him by the throat. "Dear me, dear me! I understand! Association of ideas—Court of Assize, eh? But this is no judicial





Herrings—red herrings—lled to the brim!

robe, my friend; it belongs to Father Christmas. Here's his wig now—quite another sort of wig, you perceive—with a holly wreath around it. And here's his beard, beautifully frosted with silver." He held wig and beard towards the window, and let the moonlight play over them. "On with them, quick! . . . And the boots." Again he dived into the armoire, and produced a pair of Bluchers, the long ankle leathers gummed over with cotton-wool, to represent snow. "It's lucky they reach a good way up the leg, seeing the cloak is a trifle short for a man of your inches." He stepped back a pace and surveyed me as I fitted on the beard.

"There are punishments and punishments," said I. "And I hope, whatever your game may be, you will remember that there's punishment in dressing up like a tom-fool."

"Ah, but you'll catch the spirit of it!" he assured me; and then, rubbing his hands, he appeared to muse for a moment. "I ought," said he, with a glance towards the fireplace. "I really ought to send Father Christmas down by way of the chimney. The flue opens just above here,

and I believe it would accommodate you; but I am not very sure if my housekeeper had it swept last spring. No," he decided, "the music has ceased, and we must lose no time. I will spare you the chimney."

He called to his rabbits, picked them up as they came hopping from behind the curtains, popped them into his hat, shut it with a snap, and lo! they had vanished.

"You'll excuse me," I ventured, as he stepped to the door; "but—but the—the few articles here in the bag—"

"Oh, bring them along with you; bring them along by all means! We may have a present or two to make, down below."

From the head of the staircase we looked down into a hall gaily lit with paper lanterns. Holly and ivy wreathed the broad balustrade and the old pictures around the walls. A bunch of mistletoe hung from a great chandelier that sparkled with hundreds of glass prisms, and under it a couple of footmen in gilt liveries and powder crossed at that moment with trays of jellies and syllabubs. They were well-trained

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)





# A Story of Three Women and the Prairies



## "UNLIT DECEMBERS"

By KATHERINE HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. F. WHITE

It was when the glow of Christmas time drew near that Selina felt the numbed uncanniness of her situation most keenly—Selina, whom a fanciful mother had named moon-fashion, because she looked "so white and kind of peaked-like."

At thirty-five she was still white and peaked-like, despite an open air ranch life, with what the clergy call "the man of your choice," in that persistent prairie wind—blowing health-wise and from the most approved quarter of sunny Alberta.

Selina and her husband came from Ontario. They came at the beginning of the war. Strode, his unchristian name Abel, was physically unfit for service, likewise Selina, so they bought a corner of the Grayson ranch and started a tiny truck farm, which for some time seemed to be a right profitable enterprise. It was only as this Ranch, almost deserted while its owner fought in France, awoke, on his return, into new strength and larger proportions, that the truck farm faded, that the Strodes' plans seemed to wither, that the great Tyrant, the overwhelming prairie, began to menace them, not only in their dreams but as an actual undercurrent of their lives.

Reams have been written about the ocean and its effect upon the destinies of individuals and peoples, but little has been said of the prairie—greater, vaster, more magnetic in its earth currents, more maddening in its allure.

Selina Strode had heard its voice long ago, when a wonderful, unthought-of occurrence happened, and she was taken by a benevolent uncle on a Press excursion to Banff. She was working at the time as a stenographer in this uncle's newspaper office in a small Ontario town. She was twenty-five years old and nothing had ever seemed to happen to her in all her life. That quick whirl through the West, the first sight of mountains, the incomparable brown hugeness of Banff was the awakening of her mind. But on the return trip somewhere between Calgary and Edmonton, when a break-down occurred after most people were asleep in their berths, and, the screen-shielded window open, Selina lay alone with the prairie for two brief hours of a mid-summer night, then the miracle, which usually descends once in every human life, transpired and the soul of white, "peaked" Selina woke up and listened.

Perhaps it was not a very high or mighty happening. She remembered afterwards, indeed, that it was punctuated by many snores from a fat man overhead. But it was her baptismal glimpse of immensity. At first the ceasing of grating wheels and the delight of swaying creakily into the darkness brought only a sense of unusual quiet. Gradually there awoke a long, low murmur of insect life, penetrating the stuffy sleeper. Then the wretched rumble of the fat man's snore. Silence again. Then, as the mid-summer chorus grew upon her consciousness, she raised herself on her elbow and peering into the darkness, suddenly beheld the moon rise out of a cloud and send a spear of light out over a limitless sea of grass. And yet not grass. Not the July green Ontario carpet that she knew. Not that, but something—a great undulating, naked but hairy line of the very body of the Earth itself, the Earth all

alive and full of hidden possibilities murmuring in its sleep. The murmur seemed to her rhythmic—almost like the sound of a great unconscious cat. And occasionally, across the murmur, a sigh—a long sigh, like a wind—but no wind she had ever heard before—and in the sigh which heaved that great living grassy line there was a call—an invitation, as though Immensity had deigned to unveil itself for one moment to a weak little mortal and say, "Come and forget yourself—be lost, my child."

And, just when the mystery of the thing was pressing into her very being, lanterns were twinkled along the side of the sleeper, there were hoarse shouts and orders, and the great Express slowly gathering energy unto itself, shot away Eastward.

But Selina never forgot those hours, and when, five years later, after another arid interval of typing, Abel Strode informed her in a burst of confidence that he thought he'd go West and settle somewhere near Edmonton, her sudden flush and palpitant interest were so unexpectedly alluring to him that he thoughtlessly proposed to her on the spot, and she exultantly accepted—recalling that long sighing grassy length of the wonderful side of the Earth, and all the half-remembered, half forgotten dreams of a mid-summer night. While Abel thought "It's awfully lonesome to go out there with a bunch of fellows and their stories. Me for a place of my own, and a family."

THAT was five years ago. A place was obtained for rent through Phil Grayson's manager. Returned men did not trouble them. But there was no family.

Selina enjoyed watching their shack grow up, and novelty satisfied her for the first years. Then over the plains the rim of a purple foothill beckoned her perpetually.

The prairie, sometimes compared with the ocean, is animated by different ends. The ocean is masculine and the prairie is feminine. It makes so many promises, throws so many flowers, fulfills richly and has demoniac ways. The first wind-storm nearly paralyzed the Strodes. It seemed to them the epitome of everything cattishly violent.

"It wouldn't have mattered so much about the cow shed," moaned Selina, "but to take my one little cherry tree and uproot it as if it were a geranium,—that's what I call unkind."

As time went on, the isolation of the great snow-wrapped plains filled them, not so much with wonder, as with ennui, and with an insane desire for the things that were now impossible. They felt a sudden interest in music, the theatre, the visits of friends—all sorts of thing that, quite at their hand in kind populous Ontario had been unconsidered, for neither of them were of the social order of beings. They were both indeed of that material so universal, yet so seldom depicted, whose desires are as weak as thin grasses, easily swayed by a prairie wind.

Yet the little truck farm had yielded a living. Then the Graysons returned from abroad, and it was as Christmas drew near, the work that kept them busy all summer completed, life withdrawn to the interior of a commonplace clapboard house, faint winds baying far over the rim of the prairie, blue-white snow drifting down, the long stretch of winter desolation upon them, that Selina felt the numbed uncanniness of the situation most keenly.

They were facing an uncertain future. Already in the late fall the markets that had eagerly seized their produce during the lean years of the war were discussing with enthusiasm the prospects of the Grayson Ranch.

"Yes, Sir," said Robson of Midway's General Store, "Phil will make things jump next season! Guess what he's been doing since he was demobbed! That kid has been hobnobbing with engineers, visiting show ranches everywhere, and he's got what he calls a new staff coming on in March. Big doings then. You'll have to fight for your little market, Mr. Strode."

And Selina had an encounter. She had driven into the store with the butter which, usually quite passable, was "off color" in Mr. Robson's opinion. And while they were agreeing on this point there was the rapid entrance of Mrs. Grayson, dexterously managing her small car, perfectly dressed in exactly the kind of superior coon-skin coat that ought to, and does, fit prairie life, a tinge of sunburn and a look of youth about her, and that irritating, perfectly-poised composure and strict economy of word that is the hallmark of the prosperous.

Then the jocular Robson said to the newcomer as the women exchanged greeting:

"I guess Mrs. Grayson can give this lady a line on the butter question. She's in trouble, and you're an expert on these things."

Selina, instantly on the defensive, met a smile from her neighbor and the admission that she found butter-making rather fun. "I'm not an expert though," she added, "I'm just experimenting."

"Mighty good experiments so far," said the urbane tradesman.

"Oh well—I try everything," then, to Selina: "I'm sure you love your farm! Aren't you coming to see us some day? We've a lot of things from France to show you."

She turned to her purchasing, stowed the things in her motor and was quickly out of sight. "There's a woman!" said Mr. Robson with a sigh of respect. "When her Country calls her she volunteers. That same has driven an ambulance over Flanders Fields, in the midst of danger. And when I asked her—I couldn't hear it—Mrs. Strode, the idea took hold of me so—when I asked her if she had seen the Crosses row on row," she says to me, "if you mention a poppy, I'll die just like as though she was trying to make a joke. But I don't keep this Post Office for nothing. Why, that woman gets dozens of letters from France about every week, and she was in the papers all right, the things she done when times were the very hardest. Her picture was in an English paper, Mrs. Strode, and the Edmonton 'Times' copied it—but you seen that—I re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



# A Sense of Humor

## A CHRISTMAS STORY BY ARTHUR STRINGER



ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

**B**ENJAMIN SPINDEL had a Good Fairy. He was never quite sure what this Good Fairy should have been called. Sometimes she seemed best described as A-Sense-of-Humor. More often, however, he preferred to know her as Fame.

For fame, to Spindel, was something which came to you overnight, like a cold in the head, or a milk-bottle at the door. You simply woke up and found it there. The mere thought of it, waiting like a gnome on your doorstep, was something to send a tingle of romance through the small hours of the chilliest night, if you only made it a point to remember.

Not that Spindel ever quite forgot. For there were two things about Spindel that always surprised his friends. One was his industry. The other was his optimism.

Unlike so many others whose blood had been fevered by the virus of stage-life, this doggedly industrious disciple of Romance never let the day be sufficient unto itself. Idleness, in fact, was a luxury he could not afford. He was at least a plodder. And he believed, as he used to put it, in taking the bull by the horns.

So his immediate object in life was not so much to discover the fairy on the threshold as to keep the wolf from the door itself. Yet he nursed the entirely romantic delusion that Fame was something on which one might stub one's toe in the dark. Success was a sort of accident, the same as finding a dime on the street curb; you went to bed a plodding juggler of a dozen or two wooden puppets, and you woke up the Greatest Dramatist of the Age.

For Spindel's ambition, even when he came a raw youth from the Middle West, was not merely to be an actor. He nursed, in fact, an abhorrence for grease-paint and call-boards and dressing-rooms and hydrogenated coiffures. He made no secret of the fact that his work on the stage was only a means to an end. Like an illustrious Elizabethan prototype to whom he often referred, he merely played parts that in the end he might learn to write them. For Spindel, like Shakespeare, wanted to be a playwright.

Like his prototype already referred to, Spindel was not essentially a man of letters. He prided himself on being one of the people. This claim was advanced, perhaps in extenuation of certain oddities of orthography, for to the end, Spindel was always a little weak in his spelling. But he was both adaptive and courageous, and no one could accuse him of not keeping his ears cocked and his eyes open. He nosed through life like a beagle nosing through bracken, he backed over street quarrels like a parent over a cradle, he blinked at park lovers like a hawk at a young rabbit, always hoping to scare up a new "situation" or a new "situation." So while the weekly pay envelope of the actor was keeping the pot boiling, his experiences behind the spotlights were initiating him into the tricks of the theatrical trade. He was devouring knowledge as silently and as persistently as an army worm devours herbage.

Yet, after three years of playing small parts, and playing them none too well, he concluded that the back of the curtain had little more to teach him. He wanted to get out and see life in the raw, yet nowhere, ironically enough, could he ever see its rawness less veiled than

under the mask of the mummer. Here again, however, a sort of blithe practicality on his part kept interposing. He continued to mark time as a play-actor, bending his neck to the yoke for the sake of a small but ever assured weekly envelope. It could be called nothing more than marking time, for all his ardor, all his energy, was now being poured into his own secret pursuits. He was now giving his time and thought to the writing of plays, magnificently planned dramas which, by some odd mischance, never saw the light of day, laboriously conceived comedies which, unfortunately, no one ever heard of. His vocational hours, in fact, became a sort of somnambulism; he went through them with all the impersonal detachment of a sleep-walker. He was, by this time, living only in his writing. As his parts grew smaller and smaller his pay envelope, in turn, grew thinner and thinner. But despair was unknown to Spindel. He still believed in the Fairy outside the door. He still passed, vaguely elated and optimistic, among his old-time friends of the stage, wearing the veiled smile of an adventurer who has learned the secret of some lost treasure.

"There's a guy they'll never grind down!" said Gunderman's stage manager as he watched Spindel one day pocket his rejected script and trudge smiling undaunted down to Broadway.

"They won't grind him down—he'll just wear down!" retorted the apathetic Gunderman, to whom the years had brought wisdom and a weak digestion. And so fixed was Gunderman's mind as to this fact, that he appropriated without hesitation a page or two of Spindel's third-act dialogue. It was nothing more, he argued with himself, than taking a plank or two from a passing derelict.

As Spindel climbed the stairs to that Twenty-second street back room which he dignified as his "studio," his bearing took on an added touch of insouciance. He even whistled, and affected a bit of a swagger.

And he had his reasons for this. For Spindel had been heaven-born optimist enough to bring a wife to New York with him out of the terra incognita of the Middle West. And that wife was young, and perhaps not always appreciative of the humorous turns of over-ambiguous human destinies. She saw the script under her husband's arm, and she went to the window and looked out.

"My dear, those managers are positively funny!" blithely avowed Spindel, as he put his play in its pigeon-hole with the air of a victor putting his sword in its scabbard. "And all I say is, I'm thankful I can keep my sense of humor and see what a queer lot they are!"

"I wish they'd taken the play," said his wife, with the unimaginative immediacy of her sex, as she went back to her work of turning a last winter's skirt.

"But I'm getting closer to 'em, all the time," chirped the indomitable Spindel. "I'm getting wise to their curves. I'm getting so I can humor 'em!"

And Spindel set to work writing a new play. He had to skimp and economize a good deal, by this time, for he could now get nothing more than an occasional "super" part to keep the pot boiling. But he accepted the dingy back-room studio and the meagre meals cooked on a one-hole gas stove as calmly as an exiled prince accepts the exigencies of a banishment recognized as only a matter of time. He became oblivious to them. He went back to his play like an opium-smoker back to his drug. He revised and re-arranged

and revamped. He closed his eyes, valiantly, and cut away whole act-ends, at one grim stroke, like a surgeon operating on his own flesh and blood. From the older and time-worn scripts he drew off the blood of life that was to sustain the ever-growing new-comer. Upon this newer child of hope he even transplanted a whole organ from some maturer offspring who had not lived up to its expectations. He worked blindly, but he worked determinedly. The secret of dramatic life or death was something beyond him. It was, he claimed, mostly a matter of luck, of accident. And every dog had his day. And some people had Fairies. And Spindel still believed in his Fairy.

So he watched over his new-born play, and nursed it into plethoric robustiousness, and redressed it in epigram, and decorated it with a newer ribbon or two of fancy. Then he carried it off to the agencies and the managers' offices with the blind pride of a mother carrying her first-born to a baby show.

That none of them could see any beauty in it struck him as ridiculous, as laughable. It almost took his breath away. But once more he came to realize, as he had so often tried to explain, that all managers were a queer lot.

"If you can only keep your sense of humor, at this game!" he persisted, with a wag of the head, as he read Gunderman's curt note of refusal.

So Spindel kept his sense of humor. He set to work again, as optimistic as ever. He once more became the prestidigitator; once more he laid out his worn and shoddy children of fancy, like a juggler laying out his "props."

Then he lost himself in his work. He once more ruthlessly disembowelled and rearranged and rearticulated. He once more shifted and sorted and pieced together. The result was something more wonderful, more Gothically embellished, than ever before. He once more buttressed it up and furbished and polished it, looking it over with contented and commendatory shakes of the head.

"I'm learning the trick, my dear!" he jubilantly declared to his hollow-eyed wife as she stirred the veal-stew on its hot-plate next to the window. "I can see it coming closer, now, every day!"

And again Spindel began the rounds of the agencies and the managers' offices. And again the script came back to Spindel's dingy studio, and again it went out, and again it came back. Once more it moved the playwright to a mild and humorous wonder.

"Aren't they a funny lot—a rum lot?" he demanded. "Can't you see it, once you get a line on them and their ways?"

"No, it's not funny," said his wife, limp and listless in her chair by the window. "It's not funny any more."

He laughed as he put a hand on her thin shoulder.

"Just keep your sense of humor, my dear, and you'll see they are funny! Look how they contradict each other, even in their excuses! Look how one says 'Cut down! Cut down!' and the other says 'Build up! Build up!'"

It was Spindel's blind theory that if you kept at a thing you won out, you simply had to win out, in the end. And such being his theory, he once more set to work. And the following autumn, in vindication of his attitude, he actually went about showing a contract with a Western producing agent who had attached a "phony" curtain to one of Spindel's earlier first-acts and converted it into a vaudeville sketch for a Chicago comedian.

This sketch seemed to bring new life to Spindel. He not only appeased an expostulatory landlord and a long-threatening gas company, but he also indulged in the extravagance of two Hartz Mountain canaries, "to liven up the studio a bit," as he blithely explained to his wife, and planned out intricate and extended shopping expeditions before the cold weather set in.

But the vaudeville sketch, after a run of three weeks, came to an abrupt and untimely end. Just why this was, the dazed author could never quite understand. And it saddened him a little to think that it had lived and died without once having come under the eye of its creator. Yet these one-act things, he cheerily added, were never worth worrying over. In fact, there was something humorous about it all, he still maintained. He thanked his lucky stars he could still see the funny side of it.

He refused to give it much thought, however, for already he had a new play to work on. This



new play, like the others, became a sort of pot au feu into which went every fragment that could be shaved from the bones of his past efforts, every shred of an idea that could be caught up from the passing moment. He wrote on and on, still believing in the Fairy outside the door. He sent out his script, still nursing the delusion that he was going to find Fame hanging by one hand to his mail-box down in the dingy front hall. And as he shuffled down in his tattered slippers, ten times a day, he thanked Heaven that he could still see the humor of it all, and went up to chirrup and whistle somewhat pensively into the swinging canary cage and then turn once more back to his writing.

It was one rainy morning when even the canaries refused to sing that the Ultimate Idea came to him. Times, he had to confess, were getting a bit tight. Things were no longer as rosy as they ought to be. It was too late for shillyshallying; conditions seemed to call for a coup de main. And here he was with seven fine plays all about him, seven plays of his own. None of them could be all bad; even those human sheep known as managers confessed that one had a good scene here, and another had a good curtain there, and a third had a good idea somewhere else. But none had quite floated him out to the sea of prosperity. Then, demanded Spindel of himself, why not lash the lot together? Why not tie them up in one raft, cut away what was not needed, and let that one final venture swing out to sink or swim?

This amalgamative idea became first an intoxication and then an obsession. The work-worn playwright threw himself into the task with a fury that disturbed even his wife, who absented herself more and more from that unkempt and paper-littered back room where Spindel strode up and down in his tattered slippers enacting the roles he was reorganizing. She even upbraided him for scandalizing their neighbors with his enigmatically passionate utterances, with his frenzied self-altercations, with his climacteric shouts of scorn and triumph. He even forgot his wife and her existence. He uttered no protest as she took her departure for the day. He merely looked at her in his vacant and unseeing way when she somewhat defiantly told him that she was off to look for work of her own. He only nodded diffident assent when she somewhat challengingly informed him that her cousin, Jim Ecklin, was taking her to the Hippodrome.

For Spindel, in truth, was engaged in one of the most extraordinary juggling feats of all his feverish-fingered juggler's career. Into that one and final play he was crushing and crowding everything that was worth carrying off from everything he had ever written, much like a shipwrecked traveller packing into one portmanteau the cream of all his belongings. He was moulding his whole life into one forlorn amalgam. He was making that last play a sort of headcheese of all his lost hopes, an Irish stew of all his dead issues. He scraped the bones of each desiccating skeleton for its last enriching tatter of meat. He journeyed back through each abandoned structure for some last sustaining beam of action. He crawled over each devastated scene for some chance sparkle of epigram embedded in its ruins.

He made it a sort of mausoleum of the perished labors of youth. Then he once more polished it and furbished it, and so pretentious and flash-



Then he carried it off to the agencies and the managers' offices.

ing did that new facade stand to him that for the first time in his life he indited a peremptory letter in which he put forth certain peremptory demands, and sent both letter and play-script off to Gunderman, knowing only too well that this time it was all or nothing.

In the meantime winter had advanced and the cold had set its teeth in the flank of the attenuated Spindel abode. The rigors of mid-December reminded the playwright that both the body and its habitation were in keener need of fuel. So Spindel took advantage of the holiday season and earned a few dollars as an extra ticket-taker in a Fourteenth street moving picture house. The pay was not lordly. But his gas bills and his arrears of rent he could for the time ignore. Those more exigent claims which rose from the pit of the human stomach, however, could not be ignored. He also remembered that he had his wife and his two canaries to feed. He hated moving pictures; they were the darkest enemy of the dramatic artist. But he could live it down, once he had got started, once he had made his hit. And as he trudged homeward with his half-pound of Hamburger steak he looked once more anxiously into the mail-box. But it always seemed to be empty.

Spindel saw Christmas week approach and wondered if even a sense of humor could not lose its elasticity in time. So the next morning he took the bull by the horns, as it were. He made his toilet, such as it was, with the minutest care, and invaded Broadway and the Gunderman stronghold.

Gunderman, he was told, had been called to Chicago. He had either taken the script with him or mislaid it. But no word had come to the office as to its fate. And during Christmas week nothing was likely to be done.

Spindel, that night, spent a long time over his task of feeding the canaries. His own hunger he appeased in a much briefer period. It was after nine o'clock when his wife came home, silent and self-contained. She told him, casually, that she had already eaten supper. But later in the evening, as she stood peering into the canary cage, she broke into tears, for no appreciable reason. It was the next day that Spindel began pawing things surreptitiously taken from that dingy back room.

For two days he wandered about the city, looking for work, as des-

titute of direction as a lost child looking for home. Late in the afternoon of the fourth day he trudged back to his "studio," a little dizzy in the head and a little weak in the knees. But he wanted to make sure the canaries were fed.

He found it hard to climb the steps. In the mail-box, at the side of the shabby old hall, he found two letters waiting for him. He climbed the stairs, step by step, and as he let himself into his room he saw a square of paper tacked on his door. He swung back the door and peered up at it.

He realized as he studied it, that it was a dispossess notice. He slowly pulled it from the soiled panel, stepped into the room, and closed the door after him.

"Allie!" he called, for the light was not strong.

He looked about and saw with a deep breath of relief that his wife was not there. Then he slowly crossed the room and sat down by the window, under the canary cage. Then he put the letters on the ledge in front of him. He was very leisurely about it, yet he could feel his heart in his throat, pounding like an automatic riveter.

The first letter was in his wife's handwriting. He opened the envelope and slowly unfolded the single sheet it held. On it he read:

"I've tried hard to stay with you, Benny. But a woman's got to have clothes and things. And I couldn't stand the sort of Christmas tomorrow would have to be. I've thought it all over. I'm going to New Orleans with Jim this afternoon. Jim says he'll see I never want for anything. It's the only thing left for me. I hate to go this way, but I can't help it, and I can't stand it any longer.

ALLIE."

Spindel read the penciled sheet for the second time. Then he slowly folded it up and put it on the window-ledge in front of him. He sat there for several minutes, without moving. Then he turned the second letter over in his hand.

He found it hard to open, for his eyes were not clear. A yellow mist, like street fog, seemed to float between him and the paper. The first thing that struck him was the blue tint of the oblong enclosure. He looked at it, vacantly, for several seconds. Then he held it up to the light and saw it was a cheque. Then he slowly unfolded the letter and read it.

It neither startled nor elated him. He dimly remembered that it was from Gunderman's office. He was vaguely conscious that Gunderman himself was writing and saying that the four-act play entitled "Fool's Gold," by Benjamin Spindel, would be put in rehearsal the following Monday, for a New York production. It also, as far as he could make out, requested a receipt for the one thousand dollars in advance royalties duly enclosed, the additional five hundred to cover advance on the London production, on the definite understanding that the author surrender to the said Gunderman all English rights and— But Spindel was no longer interested.

He slowly unfolded the first letter and slowly read it through.

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His wife came home silent and self-contained.



# "UNLIT DECEMBERS"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

member I showed it to you. Well, now, guess what she's been doing since she went up to those mountains in Switzerland all alone of a story she heard about a new butter process. Instead of a rest she went up there and she worked some more! She says we've got to go back to the ranch business, just as if it was all in her own hands, the workings of that big place, queer, isn't it, with Phil so precious."

Selina thought it over all night, with the wind tapping outside, and the snow coming drifting in the crevices of the house.

Over the edge of the fields was the great low-roofed Ranch House, its fire heated, hung with soft Turkish rugs that covered the walls as well as the floor, with designs more suggestive and enchanting than any pictures. A grand piano stood where the fire light fell upon it in a great living-room lined with books. More books and papers came to them by every mail, for these people had conquered the prairie years ago. Out of the West they had beckoned the East and it had obeyed. But they, the Strodes, they had only been beckoned, had followed a call that they did not understand, had struggled with an invitation too strong for them. Five years had passed in which passion had died, ambition was failing and life meant a getting along somehow.

At home, this week before Christmas, the little Ontario town would be all aglow, holly wreaths would hang in the shop windows, and the friendly people of the place would be choosing Christmas cards and gifts. That strange almost forgotten spirit, Expectation, would be in the air.

Expectation! That was the keynote to this Christmas time, this far off glow, this brightness that was composed of remembered things more than of the present. Selina recalled her commonplace youth, yet even into it the magic of some unforeseen event used to spread its wings in those early winter days. Back to her consciousness came two lines that she had read long ago:

"How brightly gleams in Life's unlit Decembers,  
What love remembers!"

"Unlit!" that was the secret of her life and Abel's. To have probed the why of it would lead a long, long train of thought back to that mid-summer of years ago. They had desired to escape monotony, yet had neglected even to light a friendly lamp.

"I told you about Mrs. Grayson, at the store. She asked me when we were going to see them."

"Why don't they come to see us?" returned Abel, "they've got cars enough, and they don't mind running them over the snow ruts either."

"Of course they did come, before they went overseas," she reminded him. "We've never gone there, except that one time they asked us to tea. I mean we never called."

"Called!"—It had a strange sound, harking back to pre-prairie days.

"Don't know that I care to," said Abel.

"Why not?" she insisted.

"Oh, I don't know. Their kind make me tired. They know it all, they've done it all, they've got it all, too. Easy enough to buy land here when

they did and get things going on a grand scale, when you've made your start—"

But he never finished his sentence, because the honk of a motor horn sounded just outside the window, and the door was loudly, peremptorily rapped.

"Say," shouted Phil Grayson, as he burst into the sitting room, "can you drive a car, Strobe? Can you drive like the devil through the snow?"

"I can't drive any way—never had a car."

"Good heavens!" he was interrupted, "then I'll have to go after the doctor, wherever he is, and there isn't a man to leave on the place in case of emergency. I'll have to take you with me, and send you back with medicines if the doctor isn't there—and I'll press on and find him. There's an awful storm coming up." Turning to Selina, "Could you go to the house with me and help my wife? Mrs. Davids, the cook, you know, she's fallen on the ice and broken her leg and—she's in mortal agony. I had sent Davids to the City yesterday. My wife's alone," he repeated, "can you folks come right away?"

They hurried into wraps, they piled into the waiting roadster, and in five minutes Selina was deposited at the Ranch House and the men were away.

It was a strangely brilliant place to her lamp-accustomed eyes, a big echoing empty house as she ran from one room to another following her instructions: "right through to the back."

Off the kitchen was a large, half bedroom, half sitting-room, and on the bed a woman who swayed to and fro in pain and fear.

It seemed to Selina, who did not take in the entire situation at first glance, that the rancher's wife was living up to her reputation of sheer efficiency coupled with her (Selina's) own conception of tyranny, for she spoke to the woman in a series of short orders, very much like those that a superior officer might have used towards a negligent and helpless private. "Don't move... when you stir it's harder... yes, I know... It's bad but it might be worse. See, here's Mrs. Strobe." To Selina, "I thought you'd come. Can you keep the fires on and the water boiling? There's wood in the kitchen and in the living-room." To her patient again: "Don't cry Kate... Yes, I know. But he'll soon be here. Oh, you mustn't move... No, no, it's just the leg... keep still."

And on and on she spoke in a peremptory round of admonition, into which no strain of tenderness was allowed to enter. She was full of resource, this Mrs. Grayson. "She knows lots of things to do," thought Selina, as through the hours she fetched and carried with a despatch that was the result of orders given in few words. Selina worked, but Alice Grayson sat immovable, holding her patient in a certain position so that the broken leg should not be disturbed. But the patient's cries continued.

The December night wore on. It was wind-circled, snow plumed, tempestuous. The house, blazing with lights, seemed like a solitary futile torch rearing its little flame in a vast wilderness.

"It seemed so queer to hear her cry," Alice Grayson would exclaim, "she's such a jolly soul. Always laughing. And she never thinks of the future. I made all her arrangements to go to the hospital next month. She said it would be 'like a holiday.' She is of the kind that don't know what pain means. Well, we've got to manage somehow, you and I, if our men are snow-bound all night."

And Selina, trembling with fright, tried not to show it in her acquiescence. The whole thing was so unreal. She, who had never been present at birth or death, might presently be called upon to meet both these austere friends. She suddenly awakened to a feeling of intense excitement. The house was visited by insistent voices, the rising tempest without, and the cries of the woman within. She was alone with another woman to meet the greatest of emergencies. And yet there came a sudden flooding warmth, a lightness of heart, an emotion that she had thought forever lost—a return of the great gift, Expectation. As she moved to and fro, heating water in the nearby kitchen and throwing fuel on the great open fireplace of the living room, she was intensely aware also of the quiet young figure who sat so motionless holding the tortured woman in just the right position for her ease.

A clock somewhere struck eleven. The telephone, silent all evening, rang suddenly. Selina rushed to it and heard Grayson's voice at the other end. "Our car is snow-bound. We got the doctor. We're on our way, driving. Tell my wife to look in the medicine supplies and get a powder marked '24.' It will give her relief. This is by the doctor's orders. We ought to be there in an hour."

"A GODSEND!" they sighed, as the magic of the powder took effect and the woman became relaxed and drowsy. "I think I'm frozen," Alice Grayson added.

They huddled in shawls and rugs, afraid to leave the room for the greater warmth of the fireplace. Once Mrs. Grayson rose to fill hot water bottles and, embracing these, they felt a slow warmth return. Selina looked towards the half-conscious woman.

"It's hard to realize how many women go through this, as a matter of course. It would kill me."

"And to break one's leg suddenly is rather a complication," replied Alice.

"Yes, but Mrs. Grayson, such pain, even if you're as strong as she is, seems so horribly cruel, in a way so unnecessary. You must have felt that, with all you saw of misery in France."

"You forget the danger!"

"No, I'm thinking of it."

"Are you?" This, rather wonderingly. "I didn't suppose you knew what it meant."

"I don't understand."

"No, that's it. You don't understand. You can't, at all, if you've never touched it, or never even wanted to. Lots of people are like that I know."

"Like what, Mrs. Grayson?"

"Why—strangers in a way—people who go with the rest, but don't really belong to these terrible things of life—don't care to belong. . . I mean because it is dangerous to care. It gets you into trouble. That's what I kept seeing and feeling over there, and queerest of all, how everybody, even the strangers to life and death and pain and shock were willing, after the first plunge, to endure everything because they began to realize how fine a thing danger is. It wakes you up. It lights you. . . see, she's stirring. . . Perhaps we ought not to talk."

"I'm a rather old stranger in this life," said Selina, "I'm thirty-five, older than you, a good deal."

"Oh, my dear, I was quite old at twenty. That's when I got my first glimpse of danger. They actually told me I had incipient tuberculosis and that I mustn't sing for my living—didn't know how long or how soon it might take me to die, as a matter of fact. And here I am, nearly thirty, and having a beautiful time. After the first queer feeling you wouldn't be without that queer sense of uncertainty for anything. You have to hurry so with your life to get things done before a something that may happen, and you live on tiptoe, and you're reckless. And when you're reckless, every splendid thing happens. I've had, and done, more in my life, so far, a good deal more than a healthy person ever could. You see it's all a hazard—a sort of wonder—and if you've never met wonder, I'm sorry for you."

"I did once," said Selina. She thought of the prairie at midnight. But when her companion looked inquiringly, she shook her head.

"I suppose you mean a wonder like this," motioning towards the stirring patient. "If you ever touch that, then I do envy you. That is the best danger, the brightest one, from which I am barred. Fancy losing that. . . Do you know what the soldiers liked better than anything on earth? It was songs, stories, odd recollections of children. In the hospitals at the recreation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



From the doorway, Alice Grayson called Selina sharply: "Come at once, will you? I need you."



## A Story of Montreal's Ghetto Which Shows Again the Little Child Leading Them



## THE LOST BABY

By ELIZABETH GOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAMPBELL-DUNCAN

LITTLE Rachel Tamolensky, "coming ten by Passover," hurried along to her teacher's house. It was nearly eight o'clock on a fair evening in October. She was dressed in her very best. She wore a navy blue silk dress, with accordion pleated skirt, a tan coat trimmed with pale blue velvet collar and cuffs, white silk stockings and black satin pumps. Her curly dark hair was tied with wide plaid ribbon. A heavy china bracelet was on each thin brown arm and a chain of pink beads hung around her neck.

Through the park she went and along to Durocher Street, turned up and stopped before each house, peering at the unfamiliar numbers. At last she found the one she was seeking, 327, and "clapped on" the bell.

"Oh, I do hope she'll be in, my ticher," she breathed. "I vant she should come by de door herself."

As if in answer to the child's wish, Miss Cameron appeared.

"Why, Rachel Tamolensky!" she began. "Little Rachel!"

"Please, ticher, I vant you should come by our te-ayter to-night, please. . . ."

"Your theatre? Do you own a theatre, Rachel?"

"Please, yes, my fat'er, he got von—De Moonlight—by St. Lawrence Boulvard, and please, so he acts and my mot'er, she acts, and ve all act, and sometimes I act, but to-night I don't act. Ve have von grand show dis time, so I told my fat'er you should come and he said, 'Sure, bring de ticher' . . . so . . . please. . . ."

Miss Cameron looked at the pleading upturned little face, then, thought of the pile of uncorrected compositions on The Body. But what were thirty-seven compositions on The Body to this one pair of dark, eager eyes? She would go with Rachel to the theatre. The work could wait.

"Why, yes, Rachel. I'll be glad to go. Come in and sit down. I'll get my coat and hat."

In a minute or two she returned and they went out together. Down Durocher Street they walked to Prince Arthur, thence along to St. Lawrence Boulevard and turned down the hill. Miss Cameron had sometimes been on this boulevard in the daytime, never before at night.

It was the heart of the Ghetto of Montreal, the Jewish quarter. Old men with long beards—the stamp of Abraham on their faces—were seated on old chairs in front of their houses, either right on the street or on little upper verandahs, reading the "Jewish Eagle," and smoking. Some were talking excitedly in groups before their shop doors. The street was aglare with gay lights and bright signs.

Women, hatless, with shawls over head and shoulders, were also conversing together and exchanging confidences. Often they called frantically to a Sammy and a Jakey who, all unheeding of danger, were rushing into the road and almost under the wheels of passing cars and waggons.

Miss Cameron was unaccustomed to the sights and clamor and foreign tongues. She caught at Rachel's hand. The little girl looked up, smiled and clasped her teacher's hand protectingly. The warm clasp reassured her. What a dear little pilot the child was! And how friendly! She seemed to know everybody.

DOWN the boulevard they walked, past fish shop, hat shop, Kosher meat shop, boot shop and junk shop. Just then Rachel pulled Miss Cameron across the street.

"Come," she said, "dere's Mr. Cohen sitting by his door. Dey last veek took away his baby in de hospital cart."

The man was sitting on his doorstep, the picture of dejection, his elbows resting on his knees, his head in his hands.

"Hello! Mr. Cohen!" cried Rachel, drawing the teacher along with her. "Vos your leetle Abie better?"

The man raised his head. Miss Cameron had never seen a sadder or a more hopeless face.

"Yes, Ray, yes. De baby, he's back. He brought him home dis aft', de good doctor."

"Den for vy you sit here so sad ven you got de baby?"

Slowly the man answered.

"'Cause . . . de baby . . . he's got now no mot'er."

"No mot'er!" exclaimed the little girl. "Is Mrs. Cohen dead? Vere did she go?"

"I don't know," answered the man. His voice was as dreary as his look. "She didn't die. She dis morning vent. She got a big mad on me 'cause I screamed on her."

"And for vy you screamed on her?" demanded Rachel, womanlike, instantly taking the woman's part. "She vos von good mot'er."

"Sure," said the man, stroking his thick black beard, "sure, but I see her making for herself a new hat and I screamed on her 'Vere's my dinner?' Den she screamed on me I could by myself make it, and she vent up so mad, oh! so mad like she could stick to de ceiling, and she ran out and say she would never come back, never—but I vant she should come back. . . ."

Miss Cameron listened to the Hebrew tragedy.

"You shouldn't never have screamed on her, so you! dinner vos failing! Never!" cried Rachel. "You ev'ry morning go out vit de men by your work and you do von easy t'ing! Your vife she stands by de house and she vorks and she vorks all de time at twenty t'ings, at t'irty t'ings, so she gets hot, so she gets tired, so she gets mad, den you scream so much on her . . . oh! . . . here Rachel's excitement reached its highest point. Her English stopped and a voluble stream of Yiddish poured forth.

The man sat, looking at her and listening in great surprise. Presently when she paused for breath, he answered in their common tongue, and though Miss Cameron understood not a word of the dialogue, she knew by the tones that the man was making his defence.

The child's anger stopped. Her voice changed. Now she seemed to be arguing with the man, arguing and finally winning her point.

She turned to her teacher and spoke in English. "Ticher, I tell him he should come by De Moonlight. Vot for, for vy, should he sit here by himself so sad ven he could come by us and laugh for not-ing?"

"But the baby," said Miss Cameron. "Is there any one to mind the baby?"

"I tell him he should take de baby by his auntie. She lives next street, t'ree four nine," explained Rachel, "but he says he wouldn't vant so she should know dat Mrs. Cohen to-day ran away. He is shamed all over her."

"Could we take the baby with us, Rachel? Maybe he would sleep."

The child touched the man's arm. His head dropped again. He looked at the little girl.

"De ticher, she says ve can take de baby also by de te-ayter."

The man got up slowly.

"All right, so I kin take him, so I vill go. Come in," he said, hospitably, stepping aside.

RACHEL led the way. Miss Cameron followed her through the open doorway, along a dark narrow hall and into a small room at the back of the house. A smoky lamp on a central table exposed a great confusion. An empty bottle of milk beside a small bowl and a half a loaf, showed that the baby had supped on bread and milk. A couple of egg shells were on the table. An unwashed frying pan was on the stove. On a bed in the far corner of the room was a sleeping baby. The little girl threw herself beside him.

"Such a good baby," she cooed softly, "Abie is sure such a good baby, so nice and clean dey make him by de hospital. He's like my baby, like my leetle Sollie. Sollie's going to act to-night," she added in a louder tone turning to the teacher with this information. "Dat's for vy I bring you dis time, 'cause he acts so cute, my Sollie."

"We must put something warmer on Abie. Where is his coat, Rachel?" asked Miss Cameron.

The man took a worn shawl from a chair near the door and handed it to the teacher. She spread it on the bed, raised the baby, placed him on it, wrapped the shawl about him and lifted up the still sleeping little form. He stirred uneasily.

"I'll carry him," she announced.

The man looked at her.

"He's heavy, ticher. Abie, he's coming soon von year six mont'. He vill make you much tired."

The teacher looked from the man to the baby, then back at the man.

"It's not often I get tired this way," she said.

He seemed to understand. "All right. I kin take him ven you vant to give him."

"And I'll take you!" declared Rachel joyously, turning to the man and putting her little hand in his big hard one. He picked up his cap from the table and they passed out.

Miss Cameron held the precious bundle tightly in her arms. She laid her cheek against his soft little one and wondered what would become of this motherless little Israelite? Would she have the privilege of teaching him ten years from now? Would she still be at Collingwood School, "learning them good"?

The quartette reached the busy noisy street. Its glare of light dazzled after the semi-darkness of the little room. Down the street they walked.

"It's not much fart'er," said Rachel. "De Moonlight's just by de corner."

In another minute they had reached the "Tamolensky Te-ayter."

"He takes de tickets, my big brudder," said Rachel, piloting her guests through the crowded entrance.

"Hello, Reuben," she called to the busy ticket-taker. "I got t'ree."

He waved to her and she passed in with Mr. Cohen, the teacher following closely with the baby.

"Ve are going to have a box," Rachel said, with a proud air. "De best box."

"Oh, no, Rachel," put in Miss Cameron. "We can sit anywhere."

"My fat'er he said 'put de ticher in de box,'" said the little girl. "'De best box.' My fat'er he would not like it so you should sit anywere."

She led the way down the aisle and ushered her party up the three steps leading to the best box.

THERE they sat down. The comfortable chairs were upholstered in scarlet plush. Mr. Cohen and Rachel gazed at the growing audience. Miss Cameron undid the shawl from the baby, then she too looked around, with interest, at the motley gathering. Men, women and children were there. Some were dressed in their tawdry best with bright ribbons, cheap jewellery and fantastic ornaments. Some were just as they had been in workshop, factory or home, men in overalls, women in big kitchen aprons. The heavy smell was a curious blend of onions and fish, garlic and coal-oil.

The teacher glanced at the stage. She noticed a slight movement of the curtain at one side and drew the little girl's attention to it.

"It's my fat'er," Rachel said. "He's looking at us. He's calling me. I must go."

Out of the box she hurried, along the edge of the platform and disappeared through a small door on the side.

In five minutes she was back, consternation written all over her dark little face.

"My Sollie, he's sick," she began, "and my mot'er has to stay by him, and my fat'er he says can dis baby act just for to-night?"

Little Abie at that moment opened his eyes and whimpered a refusal. Miss Cameron cuddled him close. He sat up and looked at her in amazement, then he turned around to view his strange surroundings, and spied his father. With a glad cry of recognition, he held out his arms and the man lifted him to his lap.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



# A SENSE OF HUMOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"I'm going to New Orleans with Jim this afternoon." He read it aloud, as though the words were written in a foreign tongue, as though it were a text he could not comprehend. Then he looked at the blue oblong of the cheque. He looked at it for several minutes, without moving. Then he laughed, quietly, softly, without mirth and without emotion. He had lost his belief in the Fairy just outside the door.

He sat in deep thought, for several moments. Then, he pinned the two letters together, and taking a clean sheet of paper, wrote on it nine short words. Then he laughed again, quietly, but still without emotion. The words he wrote were:

back to where the green tubing connecting the hot-plate with the gas pipe ran along the wall. He padded about until he found the stop-cock. Then he turned it on, full.

He re-crossed the room to the sagging spring-couch, remembering to cover himself with the worn comforter as he lay down on the soiled bedding. He closed his eyes. He only knew that he was tired, very tired, and that to-morrow should have been Christmas. Then he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Spindel, who so often dreamed that Fame was going to be left at his door, like a bottle of milk, woke up to



He sat in deep thought for several moments.

"This is too much for my sense of humor!" He looked meditatively about and finally put the three slips of paper on the table in the centre of the room. Then he carefully lifted the canary cage from its hook and placed it on the floor of the dusky hallway, outside his door. He locked the door, as he stepped inside, and again looked meditatively about the twilight room. Then he took a number of newspapers and slowly tore them into strips. With these he carefully battened the cracks about the door, and the joints of the loose window sashes. He did not even overlook the keyhole. Then, as he crossed the room, he read aloud the words he had written:

"This is too much for my sense of humor!"

He calmly drew the blinds. Then he groped his way

find his wife there at midnight, crying like a frightened child.

"Oh, I couldn't do it, Benny; I couldn't do it!" she wailed, bathed in her tears of contrition, as he stumbled to the door and swung it open. She clung to his dazed and silent figure. She clung to him in a self-immuring ecstasy of despair.

"Oh, Benny, what'll we do? What'll we do?" she wailed.

"Do? How?" asked the still dazed Spindel.

"They've ordered us out!" she wept. "And we've no money. And they came and turned the gas off on us this morning!"

And Spindel, groping for her shaking body in the darkness, locked his arms about her and laughed.





IVORY Soap should be in your bathroom because it offers you and your guests the seven qualities that people of refinement want in a soap for personal use.

It is white

It rinses easily

It is fragrant

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Has the soap you now use *all* these essentials for a completely satisfactory bath and toilet?

IVORY SOAP . . . . .  . . . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE

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MADE IN CANADA

The Manufacturers of Ivory Soap also make in Canada the following general household soaps: P and G The White Naphtha Soap, Gold Soap, Pearline and Sopade, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.





## The Lost Baby

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Can Abie act to-night, Mr. Cohen?" repeated the theatre-owner's little daughter. "He doesn't say no'ting. He just stands on the platform and gets lost. And so he cries, it vos good. It's only for von leetle minute at de end. I could carry him up. . . ."

The man looked at the little girl. He wanted to help her if he could. "Your Sollie, he does it?" he asked. "You t'ink my Abie could do it?"

"Sure, he kin do it. He looks so cute." Then she turned to the teacher. "And vill you be de mot'er and find him?"

"Oh, Rachel, I couldn't!" exclaimed Miss Cameron. "I've never done anything like that before."

The child considered the situation. "I t'ink you could," she said. "My mot'er she last night

"Now," said Rachel, "it's coming de last. Dis is de baby part. Come, baby," she said, holding out her arms coaxingly to Abie. The gay bracelets attracted him. He wriggled and tried to slide from his father's knee.

"He vants he should valk, Ray," said the man, putting him down.

"All right. He kin valk. Come Abie, come for a valk vit Rachel," she said, taking the little fellow's hand.

Abie was quite willing to come. He walked beside her, clinging to her with one hand and holding to the railing with the other. Down the steps the pair slowly went, around the platform and through the little side door.

Father and teacher were left alone in the box. The man now watched the stage.

but before the eldest Tamolensky could spring to the rescue, a woman from the audience ran down the aisle, up the steps of the platform, crossed it with a bound, stooped down and gathered the weeping little boy in her arms.

"OH MY BABY!" she sobbed.

The next instant a big man, rough and unkempt, looking as lost as the little baby, rushed from the best box to the platform and kneeling down, he folded them both to him.

"Oh, mine vife, mine vife! You find de baby and I find you!"

Tears were streaming down all three faces. The audience cheered. They stamped. They encored. The curtain dropped but still the applause did not cease. Up went the curtain—and down and up again—many times. It seemed as if the on-



"Such a good baby, Abie is. Sure such a good baby, so clean dey make him by de hospital."

did it. You just run up and catch the baby and scream 'OH, MY BABY!' and de people clap so much times. But you must scream it like you mean it for de people dey know if you don't, and den dey don't never clap such a lot. But you love the baby so you could mean it."

Miss Cameron looked at the now packed seats and trembled. "Oh, I couldn't Rachel. I couldn't. You must get somebody else."

"All right, ticher," said the child. "Perhaps von of my big sisters vill scream it. Dere's lots of people in de dress-room, but dere's no baby."

The orchestra stopped. The vaudeville performance began. The tired faces in the audience lost their tired looks as the players on the stage worked hard and fast at making fun. Abie clapped his hands in glee, but the father didn't even look at the performers. He sat, head down, lost in thought. A couple of hours passed.

In a minute Mr. Tamolensky appeared and announced "Closing tableau! De Lost Baby! De Youngest Actor in de City of Montreal!"

Mr. Cohen sat rigid, gripping the arm of his chair. Miss Cameron was as intent as he. The curtain parted in the centre of the stage. They could see little Rachel bending down to speak to the toddler beside her, urging him to go forward to do his part.

"Go, Abie," she whispered. "Go to dat nice pretty chair. Go find your mot'er." She gave him a little push and stepped back while he started forward somewhat unsteadily on his thin little legs.

In the centre of the platform, the youngest actor stopped, looked in bewilderment at the footlights before him and suddenly realized he was alone. His baby face puckered up and a wail of anguish burst forth. The curtains parted

lookers could never be satisfied. A baby had been really lost and found. Moses in the bulrushes! Mr. and Mrs. Cohen rejoiced over being together once more with their little Abie.

Miss Cameron watched the scene with filling eyes. At last the curtain stayed down. Reluctantly the crowd dispersed.

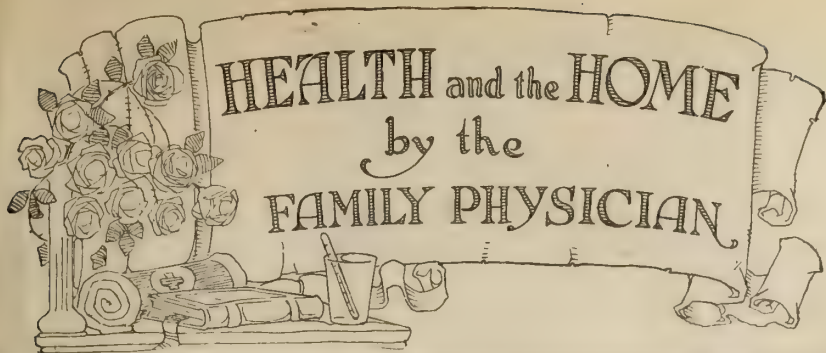
Rachel soon appeared, grabbed the baby's shawl and darted off. Presently she returned with a solemn face.

"He's taking her home," she said, "and dey're bot' laughing and dey're bot' crying, but my fat'er he's got an awful mad on. . . ."

Miss Cameron stared. "Why?"

"Cause," cried Rachel, bursting into a small mad of her own, "'cause dose ungrateful sheenies von't promise to come back ev'ry night and lose dere baby! Not for t'ree a night! Vot do you t'ink about such loafers?"





Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

#### Information About Nerves.

"PLEASE give me information about nerves," writes one of our correspondents this month. Yes. That is just what I should like to do. What are nerves and what are we to do with them?—or without them? "My nerves are bad." Of course they are. How could they be anything else? If we prepare the soil and sow the seed, we cannot very well complain if the harvest follows.

A baby girl, eight months old, was in a parlor car the other day somewhere in Canada. The mother informed the lady in the next seat that she was just returning from a visit to her uncle who was a doctor in the city of Blank. She had taken the baby to her uncle to get medical advice because the baby was ill. (The baby looked well). "And what did he say?" "Oh, he said that she was just fussy and nervous and he gave me some medicine for her."

Is it possible that the young mother might have been mistaken about what the doctor said? Surely she was. Doctors make mistakes just like everyone else, but patients also make mistakes in hearing what the doctor says. People have an incurable habit

ways on the rush," always breathlessly running after something or somebody, street cars included, if there is no other game in sight; always on the verge of a Complete Nervous Collapse; always pursued by the phantom of nervous prostration and nervous exhaustion, in a word the fashionable patient, who supports the fashionable doctor. Or are you going to remember that life is a great trust and a great responsibility, that the resources of life and health are not to be squandered and thrown away in foolish days and silly nights, that health depends more on the nervous and mental condition than even upon the digestive and muscular condition and that we must sit on the box and drive the chariot of life and not let the horses—or the forces—of life and work and society run away with us and hurry us into one catastrophe after another, concluding with that Complete Nervous Collapse which seems to be the goal of some people's hopes? That's the first "Information About Nerves." Make up your mind what kind of nerves you want to live with and take measures accordingly. Until the next number of this magazine



Picture shows children at Morimura Kindergarten at Takanawa, Tokyo, playing doctor. Baby is ill; mother is troubled. This is on the "Girls' Own Holiday," Japan.

of listening to what you say and going away and repeating, not what you say, but what they think. Haven't you often noticed that? And then they quote you as supporting their opinions. That saves them the trouble of doing what Sarah Gamp did, namely, inventing Mrs. Harris. You are their Mrs. Harris. At least that is the only way we can account for such facts as the prevalent explanations that mothers give as to why they did not nurse the baby. "The doctor said that my milk was not good for the baby." "The doctor said that I hadn't enough milk for the baby," etc., etc. If the doctor said so he made a terrible mistake, in nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, and he does not understand his business.

To return to our little Canadian girl, eight months old, in the parlor car, returning from the visit to her great-uncle-doctor. Is it reasonable to suppose that any doctor with any sense would accuse a poor, innocent infant eight months old of being nervous? If he did he must have been nervous himself.

In other words, the first and principal "Information About Nerves," that the family physician has to give you is this: This question of nerves, like many other important questions, is a question of ideals. What is your ideal? To be a "fussy," "busy" person: "al-

comes out just try to think of the great characters that you have known yourself, or that have lived in history, or been portrayed in literature and out of these choose the ideal for your own life.

I mean Dad, too. Never shall I forget the sight of a "Prominent Business Man," as the newspapers put it, who had not taken—and would not take—a holiday for ten years. He could dress himself and eat his breakfast, but he sat down and cried when 8.30 a.m. came, his regular hour for going to his office. He had used all his nervous energy up in what he called Business, and he had a Complete Nervous Bankruptcy.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

"Re the Advisability of Bran in Ordinary Diet."

It is not specially advisable, and probably not very useful, but at the same time not likely to be harmful.

"What is the best time of morning for giving orange juice to a child of four, when milk figures in both meals?"

If you are sure that orange juice agrees with him, give it soon after he rises, being careful to sweeten it to taste and add a little water. Any other fruit juice will do almost as well. A piece of apple is as good, or better.

## Food Prices



## Study Costs

### Many breakfasts cost you ten times Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.

You can serve 12 dishes of Quaker Oats for the cost of a single chop. Or 5 dishes for the cost of an egg.

Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories per pound—the energy measure of food value. Round steak yields 890—eggs 635.

Quaker Oats is only 7% water. In fish the waste and water are 85%. In eggs they are 77%.

Meat, eggs and fish will average nine times Quaker Oats in cost, for equal calories of nutriment. That means 35 cts. on a breakfast for five, or \$125 per year.

### Oats—the supreme food

Yet the oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame. It is the best food you can serve to start the day.

#### Calories per pound

|              |      |
|--------------|------|
| Quaker Oats  | 1810 |
| Round Steak  | 890  |
| Average Fish | 350  |
| Potatoes     | 295  |
| Canned Peas  | 235  |

Millions of people nowadays make Quaker Oats their basic breakfast. They save immensely on their food cost. They guard against under-feeding. The breakfasts are delicious. Then they use the saving to buy costlier foods for dinner.

## Quaker Oats

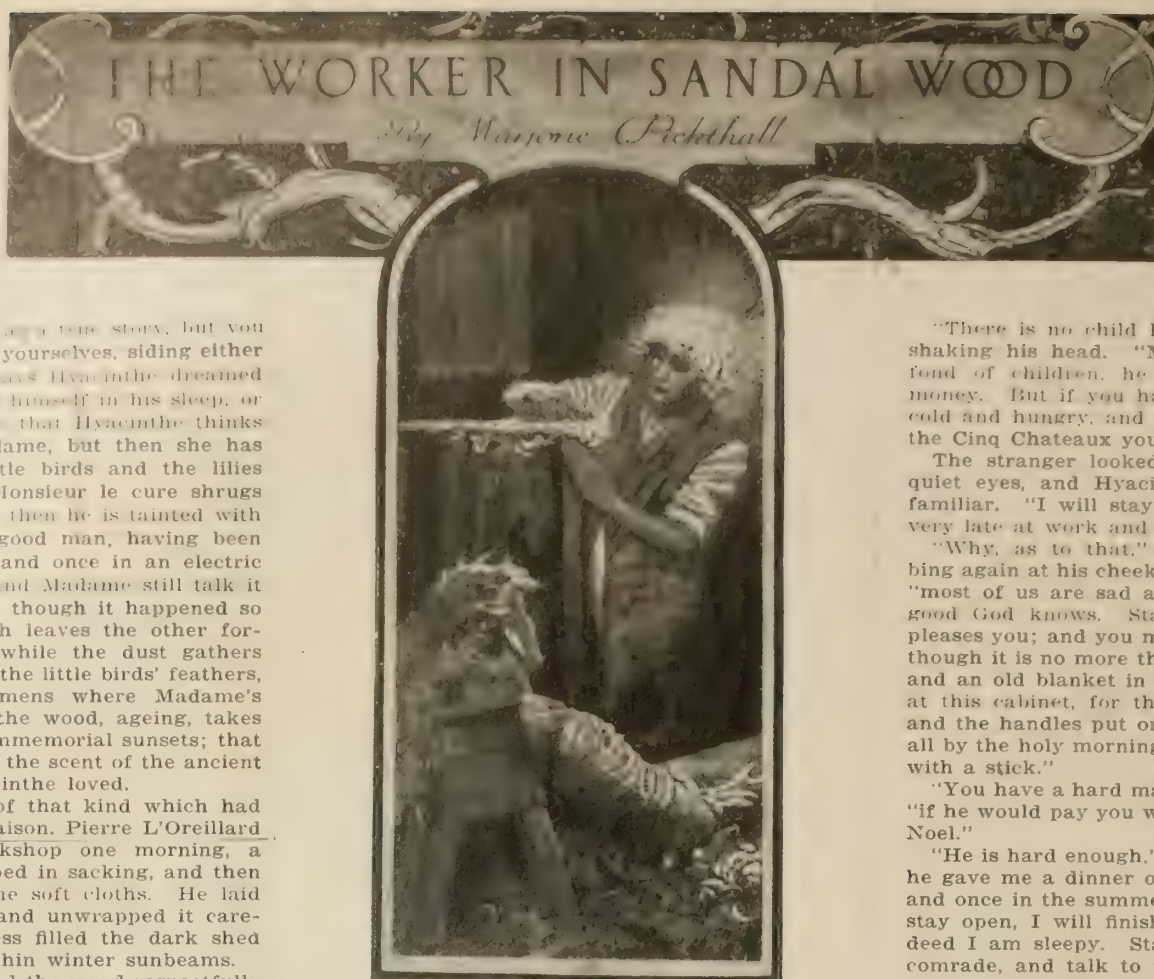
The finest oat dish created

Oat lovers the world over get Quaker Oats for flavor. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet this extra flavor costs no extra price. Ask for Quaker and you get it.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—This story, "The Worker in Sandal Wood," was originally published by the Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, holders of the copyright in the United States. It is now republished by request of many readers. Miss Pickthall is English by birth, but has spent many years in Canada, and is now a resident of that "bit of England in the West," Victoria, B.C.



I LIKE to think of this as a true story, but you who read may please yourselves, siding either with the cure who says Hyacinthe dreamed it all, and did the carving himself in his sleep, or with Madame. I am sure that Hyacinthe thinks it true, and so does Madame, but then she has the cabinet, with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners. Monsieur le cure shrugs his patient shoulders; but then he is tainted with the infidelities of cities, good man, having been three times to Montreal, and once in an electric car to Sainte Anne. He and Madame still talk it over whenever they meet, though it happened so many years ago, and each leaves the other forever unconvinced. Meanwhile the dust gathers in the infinite fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softens the lily stamens where Madame's duster may not go; and the wood, ageing, takes on a golden gleam as of immemorial sunsets; that pale red wood, heavy with the scent of the ancient East, the wood that Hyacinthe loved.

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning, a small heavy bundle wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings, and unwrapped it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandal-wood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him expansive, "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, imbecile. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house. Thy great hands shall smooth the wood, nigaud, and I—I, Pierre the cabinet-maker shall render it beautiful." Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

When he was gone Hyacinthe laid down his plane, blew on his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed, and uncared for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move gracefully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food; he was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared for, because none knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things like flowers and birds and beasts, to perfection, as the cure pointed out. Simon has a tobacco-jar, carved with pine-cones and squirrels, and the cure has a pipe whose bowl is the bloom of a moccasin-flower, that I have seen. But it is all very long ago. And facts, in those lonely villages, easily become transfigured, touched upon their gray with a golden gleam.

"Thy hands shall smooth the wood, nigaud, and I shall render it beautiful," said Pierre L'Oreillard, and went off to drink brandy at the Cinq Chateaux.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!" said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame perhaps will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas," said Hyacinthe, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands. There was a tiny window to the right, through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison; and that was cheerful and made one whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing but the forest, and the road dying away in it and the trees moving heavily under the snow. Yet from there came all Hyacinthe's dumb dreams and slow reluctant fancies, which he sometimes found himself able to tell, in wood, not in words.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux, and Pierre L'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions, but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the festival, gros escargot," said he, ending Hyacinthe's ears furiously; "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, escargot? I suffer from a debility of the constitution and a little feebleness in the legs on these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to thee, gachein. See it is done properly. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I address thee, orvet, great slow-worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

IT is hard, when you do all the work, to be cuffed into the bargain; and fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with slow, exquisite skill; but on the eve of Noel he was still at work, and the cabinet unfinished. It meant a thrashing from Pierre if the morrow came and found it still unfinished, and Pierre's

thrashings were cruel. But it was growing into a thing of perfection under his slow hands, and Hyacinthe would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness," said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandal-wood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. The boy had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed, until even the scent of the sandal-wood could not make him dream himself warm, and the roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know.

I cannot endure to think of Hyacinthe, poor lad, shut up despairing in the work-shop with his loneliness, his cold, and his hunger, on the eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child. And for unhappy children no aid, at this season, seems too divine for faith. So Madame says, and she is very old and very wise. Hyacinthe even looked at the chisel in his hand, and thought that by a touch of that he might lose it all, all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs that sickened and deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

At least, I suppose it came then, but it may have been later. The story is all so vague here, so confused with fancies that have spoiled the first simplicity. I think that Hyacinthe must have gone to the door, opening it upon the still woods and the frosty stars. And that the lad who stood outside in the snow must have said, "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" or something like it.

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. Those little lonely villages strung along the great river see strange wayfarers adrift inland from the sea. Hyacinthe said to himself that surely here was such a one.

AFTERWARDS he told the cure that for a moment he had been bewildered. Dully blinking into the stranger's eyes, he lost for a flash the first impression of youth, and received one of some incredible age or sadness. But this also passed, and he knew that the wanderer's eyes were only quiet, like the little pools in the wood where the wild does went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said; "there is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"Pauvre!" said the dull Hyacinthe. "Pauvre! Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandal-wood had deepened, and the lamp flame burned

clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for travelling, and the wolves are out in the woods."

"A long way," said the other; "a long, long way. I heard a child cry—"

"There is no child here," answered Hyacinthe, shaking his head. "Monsieur L'Oreillard is not fond of children, he says they cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food nor fire. At the Cinq Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Hyacinthe, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you; and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles put on and these corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noel."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning, but indeed I am sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

AND while Hyacinthe worked, he told—of sunshine and dust, of the shadow of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that come out in the spring, crimson and blue, and the white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks, of the olive, the myrtle and almond, until Hyacinthe's slow fingers ceased working, and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last; "you have told of such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands. But at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was the work done that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried; "it seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment, and hey! ho! it jumped into its place!"

"Let me fit in the other little drawers, while you go and rest a while," said the wanderer. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandal-wood.

Here begins what the cure will have it is a dream within a dream. Sweetest of dreams that was ever dreamed, if that is so. Sometimes I am forced to think with him, but again I see as clearly as with old Madame's eyes that have not seen the earthly light for twenty years, and with her and Hyacinthe I say, "Credo."

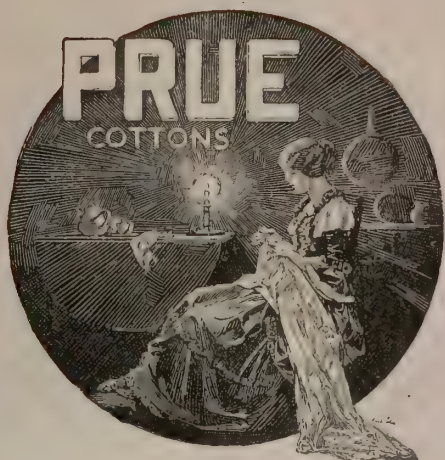
Hyacinthe said that he lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandal-wood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been a boy, of the flowers on the hills, of the laughing leaves of aspen and poplar, of the golden flowering anise, and the golden sun upon the dusty roads, until he was warm. All the time through these pictures, as through a painted veil, he was aware of that other boy with the quiet eyes, at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing. "He does better work than I," thought Hyacinthe; but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will get up and help him." But he did not for the dream of warmth and the smell of the sandal-wood held him in a sweet drowse. Also he said that he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be a sense of some music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the other boy's lips, or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars.

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable color that was neither green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here," thought Hyacinthe, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with that day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him, and lay his brown finger lightly upon the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the little squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)





*The ultimate choice of  
the prudent housewife*

## *For the Bride to be*

or even for the House Mother, whose  
bridal days are only a Memory.

There is probably no gift that would  
be more welcome from the family, or  
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**MASTER SIX**





# The Story of How Miss Olivia Acquired Christmas Cousins



## THE NEXT OF KIN

By CHRISTINA R. FRAME

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

"Of course I'll help."

Miss Olivia Norton fumbled in the till of the top drawer and drew out a fifty cent piece—they were woefully scarce with her these days. "I'll give and spend what I can; the Nortons have always helped with Christmas sales, and now that I'm the only one left, why—"

Miss Olivia stopped abruptly, "There I am, talking to myself again. I've got to stop it. I just must."

Bayville spoke of Miss Olivia as a "has-been" and regretted that an "open-handed, big-feeling family like the Nortons, should 'peter out' in a little, lame old maid, tight-fisted at that"; while poor Olivia, struggling with poverty and loneliness, breathed a prayer of thankfulness that no one in Bayville had an inkling of how pitifully poor she really was.

The Christmas pantry sale was an innovation in Bayville money-getting projects, introduced by Mrs. Lane the Red Cross President, as less work than a pie social or a tea-meeting.

"You make and take your own cooked things for sale, and buy what someone else has made, and that's the end of it," asserted Mrs. Lane. "Everything sells and the Red Cross gets the benefit."

Olivia had donated a pan of rolls, but had made up for the smallness of her food gift by supplying the big damask table cloths, that other members with a thought of Christmas only two days off, had demurred about lending.

She shut the drawer hastily upon the two remaining fifty cent pieces. "I'll make them do until my January dividend comes in," she declared, "and I don't believe that the Blank Insurance Co. is going to pass its dividends, even if there is a moratorium in Canada."

She slipped the fifty-cent piece into an old-fashioned purse and stuffed it into her mitten palm. As she picked her way down the slippery street, misgivings as to how she would make ends meet, began to assail her, and the fifty-cent piece in her mitten palm rapidly increased in size and weight.

"Maybe, I oughtn't to have been so extravagant! Maybe I oughtn't to have taken it! But, I have, and—I don't care!" finished Miss Olivia defiantly.

The afternoon was gloriously fine, and the committee looked with pride upon the long tables laden with holiday cookery. It was a sight to make hungry persons ravenous, and to make those who were replete, sigh for the stomach arrangement of the camel.

It was to be a ladies' affair entirely, and old Captain Clark, flattening his nose against the post-office window to watch the hurrying procession of ladies, intent upon being on the spot when the doors opened, voiced the thoughts of more than one Bayville husband.

"No men allowed, hey? No men wanted, hey? Them pantry sales mean the gettin' in of the thin edge of the wedge for the weemen to run things in this village! Phew-w-w," he roared, bending over to slap his knees, "this is rich! No men wanted, hey? Look comin'!"

The others crowded to the window and loudly echoed the Captain's laughter. Half a hundred or more lumbermen were stampeding down the street in the direction of the pantry sale.

"That's a bunch from the Cobequid Company going into Workton to recruit for overseas," observed a newcomer, "their train is stalled at the station, and they think that they are going to a pie social."

"I'd give something to hear the weemen talk when they see them comin'," chuckled the Captain, "Their 'Mercy on us! Goodness me! Did you ever?' will stog the market."

The lumbermen, thoroughly enjoying the consternation created by their arrival, ranged themselves beside the crowd of ladies banked on the steps waiting for the doors to open.

MR. BAYNE, the junior partner of the Cobequid Company, kept a marking eye upon his gay young lads, and with little lame Miss Olivia close beside him, was caught in the rush when the doors swung wide. She had the crocheted purse wedged into her palm, adding to her helplessness, and was

getting desperately frightened, when the junior partner's strong arm encircled her, and drew her up the remaining steps into the hall.

"Excuse me, Madam, but it was the easiest way. That was a jostling crowd all right, and it wasn't the lumbermen who were doing the heaviest pushing. I'll keep this space for you beside the table while you do your purchasing. You wish a small loaf of nut bread and a dozen doughnuts?"

"You can have the bread," said Mrs. Lane with an appraising glance at Miss Olivia's proxy, "but the doughnuts are all gone, everyone wants Mrs. Martin's doughnuts."

He handed the package to Miss Olivia with the question, "What is your second choice, Madam? Here's a big frosted cake that looks like Christmas, and a jar of chow-chow and a roast chicken and—"

"Oh, please, please," gasped Miss Olivia, and letting subterfuge go to the winds, she blurted out, "I can't take those! I've only fifty cents!"

"Never mind, I've given the order. It will be all right, it's for the Red Cross."

He was searching his memory for the hauntingly familiar likeness in this little woman's clear cut features and blue eyes. Why it was Hester, his own sister, that she was so strikingly like. Hester matronly, rosy, the mother of four sons, and this pinched little lady looked enough alike to be sisters.

He picked up the parcels, squared his elbows, and with the order, "Keep close to me, Madam," worked his way out of the crowd.

"Of course, I'm not going to keep those things," Miss Olivia decided to herself. "Of course I'm not. He knows that I had only fifty cents. I wouldn't think of such a thing as taking them, and I'll tell him so when we get outside. Why it would be just the same as charity!" Miss Olivia shivered, partly from the appropriateness of the thought, and partly from the gust of chill air from the door. A locomotive was whistling insistent warnings in the frosty twilight, and parcel-laden men were racing by dozens to the station. With a hasty "Good-bye," the young man plumped the packages into Miss Olivia's arms, and before she could voice her carefully prepared protest, he was sprinting after the retreating crowd.

"Well, this beats all the pantry sales that I ever heard of," asserted the President, her red toque hanging rakishly over one ear, "half those men wouldn't wait for change, and they bought everything in sight. The tables were cleared in twenty minutes. This will set us away ahead of Lower Bayville in our Red Cross contributions, but it also means that we have only one day in which to make our own Christmas preparations, and—"

Mrs. Lane broke off her remarks to rush to the phone.

It was her cousin, Mrs. Lamont, in high-pitched, quavering voice calling frantically for Mrs. Lane. "I'm here! What is the matter?"

"That big cake I sent to the sale is poisoned! For mercy's sake, Milly, get it back from whoever bought it!"

"Poisoned?" Mrs. Lane usually kept her head in an emergency, but for one awful minute, she could not remember who had bought that cake. "Who was it? Who was it? Oh, yes, that Mr. Bayne, of the Cobequid Company—he would be at the station if the train was still there!"

"Hold your tongue, Emily, and ring off! I want central!"

Within two minutes Mrs. Lane had caught the station agent and had emphatically repeated the message.

It seemed a frightfully long five minutes before she received the Agent's cheerful answer:

"I got Mr. Bayne. Told him what you said. He'll leave it alone. That's all right, Mrs. Lane, no bother at all."

"Emily is always getting up some hunt," grumbled Mrs. Lane to herself, "and now I've got to trudge down there and find out about this cake-poisoning business, as if I wasn't tired enough already!"

Her cousin was walking the floor in nervous panic when Mrs. Lane arrived, while Ida, a girl of fourteen, sobbed in the rocking chair.

"He won't eat it," announced Mrs. Lane laconically. "Now what?"

"Ida poisoned that cake. Her head was full of a trashy novel that she had hidden in the cupboard, and goodness knows what she put in for flavoring, or where she got it."

"I got it out of a vanilla bottle in the kitchen cupboard. I'm telling the truth, cousin, I did, I did," wailed Ida.

"I left Ida to put in the flavoring, and Bridget to do the baking, while I just had to go to bed with a sick headache, and that's what has come of it. Just smell that!"

Mrs. Lamont thrust a slice of fruit cake into her cousin's hand. "This is the same as the one I sent, and it's a fortunate thing that I cut it this afternoon."

"It smells like strong spruce."

"More like prussic or carbolic," objected Mrs. Lamont.

Mrs. Lane took a long, convincing sniff. "It's essence of spruce," she declared.

"That is for beer-making, and there was never such a thing inside my doors. Never!"

"Ask Jim about that," suggested Mrs. Lane, as Ida's mischievous twin brother opened the door.

"So that's what became of my essence of spruce," chuckled Jim. "Ida used it for flavoring, eh? ay, that must have been a mighty alluring novel to keep her from noticing the smell. It was strong enough to grow cones."

"Huh," sniffed Mrs. Lane, angry at being needlessly frightened. "a nice laugh Bayville will have over this. It is lucky that an outsider bought that cake or it would be on exhibition. He must be halfway to the Junction by this time, and anyway, it wouldn't have poisoned him if he had eaten it."

But the man, who had purchased the cake, was not halfway to the Junction. That compelling message had caught him at the train steps. There was nothing for him to do but go back and warn that woman, to whom he had presented the poisoned cake.

"Don't even know her name," he grumbled, "but as she is little and lame, I shouldn't have much difficulty in locating her."

A boy dragging a handsled out of the station yard was interviewed and suggested that the lady was "Miss Leevy" and willingly piloted him to her gate.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



With trembling eagerness she began picking up the loose ends of family history.





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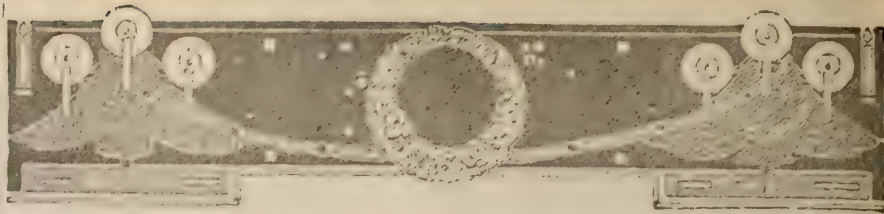
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## Christmas Candies and Their Preparation at Home

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "CANDIES AND BONBONS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM."

**S**WEET-MAKING, especially at Christmas time, when it is often impossible to be out of doors, is always a favorite pastime. And, though it is an art which requires a good deal of practice, yet a great deal can be done by a person gifted with a little common sense. If possible, it is best to use a gas stove, as it is so much easier to regulate the heat. There are a few general rules that all amateur candy makers will do well to heed. In the first place have everything in readiness before putting your confectionery on the stove to cook. Use only the best quality of sugar, very cheap sugar will not make good candy. When making fondant never allow the crystals of sugar to remain on the sides of the pan, but wipe them carefully away with a damp cloth or brush.

**Honey Drops.**—Pour four tablespoonfuls of strained honey into one cupful of boiling water, add two cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil slowly until the syrup forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240° F., on candy thermometer. Pour the boiling syrup over the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and add one-half teaspoonful each of almond and lemon extracts. Now beat until it is creamy and drop in spoonfuls on a buttered pan or on to a sheet of waxed paper. A nut meat pressed into the top of each drop makes the candy even daintier.

**Ye Old Fashioned Bouquet.**—Pour one cupful of cold water into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of granulated sugar, stir until thoroughly dissolved, add a few drops of yellow color, cover with the lid, bring to boiling point and cook for three minutes. Remove the cover, add one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and boil the syrup to 300° F., or until it just begins to change color. Flavor with ginger or orange extract and drop at once on to a tin sheet from the tip of a spoon in small portions. Wrap each one in waxed paper. These form the centres of the flowers or small bouquets.

Now melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add four cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of the best vinegar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, wash down the crystals from the sides of the pan, with a brush dipped in cold water. Bring to boiling point and boil to 280° F., or until the mixture will become brittle when tested in cold water. Pour into a buttered dish and, when cool, add a few drops of green color and one teaspoonful of lemon extract, then pull and cut in small pieces with buttered scissors or a sharp knife. Wrap each piece in wax paper and place six of these around each of the centres, fastening them together with fine wire. Wrap each little bouquet in waxed paper and arrange six of these bouquets around the centre one. Tie these together with cord, place in a lace holder and tie with a dainty ribbon.

Dainty bouquets may be made with flowers formed of sugared almonds and sugared jellied drops in assorted sizes, mint wafers in different colors, flat raspberry and lemon drops in hard sweets and crystallized violets or rose leaves.

Lemon drops heated, then rolled in granulated sugar, make good centres. Artificial foliage may be purchased in flower stores and used in arranging candy flowers in bouquets.

A bouquet made of sweets makes a dainty favor at a luncheon or evening party. Purchase or make a quantity of jujubes of different colors such as pink, red, yellow, green or lavender. Form small pieces in cone shapes.

Fasten a small lace paper doily to a three-inch disc of cardboard. To the back of the cardboard attach fine wires wound with green tissue paper and silver foil to imitate the items. On the doily arrange leaves of green angelica or mint jelly, and flowers of other colored pastes, fastening them in place with sugar syrup.

**Pineapple Rings.**—Select a pineapple that has been canned whole and cut into rings one-fourth of an inch thick. Simmer in a thick syrup until it is firm and candied. Remove from the syrup and place them in a greased pan. When dry, dip some of the rings into melted sweet chocolate and roll each ring in sugar.

**Maple and Nut Balls.**—Melt one cupful of maple sugar and one cupful of granulated sugar in one-fourth cupful of milk, add four tablespoonfuls of butter and boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, or 240° F., on candy thermometer. Remove from the fire, add three-fourths cupful of chopped English walnut meats and one-fourth teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extracts. Beat until the mixture is creamy and then knead it with a spatula and finally with greased fingers. Shape into balls when it becomes firm, and press a walnut meat on to each ball.

**Pulled Mint Candies.**—Put two pounds of lump sugar and one cupful of water in a saucepan, and set in a warm place to dissolve. When thoroughly dissolved place on the fire, add one tablespoonful of glucose and a pinch of cream of tartar, boil as quickly as possible to 300° F., on candy thermometer, or until brittle when tested in cold water, and remove the pan from the fire. Dip the pan into cold water to stop the boiling and pour the syrup on a lightly oiled slab or platter, and as the edges cool, turn them on to the centre of the sugar, using a buttered knife to lift them. When the sugar is cool enough to handle, roll it into a ball and pull with the fingers from the two sides turning the end over from side to side and into the centre. Be careful that all parts are equally pulled, adding one teaspoonful of peppermint extract when pulling. Very soon the sugar will take on a white sheen and become whiter and whiter. Care should be taken that it does not become too cold. When shaping the pulled sugar into shape, it should be pulled near the heat of an oven, and it should not be overheated. It should not be worked too hot, otherwise it loses its glossy appearance. Keep in airtight tins.

**Turkish Delight.**—One package of gelatine, one-half cupful of lukewarm water, four cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of cold water, grated rind and strained juice of one orange, and grated rind and strained juice of one lemon. Soak the gelatine in the lukewarm water. Put the sugar and the cold water into a saucepan and stir until thoroughly dissolved, then boil for twenty minutes with cover on pan, so no grains of sugar will form. Pour the syrup on to the gelatine, add the rinds and the fruit juices and a few drops of red color. If other flavors are desired, omit the lemon and orange flavors, and flavor with rose extract or almond extract. The mixture can be divided and be colored differently.

Pour into buttered pans and allow to stand over night in a cool place. In the morning cut into small squares with a sharp wet knife and roll each square in sifted powdered sugar. Each square should be firm and yet have a spongy consistency.

This Turkish delight in different colors and flavors is a delicious confection for the Christmas vacation.





CHRISTMAS CANDIES AND THEIR PREPARATION





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She does not desire one with a perfume too pronounced and which attracts unwelcome attention.

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*Mennen Violet Talcum* is quiet and refreshing, with an old-world perfume of dew-crystalized violets—a perfume which has been the favorite of many generations of well-bred people.

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# MENNEN

## TALCUM POWDERS



## The Next of Kin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

IT had seemed a bit like a prosperous Christmas of long ago for Miss Olivia to be going down the village street parcel-laden, and even the chill of her big, fireless house failed to daunt her happy spirit. She took off her wraps and began the joyous task of unrolling the big, beautiful cake. She was eating a bit of broken frosting when a fiercely imperative rat-tat-tat sounded from the hall knocker.

"Whoever can that be?" wondered Miss Olivia as she made haste to answer.

It was her cavalier of the afternoon, who without any preliminary word of greeting demanded, "Did you eat any of that cake?"

"A little bit of the frosting," began Miss Olivia.

"Then you're poisoned! How me where your doctor lives?"

Miss Olivia was gathering her scattered wits. He must be either crazy or intoxicated, she decided. The idea of a pantry-sale cake, especially one that Mrs. Lane had stood sponsor for, being poisoned, was utter nonsense. But the man was still stamping impatiently on her doorstep.

"I only ate a little bit of the frosting, and there is nothing the matter with the cake," she chirped with the air of a ruffled robin.

"Judging from the urgency of the message that I received, there would have been a good deal the matter with you if you had eaten it," and forthwith he related the story of the telephone call that had brought him back.

"You've missed your train, and have taken all this trouble on my account," cried Miss Olivia. As a rule, people didn't trouble themselves much about Miss Olivia.

He threw her habitual prudence in regard to strangers to the winds and opened wide the door into her chill parlor.

"Come in! I'll fetch that cake and we'll cut it!"

"Perhaps it is a fool practical joke," suggested the junior partner with a grim smile. "If so, they'll have me to deal with."

"Doesn't it look Christmassy?" said Miss Olivia slicing down with a firm hand.

"It smells like a spruce chopping," he demurred, "and though spruce is innocent enough, it isn't an orthodox flavoring, and it would be hard to say what dope might be in this. I think the message was genuine."

Miss Olivia cast a regretful glance at the big cake, such an inviting specimen of whited sepulchre. Its white icing brought back memories of happy Christmastide hospitalities.

It was that sudden prompting of the Christmas Spirit that made her say: "It is two hours until the next train goes. Won't you stay and have supper with me?"

John Bayne promptly accepted the invitation, and the next instant wondered why he had done such an unheard-of thing.

Miss Olivia set the logs blazing in the parlor Franklin, they had been drying there for months, and soon glowing waves of heat shamed the light from the slender, old, glass lamp. Her eyes fairly danced as she thought of the cold chicken and the contents of the other parcels. Hospitality was a pure delight to her poverty-pinched soul. She decided to lay their supper on the parlor centre table within the glow of the fire, instead of in the cold dining room.

He washed off the inland work box, books, and daguerreotypes, and piled

them on the sofa beside her visitor's fur coat. The table was finally laid to her satisfaction and she was gloating for an instant over its array of appetizing eatables, when a sharp question from her visitor, sent her mind fluttering back to those first doubts of his mental condition.

"Where did you get my grandmother's picture?"

He held up the daguerreotype of a girl in a plaid frock clasping hands with a small boy in a jockey-coat.

"That is a picture of my father and his older half-sister," she replied with dignity, "and it has always stood on this table."

"Her name was Hester Gardner! We have the mate to this picture at home. Grandmother, and great uncle James Norton. Oh, I know all about the silly quarrel that cut her off from her Norton relations. She married away beneath her, according to their standard, but she never regretted it. Grandfather was the salt of the earth. Mother is their eldest daughter, and you and I are relations. That accounts for your likeness to Hester. I noticed it the instant I saw you. We are related I'm certain!"

"Oh-h-h," breathed Miss Olivia as she dropped into a chair. "I want it to be true, and I'm sure that it is."

WITH trembling eagerness she began picking up the loose ends of family history, unwittingly revealing in that halting, earnest, story her own brave struggle against ill-health, loneliness, and the stalking poverty hard on her track.

"It is wonderful," she finished, "Just wonderful to feel that one really has folks of one's own."

"You certainly have. You'll be cousin Olivia-ed by a dozen or more, all anxious to give you the glad hand. All things considered, it was natural that we shouldn't know much about Grandmother's folks, except that they lived down East somewhere; but I remember Hester saying that Grandmother's old home was somewhere near our new timber areas. Hester's husband is my senior partner, and they are coming to Bayville to live while I am overseas."

Tears of joy ran unchecked down Miss Olivia's pale face, she made no pretence of eating, but sat and beamed through misty eyes at the next of kin.

"I think I am the thankfullest woman in the world," she whispered to herself, as she stood, lamp in hand, to watch her visitor through the gate. Even the snow which had begun to fall thick and fast did not trouble her. Doing her own snow-shovelling was an indication, according to Bayville, of Miss Olivia's growing "nearness."

"I'll have money to pay for the snow-shovelling after this."

She bolted the door and went back to the unwonted luxury of a warm room. A roll of bills lay on the tea-table; the new cousin had rented all of the big house, excepting the west wing, for Hester and her husband, and had thoughtfully paid for the first month.

Again Miss Olivia pulled out the top drawer of the old escritoire. The shining fifty-cent pieces winked at her. "Suppose that I had decided to stay at home," she breathed, "suppose I had felt that I oughtn't to spend fifty cents? Suppose—"

Miss Olivia's eyes fell upon a clipping that she had put in the drawer the day before: "We are led on, like little children, by a way we know not."

"That is just what happened to me," whispered Miss Olivia.

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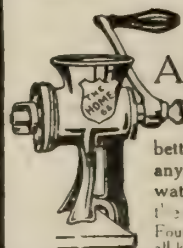
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## Systematic Policy of Ontario

THE Ontario Women's Institutes have laid out a splendid systematic policy along the different departments of education. Every province in Canada would be wise in emulating in this way, this Province which is the parent of Women's Institute work.

The programme is as follows:

### Agriculture.

Convener, Mrs. R. G. Leggett, Newboro.

#### (a) Education:

1. Ask the Branch Institutes to petition their school boards to provide a plot of ground suitable for school gardening.

2. Encourage teachers to qualify themselves to direct the pupils in planting and caring for the garden.

3. Work for the improvement of school grounds and establishment of recreation centres.

#### (b) Practical Work:

1. Encourage women to become gardeners, small fruit growers, poultry raisers, and bee keepers.

2. To create market centres for the collecting and disposing of these products.

3. Promote a general interest in the care and beautifying of Canadian homes by removing rubbish, levelling and mowing lawns, planting trees, shrubs and flowers.

This programme is being submitted for consideration at the district annual meetings throughout the Province, and we trust that Institute committees will be formed in many branches to carry on the work.

### Home Economics.

Convener, Miss M. U. Watson, Guelph.

To advise the Department as to lines of work to be included in the Demonstration-Lecture Courses;

To advise as to lines which could be dealt with to advantage when the instructor is able to deliver only one lecture at each place visited;

To recommend list of books for study and reference by the Women's Institute members;

To suggest lines of investigation for the Dominion Federation Committee or for the Department of Health being established at Ottawa, which should include Home Economics, Labor-Saving Devices and Methods; Remodelling of Houses; Household Equipment.

Miss Watson has not yet completed her programme, and will no doubt have much to add to the above, and will submit more complete programme to the district officers at an early date.

### Immigration.

Convener, Miss D. M. Sutherland, Toronto.

To secure as full information as possible of immigrant families settling in Ontario, or girls or women employed as Domestic, etc., in homes throughout the Province from:

1. The Colonization Department of the Ontario Government.

2. The Employment Labor Bureau.

3. The Soldiers' Settlement Board.

To secure as full information as possible re children being placed in Ontario homes from:

1. The Children's Aid Society.

2. The Barnardo Homes.

3. The Salvation Army, etc.

The branches will be notified from time to time as to the placing of the newcomers, with a view to having the Institute members give them a welcome and inviting them to take part in the work of the Institutes and other local activities.

To have Branch officers forward as full information as possible re the situation in their localities as to the number of newcomers, how they are placed, what is being done for the Children's Aid Society, etc., to the member of the Committee on Immigration for their respective sub-divisions.

To educate through articles written and through lectures, etc., the importance of getting in touch with the newcomers and leading them to realize that they have a part to play in advancing community interests.

To see that the children of Immigrant families or those placed in homes by the Children's Aid Society, or the Barnardo Homes attend school regularly.

To report all cases of cruelty, overwork, etc., on the part of those employing help to the proper authorities.

To report all cases of children or parents suffering from contagious or infectious diseases or who are mentally deficient to the proper authorities, and where necessary take any other action thought advisable.

To co-operate with the Children's Aid Society in securing good homes for the children for adoption, and to

### Publicity.

Miss Ethel Chapman.

4. To impress every Institute member with the publicity value of photographs of Institute gatherings, demonstration lecture classes, school clinics, or any Institute undertaking for the school. Editors are always glad to publish good photographs and the picture often makes an impression which an article would not make.

5. Lecturers might explain to the Institutes that if they have any very special thing which would make a good moving picture like a school clinic, a baby clinic, a school fete arranged by the Institute, they might let Mr. Putnam know, and possibly the government moving picture men could go and get the film. Moving pictures give the best possible kind of publicity.

the latter being built in the small town of Penhold. Penhold has raised the initial payment of \$4,500 within the year and has two more years to pay off the balance. These community halls and rest rooms are of various types and serve various purposes—such as concert halls, reading rooms, hospital rooms, kitchens, etc., Munson is contemplating assisting in the building of one that will have a kitchenette, rest room, and bath room. Czar has built a rest room as an addition to the school and has fitted it up with domestic science equipment for the school.

Clean-up campaigns have been inaugurated—community efforts to beautify towns. Prizes have been offered the children for the planting campaigns. A number of Institutes have taken up the matter of beautifying the cemetery by having it cleaned and trees and flowers planted.

Socially Institute members have made it a point to call on the newcomers, especially war brides and English settlers, and have given receptions to the town and country people around. In one community the English women visit the French women and now each nationality is learning to speak the language of the other. Another Institute is bringing a series of good lecturers to the community while another one has built a skating rink. Several have bought pianos and stoves for the halls, while one Institute has given a donation to the "Home band." Another Institute has written "The Magnet," a series of twelve chapters, one member contributing a chapter a meeting. Others have introduced community singing by the providing of song books.

### BETTER SCHOOLS.

The encouragement of better schools has played a large part in the work of the Alberta Women's Institutes, the Institutes in various localities offering prizes for oratory, medals for elocution, and have held penmanship contests, the prizes for the latter being two prints of old masters. Several Institutes have bought playground equipment for the school yards. Others have been instrumental in initiating the hot lunch idea in the rural school. Various Institutes have bought bubble fountains, Chauvin has installed a gramophone, another has purchased an organ, while other Institutes have an educational committee to meet the teacher and see that she has a suitable boarding place. Campaigns for woman school trustees have been instigated by the Institutes and have resulted in five woman school trustees on the school board throughout the Province. Another Institute has given particular attention to the cleaning of the school, the members themselves cleaning it up during the holidays.

Efforts have been made along the line of establishing libraries, Camrose W. I. paying half the salary of a librarian. Another branch started with three books and now has eighty, another has inaugurated a "Book circle" or "circulating library" while a concentrated effort is being made to study the books of Canadian authors. Crossfield has the best private small town library in the Province. The department of Women's Institutes under its able Superintendent, Miss Mary MacIsaac has been very helpful in supplying rural Alberta with good material to read and any Institute may have the benefit of a "Travelling Library" on application.

### BETTER CHILDREN.

Mrs. D. McVoy at Cowley, is Convener for the province of the important work of child welfare and public health and she is willing at all times to help any community anxious to take up an organized effort along these lines. Last year ten child welfare Institutes were held and these meetings were addressed by Mr. C. Bishop, Child Welfare Secretary.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



AN EASTERN OFFICER

Miss Helen J. Macdougall, of Truro, is Superintendent of Women's Institutes for Nova Scotia.

take an active interest in supporting local Children's Shelters.

To co-operate with the Girls' Camps in their social activities and to see that no camp is started without a permit from the Government Employment Labor Bureau.

To familiarize all the Immigration Laws.

The members of the Committee should forward reports of the work done along immigration lines in their respective sub-divisions to the Convener, for publicity and other purposes.

### Education and Better Schools.

Convener, Miss K. F. McIntosh, Brampton.

1. Co-operation through Institutes and schools by means of Home and School Clubs.

2. School Improvement—

1. Of buildings now in existence.

2. To see that schools being built conform to all requirements for health and education.

3. To give attention to consolidation.

3. Education—

1. For retarded children.

2. Illiterate.

3. Non-English speaking.

### INSTITUTE WORK IN ALBERTA:

MANY, many times, Institute members are asked the question, "What does the Women's Institute do? What does the Institute mean to the community?" To answer these questions is the purpose of this article—to tell by facts and figures the great offensive work of the Alberta Women's Institutes along the line of child welfare, public health, community work, agriculture, better schools, home economics, patriotic and local relief work.

### COMMUNITY CENTRES.

"Primarily, the Community Centre is an experiment in public ownership; something which tends to identify all classes with the town rather than against it; a place which teaches us to think in terms of common good."—"Janey Canuck" in the "Canadian Home Journal."

The aims of the Institute are so wide and varied that each branch can suit its work to community needs and the prominent community work in Alberta is that of establishing rest rooms and community halls. There are to-day, sixty of these places, the cost ranging from \$3,500 to \$6,000.



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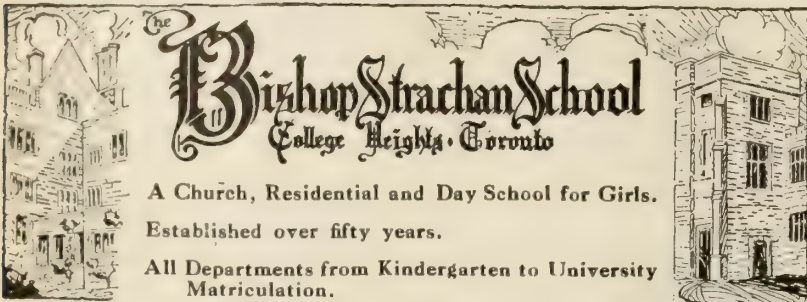
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How the Divine Story of the Nativity Was  
Brought Home to the Common People  
in the Middle Ages

## Christmas Mystery Plays

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN past Christmastides the writer has told of Christmas music in its various phases and this year it seems appropriate to recall a part of the ancient celebrations of the Nativity with which music was undoubtedly allied, and which played an even more important function in recalling to the minds of the people the Christmas story. I ask the reader to project his mind back to a period when the printed page was unknown, when the vast majority of the people could not read, when the art of writing was confined to a small professional class, lay and clerical. (It is said that King John haughtily replied: "I am not a scrivener," when asked to sign the Magna Charta).

There remained the vehicle of the spoken word, as a means of diffusing the truths of religion, and from this

IT is supposed that these Christmas mystery plays were brought to England from Northern France by the Normans, although many other European countries used similar methods of bringing home to the multitude the mystery of the birth of Jesus. The practice undoubtedly originated in the churches, and the earlier actors in them were monks and clerics, but gradually the custom spread to the people at large who would present the plays in the open air, with burgesses and peasants as actors. A great deal of interesting historic lore on the subject will be found in Clement A. Miles' scholarly work, "Christmas in Ritual and Tradition." The plays were associated not only with the Christmas celebration but with the allied Feast of the Epiphany,



THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM

From an old wood print published in 1529 at Troyes, France. It gives an idea of how the shepherds were represented in mystery plays at that time and in the immediately preceding centuries, with contemporary costumes.

necessity arose the miracle and mystery plays of the Middle Ages, of which the Christmas dramas are the most human in their appeal. So widely diffused was the Christmas drama that eight hundred years ago, nearly every town in France and England had its special dramatic version of the Bethlehem story, which was played not only at Christmas, but at milder seasons of the year, when such shows could be given in the open air. A considerable number of these manuscripts have been preserved, and constitute a distinctive form of literary creation, entirely different from the classic form of drama. It took color from its surroundings, and was exceedingly quaint and racy. Of recent years there have been attempts in several quarters to revive for modern audiences these plays. A year ago the University of Toronto Players presented at their beautiful theatre in Hart House, a version, adapted from the old English of "The Chester Mysteries," which revealed aesthetic possibilities undreamed of by the peasants who originally played it. So completely did it captivate the imagination and sympathies of those who saw it that it will probably be an annual event at that University.

which commemorates the visit of the Magi, the Wise Men of the East, to the cot of the infant Saviour. The factor in the New Testament narratives, which seems to have made the deepest appeal to the popular imagination was the visitation of angels to the shepherds, but the little dramas ran in cycles covering all phases of the Divine tale. The visit of the Wise Men was the subject of many dramas which took different forms in towns of Northern France like Rouen, Laon, Compiègne and Limoges; and were known by various names like "tella" (The "tar"); "Tres Reges," (The Three Kings), or "Magi." Other parts of the Christmas cycles dealt with Herod, whose horrible deeds were sometimes very realistically presented. In such pieces, Herod was presented as a ranting and blood-thirsty villain, and the association of the name of Herod with ranting actors continued in England, long after the custom of performing mystery plays had fallen into abeyance. Thus, when Shakespeare makes Hamlet say that a player "out-herods Herod," he signifies an actor who passes all bounds in ferocity of utterance.

In the England of the Middle Ages, many towns were celebrated for their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)



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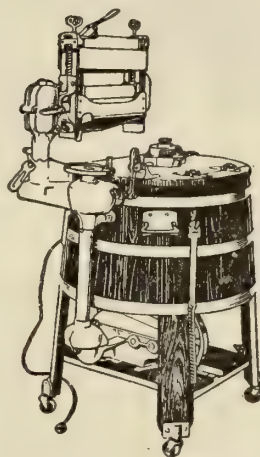
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## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

"Save the babies" was a slogan adopted by the A. W. I. last year and the work was carried on in a most aggressive way. Literature on the care and feeding of children was distributed all over the province—food cards displaying menus for children from two to seven years were prepared by the Assistant Superintendent, Miss B. McDermid, who took up a special course in Columbia University on the matter. Child Welfare exhibits showing right and wrong kinds of foods were displayed at the annual convention and at both the Calgary and Edmonton fairs. Stettler, after a strenuous effort, has succeeded in establishing a child welfare clinic station and every Saturday a clinic fitted up by the town is opened. Delia has given prizes in a better baby contest. Cowley has sent a crippled child to Winnipeg for treatment and in order to do this the Institute had to raise a thousand dollars. Didsbury has raised the sum of \$500 to send a crippled child away and Fleet has done the service and has made it possible for a child who walked on his hands and knees to have an operation and now the little chap—who otherwise was normal—is learning to walk on his artificial limbs.

### EFFORTS IN PUBLIC HEALTH.

All over the Province, Institutes are helping hospitals and working indefatigably in the "Municipal Hospital" movement. Vermilion is completely furnishing a double ward in the new hospital. Altario has donated five hundred dollars to the new hospital—Strathmore is furnishing a ward. Airdrie succeeded in getting a board of health and medical health officer, other branches have secured medical inspection in the schools and Peace River has been able to get district nurses who have a special training in obstetrics and who go to the outlying districts where the services of doctors cannot be procured. Another Institute guaranteed a salary for a doctor, who went and is getting along splendidly. Short courses in home nursing are being sent out from the Department of Agriculture to any community that desires it and these are proving very successful.

### AGRICULTURE AN AIM.

Another aim of the Institute is to stimulate agriculture and Alberta Institutes are living up in a very material way to this aim. The school has been one of the strongest mediums and the encouragement of the school fairs has been a big feature—this being done by the donation of prizes to the children. Magrath has an annual flower show for school children, they begin in the spring by the purchase of the seeds and last year this Institute spent \$165.00 in financing the undertaking which was a splendid success in every way. Attempts have been made for tree planting campaign both at school and at home. Institute members have taken a keen interest in agricultural fairs and have done everything from providing rest tents, to giving special prizes and being members of the board to make them a success. One Institute has three members on the agricultural society board. The Ribstone W.I. ran the whole fall fair from getting out the programme to being responsible for the prize money. Dairying, poultry raising and gardening have been among the subjects studied.

### PATRIOTIC WORK.

"Canada, the land where everything fares which is best. Even so, has she become our Lady of Perpetual Success."—"Janey Canuck."

The after-war work by the Institutes has been worthy of note. The military hospitals have been objects of showers of jams, "Easter eggs," preserves and all the good things that can come from the farm. Ogden and Frank have been particular objects of Institute efforts along this line. Many In-

stitutes have given splendid receptions to the returned boys when the whole district turned out and there would be an attendance up in the hundreds. Provost has given each returned boy a ring, while another Institute has presented the next-of-kin with silk service flags. Donations have been made to St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind, the Belgian Relief, Red Cross Canadian War Hospital Association, Disabled Soldiers' Fund. Various Institutes have invested funds in Victory bonds and in War Savings funds. Cardston has appointed as standard bearer, a woman who had a number of sons at the front.

Other donations have been given to the Girls' Home in Edmonton, the Children's Shelter, the Y.W.C.A., The Associated Charities and the social service home.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea in terms of dollars and cents, of the immense amount of relief work carried on by the locals. Institutes have adopted whole families and clothed them and fed them. Unfortunate settlers have been burnt out and the Institute has come forward. Charity begins at home is an unwritten slogan of the Institutes and one of their first works is to look after the needy in the district. One feature of the work is the large number of layettes provided and if it were not for these, many a new citizen in Alberta would have found a very scanty wardrobe—if any at all—awaiting him. The relief to those in the drought stricken areas has been very great. Over six thousand dollars worth of new garments has been sent out and 2,300 persons clothed.

### HOME ECONOMICS.

Home economics and home nursing have been developed mostly through the short course work, there being a total attendance of 21,000 women at these demonstration lecture courses given at ninety-one centres. The Institutes themselves, have furthered the Home Economics by compiling cook books containing true and tried recipes. One Institute tried successfully co-operative buying in fish and fruit from British Columbia.

Several Institutes are devoting their time to the study of the legal status of women in Alberta and to community civics. Delia has succeeded in getting a woman reeve, Mrs. W. Barss. Many co-operate with the town or municipal council in benefiting the neighborhood.

When one reads of the various efforts of the Alberta Women's Institutes it needs no particular insight to see just what they mean in the province to-day.

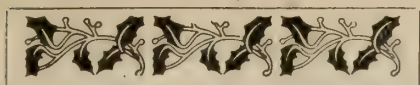
### CONCERNING PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ONE of the most discussed subjects at the annual conventions of the Alberta Women's Institutes, as at other similar conventions, is the public school curriculum. It is important that in discussing this subject, however, members of the Institutes should bear in mind the fact that the present course of studies prescribed for our schools has been thought out very thoroughly, and represents the results or consensus of opinions of all our leading educationists, not only in Alberta, but in North America. Nothing is much truer than the French phrase, "la critique est aisée, mais l'art est difficile," and nothing is more often the subject of criticism perhaps than our school curriculum. But the Department of Education is anxious for criticism, and asks for it. Critics, however, would do well to remember that opinions should be accompanied by material suggestions and evidence that these suggestions can be worked out for the betterment of education; further that copies of the school curriculum may be obtained and should be studied in order to be intelligently discussed.

Mr. E. G. McNally, Supervisor of Schools for Alberta, is particularly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)





# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

anxious to secure from members of the Women's Institutes their opinions and ideas of how the school curriculum can be improved. He has prepared a questionnaire and would be pleased to obtain opinions on the following points.

- (1) Are the aims to be attained through the various subjects clearly and definitely stated?
- (2) Should the course contain (a) an irreducible minimum which should be required of everybody, this meaning, should there be a foundation of studies that all should study, and (b) should there be a supply of optional material, such as supplementary reading, which could be partially and variously retained by each individual; this material, especially intended for the more gifted pupils—those who find their work easier than the others and who can help themselves, and to be adapted in some measure for the individual tastes of the pupils.
- (3) Should there be any distinction between the course of study for rural and urban children? It has been suggested for rural children that greater emphasis should be laid on agriculture. Should the differentiation be



PRIZE CANNERS

This is the girl group of cannery which won the prize in Elva, Manitoba.

confined to the first six grades or to grades seven to nine?

- (4) What is the time required by a child of (a) superior ability, (b) average ability, to complete the work of the present course in a good rural school?
- (5) People complain that the course is at present overloaded. Is this true? If so, what subjects should be eliminated or reduced? Is time wasted on relatively useless material in the subjects now included in the course?
- (6) Have subjects of greater value than those now included been overlooked?
- (7) Is the course flexible enough to be easily adjustable to varying conditions?
- (8) Is sufficient emphasis placed on the development of morality, character, and the spirit of co-operation demanded by our present social organization?
- (9) Does it give the greatest possible aid to the individual in establishing right attitudes toward the preservation of health, and the wise use of leisure, the duties of citizenship and the necessity for hard work if one should succeed?

Referring to the matter generally, Mr. McNally quotes from Dr. Snedden: "A course of study should be very analogous to the plans and specifications which an architect prepares for the guidance of builders. Supervision follows to see that the plans and specifications, however, are fundamentally the general and specific directions under which people are to work."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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We already have scores of local representatives in our big Home Journal Club, and some are making as high as \$100.00 per month.

There are still many towns and villages in Canada in which we have not a representative, and if you have any spare time that you desire to turn into money, write us to-day.

The remuneration of a "Canadian Home Journal" representative is according to the time and activity devoted to the work.

If you have plenty of time and energy there is practically no limit to your income or territory, for we make special provision for the live ones.

The women of Canada require more money to-day than at any time in the history of the nation. The "Home Journal" will supply that money in exchange for your time.

Write us to-day.

## Canadian Home Journal

71 Richmond Street West, TORONTO.



# This is the Tiny Leaf

that eventually arrives in your tea-pot under the familiar name of

## "SALADA"

The little leaves are filled with the rich, essential oil that yields the delicious and unique flavor that has made "Salada" famous for 30 years. If you are not now using "Salada," send us a post-card and we will gladly mail you a sample—Salada, Toronto.



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A quiet home for tired people. Treatments in Massage, Hydrotherapy, Electricity. Trained nurses in attendance. Write for circulars. Miss Sophie L. J. Robb, Superintendent.

## The Present of the Moment Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

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MEN, WOMEN  
and CHILDREN

—\$2.50—  
and up at the Best Dealers.

In the  
Christmas  
Stocking  
of  
Today

The World's Standard for Quality, Efficiency and Durability.

## Easy to Buy Easy to Send A Joy to Receive

L. E. Waterman Company Limited, 179 St. James St., Montreal.



It is really hard to define any quality, isn't it? If you have ever been in the company of one of those heart-searching, ultra-scientific persons who revel in definitions, you will know what I mean. I remember on one occasion several wise citizens were discussing beauty and wherein it consisted and were finally driven to the conclusion of the old poet that it "is in the eye of the beholder."

Then, in the matter of extravagance we are sometimes puzzled to decide on where the folly lies. The other day, I said to an "argufying" friend: "You know, I was very much tempted to buy a new pair of gloves yesterday; but I really don't need them, and they were eight dollars and a half."

"I don't see why you didn't get them," said the Lady who loves an Argument, "that is if you wanted them."

"But I shouldn't have been really happy in them. You see, they weren't useful or wool-lined or anything like

THE convention of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, which was held in Toronto on November 9th, 10th and 11th, was of more than usual interest. In fact, we are just beginning to recover from war times and war themes, and return to topics of construction and reconstruction. It was inevitable, during those war years, that we should deal with the necessary aid for the men who were bearing the brunt of the conflict—and Heaven forbid that we should ever forget their sacrifices and their sufferings! The best that any of us can do will be none too much as a memorial to those who gave their lives and their strength that our country might be free from Hun oppression.

This year's conventions of women's societies have shown everywhere a desire to do the best for the young citizens—to give wider opportunities to the Canadians who are just entering on a training for life. This intensified interest in the younger citizens is but a natural consequence of the realization of the immense loss



### AT ONTARIO'S CONVENTION, WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

While visiting Toronto, Her Excellency found time to attend the annual session in the Technical School, where she is seen, third on the left, front row, with Miss Beardmore, Port Credit; Mrs. Meade, Blenheim; Mrs. Edwards, Miss Watson, Ayr; Mrs. C. F. Yates, Athens; Miss Craig, North Gower; Mrs. Patterson, Gadshill; Mrs. Gardner, Owen Sound; Mrs. Todd, North Perth (President); Mrs. Fowler, Perth; Mrs. Sexsmith, Mrs. Hunt, Algoma; Mrs. Allen, Fort William; Mrs. McCoun, Campbellford, and Mrs. Cronk.

that. They were just gloves I liked; two shades of brown, with gauntlets and slashed effect, you know."

"Well," said the Argument Lady, "even if you would have bought them for looks rather than warmth, I cannot see that the price was really extravagant, because you could have worn the gloves for ever so long. Why, that ring you are wearing cost more than eight dollars and a half."

"I should think it did," I replied loftily, for I am fond of that particular ring.

"Well, the ring is of no use whatever and yet no one seems to regard two or three rings as a bit of extravagance. Now, the gloves—"

"I'm beginning to hate the gloves. They cost too much to give just now—and I'm not going to buy them."

"I don't wish you to," replied the Argument Lady in tranquil tones. "I only wished to point out that it would not have been an extravagance to get them. If we considered all the unnecessary things we buy, everyone is extravagant."

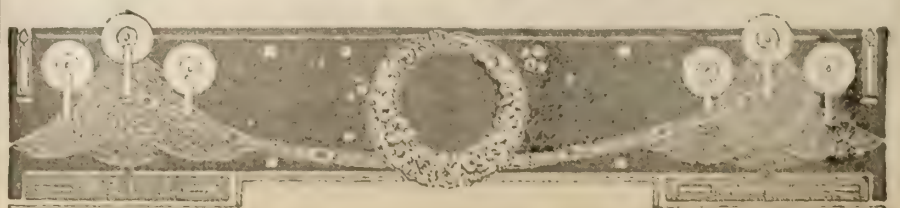
"But we can't live on bread and water and dress in sack cloth. Manufacturers would starve if we didn't buy fur coats and cream puffs. Where would our civilization be?"

"Now that you mention it, I haven't seen any too much civilization lately," said the Argument Lady darkly.

Canada has suffered in the sacrifice of thousands of her citizens in the flower of young manhood.

At the conventions of the Ontario Institutes, it was noticeable, too, that the need for making the farm-house, itself, a more attractive scene for woman's work was dwelt upon by more than one speaker. It is all in vain to discuss the reason why farm life is not more attractive to girls and boys unless the elders realize that their own experience has too often been an object lesson, saying "don't" to the ambitions of Youth. Dr. Helen MacMurchy emphasized, in her address, the importance of having water in the farm house. There has been a pitiful waste of toil for the farmer's wife, in this item of work alone—and the monotony of effort that might well have been avoided by a little thoughtfulness for the woman's welfare, has often proved a crushing weight.

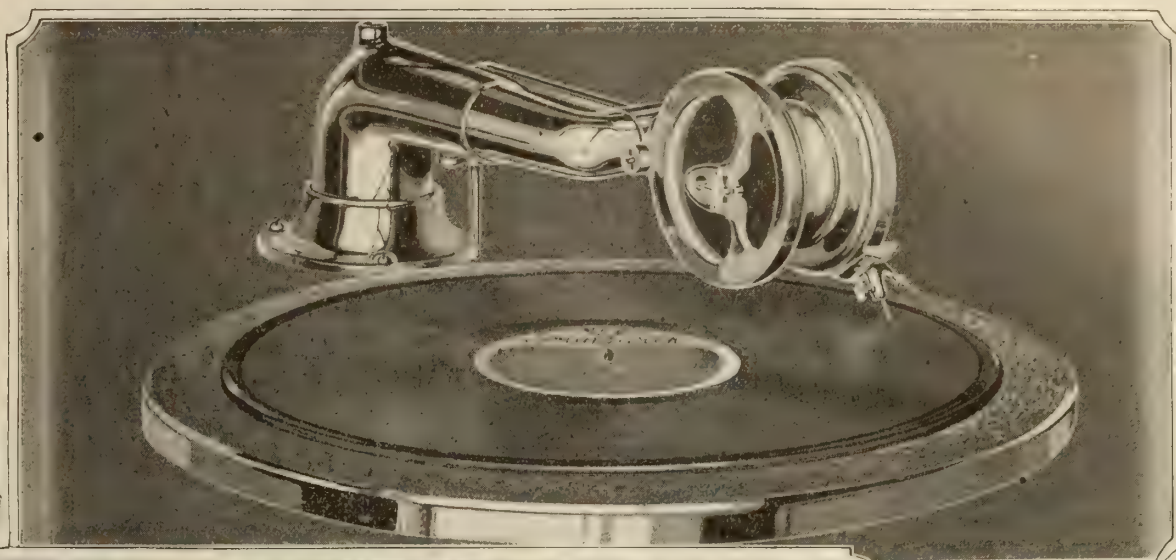
The observer has sometimes wondered that women themselves have been so slow to lighten their work by labor-saving devices. It has been woman's fault, frequently, that she has worked so hard—and sometimes so needlessly. The outlook for the future on the farms is less work and more production. Science has come along with her aids to effective toil—and, altogether, we have no need either to wear out or rust out.





# Let your Christmas Phonograph Possess these exclusive features

Made  
in  
Canada



THE ULTONA  
Playing a Brunswick Record

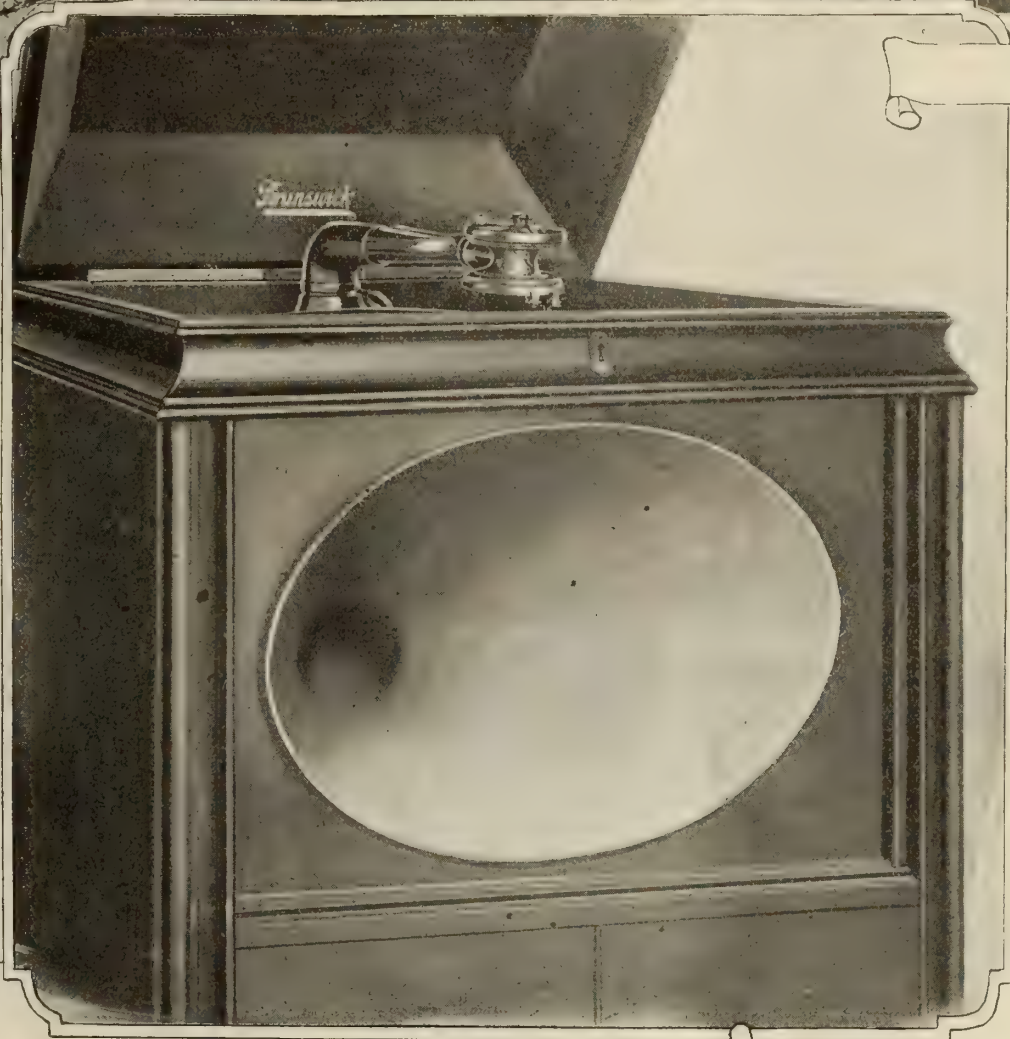
## All-record, All-needle ULTONA

This is the Brunswick invention which solves the problem of playing *all* makes of records without attachments or extras. Nothing to take off or put on! The Ultona is instantly adjusted by a mere twist of the wrist to play each make of record with the correct diaphragm, the precise needle and the exact weight. And it actually does make your records last longer.

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This is the exclusive Brunswick feature which is so largely responsible for the wonderful tone of the Brunswick. The laws of acoustics prove that sound waves travel naturally in ovals or circles. So we build the Brunswick horn *round*—and entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It actually does eliminate the harshness and tinny timbre so closely associated with old-time talking machines.

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Horn  
?



THE TONE AMPLIFIER  
With Grill Removed

# The Brunswick

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

Hear—compare—then decide! Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer to play your favorite record — any make on the Brunswick. Note the pure tone qualities, freedom from metallic harshness and undue surface scratch it derives from the exclusive Brunswick method of reproduction.

The Booklet, "What to Look for in Buying a Phonograph," by Henry P. Eames, will interest you. Write for a copy to be sent you, free and postpaid.

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# Elgin Watches



TRADE MARK

## The Mother

"Mother, what time is it?"

From dawn till bedtime, these words echo in Mother's ears.

In a well-regulated home, things happen "On Time." The Mother who directs her household by the Elgin enjoys the result.

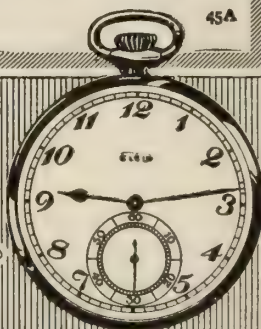
She starts the family off to school and business "On Time" because the Elgin is dependable.

Bread rises, pies and cakes bake, meat roasts, meals are served—the whole family gets up and goes to bed by the tick of the Elgin.

Homes ordered on *Elgin Time* are an achievement in restfulness and contentment.

*There is a Jeweler in your vicinity who carries a pleasing selection of Elgin Watches—faithful guardians of Time.*

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH CO. LTD.  
TORONTO



45A



## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

### A NOTE FROM ELVA.

ELVA wishes the "Canadian Home Journal" members a very Happy Christmas and would like to let the members of the Institutes know what they are doing and how much the reports in the Journal have been enjoyed by our members. Last year, Elva had but twenty-three members in the Society. We are a very small town and there are few opportunities for work that we would like the Society to do.

Our membership is increasing rapidly. We have now on the Roll Call, fifty-one members and we are proud of them. We have indeed, been most fortunate in our choice of a president, Mrs. Armstrong. She is never absent and throws her whole energy into the work and so stimulates her workers. A special feature of our Monthly Meetings is the friendly spirit shown by all, we never have any discords.

Should a member not have her paper ready, someone else comes forward, and I should like to mention here, that when we draw a programme for the year, we do not always ask our members what they would like to do.



### THE SEWING TEAM

Here is a group from Elva, Manitoba, showing the Institute activities.

but choose some subject most likely to suit their taste and talent, and very few have failed. We have had some clever papers on nursing, care of children, raising chickens, and many more.

The members, where possible, lend their homes, where we meet in some cosy room. We always finish up with a ten-cent tea, which we provide in turns. So it does not fall heavy on one more than another. We found it easier to take turns in alphabetical order; so no one is missed. The young people are very clever in giving both vocal and instrumental music, which greatly helps to make the afternoons pleasant and cheerful.

The Society sent a doll to one of the foreign-speaking schools, which is to be given as a prize to one of the pupils.

We also had two teams for the competition, Sewing and Canning. Our canning team was the sixth on the roll and won bronze medals. Mrs. A. Crawford is very highly to be praised, she worked so hard in the hot weather and she had a very short time to train them. The Society felt the least they could do was to offer her a trip to Winnipeg, with the girls, and everyone agreed. Score for canning, 217.

The Sewing Team was the only one in the Province and Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Horsley worked hard at it. The girls took 190 points in the score, which was higher than some, who went to Winnipeg; they were even with Oaklake, the tenth on the list, so we are proud of our Elva Boys' and Girls' Club.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)

# OXO CUBES

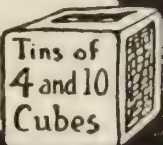
CONCENTRATED BEEF

DRINK OXO—and KEEP WARM!



No wonder OXO is a favorite winter beverage! It strengthens and sustains against cold and fatigue. Prepared in a minute—the minute you want it.

A CUBE TO A CUP



Tins of  
4 and 10  
Cubes



### A NEW ROOM IN THE OLD HOUSE

Transform your old room by adding a few new pictures, draperies, etc., or change the places of older ones. Easily and quickly done with

MOORE PUSH-PINS  
Glass Heads—Steel Points

They will not mar paper, wood or plaster walls. Easily inserted with a twist of the wrist. For heavy pictures, mirrors, etc., use the invisible Moore Push-Pin Hangers, brass finish; will hold up to 100 pounds. Suggest a use and we'll send you free samples.

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# DOMINION EXPRESS

## MONEY ORDERS

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

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WHEN any stupid person says to me, "Christmas really isn't worth it!" meaning, of course, all the trouble we go to to make it a gay and joyous festival, I don't argue with him. I just go away and pity him, to think how little fun he has. And, you know, such persons are usually the very ones who have the means to make it such a ripping holiday for themselves and everyone else! No mental strain required—no necessity for them to figure out how they can provide six satisfactory and even handsome presents for as many dollars as gifts. All they have to do is

gifts. Unselfish idea, isn't it? But what are you to expect from a Vain Jane? This is the way I present the matter to myself: "Here you are," I say, "getting things for other people which you would most dearly like to keep for yourself, and which, quite likely, will not be appreciated, and a number of people are probably searching for gifts for you which are not the sort of thing you care about at all, so why not buy yourself a present and be sure that one of your Christmas gifts, at least, is exactly what you want?" It really works out very well.



THE EVER-ATTRACTIVE PIERRETTE

At Christmas-time, Pierrette is more popular than ever—almost a rival to Columbine. The part is here taken by Miss Marion Davies.

to walk into the shops, use their intelligence a little bit about selection and spend their money. When these people tell you Christmas is a bore, it makes you wonder if the pleasure some of us experience isn't measured by the effort expended, and the sacrifices made. Personally, it would bring to me no happiness at all to give away something that I didn't want myself, and that it was no trouble to obtain. Certainly I would never get near to the Christmas spirit if I had a secretary who tied up my gifts in red tissue and holly ribbon, and enclosed my card with a stereotyped form of greeting.

Therefore, I say I love Christmas and the Christmas season. And let me tell you something confidentially; I always include myself in the list of those to whom I am going to make

But this year, for some reason, I simply cannot make up my mind what to give myself. You know, in a case like this, you may be as personal as you please and I have no feeling about making myself a very practical gift. I have thought of a number of things, mostly connected with the artifices of the toilet, where my vain heart really lies. For instance, there is a flat flacon of exquisite perfume, a gold cap covering its glass stopper, bearing the name of a famous firm of French perfumers, with which I would dearly love to present myself. But on the other hand, I really need an over-night case, something small and compact for carrying just those toilet accessories which are necessary to make a presentable appearance on a brief visit from home. I am torn between these two and the very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



## Pure and Soft As the Lily

"Her complexion is like a Lily"—the velvety softness of her skin and the pearly whiteness of her appearance always bring your thoughts to the flower of purity. If you had her confidence she would tell you that

# Gouraud's Oriental Cream

was her secret of Beauty. She is but one of thousands of women all over the world who depend upon it for their exceptional appearance—In use for 70 years. Purifying and healing—Non greasy—Quickly and easily applied and gives instant results

Send 15c for Trial Size

## Gouraud's Medicated Soap

keeps the skin pure, soft and white. It gives a splendid, rich lather that leaves the skin cleansed and refreshed. Use it before applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

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## Over the Wire

POLLY—"Yes! I heard it yesterday. Oh, Bess, can you tell me the name of that enchanting perfume Maude uses? She won't tell me—but I hear it is the rage in Paris."

BESS—"Isn't it exquisite? It's one of the Erasmic perfumes! Aw-w-w—let me see. Reve—Reve de Beaute—that's it."

POLLY—"That's the name, old dear—thanks awfully. Isn't it marvellous? I never smelled such a fascinating fragrance. Just like burying your nose in an old-fashioned bouquet."

BESS—"Yes, it is made from the essence of the rarest old-world flowers. Maude says one drop lasts for days—yet the fragrance is so unobtrusive. All the smart women are using it. Oh, here comes Jack—bye-bye."

## Parfum Rêve de Beauté

Also Savon, Poudre de Riz, Creme de Beaute, Toilet Water.

# "Erasmic"

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May we send you a descriptive booklet of hair pieces and toilet requisites? Our mail order service is prompt and will give you perfect satisfaction.

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### Maybelline Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes

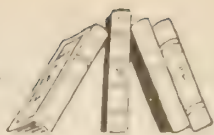
Making them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are—easily applied, harmless, shades black, brown.

### Lash-Brow-Ine

a pure, harmless cream, applied nightly aids Nature in a marvellous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Dark, luxuriant eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep, soulful expression of eyes, adding charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybelline Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?

MAYBELLINE, "LASH-BROW-INE" obtainable at your Dealer's. To avoid disappointment with imitations always look for "The Maybelline Girl," same as above, on every box of both preparations. We guarantee you will be delighted or return money.  
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## Give Books This Year

Think how easy they are to select, and how—when carefully chosen—they are certain of appreciation.

The list below and ten minutes in your favorite book shop will provide for all your friends. See if the suggestions will not be helpful.

### FOR MOTHER OR AUNT SUE

#### Returned Empty. By Florence L. Barclay.

Both of these good ladies have revelled in Mrs. Barclay's previous books. They will be anxious to have this one, in which the author has ventured into the realms of Spiritism and Reincarnation. Almost anyone would welcome it, and to grown-up ladies it should be an especially appreciated gift. \$2.00.

### FOR DAD OR UNCLE GEORGE

#### West Wind Drift. By George Barr McCutcheon.

This is a little more serious story than McCutcheon's "Graustark" was, dealing with the people from a ship-wrecked ocean liner, who, unknown to the rest of the world, find a place on a desert island, establish their own government and live their own lives for some time. It gives something to think about. \$2.00.

### FOR SISTER LUCY OR COUSIN JENNY

#### Poor Man's Rock. By Bertrand W. Sinclair.

Here's a hero at once they'll fall in love with. A returned soldier man, staunch and true, who fights against difficulties in the Canadian Salmon Industry, and eventually wins his sweetheart and overcomes his difficulties. This is without a doubt one of the finest Canadian novels of the year. \$2.00.

### FOR BROTHER BOB OR HIS KIND

#### Black Bartlemy's Treasure. By Jeffery Farnol.

Besides liking this himself, Bob will hand it over to his lady friends. This is one of those swashbuckling stories that Farnol tells so well, of smuggling, piracy, hidden treasure, and a wonderful love affair wrapped up in it all. Bob will likely read it all on Christmas night, or the night after. \$2.00.

### FOR THE GIRL AROUND THE CORNER

#### Potterism. By Rose McCauley.

If your friend likes to be the first to read the outstanding books, she will be delighted with this, a novel which you and she will hear more about in two or three months. \$2.00.

### FOR THE ADVENTURE-LOVING FRIEND

#### The Heart of Unaga. Ridgwell Cullum.

This will carry him to our own Northwest, where he will associate for about five hours with people of big souls and red blood, and where he will have a real mystery to solve, and meet a bunch of Indians for good measure. \$2.00.

### FOR ONE WHO LIKES "NIGGER" STUFF

#### Come Seven. Octavus Roy Cohen.

There is a chuckle in every paragraph of these stories of so-called "High Society" among the "Cullud" people of the South. Until he knows Florrie, Slappy and the others, he will not be getting everything out of life. \$2.00.

### FOR THE DETECTIVE-STORY LOVER

#### The Hand in the Dark. By Arthur J. Rees.

Here's a problem, the unravelling of which will keep your friend busy for three or four evenings. One of the best of the many current mystery novels. \$2.00.

### FOR THE MORE SERIOUS-MINDED

#### Re Social Problems: When Labour Rules.

By Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

What would happen if a Labour Government were to come into control in England under present-day conditions? This and other current questions are discussed most entertainingly. \$2.25.

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#### Relativity. A. Einstein, Ph.D.

Scientific journals have been full of references to the epoch-making Einstein theory for months. Here is the thing itself, treated comprehensively and analytically by its originator. \$1.75.

### FOR THE CANADA ENTHUSIAST

#### A Study in Canadian Immigration. By Prof. W. G. Smith.

What has become of our Canadian Immigrants? Have our Immigration policies been a success? What will the incoming people do for us in the future? Should we make any change in our treatment of them? These pertinent facts are comprehensively and authoritatively treated in this, the first serious attempt to handle the subject like this in Canada. \$3.00.

If a book store is not convenient, any volume will be sent postpaid on receipt of quoted price.

**The Ryerson Press**  
Publishers  
TORONTO



"Bonnie Prince Fetlar," the story of a Pony and his Friends, by Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe," "The Wandering Dog," etc. Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THE author of this volume is one of Canada's best-loved writers, for thousands of our citizens, young and old, have enjoyed her stories of the dog, the squirrel and our other animal friends. This writer would be thoroughly in sympathy with the poem by Ralph Hodgson.

"'Twould ring the bells of Heaven,  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers,  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares."

In "Bonnie Prince Fetlar," we have the story of a delightfully frolicsome and friendly pony on a Canadian farm in the Northland. Fetlar is of the black Shetland variety and proves his good blood by his courtesy to all his master's friends. The story is told in the first person and we are introduced to the lakes and wood of the North in the most satisfactory fashion, as Fetlar trots here and there;—and even the wolves fail to startle us. We are really sorry to say good-bye to the Deverings and the Duffs—to say nothing of Black Paws, the raccoon. This book will make a most acceptable Christmas gift for the young person who enjoys his four-footed friends.

"The Lady Latour," poems by William Inglis Morse, author of "Acadian Lays." Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto.

THESE verses display a wide diversity in theme and style, and the writer thereof is evidently inspired with a love of the old lore of the Indian legends. This song of the New Year (originally published in the

"Canadian Magazine") shows the more modern outlook of the writer in his consideration of the coming days:

"In mad processional the wind  
Sweeps homeward from the sea  
On this, the last night of the year—  
Awakening memory.

"Of phantom days, shrined in brief  
song,  
To fleeting music set,  
And Time's crescendo stirs again  
The surges of regret.

"The tolling of the midnight bell  
I hear across the sky,  
While o'er the magic threshold  
comes  
The new year's glad reply.

"Aside like some loose-fitting cloak  
The worn-out vesture lay,  
And don with proud and joyous thrill  
This garb of New Year's day."

"Acanthus and Wild Grape," poems by F. O. Call, author of "In a Belgian Garden." Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$1.00.

THE author of these poems is a professor at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, and he has made an authentic contribution to Canadian literature in these poems of old forms and new. Mr. Call is not one of those who decry rhyme and rhythm, and who consider that free verse means drab prose on a dreary subject. He is a true artist in his love for beauty, and whether he makes use of rhyme or writes in unrhymed lines, he is a singer to whom a tired world is glad to listen. Color is everywhere, in his dreams and fancies, as we find in "A River Sunset."

The second part of the volume, "Wild Grape," is written in modern and less conventional form, and is equally inspired by the love of setting "perfect music unto noble words." The reader puts down the volume with the sense of refreshment that an hour with the ideal always brings, for this poet of Quebec is not of the cynical order of bards who see nothing but the earthly and the ugly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



#### A POPULAR NOVELIST

Miss Marshall Saunders is here seen with her pet dog, "Billy Sunday." Miss Saunders first won fame with "Beautiful Joe," and her "Bonnie Prince Fetlar," her latest production, is sure to please many readers.





## Christmas Mystery Plays

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

performances of plays on sacred subjects and the Christmas dramas dovetailed into a cosmic cycle. As Mr. Miles puts it; "The Christmas and Epiphany episodes formed but links in an immense chain extending from the Creation to the Last Judgment." Remains of Christmas plays, as they were performed at Chester, York, Towneley and Coventry, still survive, and contain some passages, that after one has mastered the crabbed phraseology of old English, prove truly emotional and sometimes lovely. In studying them, one notes the same innocence of all archaeological considerations which characterizes the early Italian religious pictures, that show Scriptural characters wearing the Italian apparel of the time. In the Chester Mysteries, the Nativity is presented as an English event, with neighborhood allusions and considerable realism; and the same was true of kindred pieces of the period. The rude but sincere playwrights, did not hesitate to introduce comic episodes, which, however, leave no sense of irreverence.

To the modern mind the human touches with which these plays abound, are their most interesting characteristics. For instance there is in the Coventry Mysteries, a scene in which Joseph and the weary Mary come to Bethlehem and appeal to a citizen for shelter. He can only direct them to a stable—and the tender resignation of Mary, her willingness to accept any resting place,—are most touchingly expressed. The fact that Jesus was first of all an infant and a child of the poor seems to have been that on which the scriptural playwrights laid the deepest stress, and was undoubtedly that which most appealed to the sensibilities of the audiences. Innocent of all knowledge of where the Nativity had occurred, the idea that Christmas was a season of cold, and that the Virgin and her new born infant suffered thereby, is constantly the subject of allusion, for the purpose of rousing a sense of pity.

IN the Chester Mysteries, which one witnessed at Toronto University, the Shepherds, prior to the arrival of an angelic visitant, discuss the diseases of sheep and sit down to a meal of Halton ale, sour milk, onions, garlic, leeks, green cheese, and sheep's head soured in ale, all mentioned in the dialogue. Their hind or servant, a lusty lad named Trowle, quarrels with them because they have not paid his wages, and as originally played, wrestled with them, throwing them one by one, though this diversion was omitted in the Hart House version. It is this turbulent scene that the angel dramatically interrupts with his message of peace on earth. When they go to the stable to see their new born Lord, they bring Him a bell to play with, a flask, a spoon to eat potage with and a cape. Trowle is too poor to give anything but a pair of his wife's old hose. Shepherd boys who accompany their elders, also bring gifts, and one has nothing to offer but his shepherd's pipe.

In the York Mysteries, comedy is carried to the length of making the most uncouth of the Shepherds ludicrously try to imitate the angels' song, and utter rough jokes about it. In one of the Towneley plays there is argument and wrangling among the Shepherds; and the gifts they present after being summoned to Bethlehem by the angel, are a little spruce coffer, a ball and a gourd bottle. In yet another of the Towneley plays the Shepherds talk like workmen to-day, of the oppressions of the rich, complain of cold and their hard lot, and a sheep-stealing episode is introduced; but this same play attains singular devotional beauty after they visit the Divine Infant. Each sings a verse about the gift he brings, the first has a "bob of cherries" to delight His eye; the second, a bird to sing to Him; the third, a ball for Him to play tennis with. To the simple untutored and devout minds of the Middle Ages, there was nothing incongruous in such homely expressions of love and devotion.



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**PURITY  
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# Rosy Cheeks and Raisins

Go Together—Note the Reasons

*According to Authorities*

**T**HERE are other reasons than luscious flavors for the serving of delicious raisin foods.

One is the raisin's *natural* iron content.

Raisins, in truth, may be called "a beauty food," for it is iron in the blood that brings the tint of roses to women's and children's pretty cheeks, and is necessary to ruddy health in men.

One needs but little iron daily in his food, but that need is vital.

Raisins are one of the rich-

est of foods in assimilable iron.

Use raisins in plain foods like boiled rice, oatmeal, simple puddings, cakes, cookies, custards, ready-cooked cereals, et cetera.

Learn how much better everybody likes these foods with raisins. The luscious fruit-meats are like natural confections. They tempt the appetite. Increase nutrition, too, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

## Delicious Raisin Roly Poly—Try It

- |                               |                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1 cup flour                   | 2 teaspoons shortening   |
| 1 teaspoon salt               | ½ cup milk               |
| 1 teaspoon butter             | 2 tablespoons sugar      |

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add shortening and rub in very lightly with tips of fingers, add milk enough to make dough to roll out ¼ inch thick. Cover with raisins, which have been stewed, thickened and sweetened with one tablespoon sugar, roll the same as jelly roll; place in bake pan which has been brushed with a little butter; sprinkle top with one tablespoon sugar and dot with the balance of butter. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with lemon sauce or milk.

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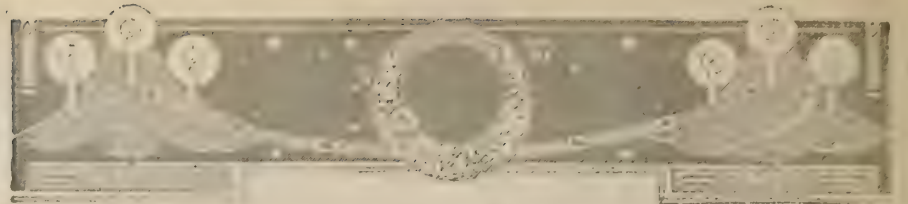
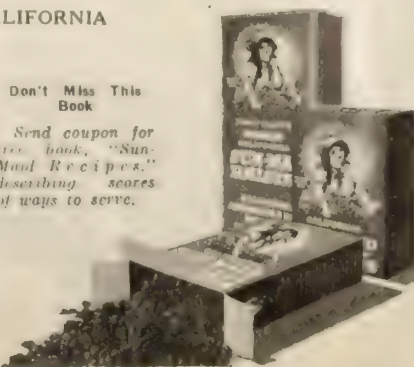
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## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

duckiest lamp for my dressing-table—of antique porcelain with a shade of heavenly-blue brocade! It is quite the most expensive, and therefore I feel myself weakening toward it. But after all, why not, when I am trying to give myself a Merry Christmas, and it only comes once a year?

Of course there are plenty of more simple little remembrances which I could make myself without offense. Indeed, if my small store of savings for the holiday shopping dwindles before it comes to my own turn, I shall be obliged to select from these. I need some very excellent face powder, for example, and a few jars of cold cream for various purposes never go astray. I might even then go so far as to buy myself an electric vibrator, which, I understand from friends who have had experience with them, are excellent for home treatment. It could be attached beside my dressing-table ready for use, and instead of the somewhat tedious and not altogether antiseptic task of using my fingers for the daily cleansing-cream massage, the matter would be attended to in no time by the use of the little motor. There are two or three attachments, I am told, for the complexion, for the hair, and for the body, and common sense tells me that the stimulation obtained by their use is certain to be beneficial. I really think I shall decide on the vibrator; it is something no one else would ever think of giving me!

And since we have come to the season for saying it, Merry Christmas to you, dear ladies; especially to you who write me letters filled with little troubles about yourselves and kind words for me. And to you also who only read and do not write, and this I hope, because you have no troubles, at any rate none of the nature that I could help to remedy. All wrapped with red tissue and tied with holly ribbon and bearing my most hearty wishes, I send you Merry Christmas!

### CORRESPONDENCE.

KATHERINE C.—The dust has a little way of working into the pores and resisting a casual washing, making it very difficult to overcome the grey look which is so unbecoming. An excellent cream of which I have recently heard will be a help, I think. Thorough cleansing is so very important before applying powder. It is encouraging to know that you find this column interesting. And why should you not be anxious to keep your best appearance just because the children are growing up? All the more reason to treasure your beauty, my dear, so that the big boy and girl may be proud of their youthful mother!

TROUBLED SEVENTEEN.—Do you think, dear girl, that the red hair is in any way to blame for your troubled state? Red-haired damsels are more intense than others, so they say, and while you enumerate several worries, they are not very serious ones

and need not cause any permanent lines to carve themselves on your seventeen-year-old brow. In the private reply for which you have asked, I have told you of several tried remedies which I hope may clear away your troubles. But always remember that persistent care is the only kind which counts, and an application now and again of any remedy, no matter how excellent its reputation, will not be of much benefit.

MARIAN—This is a subject near to my heart. The mother who neglects herself, losing all interest in complexion, hair and figure, is also preparing to lose the respect of her children. A well-groomed, pretty mother gives them a pleasant sense of importance which a neglected creature with straggling hair and broken fingernails could never hope to confer. Your complexion only needs some care to help it back to its former state of health, and believe me, dear lady, you will never be sorry for having awakened in time to the knowledge that it does not pay to slip into a drab state of slavery! I am sending you some advice privately, regarding tonics and lotions, and here's hoping you may never slide back into a disinterested state again.

R.B.—You overwhelm me with an avalanche of questions, my friend, and then fail to comply with the regulation which requires a stamped and addressed envelope if a reply is desired. As no doubt you will see your answer here, I will give you the information you desire as far as possible. As for the conspicuous pores in the nose, I would suggest that after the face has been thoroughly cleansed with pure soap and warm water, the nose especially be bathed with very cold water or massaged with ice. A small piece wrapped in a bit of fine cotton or in your towel will do for this purpose. Afterwards, and this is preferably before retiring, bathe the nose with a good astringent. If the pores have become very conspicuous, it will take some time to correct the condition, but a persistent care not to leave them open after bathing will in time restore the skin to its normal fineness. As for the sagging cheeks, it seems to me they must be the result of late hours or too much work, as it is not natural that so young a girl should have cause to complain in this direction. However, I would advise massage with the very best skin food you can obtain. You know the movement—upward and outward from the point of the chin, with fingers kept firm. If you have been powdering and using rouge on an unprepared skin, that certainly has had something to do with ruining your complexion. Never use either of these before applying a foundation cream—then it has no opportunity of being absorbed by the pores and will wipe or wash off readily when the time comes. If you care to write again, R.B., and send the required stamped envelope I shall be glad to reply giving more detail.







## ■ A Christmas Love Song ■

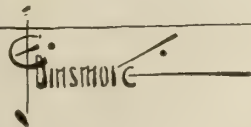
By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

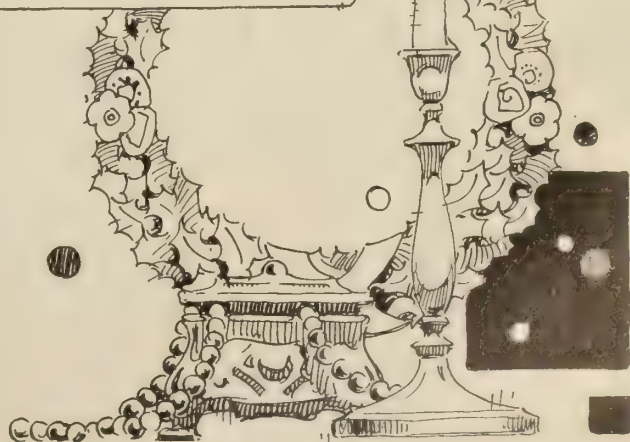
Illustration by E. J. Dinsmore.

The Christmas garden is abloom, Sweet Heart,  
With candles, holly, stars, and sun-flushed snow.  
The poets long have sung of rosy June;  
Or May in misty, shimmering veils of green,  
Or honey-sweet September, golden warm—  
Calling them "lovers' months" in lyric lines.  
I'll chant December—dark and mystical,  
And silent till the carols float abroad—  
December—kin to shepherds and to stars,  
With gifts wise kings once made to baby hands.

About our home the crystal snow lies deep—  
White magic showered upon us from the skies—  
And, filtered through our pine trees, purest gold  
That earth-folk know—the largesse of the sun.  
Sweet Heart—Sweet Heart—the world grows  
kind and wise  
For one small starry Night! Men stretch their  
hands  
Out to each other. My glad heart to yours  
Wings homing, as the midnight Christ bells ring.  
"Believe!" the Christ bells call, and Christmas  
elves—  
Sweet miracles from the child-heart of the  
world—  
Will throng to-night through every open door.

The Christmas garden is abloom, Sweet Heart,  
And Love—the Gardener—watches over all.

 DINSMORE







## Better Babies' Contest

THE contest (closed on October 1st) of "Canadian Better Babies," had many interesting features, and we are pleased to publish the following awards:

In the list of prize-winners in the "primary class," (the babies whose ages range from nine to eighteen months) we announce:

First.—Graham Bachelder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bachelder, Revelstoke, B. C.—Fifty dollars.

Second.—Doris Elinor Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. C. Chamberlain, Wheatley, Ontario.—Forty dollars.

Third.—Robert Gordon States, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joy Morton States, Wayne, Alberta.—Thirty dollars.

Fourth.—Verna Mabel Burk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer W. Burk, Markham, R.R. 1, Ontario.—Twenty dollars.

Fifth.—Cloyse Varcoe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Varcoe, Roseneath, Ontario, R.R. 3.—Ten dollars.

Fifteen prizes of subscriptions to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, are awarded to the parents of: Douglas George Osborn, 64 Ellen Ave., Niagara Falls, Ontario; Norma Alice Potts, R.R. 3, Simcoe, Ontario; Murray J. Sheldon, Leamington, Ontario; Harvey Alexander Leith, Varney, R.R. 1, Ontario; Arthur Kenneth Hardstaff, No. 1, Glacis Barracks, Halifax; George Bonner, R.R., Millbrook; Edward Gauthier, 111 Park Ave., Montreal; Leslie Thomas Michell, Elmwood, R.R. No. 1, Ontario; Albert William Nagorsen, R.R. 3, Maidstone, Ontario; Arlene Merle Lewis, 361 S. Mitton t., Arnica, Ontario; Richard Leroy Small, Arthur, Ontario; Clara Rose Sabbath, 1413, St. Urbain St., Montreal; Gerald Orval Jackson, R.R. 1, Harold, Ontario; Helen Elizabeth Young, Cheltenham, R.R. 1; Helen Shackford Cameron, Box 743, Truro, N. S.

In the list of prizes in the "advanced class," (eighteen to thirty-six months old), we announce:—

First.—John Henderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Henderson, 73 Park Avenue, Quebec, Que.—Fifty dollars.

Second.—Ethel Alice Bourne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bourne, 739 Water St., Peterboro', Ontario.—Forty dollars.

Third.—Betty Barbara Baird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Baird, 23 Edward St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.—Thirty dollars.

Fourth.—Christopher Wain, son of Mrs. Eve Wain, 57 Charles St., W., (Apt. A.), Toronto.—Twenty dollars.

Fifth.—Henry Melville Coffyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Coffyn, Box 40, Salvador, Saskatchewan.—Ten dollars.

Subscriptions to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL for one year are awarded to the parents of Collis J. B. Lewis, Bracebridge, Ontario; Doris Isabel Wood, Mt. Herbert, Prince Edward Island; George Russell Clarke, 16 Geoffrey St., Toronto; William Frederick Pollock, Norton, New Brunswick; Phyllis Proudfoot, 5 Millerson Ave., Toronto; Kenneth Perrin, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, R.R. 2; Margaret Bertha Hodgins, Box 173, Shawville, Quebec; John Dunn Shearer, 10104, 125th St., Edmonton, Alberta; Gerrard George Graf, 51 Pandora Ave., Kitchener, Ontario; Eileen Margaret Anderson, Edrans, Manitoba; Bessie Marguerite Julien, Wheatley, Ontario; Carman Wilkins, Lethbridge, Alberta; Shirley Eleanor Tuckwell, Pilot Mound, Manitoba; John Leslie Maw, Minesing, Ontario; Harry Wilson Hawkins, Reid Hill, Alberta.



## OUR CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

IT IS one of the pleasures of our business life to know that G.B. Chocolates have brought so much happiness to thousands during the year; and that they will help, in their own delicious way, to make the holiday season a bright and happy one for young and old alike.

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# Christmas Shopping—Its Joys and Perplexities

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

WE never shop with as much zest at any other time as we do at Christmas. We may profess that we hate it, that it bores us to death and wears us to a frazzle, but down deep in our hearts we enjoy it, even though we haven't all the money to spend we should like to have. The gaily decorated shops, the holly and the ribbons all have a psychological influence that we can't get away from. Christmas shopping without them might be a bore, but with them, no.

Besides there is the joy of our own little plans to be carried out; the surprise for some member of the family or a friend which must be kept a secret, the gift that costs a little more than we had planned and must be purchased even at a personal sacrifice; there is the gift which we can't quite decide upon and for which we are questing suggestions, and, before we get well started, we have become obsessed with the Christmas spirit and our list grows daily. It is amazing how many more gifts we send out Christmas Eve than we thought it possible three weeks before. The only limitations we know are those our purse strings impose.

Now, we will admit that shopping is an arduous proceeding. Crowded stores, not always well ventilated, are fagging. Other shoppers elbow us; they trample on our feet; they crush us against the counter and against each other, and we are constantly rescuing our belongings from being carried off in the eddying crowds of fellow shoppers, but one who is past mistress of the art of shopping at all seasons and especially at Christmas, confided to me some of the elementary rules of her success, one mellow October afternoon as we motored along a country road revelling in the sunshine and autumnal splendor.

She is Lady Alert, who long before Christmas, begins to do her shopping. In the summer she watches for bargains and buys odd bits of ribbon and silk and muslin, silk hose and gloves that to her, practised eye represent extraordinary values, quaint little conceits that she finds while passing through a department or doing her regular shopping, in fact everything that she believes she will be able to make a good use of at Christmas. She doesn't label them at the time. If she has any idea who will be the recipient, it is too vague. She simply puts them away in a seldom used trunk, her own special possession, till she has her Christmas list complete or almost so. Sometimes she sells some of them to some other member of the family, if she finds she does not need them, or they want them more than she does.

THEN she begins to sort them out: a pair of gloves for Sally, silk hose for Molly, a tie for Jack, a pair of suspenders for the furnace man, a pair of warm mitts for the milk man, and so on. She just sorts them out and makes a temporary allotment. She doesn't tie them up yet, for she may change her mind, and it's so nice to be able to exercise a woman's prerogative without incurring too much inconvenience. Perhaps I should have said that as far back as the time she made her first chance purchase, she had been on the alert for suggestions concerning what each member of her rather numerous family and friends would like to find in their stockings on Christmas morn; also that it is a time-honored custom in her household for each one from the Man of the House down, to remain absolutely silent as to what he or she would like, but to pin up a list of suggestions in a not too obvious but altogether discoverable spot in his or her own room. Not for the world would Lady Alert tell the Man of the House that she would like a nice green silk umbrella, nor

would the Man of the House tell Lady Alert that he wanted a new pair of house slippers or a Morris chair, and Mary Matilda wouldn't think of saying anything about the bracelet watch she is sure of receiving, nor Billy, the skates he too is confident of. No, they don't discuss them, but they make known their wants all the same. When Christmas day comes and the tree is unveiled, and Santa Claus, fur-coated and frosty, hands the gifts to those to whom they are addressed, the exclamations of surprise are next to the genuine thing and the joy of receiving has not been diluted by the certainty that comes of talking things over in cold blood. Part of the sweet surprise and mystery of a less sophisticated age still pervades Christmas in Lady Alert's household.

Not all of the fun and jollification comes from the gifts they give to, and get from each other, for once upon a time, Lady Alert, having a secret desire

pens that she has been unfortunate enough to select a busy morning for her shopping, she buys only the things she can't order over the telephone, then she goes home and telephones for the remainder. This saves her a good deal of time and energy, and all through the shopping season, never does she buy in person, anything she can order by telephone, or have sent up c.o.d.

Apropos of paying for purchases, Lady Alert never starts out on a shopping expedition without at least half of her money in small change. If she is going to spend ten dollars, she stops at the bank and gets half of it changed into five, ten, twenty-five and fifty-cent pieces. Then when she comes to pay for her large or small purchases at different counters and stores, she can make the right change at once and no time is lost waiting for it.

Lady Alert has always been addicted to reading and, as the Christmas season draws near, she develops a perfect passion for newspapers and magazines. She becomes almost omnivorous

in her reading, or at least she appears to. To tell the truth, she doesn't read nearly as much as she does at other times, but she confided in me, that what she really does is to read the advertisements, from which she gets some of the most valuable suggestions for many unique gifts. She finds that it is the newest and most seasonable things that are advertised, and as she told me, once she gets the suggestion she can always find the goods.

Two cast-iron rules has my friend, and they are rarely violated. One of them is to go shopping alone, and the other is to go early. Shopping with others is always more fagging than shopping alone. One is always being called upon to help the other

make a choice when two go together, or to look at something which one is interested in and the other is not, or worse still, stopping to be presented to each other's casual acquaintances.

When she comes to town, her train arrives about nine o'clock. Breakfast has been both hasty and early so she stops at a restaurant for a cup of coffee and a cornmeal muffin. Of course, the stores tire her for she is not used to their hustle and bustle, the maze of merchandise and the bigness of it all. However, she goes straight to the checking room, where she leaves her coat, muff and any superfluous parcels she may happen to have. Then with her shopping bag, list and wallet, she begins. She has determined to keep her temper under control, no matter what may happen, for she knows from past experience, that it is foolish to lose one's temper. She knows, like the true shopper, what she wants, buys it if she can find it, and then she doesn't have to return any of her purchases, making trouble for herself and others.

About half-past eleven, she has made a good deal of progress and naturally begins to feel weary. Does she keep on? Most assuredly not! She knows the effect of a cup of tea or coffee and some light refreshment—not too light—fifteen or twenty minutes' quiet in a comfortable chair in the rest room afterwards and then a walk around the block to get some fresh air before beginning the afternoon session. She allows about an hour

for this and then returns to her shopping almost as fresh as when she began in the morning, and by four-thirty she has done a good day's work and is ready for her train at five.

Lady Alert never goes shopping wearing high heeled boots nor a heavy hat. She wears shoes with sensible heels and a hat that is light and fits her head. In fact Lady Alert is aware that easy feet are essential to buying just what suits each friend for Christmas and the New Year.



Dainty things skilful fingers can fashion from ribbon for Christmas gifts.

for a simple little gift which she forgot to put on her list, and feeling sure no one else would think of it, purchased it herself, and wrote a card: "From Lady Alert to herself with love and best wishes." When opened it occasioned much laughter and thenceforth every member of the family did the same in his and her own original way. This is part of the Christmas programme. As she has to do about one-half of her consort's shopping, besides almost as much for the boys, my friend starts about a month before Christmas. By this time she has a pretty good idea of what she will require. She has a limited amount of money to spend and a limited amount of time, for like the model woman whom King Solomon immortalized, *she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.*

HAVING her gift lists complete enough for a start, she makes a shopping list of all the materials she needs for the things that have to be made up. She buys these first and at the same time she buys tissue paper for wrapping, ribbons for the parcels, the cards and stickers. She knows just how many and how much of each she used last year and the knowledge governs her purchases this year. These are things she will surely need, so she buys them and gets that much out of the way early before shopping begins to be a task, because of the crowds. If it so hap-



Boudoir caps may come and boudoir caps may go, but never have they been as fascinating as they are this season.



# Evening Gowns of Stately Velvet, Taffeta, or Filmy Lace

9127—Ladies' One-piece Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crepe— $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch satin for foundation dress. A girdle placed at Medieval waist-line and skirt drawn in at the bottom in Turkish fashion give piquant interest to this evening dress of Georgette and satin, and large circular beaded motifs in design 12601 add a final note of style. The gown is really in one piece from neck to lower edge but the girdle at the waist-line gives the fashionable Moyen Age touch. Sometimes instead of a girdle of satin or self-material, silver or chiffon flowers form a dainty girdle on evening gowns. Silver leaves are especially effective used in this way, but they must not look stiff. Tack them very softly, and not too frequently. They should look almost as if they grew on the gown.

9141—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9070—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $5\frac{7}{8}$  yards 36-inch taffeta— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 10-inch lace— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining. With satin and lace, taffeta shares the favor of the mode for evening gowns. It is especially attractive in this model with a spiral tunic on which is applied a deep border of embroidery in design 12511. The blouse, too, is charming and quite novel with three looped-under panels at the back. Gold or silver slippers strapped in classic fashion, with ribbon high up on the leg, are a pleasing accompaniment to the gown.

Evening  
Dress  
9127  
Beading 12601



Evening Blouse  
9141  
Skirt 9070  
Embroidery 12511



Evening  
Blouse  
8711  
Skirt 8670  
Beading 12569

Evening  
Blouse  
8669  
Skirt 9070  
Beading 12513

Evening Bodice 9108  
Tunic Skirt 8656

8711—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8670—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch charmeuse— $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 10-inch silver lace banding— $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation skirt. Embroidery, which the new mode favors over other trimming, adds decided charm to this evening gown of charmeuse. The embroidery in design 12569, forms two deep bands, and for harmony there is a deep trimming-band of silver lace used cami-ole-wise under the sleeveless blouse. The blouse closing is arranged at the left shoulder and under the left arm, while the underbody closes at the center-back. The two-piece skirt is drawn in at the lower edge and tacked to a narrow foundation in Turkish fashion.

9108—Ladies' Evening Bodice. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8656—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch black taffeta— $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch allover lace for tunic and sleeves— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Just to give variety to the season's frocks the mode, despite its preference for straight lines, occasionally flirts with bouffant silhouette effects for evening gowns. This works out pleasingly in the model illustrated with its long-waisted taffeta bodice and its adorable lace tunic which falls in jabot-like folds at the sides.

8669—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9070—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch velvet for skirt and tunic— $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for blouse— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 11-inch silver lace banding— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody and upper part of gores. As the season advances, one sees more and more of velvet dinner and dance frocks. The new velvets are soft, pliant as satin, and come in the most wonderful colors, so it is hardly to be wondered at that they have achieved such popularity. To add to the charm of this frock there are odd beaded motifs in design 12503 scattered at intervals on the tunic and the sleeveless blouse. The embroidery may be carried out in beads or spangles.

8755—Ladies' Evening Blouse with Train. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 829 Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $6\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch velvet— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch beaded net for trimming-band— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Most of the formal evening gowns this season gain stately dignity from the use of train which may be square or pointed. Bands of jet beads that start and end in bracelet and a beaded motif on the train in design 12572 relieve the severe simplicity of the gown. With it may be worn black satin, gold or silver slippers with Louis heels.

Evening Blouse  
8755  
Skirt 8295  
Beading 12572





# CORSETS AND CLOTHES



Long before the face shows signs of passing years, the lines of the figure betray it. To the gentle persuasion of a Gossard, the prominent hips, the fleshy back, or the too-short waistline of maturity give way to the graceful proportions of youth.



The slender woman should never sacrifice her full possibilities of beauty on the fallacy "I'm so slight it doesn't matter what corset I wear." The predestined Gossard will smooth unflattering angles to attractive roundness and enhance the lithe grace that is her chief charm.



The woman of discrimination does not radically change her style from season to season. Lucile costumes her to best express her individuality, and upon this, bases an exclusiveness of service.

The same principle applies to correct corsetry. The well-dressed woman finds the corset that best accents her natural charm—just as much and just as little corset as may be necessary and possible—and is not influenced by those doubtful changes in so-called corset styles that result in much confusion of mind and improper corsetry.

Successful corsetry is the foundation of all charm in dress; it is the expression of personality.

LUCILE, LTD.

*J. Duggan*  
Manager



The woman of large proportions cannot but be interested in what Gossard's artistry has accomplished for the stout figure. Symmetry of line is gained by a natural, pliable support with no excess weight and clumsy over-straps to distort the figure to the ungraceful appearance of being over-corseted. Would it be convincing to know that the woman in the photograph above weighs quite a bit over two hundred?

## G O S S A R D Front Lacing C O R S E T S

are to be found at those stores that merit your confidence by making every sale conditional upon your complete satisfaction.

At this time of generally unsatisfactory buying conditions, it is reassuring to know that Gossards are still moderately priced. The cost of Gossard Corsets represents that fair price where the utmost in quality has been reached and every Gossard will give you a wearing service that alone will justify its cost.

Good taste in dress must find its first expression in the right corset.

The woman who by self-study will find the corset that best expresses her individuality and does not radically change her style from season to season is far better dressed than the superficial woman who follows every whim of fashion and distorts her figure with unsuited corset styles.

It has been written that violent contrasts destroy the very basis of art and maim the truth. The possibilities of becoming dress vanish in the violence of contrast between too-large bust, too-small waist and too-large hips—always the disfiguring marks of the over-corseted figure.

There are many Gossard Front Lacing Corsets designed to accent the natural charm of every type of figure. Whatever your corset needs there are many models created in accordance with the unchanging principles of beauty and good taste that will assure you graceful lines and proper proportions with that unconsciousness of restraint that can only result from the healthful support of a faultlessly fitting corset.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

"Stronger Than His Sea," a novel by Robert Watson, author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," "The Girl of O.K. Valley," etc. Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

THIS is a good old-fashioned story of the small boy whose drunken father departs this life in sudden fashion, leaving the juvenile hero to be a wage-earner. Sandy was but five years of age when his father, Duncan Porter, a soft-hearted hard-drinker, was struck down by mortal illness, leaving his wife, Sandy, and Nelly, to make a living in the weaving town of Piershaws. Of course there was a good Samaritan to be found—and this time it turns out to be the landlord, who actually lowers the rent and takes a kindly interest in Sandy. The villain in the play is the school-master, Mr. Todrick, who

is a fearsome dominie, almost worthy of a place with Squeers. The corporal punishment administered in that small school in Piershaws, plays such a harrowing part in the story that the reader breathes freely only when Mr. Todrick is finally deposed and a younger, kinder man, Mr. Galt, takes his place and proceeds to lift the school to a proud eminence.

The heroine of this story is also of the good, old-fashioned kind. Doreen Telford is wilful and imperious, but she is dainty and winsome to her finger-tips and is a welcome relief from the "jazz heroine" of modern fiction, who smokes cigarettes, consumes cocktails and knows altogether more than is good for any desirable young person.

This is a wholesome story of village life in Scotland, which will appeal to many readers.



A QUARTETTE OF CANADIAN WRITERS

This snapshot shows a group of writers familiar to most of our readers. Standing are Mrs. MacKay, author of "Up the Hill and Over" and "Mist of Morning," also Mr. Robert Alison Hood, author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester." Seated are Miss Marjorie Pickthall, author of "Drift of Pinions" and "Little Hearts" (a native of England, but now resident in Victoria), and Mr. Robert Watson, author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" and "Stronger Than His Sea."



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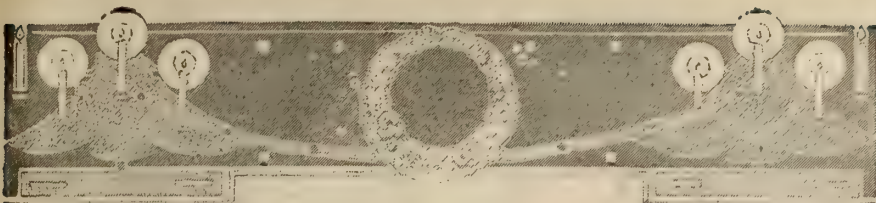
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our catalog describing our wonder-  
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Chicago, Ill.





No. 210

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 210, price 20 cents. In this set are included a knitted middy sweater, a crocheted tam, and a knitted scarf. This is a cunning skating set for the dolly, that may combine pink and white or blue and white worsted.

All Sorts of  
Pretty and  
Practical  
Things to Knit  
for Baby's  
Christmas  
Doll



No. 211

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 211, price 10 cents. Illustrated above is a knitted Tuxedo sweater for an 18-inch doll.



No. 215



No. 216



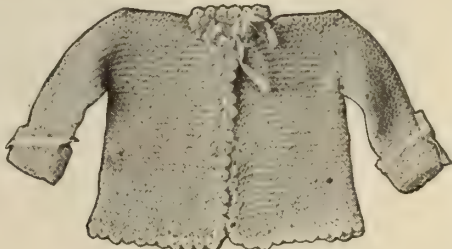
No. 216



No. 215

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 215, price 10 cents. This design includes a knitted scarf in two colors for dolly, as well as a Roman-striped scarf. Dollies must be in fashion, too, as well as their small mistresses. Hence these knitted scarfs which are the very newest things either in solid colors or with Roman-striped inserts.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting and Crocheting Directions No. 225, price 20 cents. For the baby this set includes three cute toys which are illustrated above, and at the right. These may be hung at the top of baby's perambulator.



No. 220

Three Patterns Free with  
a Subscription at \$2.00  
per annum, sent direct to  
the Canadian Home  
Journal.



No. 225



No. 218

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 218, price 10 cents. The cunningest of knitted coat sweaters is this, shown above, with a smart sailor collar and patch pockets in which dolly may carry her 'kerchief. The buttons may be covered with sections of knitting and fastened with knitted loops.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



No. 224

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 224, price 20 cents. Even the most fastidious of dolls would be pleased with this knitted set which includes scarf, muff, and stocking-cap for which tan and brown yarn may be selected.



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THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED  
DUNNVILLE, ONT. CANADA

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are the ideal

## YARNS

for all hand-knitting

THESE well-known yarns are spun in our own plant from the finest grades of pure Australian wools. Their soft, even texture and length of fibre assure the most satisfactory results. They come in three weights, with forty popular shades in each weight, put up in handy balls. Ask your dealer for Monarch Floss, Down and Dove, and you will have reason to be glad of your selection.

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- A lady's silk Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat.
- A lady's or gentleman's fine worsted Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat.
- A garment — Tam, Cap, Bag, Slippers or Child's Set — knit by yourself with Monarch Yarns.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED  
DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

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Address .....





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**H**AVE eggs to sell—plenty of them—all through the season. There's a nice profit in table eggs, so making money is only a matter of healthy hens—assured by the use of

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Tones up the digestive system and keeps layers and breeders in a normal natural condition, so that they keep on laying. Used by thousands of successful poultrymen and farmers all over the world. Always sold with the guarantee:

**"Your Money Back if You Are Not Satisfied"**

Pratts Roup Remedy is a sure preventive and remedy for colds and roup. Added to the drinking water, it keeps these destructive diseases away from the flock.

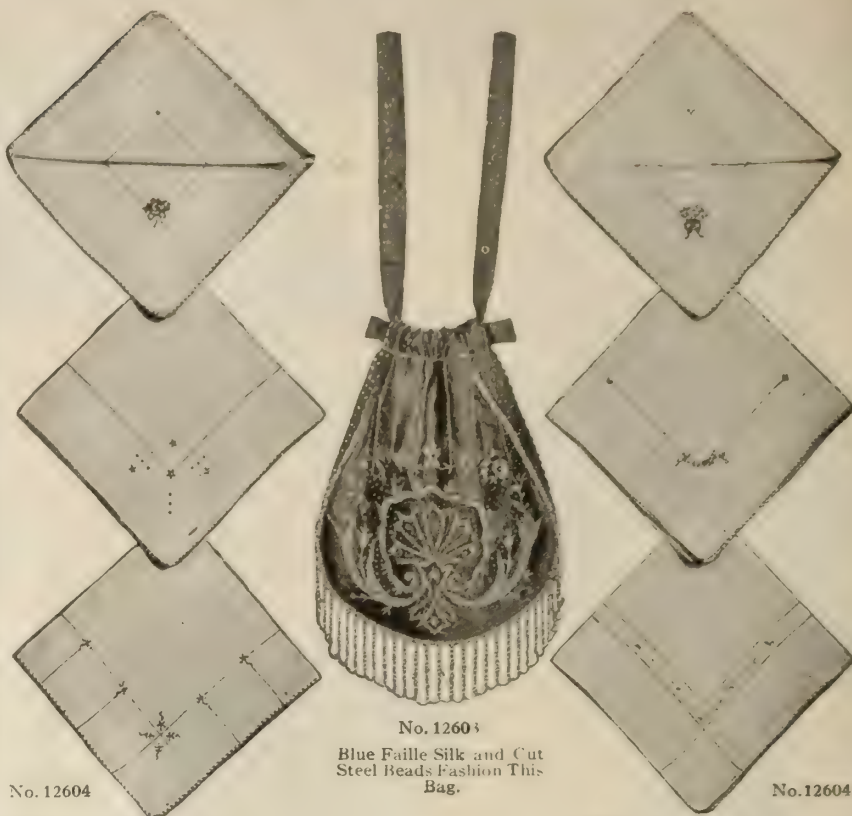
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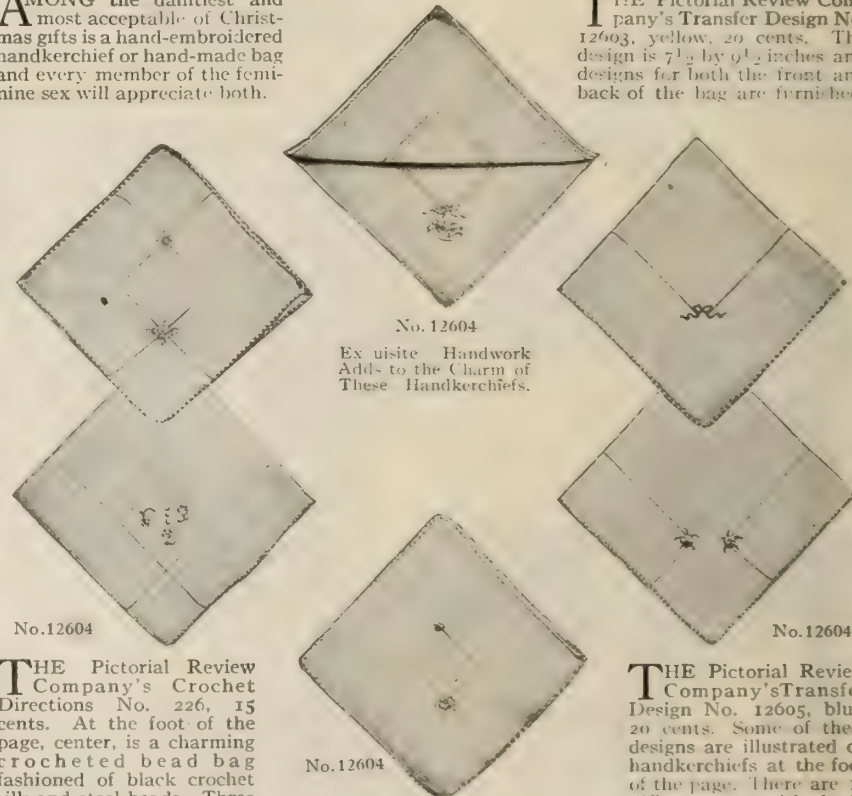


## Dainty Christmas Gifts



AMONG the daintiest and most acceptable of Christmas gifts is a hand-embroidered handkerchief or hand-made bag and every member of the feminine sex will appreciate both.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12603, yellow, 20 cents. The design is 7½ by 9½ inches and designs for both the front and back of the bag are furnished.



THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 226, 15 cents. At the foot of the page, center, is a charming crocheted bead bag fashioned of black crochet silk and steel beads. Three spools of silk and 15 bunches of steel beads, size 4, will be required.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12605, blue, 20 cents. Some of these designs are illustrated on handkerchiefs at the foot of the page. There are 12 different ones with duplicates of each, and all are exquisitely dainty in effect.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12604, blue, 20 cents. There is no daintier Christmas present than one of these hand-worked handkerchiefs. The design supplies 12 different motifs with duplicates of each.



These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Three Patterns Free with a Subscription at \$2.00 per annum, sent direct to the Canadian Home Journal.





# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

### MRS. TODD'S MESSAGE.

MRS. WILLIAM TODD, president of Ontario Women's Institutes, vice-president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, was unable to be present at the Ottawa Convention and she sent this inspiring message.

Greetings to the Women's Institutes of Eastern Ontario, in Convention assembled at the "Chateau Laurier," Ottawa. The setting of the stage in the beautiful Banquet Hall, is most fitting, for though our Ontario Women's Institutes are young in years, the principles and aims of our organization, are fundamental to the nation's life.

For fifteen years our Women's Institute was the one movement tending to the improvement of living conditions in rural Ontario; not better farming, nor better business methods in marketing, but better living was our special interest.

We stood unexamined, unchallenged, but accepted and recognized as a force in the development of rural life, which radiated from the home as the centre of community and national life.

So, unchallenged, the Great War found us, and the trial by battle, to which we, with others, were subjected, was met by a record of united,

terest and true pleasure. Reaching out after a larger house-keeping, the Ontario Women's Institutes entered into a "Federation" one year and nine months ago—which we have decided to call two years. This Federation has shared in the testing of the Institute movement. The Federation welcomes the test; the only thing we need fear at all is indifference; that would be fatal. But the desire back of all the questioning and opposition has been to know and to judge of the value of the new relationships. The value of an organized work as compared with an unorganized effort, however greatly conceived or nobly executed, can not be consistently questioned to-day. The same great Creator, who "hath set the solitary in families," has as surely placed us in social and economic relationships where co-operation is needed as a rule of life and where co-ordination of our efforts in the moral and spiritual realms of life finds a parallel in the mighty economy of Nature itself. Ontario has a proud place as the pioneer of Women's Institutes work: her numbers add to her responsibility, especially in the Dominion Federation.

We must believe in our own organization, get a vision of the opportunities before us in Rural Canada, through such a national movement



### READY FOR CHRISTMAS

The turkeys in the Ontario farm yard do not realize that December is the "best time of the year."

though diverse, activities, unequalled in the sum total, and unexcelled in the greatness of sacrifice it entailed.

Reaction, common to all, followed the signing of the armistice, and in the questionings, the opposition, "the foes without and the fears within," which have assailed our Women's Institutes in these two years, we have been subjected to the trial by fire. These tests are valuable; virtue, untried, is a weak thing; unexamined by ourselves and unchallenged by others, only an unworthy place could be accorded us in Canada's life, but these tests have clarified our vision, sloughed off some weaknesses, and strengthened us greatly where we need most to be strong—in an understanding of the ideals and aims of our Institute movement itself.

Never has our motto: "For Home and Country," meant more to us as Institute workers: "Home" is to-day, the whole round circle of life with influences the most lasting, the most far-reaching of all in human life.

The world, weary of strife and selfish gain, needs the home as never before, for, by action as by word, we must sound the warning: "The world is too much with us; late and soon getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." Especially should our rural home set such a standard of life, for the distractions of town and city life catch the vacant eye and mind of the uninformed and unobservant, and, too often pass for real in-

free from all the limitations which differences of creed, of class and of partizanship, create for our undoing as citizens, and then in very practical ways we shall make our dreams for a worthy rural community life come true. The Dominion Federation has outlined a programme of activities in Women's Institutes from Coast to Coast, and it is for each Province to be seized of the greatness of the task attempted, and do its part in the general forward movement, "For Home and Country."

Agriculture, the distinctive mark of the Women's Institute movement, the world over, is more than living on a farm; it is necessary that we recognize that upon our conception of agriculture as a way of life, rather than as a means to make a living, depends our future. There have been great empires in the past, whose people lost their vision of the one creative industry in the world, and pitched their tents over toward Sodom and Gomorrah, with much the same results which followed "Lot's folly." There are open doors on every hand to make rural life desirable through our Women's Institute.

Our Education Department is alive to the needs of our Rural Schools; the Department of Public Health seeks a medium through which to offer its great service to the people in the rural sections of Ontario. Our own department was never more ready to give of its best to solve

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)

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Specialists in all Branches of Interior Decoration.

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# A Gillette Safety Razor for CHRISTMAS

The well-chosen Christmas gift must, first of all, be useful. The Gillette Safety Razor has an advantage here. 365 days in the year it is useful. It relegates stropping and honing to the past; it cuts down the shaving minutes; it makes shaving easy and the chin comfortable.

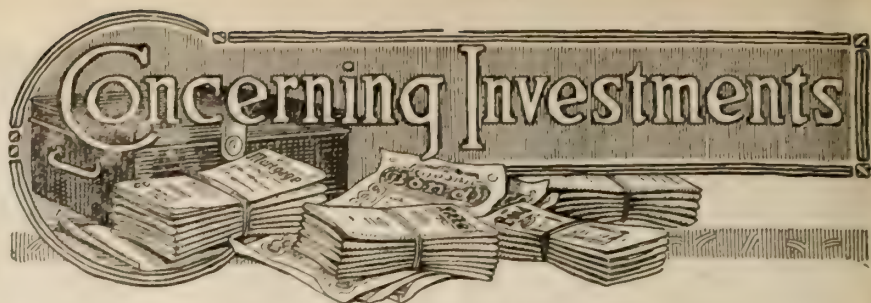
And a Christmas gift should last. The Gillette Safety Razor never wears out. A razor is as young as its blade. Every time the little waferlike Gillette blade is renewed, the owner has a new razor.

And then the status of the gift. Its reputation must be beyond question. The Gillette Safety Razor is known by every man everywhere as the best that money can buy, and there are few suitable gift articles the best of which can be bought for \$5.00.

Give him a Gillette for Christmas—the gift that has the “edge” on others.



**\$5<sup>00</sup>**  
the  
Set



By NORMAN HARRIS

Osgoode Sta.

Editor Concerning Investments:

Could you give any information concerning International Portland Cement Company, of Spokane, U.S.A.? Are they operating? Are they paying dividends? And what are their future prospects?

N. F.

INTERNATIONAL Portland Cement Company has its general offices in Spokane, Washington. The shares are not traded in or quoted in Canada so far as I have knowledge. The company, in the 1918 year, issued a statement to its shareholders, which recited that the occurrence of the war had put an end to most domestic construction, but that for the 1919 year large sums of money would be spent by the national State and County governments in the building of concrete highways and other works. The company supposed that fifty millions of dollars would be expended in these and other works. They looked forward to a much heavier demand for their cement, in anticipation of which the cement plant was enlarged, and the quarry operations were being converted into a steam shovel proposition which was estimated to reduce quarry costs materially. The last statement I have seen was for the year 1918, which shows that the company has issued \$2,658,000 of preference and common stock, and \$165,000 of bonds. The liabilities statement showed no bank loans, and only fair sums representing notes and accounts payable. The valuation of the total assets was \$2,984,732. The company paid in dividends during 1918, some \$95,067. I would class the stock as still decidedly speculative in nature, either preference or common, but apparently considerable headway has been made and possibly the last annual report will make a better showing than the one treated here.

#### Speculation.

THESE columns contemplate aiding the reader to an understanding of investment problems, much more than to help him on the way if he chooses to be a speculator. But there is a place for speculation, and a time for it, and there are securities which are by nature of a speculative class. Stock in Hollinger mines would appear to be a reasonable speculative purchase at the present time. The price of the share on the market is around \$5.50. The mine has an estimated ore reserve equal to a value of forty million dollars. The management is first-class, the mine has the ore, the equipment, and it lacks only sufficient skilled labor to greatly increase its output. The expectation amongst those who have looked into the Hollinger position, is that when the opportunity becomes more favorable, the size of the dividend will be increased. When that is done, the stock should be worth more money on the market.

#### Tire and Rubber Companies.

I THINK a general warning at this time should be made public, advising people that they might better decide not to embark funds, large or small, in any new tire and rubber company or in any new motor company, unless the corporation can show that to an extent at least, it is on its feet when the securities are offered for sale. The motor tire business is in a very bad way. The factories of the

United States have equipped themselves for a possible production of fifty-five million tires per annum. The present consumption is at the rate of about forty million tires per annum. The plants have now large stocks of tires and rubber on hand, and their first thought is to get their tires sold. They are bound to sell these tires, for more reasons than one, and no small company, just starting out with its overhead expense at the highest point, can hope to compete with them.

#### A New Plan of Financial Promotion.

ON the first page of the Financial section of Toronto "Saturday Night" there appeared recently a very comprehensive and interesting account of the invasion by Canada of a new school of financial people from the United States. Brokerage houses are being organized who are employing salesmen to sell securities in new financial corporations. Each salesman is instructed to approach the prospect in a certain manner, to use a stereotyped form of address, and to place his proposal in a form dictated in so many words by the brokerage concern. These new selling agencies do not appear to be exercising very great discrimination in the selection of their employees. These employees, or salesmen, are instructed to try to get the money in one visit, and first of all, to make the prospect qualify by having him say whether he has or has not the money to embark in a proposition if it is offered him. Apparently, if the man or woman tells such a visitor to come back the second time, this prospect is struck off the list. Canadians should keep a shrewd eye out for such agents. Their offerings may be good or bad; the point is, full information should be demanded and obtained on such offerings.

#### Good Time to Invest.

THERE never has been a better time for the acquisition by the investor of the first mortgage bond or the municipal debenture. These interest securities are giving at present a very tempting yield, and the investor is reminded that this yield endures not only for a year, but over the entire term of the bond until the same reaches maturity. To purchase a bond to-day that yields almost seven per cent. is to own a security which in future years should be worth much more money when interest rates have fallen to the point that the borrower does not have to offer seven per cent. in order to secure the needed money.

#### Speculation and Investment.

THE man who unconsciously deludes himself, or who does it wilfully, by speculating when he should be investing, only has to give the matter sufficient time, to realize that investment is the rock of Gibraltar and speculation is a castle of salt. Common stock of Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Limited, a comparatively new sugar promotion launched by D. Lorne McGibbon interests, has sold this year on the market at over par. At this writing it is quoted at sixteen dollars per share. The difference between the two sums is eighty-four dollars, representing the loss between the two points. Common stocks do not take the place of first-class investment issues. Many a person comes to the verge of ruin before he learns the lesson.

#### Information Coupon

December, 1920.

If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

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## Canadian Women's Institutes

### RESOLUTIONS OF ONTARIO INSTITUTES.

The Board of Directors of the Women's Institutes of Ontario submitted for the approval of the Convention, recently held in Toronto, the following resolutions:—

1. That the resolution from the district of North Lanark, asking for a more rigid censorship of moving picture advertisements be heartily endorsed, and that the Board of Censors encourage a more general use of educational films.

2. Resolution from Western Ontario Women's Institutes disapproving of the Act of the Dominion Government in rescinding the order-in-council prohibiting the importation of Liquor into the province, the effect of such act being to practically render void the vote of the people in the province enacting prohibition to the full extent allowed by the Provincial Government.

Your Committee endorse the proposed legislation prohibiting the importation of liquor into any province, which by vote of the people has enacted prohibitory legislation, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Hon. the Prime Minister at Ottawa and Toronto.

3. Regarding the Resolution from the Western Ontario Women's Institutes regarding the safeguarding of the highways of the province, the Committee desire that the Ontario Motor League be requested to provide more stringent legislation regarding the safeguarding of the highways of the Province.

4. Resolution from the Western Ontario Women's Institutes regarding public bathing houses; the Committee considered this a local matter and not of a sufficiently general character to call for action by this Convention.

5. The Committee puts themselves on record with the Muskoka Districts as strongly disapproving of the tendency at the present time to immodest dress and would further add that they consider one of the chief causes of this is the lack of home training and the generally relaxed discipline of the home.

6. That the Resolution from the Western Ontario Women's Institutes "THAT legislation be introduced raising the age of consent in seduction cases under the criminal code from 16 to 18 years," be endorsed.

7. That the Resolution from the Western Ontario Women's Institutes "THAT, in the opinion of this association, the Dewar Act should be so amended that a woman's interests in her husband's real property should be absolute and not dependent upon his death. AND FURTHER that every married woman whose husband is the owner of Real Property should be entitled to vote at Municipal Elections, be endorsed."

8. We are grateful for the assistance heretofore given us by the Department and trust that by our service to Home and Country, we may merit continued support.

9. WHEREAS, some of the Institutes have already granted life membership and

10. WHEREAS it is desirable to place the granting of life membership upon a definite basis, BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED

(a) That life memberships granted by Branch and District Institutes be recognized.

(b) That Branch Institutes be empowered to grant life membership upon the payment of \$5.00 to the local Branch.

(c) That District Institutes be empowered to grant life membership upon the payment of \$10.00 to the district and \$5.00 to the Branch.

(d) That the Provincial Federation be empowered to grant life membership upon the payment of \$10.00 to the Federation; \$10.00 to the district and \$5.00 to the branch.

(e) That life membership will entitle the holder to voting power in the Branch Institutes only.

THAT in the development of the Hydro Electric System of the Province, every consideration be given to the needs of the farm and farm home.



# Dunlop Cord Tires

have experienced a remarkable year. As a matter of fact, we doubt if ever in the history of the industry a tire has been received with greater acclaim than DUNLOP CORD. We expect our Cord Tire capacity to be taxed to the limit for 1921 demand. It would be advisable for you to purchase your requirements early.

¶ Tread Toughness, Greater Air Capacity, No Separation, No Weak Walls—these factors make for Security when your car is equipped with DUNLOP TIRES.

¶ We have scores of excellent tributes to "TRACTION" CORD TIRES. Here is a sample testimony (the excerpt being from a Winnipeg motorist's letter of June 17th, 1920):—

"Have also taken a trip from Winnipeg to Toronto and return, and your Tires have now covered in the neighborhood of 20,000 miles and are still in good shape."

## DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO., Limited

Head Office and Factories: TORONTO  
Branches in the Leading Cities

## GOOD THINGS IN 1921

THERE are many good things awaiting you in the JOURNAL numbers which will bloom in 1921. Mrs. Green, the editor of our JOURNAL JUNIORS' department, was appointed during the year, and is giving us a delightful new story, "The Wind Wheel of the Djinn." Short stories by our best-known writers will be found in the year's fiction, and you all know, by this time, what a valuable page you have in "Health and the Home," written by one of Canada's best-known women physicians. Mary Neil will send us the latest advice on cookery, illustrated by photographs which are good enough to eat. We published during last year a series of articles by Mrs. Becker on the "Woman Citizen." We have an article on "Alberta's Official Guardian Act," by Elizabeth Bailey Price, and, from time to time, will publish contributions on legislation which affects the home.

As to fashions, we have selections from the "Pictorial Review" pages—and what every woman knows is that the "Pictorial Review" patterns mean a perfect fit.



# COOKS!

You will immensely improve the tastiness of dishes and add tremendously to their nourishing value if you use plenty of

## BOVRIL

### The Best Part of Dinner

is the exhilarating, digestive-helping café noir. Particularly true, when the Coffee used is

#### SEAL BRAND COFFEE

—the fragrant, satisfying, upland-grown Coffee, rich, mellow, nourishing, blended and roasted. In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2-lb. Tins, hermetically sealed. Whole, ground, or FINE-ground (for Tricolators or the ordinary percolators).

"Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made" free on request. WRITE us for it.

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL.



### Beautiful Women

To be truly beautiful, must have a clear skin. Without it the charm is lacking. Most women have good skins, but have neglected to care for them. Pimples, Blackheads or blotches, rough or oily skin will completely disfigure an otherwise beautiful face. If you have neglected your skin, you will receive immediate help from the use of Princess Preparations, successful for 27 years in the treatment of all non-infectious diseases. We will be glad to advise you. Consultation FREE.

Princess Complexion Purifier ..... \$1.50  
Princess Skin Food ..... 1.50  
Princess Cinderella Cold Cream.... .75  
Princess Face Powder (all shades) .75

Sample of Cold Cream or Face Powder on request. The above preparations will be sent with full instructions for home use, to any address post free on receipt of price.

The Hiscott Institute, Limited  
61B COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.



### This light, dry fleecy wadding

Applied (straight from the box) to any chill-caused ache, attacks the trouble at its source, and gives quick and sure relief. It is "grateful warmth" in dry, convenient form.

**THERMOGENE**  
CURATIVE WADDING

From Your Druggist  
50c



**Vapo-Cresolene**  
Est. 1879

A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds  
The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use, you just hold the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed. The soothing anti-epileptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the soreness and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs, Nasal Catarrh and Asthma. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

SALE BY DRUGGISTS  
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,  
Leeming-Miles Bldg.  
Montreal



## Puddings, Pies and Cakes For the Holiday Season

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

### "There Is Always Pleasure In Variety"

**Plum Pudding.**—Two cupfuls of currants, one cupful of seedless raisins, one cupful of seeded raisins, two cupfuls of chopped suet, one cupful each of brown and maple sugar, one cupful of shredded mixed candied peels, one-half pound of peeled and chopped apples, one cupful of bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, grated rinds one orange and one lemon, one tablespoonful of powdered mixed spices, five eggs, one cupful of fruit juice.

Clean fruits carefully and put them into a large mixing bowl, add suet, sugars, peels, apples, bread crumbs, baking powder, flour, salt, rinds of orange and lemon, spices, eggs well beaten, and fruit juice. Mix thoroughly and allow to stand in a cool place for one hour. Divide into two well greased moulds, cover and steam steadily for ten hours. The puddings may be boiled instead of steamed.

Turn out and serve with hard sauce or liquid sauce. The puddings may be kept in a cool place for several weeks before using them and reboiled or steamed for several hours as required.

Left over cold plum pudding is very good if cut in slices and fried in a little hot butter. If desired, plum puddings may be decorated with whipped and sweetened cream, or whipped evaporated milk and sprigs of holly.

**Vegetarian Plum Puddings.**—Sift two cupfuls of flour into a bowl, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and sift again, then cut and rub in one-half cupful of vegetable fat until free from lumps. Add one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, one-fourth pound each of cooked mashed carrots and mashed potatoes, one cupful each of seedless raisins, currants, and shredded candied citron peel. Mix all together, add two tablespoonfuls of corn syrup and one cupful of milk and put the mixture into a well greased bowl. Cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for five hours. Turn out and serve with lemon sauce.

**Fruitarian Plum Pudding.**—Two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one cupful of seeded raisins, two cupfuls each of currants and seedless raisins, one-half cupful of chopped preserved cherries, three-fourths of a cupful of brown sugar, one cupful each of mixed chopped nut meats, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chopped candied mixed peels, grated rind and juice of one lemon, one-fourth cupful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, nutmeg and cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and three eggs.

Put bread crumbs into a large bowl, add fruits, sugar, nuts, salt, lemon, butter, spices, baking powder and eggs well beaten. Mix thoroughly and pour into a well greased mould, cover and steam steadily for six hours. Turn out and serve hot with liquid sauce.

**Pumpkin Pie.**—Three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of powdered cinnamon and powdered ginger, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of steamed and strained pumpkin, three eggs, two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and pastry.

Put the sugar into a bowl, add spices, salt, pumpkin, eggs slightly beaten, milk and butter. Mix and pour into a pastry-lined pie plate and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. When a silver knife is inserted in the pie and comes out from it clear, it is done. In baking pies they should, if possible, be kept from boiling. Pumpkin, squash and custard pies will become watery if allowed to boil. Serve cold. If desired, serve with cottage cheese balls and strained honey.

**New and Quick Mince Pie.**—Two cupfuls of currants, one cupful of sugar, four apples, grated rind and juice of one-half lemon, and one-half cupful of suet. Wash and pick the currants, pare, core and chop the apples. Mix all together. Use the day it is made.

**Mince Meat for Pies.**—One cupful of suet, two cupfuls of seedless raisins, one cupful of currants, one cupful of figs, one cupful of apples, two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, two cupfuls of mixed candied peels, one-half cupful of nut meats, one tablespoonful of mixed spices, the rinds and strained juice of two lemons, one-half cupful of grape juice and one-half teaspoonful of salt.

Pick and clean the currants and raisins. Peel and core the apples and chop them. Shred the peels finely and add the nut meats. Remove the stalks from the figs, wash them in very hot water, then dry and cut them in small pieces.

Put all into a large bowl and add the spices, also the suet chopped and the lemon rinds grated and mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon, then add the marmalade, the lemon juice, grape juice and the salt and mix again. Cover and stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours, then mix once more and pack into pots or jars. Tie a piece of parchment over the top of the pots to make them perfectly airtight and keep the mince meat in a cool place. Do not use for several weeks.

**To Make Individual Mince Pies.**—Roll out pastry to one-eighth of an inch in thickness and stamp out rounds with a cutter three or four inches in diameter. Wet round the edge of half the number of rounds with a little cold water and put a good teaspoonful of mince meat in the centre of each. Cover with the other rounds of pastry and press the two edges well together. Make a small hole on the top of each pie, brush them over with slightly beaten white of egg and dredge them with sugar. Place the pies on a greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven until the pastry is well risen and nicely browned. When ready dredge again with sugar and serve hot. This may also be made into a large pie and ice cream served with each portion.

**Old-Fashioned Apple Pie.**—Line a pie plate with pastry and fill with thinly sliced tart apples, add a little water and cover it with a top crust made a little richer than the under one, which is easily done by rolling in pieces of butter and folding the paste several times. Cut a few slits in the centre to allow steam to escape while cooking. Brush over the top with beaten egg. When baked and still hot remove the top crust carefully, add one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg and two teaspoonfuls of butter and beat well into the cooked apples. Replace the top crust and sprinkle with sugar.

**Cranberry Pie.**—Line a pie plate with pastry. Mix together two and one-half cupfuls of cranberries, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-fourth cupful of water, one teaspoonful of lemon extract and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cover with upper crust or a lattice of pastry strips, or bake without any upper crust. Decorate when done with pastry baked in fancy shapes.

**Another Method.** Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of cranberries, one-half cupful of seedless raisins, one cupful of grated maple sugar, one-fourth cupful of water and three tablespoonfuls of butter and fill into a pastry lined tin.

### HEALTH AND THE HOME

Read what our Family Physician has to say about the extremely live topic of health, especially as it relates to home life and happiness.





## Wholesome Foods Make Husky Boys

It is not so much the quantity as the quality of food a boy eats that conduces to his physical development.

And the same thing applies to any individual—child or grown-up. Particularly in these times is it essential to bear this fact in mind.

The materials which go into the manufacture of Bowes' Mince Meat have been selected with this point in view, and the utmost in food value is the result.

Buy a trial tin from your grocer and see what enjoyable pies you can make.

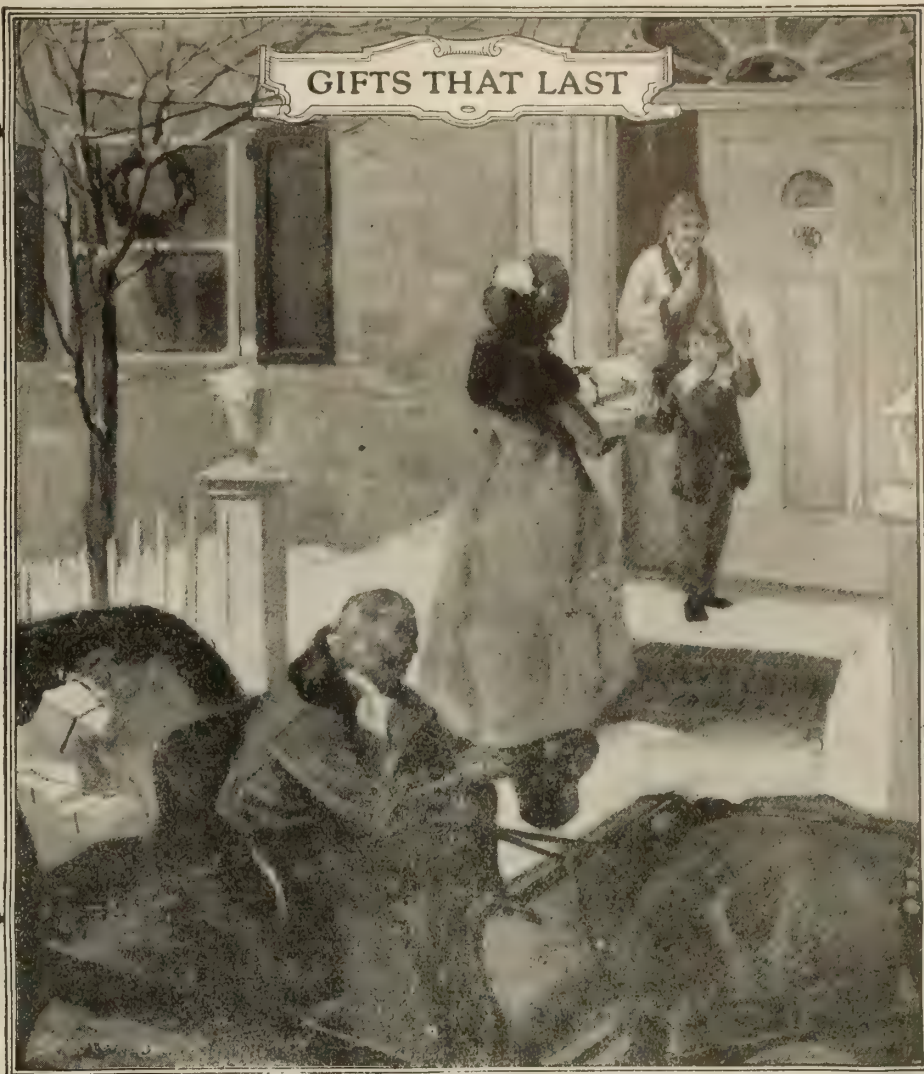


Mince Meat in  
Its Most  
Wholesome Form

## A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

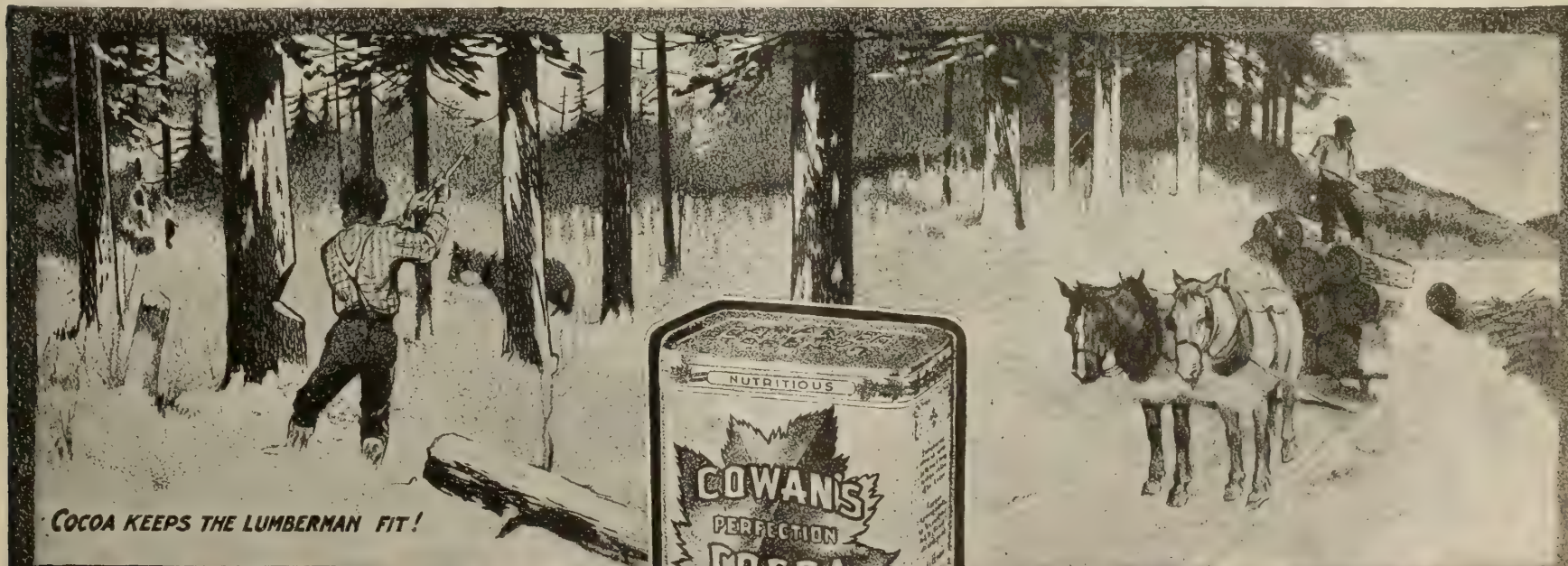


## THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL

LIKE Love's benediction comes the Spirit of Christmas-time, the greatest gift of all—the Gift of Giving. Throughout the ages it has lasted, deep in the hearts of men, bringing forever its joy and happiness.

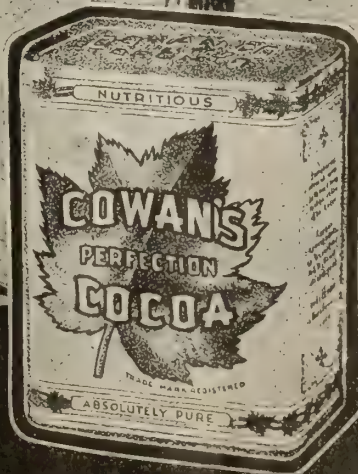
IT is best expressed by the most enduring of man-made gifts—those of the Jeweler's Handicraft, beautiful Gifts that last.

DIAMONDS · PEARLS · GEMS · JEWELRY · WATCHES  
CLOCKS · SILVERWARE



COCOA KEEPS THE LUMBERMAN FIT!

**COWAN'S**  
"Perfection"



**COCOA**  
Brand"

NUTRITIOUS & STRENGTHENING — IT FIGHTS THE COLD.



# Hear Rachmaninoff on the New Edison

THIS illustration is reproduced from an actual photograph of Rachmaninoff playing the Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) while the New Edison RE-CREATED his previous rendition of the same composition.

The absolute fidelity of the RE-CREATION to the artist's original performance amazed and astonished the listeners.

Once more the New Edison's perfect Realism was proved by the acid test of direct comparison.

We are very glad to announce that Rachmaninoff has also made recordings for one of the standard talking machines. We invite comparison. Hear Rachmaninoff at the store of any Edison dealer.

Thos. A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

## EDISON RACHMANINOFF RE-CREATIONS

Now on Sale (Others to be Released Later)

No. 82169 Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) Part 1

No. 82169 Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) Part 2

No. 82170 Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) Part 3 (With Mr. Rachmaninoff's Cadenza)

No. 82170 Pastorale (*Scarlatti-Tausig*)

No. 82187 Prelude In C Sharp Minor, Op. 3 (*Rachmaninoff*)

No. 82187 Polka de W. R. (*Rachmaninoff*)

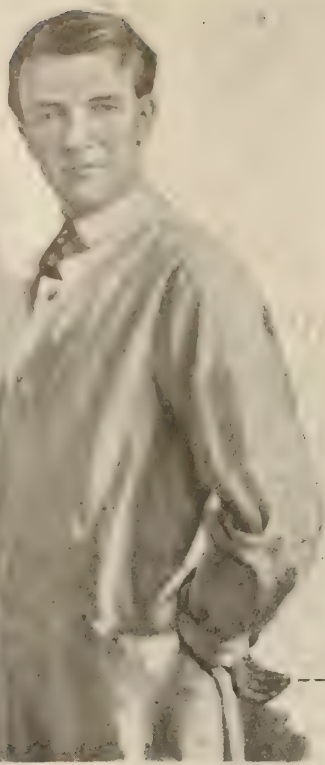
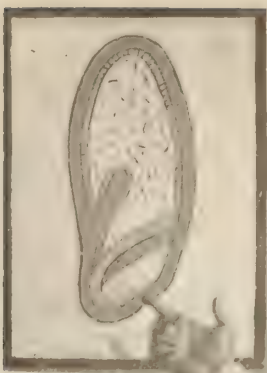
From an actual photograph taken in Mr. Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City











## The Wonders Of a grain of wheat

Each wheat kernel contains over 125,000,000 food cells. It embodies 16 elements—practically everything the body needs. It is rich in needed minerals—the leading food of the world.

But in whole-wheat bread the elements pass largely undigested. Experiments show that 25% of the protein is lost, and 51% of the minerals.

### Food cells must be broken

The food cells must be broken to digest. Cooking breaks only part of them. So Prof. A. P. Anderson invented a process which now blasts them all.

He seals the wheat in guns, then applies for an hour 550 degrees of heat. About 10% of the kernel is water. The trifle of moisture in each food cell is by this process changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot and over 100 million steam explosions occur inside each kernel. Every food cell is blasted.

The wheat kernels are puffed to bubbles—airy, flimsy, flaky globules—eight times normal size.

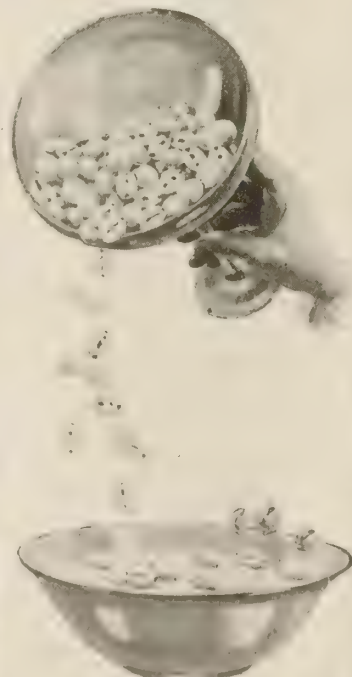
### Scientific food delights

That is Puffed Wheat. Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

The grains are thin, crisp, toasted tidbits, fascinating in texture and in flavor. Millions of children find in them the finest foods they know.

They do not tax digestion. Every atom feeds. They are all-hour foods to be served in many ways.

If you don't serve Puffed Grains in all inviting ways, you are missing the world's greatest food delights.



Puffed to bubbles  
8 times normal size

### Puffed Wheat

### Puffed Rice

Toasted whole grains  
Puffed to bubbles, 8 times  
normal size

Flimsy and flavory, easy  
to digest

### At night, Puffed Wheat in milk

The greatest cereal dish for luncheons or for suppers is Puffed Wheat in milk. This means whole wheat made delightful and easy to digest. Nothing else you can serve in milk makes such a perfect dish.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

the questions throbbing at the heart of our people in Rural Ontario.

In our "Federation," we have laid foundations according to our Women's Institute ideals of growth; we have guarded as our most precious asset, necessary to our progress, the individual initiative and development from within of our own membership, which have distinguished this movement at all times.

Every branch in the farthest outpost of our Province has equal representation with the branch nearest the centre. Every Province-wide movement, whether official as the various departments of Government, or voluntary as the Social Service Council, the Home and School Council, etc., is asking that representatives of our Provincial Board sit in consultation

being \$3,112.75. At our annual it was definitely decided to have Medical Inspection, and arrangements were made with the Department, for the carrying out of the same. The following resolution was presented to the County Council by a delegation of four ladies, the day after the annual meeting: "Resolved that the Women's Institute of North Lanark, hereby memorialize the County Council that suitable accommodation and attention be provided for the indigent and aged sick who cannot be admitted to any other Institution than the House of Industry of Lanark and Renfrew."

We make the proud boast of having as one of our branches, a very wide 'awake Girls' Institute possessed of boundless energy, their activities this year including plain sewing for the



### A SEWING LESSON

This is a scene in one of Winnipeg's schools where boys' and girls' clubs have special instruction.

with them for a united power for good in the land.

In our Federation, with its standing committees, we leave with you a far-reaching constructive policy which with the wide vision and generous grasp of which we know you to be capable will keep Ontario, the "Mother of Women's Institutes" in her well-earned, but most responsible place for leadership.

It is unnecessary to put our organization in detail before you; you have it in your booklet with the programme, but we place it with our successors in office, as but a foundation for a nobler and more comprehensive work in the future.

"Unless, above himself, he can erect himself;

How poor a thing is man!" says the poet and this is true, also of Women's Institutes to whose growth and influence we can see no bounds.

With all good wishes for successful Conventions.

### From North Lanark.

THE District of North Lanark includes eight branches, two of those being the towns of Carleton Place and Almonte, each of which has a large membership. Our annual meetings are always well attended, and each is better than the one preceding, our total receipts this year

Almonte hospital. 2. Organizing a Literary Society. 3. Social Service. 4. Visiting schools. 5. Repairing and fitting up a hall to hold meetings in. 6. Donating prizes to school fairs. 7. Class for Home Nursing (conducted by Miss Pirt, our summer lecturer) and a Sports Day at which \$40 was cleared.

Carleton Place branch had this year a membership of 135. Their work included help to the House of Industry (\$25), also a booth at the Chautauqua, which realized \$181, and serving a supper to the returned soldiers. A nursing class was organized with a membership of ninety-three. The classes were continued during the winter months, a number of the doctors and nurses, including Miss Catton, Supt. of General Hospital, Ottawa, assisting. The total receipts for the year were \$1,530.

Almonte held a Donation Day for the hospital, when large supplies of fruit, jelly, and eggs were received, also a cash donation. A sale of baking realized \$50 for the hospital, and a Souvenir Sale held during the "Old Boys' Reunion," resulted in the sum of \$500 being sent to the hospital. A series of lessons on "Home Nursing" was given by the President, and time and money spent relieving distress in destitute families during the winter.





*"The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?"*

## Facts about her skin that every girl should know

**I**S your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

Remember that each day old skin dies and new takes its place. You can make the new skin what you will—by regular, persistent care, you can overcome any condition that has been troubling you.

Is your skin dull, sallow, lacking in color and life—marred by blackheads—by ugly little blemishes? Is it too oily? Begin today to give it the right Woodbury treatment for its needs, and see how quickly, with this care, its own vital power will help you to overcome its defects.

### *How to keep your skin fine in texture*

Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not

functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should.

To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments the drawn feeling will disappear, and your face will emerge from its nightly bath with such a new, healthful sense of softness and smoothness that you cannot help realizing the good this treatment is doing your skin.

Use it persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

### *"Your treatment for one week"*

*A beautiful little set of Woodbury's skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents*

Send 25 cents for this new miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first, the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5212 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.





# Columbia

## Grafonola

### Give Music This Christmas

Give your family a Columbia Grafonola with Columbia Records for Christmas. Then right at your fireside you will find such famous *exclusive* Columbia popular artists as Al Jolson, Bert Williams, Frank Crumit, Harry Fox, Marion Harris, Nora Bayes, Ted Lewis' Jazz Band, and Van and Schenck; such *exclusive* Columbia opera stars as Barrientos, Gordon, Hackett, Ponselle, and Stracciari; and a world of other artists besides. Call on any Columbia dealer and he will gladly demonstrate that the Columbia Grafonola playing their Columbia Records always gives you exact *reproductions* of the music these artists themselves *produced* on the original wax in the Columbia Laboratory.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., TORONTO



#### The Only Non Set Automatic Stop

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. Never stops before it should. Always stops at the very end. Exclusively on the Columbia Grafonola.



Standard Models up to \$360

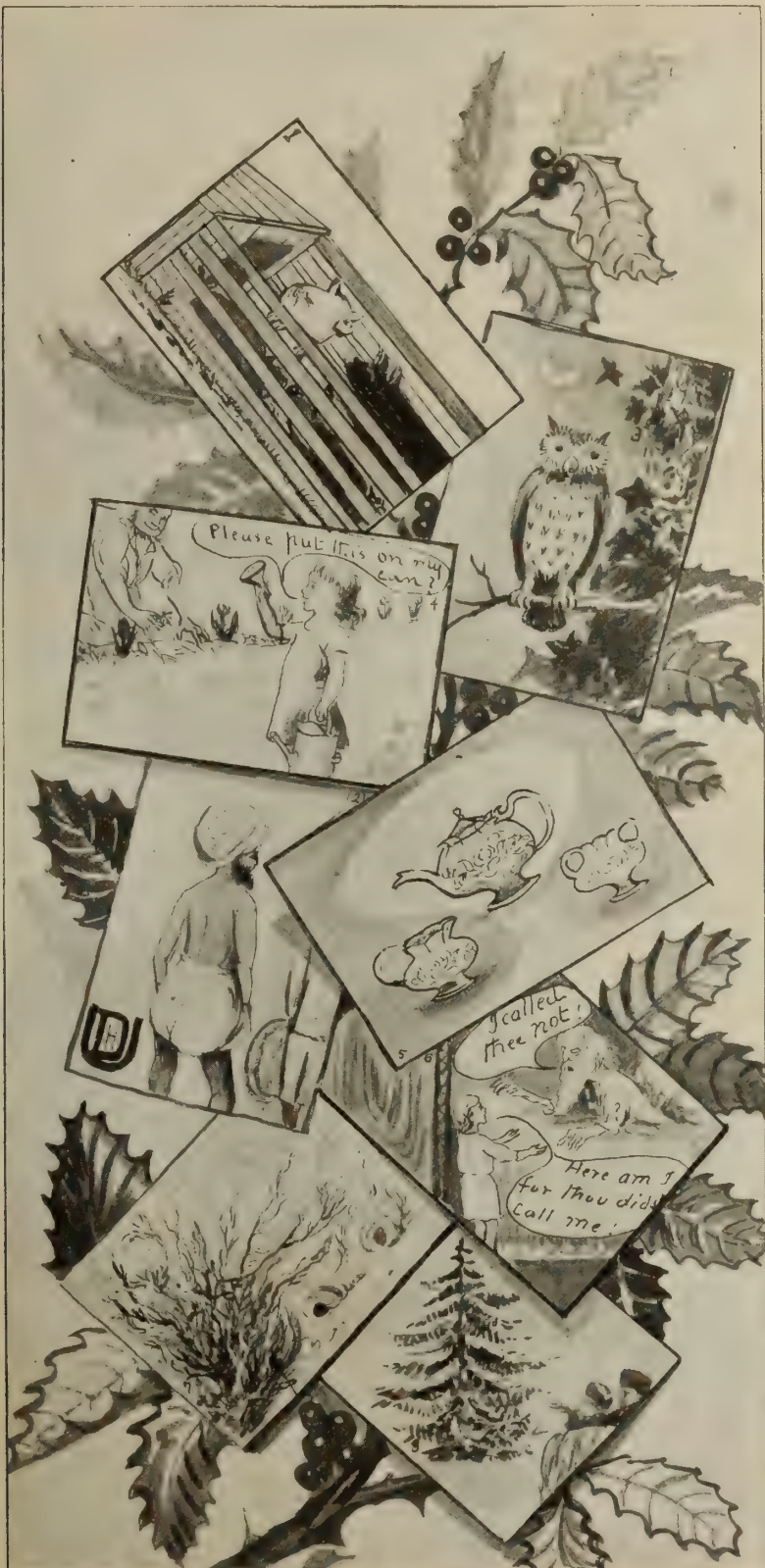


## The Journal Puzzle for December

By TOM WOOD

Guess the things pictured on each of these eight cards. Now place in proper order and, if correct, the initials will spell a unique "day" in the year, found only in December.

The finals will give you the name of a certain period, also found in December only.



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by December 20th to be included.


### Correct Solution of the October Puzzle

Circular pictures—Goat, Inch, Vanilla, Iron (Cross), Neck, Grapes.

Figures—Pears, Rye, Oats, Squash, Peaches, Egg Plant, Radishes, Indian Corn, Tomato, "Y."

First prize, C. M. Haslam, Springfield, P.E.I.; second prize, Miss Mae Butler, 1143 Alder Avenue, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



### Which Shall It Be?

A Crepe Georgette Waist; or one of Voile?

You can get these popular materials and others—in dainty, exclusive styles, smartly tailored, at popular prices—in

## Mack Waists

It does not pay to make Waists at home, when MACK WAISTS are so good and so reasonably priced.

They are cut generously in full sizes.

They are designed by artists; and tailored with those little niceties of finish and trim that every woman appreciates.

MACK WAISTS have established their reputation for sound values—the Trademark is a guarantee of quality.

Ask to see MACK WAISTS at your favorite stores.

Fashioned by  
**McCutcheon Waist Co. Limited**  
323 St. James St., Montreal.

THE **Mack** BRAND  
REGISTERED

## PALL MALL

### FAMOUS CIGARETTES



CORK AND PLAIN

ONE SHILLING AND THREE PENCE IN LONDON  
THIRTY CENTS HERE



— at the Tea Hour





*"Oh, How Warm that Feels!"*

Apply "Vaseline" Capsicum Jelly immediately your children feel any tightness or congestion in chest or throat. It is an invaluable safeguard against chest colds. Just a little bit rubbed on the skin sends a warm, comforting glow through the affected part.

If "Vaseline" Capsicum Jelly is applied at night the trouble is gone in the morning. Better than a mustard plaster—does the work and doesn't blister—not so mussy and a surer way to ward off a cold.

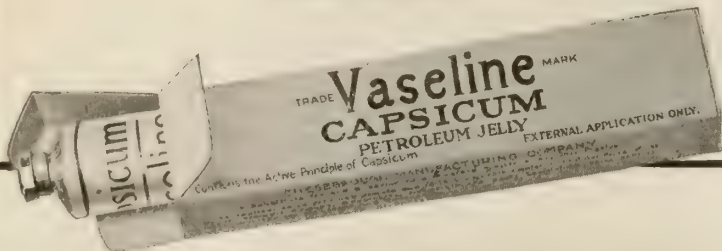
At your druggist's.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
(Consolidated)

1880 Chabot Avenue

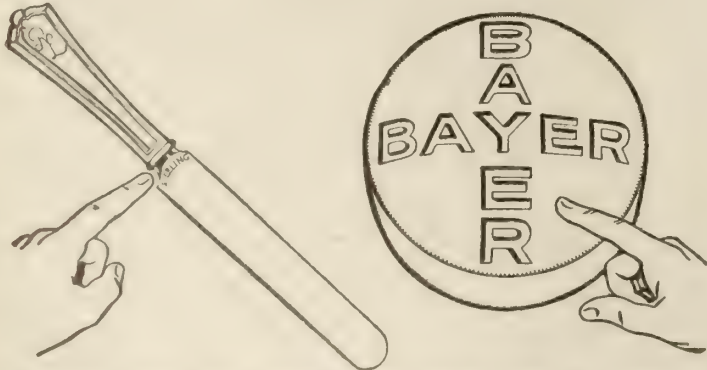
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No Cooking.



For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

## My Christmas Burglary

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

footmen, too, for at sight of me descending the stairs in my idiotic outfit they betrayed no surprise at all. One of them set his tray down on a table, stepped neatly ahead as Mr. Felix reached the lowest stair, and opened a door for us on the right. I found myself at a stand on the threshold, blinking at a blaze of light, and staring up a perspective of waxed floor at a miniature stage which filled the far end of the room. Light, as everyone knows, travels faster than sound; were it not so, I should say that almost ahead of the blaze there broke on us a din of voices—of happy children's voices. Certainly it stunned my ears before I had time to blink.

The room was lined with children—scores of children; and some of them were gathered in little groups, and some of them, panting and laughing from their dance, had dropped into the chairs, ranged along the walls. But these were the minority. The most of the guests lay in cots, or sat with crutches beside them, or with hands dropped in their laps. These last were the blind ones. I do not set up to be a lover of children; but the discovery that the most of these small guests were crippled hit me with a kind of pitiful awe; and right on top of it came a second and worse shock, to note how many of them were blind.

To me those blind eyes were the only merciful ones, as Mr. Felix beckoned Father Christmas to follow him up to the stage between the two lines of curious gazers. "O-oh!" had been their first cry, as they caught sight of me in the doorway; and "O-oh!" I heard them murmuring, child after child, in long-drawn fugue, as we made our way up the long length of the room that winked detection from every candle, every reflector, every foot of its polished floor.

We gained the stair together by a short stairway draped with flags. Mr. Felix with a wave of his opera hat, called on the orchestra to strike up "A Fine Old English Gentleman," (meaning me or, if you like it, Father Christmas; and I leave you to picture the fool I looked). Then, stepping to the footlights, he introduced me, explaining that he had met me wandering upstairs, rifling his most secret drawers to fill my bag with seasonable presents for them. Five or six times he interrupted his patter to pluck a cracker or a bon-bon out of my beard, and toss it down to the audience. The children gasped at first, and stared at the magic spoil on the floor. By-and-by one adventurous little girl crept forward, and picked up a cracker, and her cry of delight as she discovered that it was real, gave the signal for a general scramble. Mr. Felix continued his patter without seeming to heed it; but his hand went up faster and faster to my beard and wig, and soon the crackers were falling in showers. I saw children snatch them off the floor and carry them to their blind brothers and sisters, pressing them between the wondering, groping hands with assurance that they were real. . . . Mr. Felix saw it, too, and his flow of words ceased with a gulp, as though a flowing spring gurgled suddenly, and withdrew itself underground. "I am a sentimentalist," he said to me quickly, in a pause which nobody heeded; for by this time crackers were banging to right and left, and the children shouting together. Their shouts rose to one yell of laughter as, recovering himself, he dived at my neck, and produced the two struggling rabbits. His opera hat opened with a snap, and in they went. A second later it shut flat again, and they were gone, into thin air. He opened the hat with a puzzled frown, plunged a hand, and dragged forth yard upon yard of ribbon—red, green, white, blue, yellow ribbon, mixed up with packs of playing cards that, with a turn of the hand he sent spinning into air, to fall thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

"Your turn!" he panted as, at the end of the ribbon he lugged out an enormous cabbage, and trundled it down the room. Catching my bag from me, he shook his cloak over it once, and returned it to my hands, bulging, stuffed full to the brim with toys—dolls, tops, whips, trumpets, boxes of animals, boxes of tin soldiers. . . .

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



### An Appetizing Meat Loaf—

and made the new Cox way! Try this—

MEAT LOAF

1 envelope Cox's Gelatine, 2 cups (1½ pints) water, 1 teaspoon beef extract or bouillon cube, 1 cup (½ pint) chopped celery, 4 tablespoons chopped sweet red peppers, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 3 cups (¾ lb.) chopped cooked meat Parsley.

Pour water into a saucepan, sprinkle in Gelatine and dissolve over fire; add beef extract or bouillon cube and cook; then add celery, red peppers, seasoning and meat. Pour into a wet mold and leave in a cool place over night. Turn out at serving time, cut in slices and garnish with parsley.

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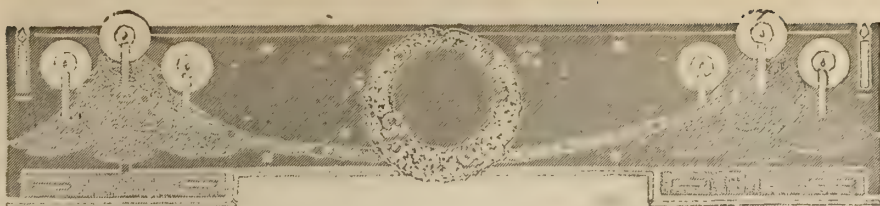
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Oldest and Largest Sweeper  
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## My Christmas Burglary

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

"Father Christmas, now! Make way for Father Christmas!"

The infection took me, and stumbling down from the stage by the stairway, I fell to distributing the largesse left and right. The first bagful carried me less than a third of the way down the room, for I gave with both hands, and, when a blind child fumbled long with a toy, dropped it at his feet, and tried another, and yet another till his smile suited me. The dropped toys lay where they had fallen. The spirit of the game had made me reckless; and I halted with a cold shiver as my fingers touched the gems at the bottom of the bag, and looking down the room, I was aware that my store was exhausted, and as yet two-thirds of the children had received no gift. I turned—all in a cold shiver—to retrace my steps and pick up the toys at the blind children's feet, and as I did so, felt myself a bungler past pardon. But in the act of turning, I cast a look back at the stage; and there stood Mr. Felix, nodding approval and beckoning. So, as in a dream, I went back. "Capital!" was his only comment. Taking my bag, he passed his cloak over it again, and again handed it to me, stuffed to the brim.

Thrice I returned it to him; but the third refill was a scanty one, since by this time there lacked but half-a-score of the taller children to be satisfied. To these, too, I distributed their gifts, and when every eager pair of hands had been laden, I wheeled about for the next word of command.

But Mr. Felix had skipped down from the stage, letting the curtain fall behind him. He stood with his back to me, waving both arms to the orchestra, and as the musicians plunged at the opening bars of the Toy Symphony, the curtain rose, almost as soon as it had dropped; and rose upon a scene representing a street with shops decked for Christmas, and snow upon their eaves and window ledges.

Then, still to the strains of the Toy Symphony, a Harlequin ran in, with a Columbine, whom he twisted upon his bent knee, and tossed lightly through the upper window of a baker's shop, himself diving a moment later, with a slap of his wand, through the flap of a fishmonger's door, hard by. Next, as on a frozen slide, came the clown, with red-hot poker, the Pantaloon tripping over his stick, and two Constables wreathed in strings of sausages. The Clown boxed the Pantaloon's ears; the Pantaloon passed on the buffet to the Constables, and all plunged together into the fishmonger's. The Clown emerged running with a stolen plaice, passed it into the hands of the Pantaloon, who followed, and was in turn pursued off the scene by the Constables; but the fishmonger, issuing last in chase, ran into the Clown, who caught up a barrel of red herrings and bonneted him. The fishmonger extricated himself, and the two began to pelt each other with herrings, while the children screamed with laughter.

It was a famous harlequinade; and, as usual, it concluded the entertainment. For after a harlequinade, what can stand between a child and happy dreams?—especially if he go to them

with his arms full of Christmas presents. Five minutes after the curtain had fallen I found myself standing beside Mr. Felix in the hall, while he bade good-night to his guests. Carriages of his hiring had arrived for them, and the coachmen apparently had received their orders. A dozen well-trained nurses moved about the hall and, having dressed the little ones—who by this time were almost too drowsy with pleasure to thank their entertainer—carried them out into the portico, where the liveried footmen stood by the carriage doors. Slam! went the doors, and one after another—with scarcely a word of command—the carriages bowled off over the thick snow.

When the last guest had gone, Mr. Felix turned to me.

"The play is over," said he. "When I am gone, it will be repeated year after year at Christmas, at the Cripples' Hospital. My will provides for that; and that will be my monument. But for a few years to come I hope to hold the entertainment here, in my own house. Come, you may take off your robe and wig and go in peace. I would fain have a talk with you, but I am tired, as perhaps you may guess. Go, then—and go in peace!"

Motioning the footman to fall back, he walked out with me and down the steps of the portico, but halted on the lowest step by the edge of the frozen snow, and with a wave of the hand dismissed me into the night.

I had gained the end of the street, and the bridge that there spans the river, before it occurred to me that I was carrying my bag, and—with a shock—that my bag still held the stolen jewels.

By the second lamp on the bridge I halted, lifted the bag on to the snow-covered parapet, thrust in a hand, and drew forth—a herring!

Herrings—red herrings—filled to the brim. I dragged them forth, and rained handful after handful overboard into the black water. Still, below them, I had hoped to find the jewels. But the jewels were gone, at least, I supposed that all were gone, when—having jettisoned the last herring—I groped around the bottom of the bag.

Something pricked my finger. I drew it out and held it under the lamp-light. It was a small turquoise brooch, set around with diamonds.

For at least two minutes I stared at it, there, under the lamp, and slipped it half-way into my waistcoat pocket; but suddenly took a new resolve, and walked back along the street to the house.

Mr. Felix yet stood on the lower step of the portico. Above him, still as a statue, a footman waited at the great house-door, until it should please his master to re-enter.

"Excuse me, sir—" I began, and held up the brooch.

"I meant it for you," said Mr. Felix quietly, affably, "I gave precisely five pounds for it, at an auction; and I warn you that it is worth just thrice that sum. Still, if you would prefer ready money, as in your circumstances I daresay you do"—he felt in his breeches pocket—"here are the five sovereigns, and—once more—go in peace."

places, everywhere it was the same thing. If a man was married then the first question was, 'Have you got any children back home?' And you knew he wasn't exactly pining to hear about your children, but to talk about his own. And if he wasn't married and he wanted to draw you out, it was the same thing: 'I suppose you've got a family hidden away somewhere?' I never felt so poverty stricken in my life. I used to laugh and say 'No, but I've got a husband,

and a ranch, and a hundred chickens, and so on. They tried to be interested, of course, but they weren't really. Even fighting was tame compared to the dangers of a family."

"That's a queer way of thinking of it," said Selina.

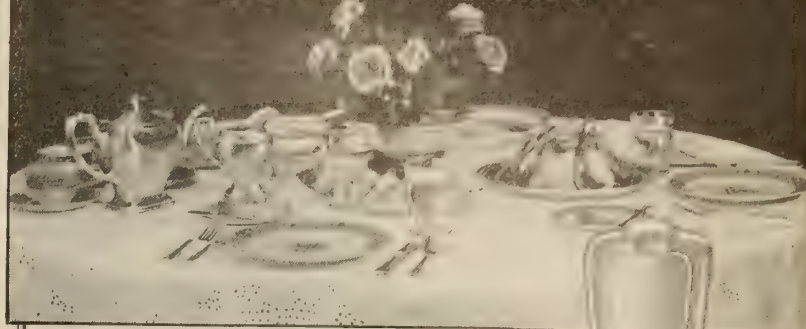
The clock struck twelve. There was a sound of doors opening, and with the coming of the men a wild hungry breath of the snow-filled prairie entered the warm house.

The doctor came into the room.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)

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## A Worker in Sandal Wood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living, but even while Hyacinthe looked growing hard and reddish-brown and settling back into the sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe lay still among the shavings for a long time, and then he crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent his first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and the splendor were such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed, on the foam of shavings, on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But, "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for He hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

### MRS. WARD, HER GREEK, AND HER POMERANIAN

FROM the truly great, Mrs. Humphry Ward would take any contradiction, mind leaping to mind. But let a lesser personality attempt to defame one of her idols—and there were many of them—and the lesser personality was not long in regretting his temerity, says Muriel Harris in "The North American Review." She could not even bear reflections on minor points, such as dress or bearing. Any one whom she had once canonized was, once for all, perfect—to be worshipped as she worshipped them. The same characteristic applied equally to causes. She could tolerate the point of view of her peer, but she simply could not bear the differing point of view of any lesser light. This sense of rightness and her power of expression made her a formidable antagonist.

My pleasantest memory of Mrs. Ward dates back to the spring before the war—a Sunday in her country house at Stocks. It was a day of fitful sunshine. Purple hyacinths scented the air and in the copse near the house daffodils bloomed, thousands of them, their yellow heads swept by the breeze. Patches of sunlight flecked the smooth lawn. The grandchildren were there—a little Mary, remarkably like her grandmother, with the keen eye, the dominant character, the tendency to brush aside the non-essential.

The kindest of women, Mrs. Ward never suffered fools gladly. In her early married days at Oxford, she was the centre of a group of intellectuals. She came of the George Eliot tradition, was indeed Eliza to her Elijah, carrying on George Eliot's passion for learning with perhaps something of the same self-consciousness that a woman should indeed read Greek before breakfast! But she mellowed greatly as she grew older and this mellowness was never more apparent than on that spring Sunday, in the tenderness which she showed to her own family, her passion for the flowers in her own beautiful home, her pride in her son, and her fondness for a little yapping Pomeranian dog, who, after the manner of Pomeranians all the world over, took liberties under her august protection, which did not make for his general popularity. I see her now, wearing a long cloak, sweeping, stately, across the wide lawn to greet her friends, her face alight and the dark, hawk-like features losing something of their keenness in the welcoming smile.

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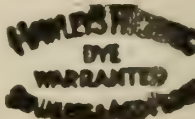
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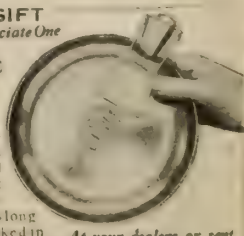
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His dull grey cloak of many folds was wrapped about him.

## The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

By BERTHA E. GREEN

THERE is a land where there are many mountains. Clouds float, roll, and swirl about their tops, but there is one mountain where, far below its peak, there is a ring of cloud that shuts off its top forever from the view of men. This mountain is unscalable, and even below the clouds, the snows lie all year round. Above the curtain of cloud that shuts off the world, the mountain top is flattened like a great uneven floor. Huge masses of jagged rock are strewn on this gigantic table, and there, amidst them, sits Aewol, the Djinn, the Master of the Winds.

As old as the mountains themselves is Aewol, and wondrously wise. Naught that happens in the world of men is hidden from him, for when he calls them, the winds bring back tales great and small of everything and everyone.

Beside the Djinn upon the mountain top is a great wheel, such a one as that upon which a fisher winds his nets to dry. As Aewol calls each wind back from its wandering, he winds slowly on his wheel, yet never is the wheel found over-full. For every wind reeled home, another is set free to go its way again.

It was in our December, near the last day, when the Djinn called for the return of a certain wind, a high East wind that had been abroad for many days. Swiftly it sped to Aewol on the mountain top, where it was gathered in by the wind's master, who bound it to his wheel.

It was a rough wind, and from its ceaseless driving over many lands was torn and ragged. Its voice was hoarse and hurried, as a passing hail from a ship in the night.

So to the Djinn came home the Ragged Easter, and as it was slowly wound upon the wheel, Aewol saw pictured on the wind the story of its wanderings, and heard the tales it had to tell.

His dull grey cloak of many folds was wrapped about him, and his hood was thrown back but enough to show the strong face and the eyes full of patience and understanding. Ceaselessly turning his wheel, the Djinn came to the story of a Christmas Eve. For hours the night had been moving on, and would soon make way for Christmas morning. A high wind, the Ragged Easter, swept in uneven swiftness on its way, now with the steady rushing of a rapid stream, now in swirling and uneven haste. It tossed the treetops in rough playfulness, and gathered up the powdered snow to scatter it abroad like sand again.

You would not think that the wind was carrying a passenger as smoothly and carefully as a broad river; yet it was so, and the passenger was Santa Claus.

It was not yet the hour of dawn, but close to it, when Santa Claus rode down a long slope of the East wind toward the last house that he wished to visit. There were no bright lights shining from the windows, but smoke and many sparks from the broad chimney told him that someone was at home.

Now Santa Claus always goes down chimneys. This was a fine, big one, but there were so many sparks rushing up out of it into the night, that

Santa Claus could not get in the house that way. He sat down at the edge of the chimney-top, while his reindeer and sleigh stood on the roof, and it was then that a streamer of the Ragged Easter whispered hoarsely to him to wait where he was.

In a moment the wind had whipped over the eaves, down and around the corner of the house, where it paused in front of the door. Then, as a strong and lively wind can do, it went right through the key-hole.

But the Ragged Easter had not entered the house unseen—Jack Frost was outside; and, after the wind was inside, the frosty chap peeked through the key-hole.

It was a long room with a broad, low ceiling, brightly polished floor, a round table, easy chair, and a white rug over toward the wide fireplace. All this could be seen in the light of a fire, three goodly logs ablaze.

The East wind was intent on its plan to help Santa Claus. Over to the fireplace it flew, and, spreading out suddenly above the fire, kept down the rising sparks for a moment. That instant was all that Santa Claus needed, and, almost before the helping wind had withdrawn from the fireplace, Santa was standing in the room.

He had his pack, his fur-trimmed coat, his jolly face, and the first thing he noticed was a Christmas-tree in one corner of the room—there was nothing on it.

The pack was opened, and toys were chosen quickly for each boy and girl that slept within the house. Then, for Santa Claus knows just how to do it, he fastened all the gifts upon the tree in a twinkling, and on each branch tip hung a little bell.

But there was something missing. The tree looked far more Christmas-like than it had looked before, but there were no twinkling lights upon it, no flashing of gold and silver tinsel, and Santa Claus had nothing more left in his pack.

Meanwhile, the Ragged Easter, as winds always are, was restless. It tried to help Santa Claus, but only managed to swing the branches out of Santa Claus' reach, and ruffle up the woolly lambs and Teddy-bears. Santa Claus, to get the wind out of the way, set it the task of brightening up the fire, so that there might be a bit more light in the room.

Then, as Santa Claus was thinking disappointed thoughts at not being able to fix the tree as he would have wished, something happened. The Ragged Easter fanned the fire, and tongues of red-gold flame leaped from the glowing logs. They were mirrored on the polished floor, flickering here and there, playing hide-and-seek as did the darting shadows on the ceiling above them.

Then, instead of the flash of red and gold upon the floor, Santa Claus saw goblins, jolly, little, red goblins, leaping and dancing toward him. Instead of darting shadows, black-coated elves came from the ceiling to the walls, and joined the goblins in their merry dance.

But it was not all dancing that the little people had in mind, but help for Santa Claus. Each goblin climbed up like a squirrel, and hung a tiny light upon the tree; and when they had set



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### A daily combatant

Dental science has now found ways to daily combat this film. For five years the methods have been carefully watched and proved. Now leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions now know it and employ it. Wherever you look, the results are seen in glistening teeth to-day.

### Acts in five ways

One ingredient in Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling. The alkalinity of the saliva is multiplied also. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

With every application, Pepsodent combats the teeth's great enemies in

new and efficient ways. To millions it is bringing cleaner, safer, whiter teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation. Make it now. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 136, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

## Sunset is the Real Dye

that brings the "know-how" of the professional dyer into your own kitchen.

You can do really wonderful things with Sunset—"making over" heavy winter materials as well as light filmy goods—at the same time in the same dye bath. But the only sure way to get the beautiful Sunset results is to get the genuine Sunset Soap Dyes. Similar products have imitated the form and price—but they do not approach Sunset quality.



15¢  
a  
cake

North American Dye Corporation, Dept. Z, Toronto, Can., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

See the Sunset Color Card at your dealer's, or send us your dealer's name and fifteen cents and we will mail the cake of your choice postpaid.

22  
FastColors

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)



# "Unlit Decem- bers"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

Selina went into the living-room. The two men were standing within the area of the blazing fire, stretching out their numb hands but too cold to venture near enough to thaw out at once. On the high wooden mantel holly wreaths were laid, and above it Andrea del arto's Madonna looked down, bearing the south in her gaze.

Grayson asked questions eagerly, already he seemed to have thrown off the inertia of the endless bitter drive. But the cold enveloped Strode. Looking from one to the other the word lying in the back of her mind, recalled this evening, rang over again like a dull chime—the word "unlit."

From the doorway Alice Grayson called Selina sharply: "Come at once will you? I need you."

CHRISTMAS morning always brings toys. If we are two or twenty, seven or seventy, to the richest or the poorest of us it brings a toy. But if your mother breaks her leg and you arrive unexpectedly, if the prairie beckons a tempest and the two remain inseparable, oblivious of the Day of the Child, what then of a gift to greet the newly born?

The clock struck eight. A truly Western breakfast party assembled in the great living room. There were the Graysons and besides them, Davids, the father, who had blown in the night before, more by the good graces of his horse than his own cunning, and who was serving the meal like the good army cook he is. There was the English Lieutenant, whom he had been sent to meet, the doctor still storm-stayed, the Strodes, and half a dozen dogs rescued almost frozen from the kennels. There was a glory of firelight, a great steaming of coffee and sizzling of bacon and eggs. There was joking and jollity, and the barking of dogs, and the laughter of folks who had had good sleep after long strain.

"Davids, your son is to receive gifts this Christmas morn," announced Grayson. "I hereby present one cow, in lieu of the proverbial spoon—Holstein—and we'll see that she's a good one."

"Oh, now Mr. Grayson!" protested Davids.

"Yes, Davids, and I shall set him up with a rooster and two hens," added the lady of the ranch.

A wail in the distance was considered appreciative by the company.

"I made him a rattle," said the young soldier, producing a strange effect of clothes-pins and bells, much jeered at by the doctor.

"Mine is at home," added Selina.

"I'd like to know what it is," volunteered her husband. "We don't seem to have toys of any kind at our place."

"It's something you've never seen," she said laughing, and hesitated as she found the whole breakfast table listening. "You see I only had a real birthday party once in my life. It was when I was ten, and my mother was alive then. She loved beautiful things, and she found somewhere the sweetest little candle-holders for my cake. They are of silver filigree. I have kept them, and some of the pink candles. They seem to me more lovely now than they did even then. I have never taken them out of the box where they have lain for years, and they are in a trunk with some other things that I thought too precious for a prairie shack. That's where I made a mistake. Anyway, Davids, I shall bring a pink candle in a real silver filigree holder to your baby."

This appealed to Davids even more than the Holstein and the chickens or the rattle.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "how presents will come along at Christmas time, whether you're in the way of cities or just about buried in the snow and far away from other folks, like we all are out here! Certainly, the kid's done well this morning, and the missus and I are obliged to you—for all the trouble you took for us. You certainly have been the real thing—all of you."

"What's Christmas but a birthday?" sang the hostess gaily.

A little later, the two women stood at the window, looking out on dazzling fields, across which sun rays ran like brilliant, laughing waves.

"I love the prairie—from here," said Selina, looking less peaked-like than ever before in her life. "And"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)



**SUPERIOR**  
4 HEAT GRILL No. 155

# "Superior"

## Electric Grills with a New Indestructible Element

When You buy a "Superior" Grill, you get an appliance which is decidedly "SUPERIOR" in every way.

Not only are "Superior" Grills to be preferred as to design, workmanship and finish, but our element makes the grill practically everlasting—"Superior" Grills do not burn out or "short circuit." Remember that the "Superior" Grill is the only one with this type of element, so look for the name to avoid disappointment and to secure long satisfactory service.

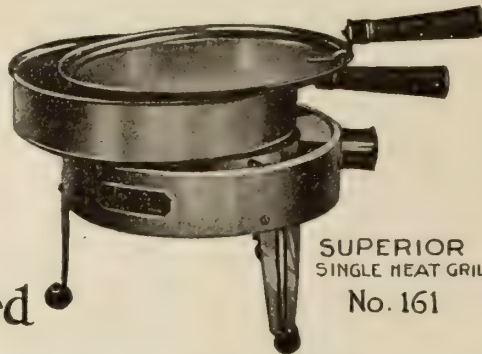
In spite of their many advantages, "Superior" electric appliances cost less than usual. They are entirely made in Canada, there is no duty or exchange added to the price. Every "Superior" appliance is fully guaranteed for one year. Aluminum utensils are supplied.

*When buying a Grill, Toaster or Iron, tell your dealer you want "Superior." He has them, or can get them from his wholesaler.*

**"SUPERIOR"—all that the name implies.**

MANUFACTURED BY

**Superior Electrics, Limited**  
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**SUPERIOR**  
SINGLE HEAT GRILL  
No. 161

## Nature Helps All Who Help Themselves

and the best help comes from Beecham's Pills. Who can do full duty in this world if hampered by ill-health? The failures are those whose ambition or power to work has been destroyed by sickness. Take a proper pride in your physical welfare, and you will be a success. The race is to the swift, the prize to the able. Any derangement of stomach or liver interferes with your well being and happiness, and makes your day's work distasteful.

## TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS

when you feel out-of-sorts. They make all the difference. They cleanse the blood, tone the system, strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, and change the fear of failure into the certainty of success. For seventy years Beecham's Pills have been the favorite remedy for all disorders of the digestive organs. They are good not only where a specific remedy is required, but are also an excellent tonic for the general health. Get a box at once and keep them on hand. Try them when you feel out of sorts

**And Give Nature  
a Chance**

In Boxes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

*"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"*

Sold  
Everywhere  
in  
Canada



## Office workers should use Lifebuoy Soap

Think of the hundreds of dusty, germ laden things you must touch every day! Think of the danger to your skin. You need the best soap—and more—the best disinfectant. You get both in

## LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its healing, soothing oils and grateful disinfectants thoroughly cleanse and disinfect—particularly useful for bruises, cuts, wind sores, etc.

*The carbolic odour in Lifebuoy is a sign of its protective qualities, quickly vanishing after use.*

LEVER  
BROTHERS  
LIMITED,  
TORONTO, ONT.



## Mend Your Pots and Pans.



**VOL-PEEK** Mends Cooking utensils. Granite-ware, Aluminum, Enamelled-ware, Tin, Copper, Brass, Iron, etc. Easy to use, no tools required. Ready for use in 2 minutes. Saves a pot for 25¢ a cent. 25 cents at your Dealer, or postpaid by Vol-Peek Co., Box 2024, Montreal, Can. Agents Wanted.



# The Mystery of "C.Q."

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

**A**NCHORED about eight miles from land the old hulk rose and fell and pitched and tossed in the long grey, angry waves of the North Sea.

From the deck of the discarded old iron vessel, so rusty and dilapidated that no "U" boat would expend a torpedo upon her, Jack Henderson, a tall good-looking young fellow, in a shabby civilian suit, gazed at the low-lying spit of sand which he could just discern through the gathering mist of that December afternoon.

"Christmas morning!" he muttered bitterly to himself. "No leave! Only this eternal listening-in, until one's head aches and every tick sounds like thunder. Bah! I'm sick of it. If I could only get away again to sea!"

And he cast his eyes longingly towards the horizon where the visibility was distinctly bad.

At that moment another man, slightly younger, appeared on deck and cried excitedly:

"I say, Henderson! There's a U-boat somewhere close here. Perhaps we may get her. Shall we try?"

"She'll get us, more likely," declared Henderson. "We're bound to be had one day when they get to know the old hulk's game."

Now "the old hulk's" name had once been Her Majestys ship "Valerian," but then she had been in harbour a good many years. On the outbreak of war, however, she had been towed out of the Tyne and anchored off that spit of sand for a very special and confidential service, a service connected with wireless communication. In charge of the latter was Lieutenant Henderson, a wireless expert of the Admiralty. His three assistants and the crew of five were all sworn to secrecy and had been selected on account of their previous meritorious services. All had been in various "scraps" and all were very keen upon their work, conducted as it was upon the edge of the minefield.

It was near the end of December in the year 1917. The U-boat menace was a very real one and it seemed that no matter what Britain did, Germany always went one better.

Life on the old "Valerian" was indeed precarious. Day and night those on board always had their life-belts handy, and there was a constant and glorious uncertainty as to whether they might not all be blown into the air at any moment. The old hulk was well camouflaged. There were no weird paintings upon her hull, or stripes of grey, green, and brown. But her two masts were broken, there were great holes in her funnel due to rust and decay, and outwardly she was only fit for the ship-breaker's yard. Yet, strung among the broken masts and funnels, apparently as stay-wires, was cunningly concealed a very efficient wireless aerial, both for transmission and reception.

Henderson, summoned by Wis'en, the second-in-command of the "hulk," lost no time in going below. While the "Valerian" presented such a dilapidated appearance outside, within she was a very complicated box of tricks. Two spacious cabins were fitted with the very latest apparatus of wireless and direction-finding, together with a wireless telephone.

A stout man, also young, dressed in rough tweeds, sat at a table, with a pair of head-telephones clamped over his ears, intently listening. Around him was a very complicated and intricate-looking mass of apparatus and wires with here and there a small electric bulb or valve, glowing. To the uninitiated it presented a perfect maze of curious appliances, but to the wireless man it was a "set" to admire—perhaps one of the most perfect and most effective wireless sets afloat.

Henderson lit a cigarette with his usual nonchalance and putting another pair of phones on his head sat down beside the operator on duty, a young fellow named Forbes, and listened intently. All was silence as the ship rolled and pitched in the heavy sea.

A few moments later Henderson rose, crossed to the other side of the cabin

and consulted a big chart which was carefully mapped into numbered squares.

"Four-two-six!" he exclaimed placing his finger upon the small square marked with that number. "She's lying down there, no doubt!"

Then he turned to the code-book and a few minutes later wrote upon an official message form as follows:

"G.T.S.I., to M.Z.—Roberts, Exchange Chambers, Liverpool. Your quotation at fifty-three-and-nine accepted. Please send immediately twenty-five boxes.—Goddard and Co."

Then seated at the wireless key he placed the telephone on his ears and tapped out the message in the Morse code.

Hardly had he done so when he heard a distinct series of high-pitched dots and dashes in what is known as "tonic train," which he at once read as:

"M.Z. to G.T.S.I.—S.N."

and which told him that his message had been received by the secret listener at a certain Admiralty station, and that through the ether the warning would at once be given to the cruising airship patrolling that portion of the seas that a German submarine was lying in a certain spot in order to attack any merchant ship attempting to take passage through the mine-field.

"That's all right," Henderson remarked as he removed the head phones and switched off the current. "We ought to see some fun presently."

Again he turned to the chart and measured carefully the distance from the hulk to the square numbered four hundred and twenty-six.

"About seven-and-a-half miles, isn't it?" queried Wisden. "It's growing dark. We shan't be able to see very much."

"Well, we'll try. Let's go on deck," was the reply.

Both men put on their oil-skins and sea-boots, for a blinding rain had started, and the wind, now quickly increasing, caused the old hulk to toss about like a cork.

"It's going to be another rotten night," remarked Wisden. "I'd rather be on a blessed lightship than on this hooker."

"Never mind, old bean, you'll go on leave on Thursday. I've got mine and I've got to spend Christmas on the old tub. A merry Christmas it'll be for me!" Henderson growled.

"Yes, I don't envy you—I must say," Wisden replied, while the chief wireless officer put his binoculars to his eyes and peered into the fast gathering mist in the direction of that portion of the North Sea mapped for their purposes as number four-two-six.

"I bet that message of ours has put the wind up Talfourd," Wisden remarked as he stood beside his brother officer on the slippery decks of the dilapidated old vessel, which every now and then was swept by the waves that broke over her.

"No sign of the blimp yet!" Henderson said after he had scanned the grey horizon. "Perhaps Talfourd hasn't got our message!"

"Talfourd is having his tea, perhaps. He never hurries."

"But he does when a U boat is about. He'll get a move on the blimp at once."

"Ducane's wireless is a rag-time set. He told me so in Yarmouth three weeks ago. He sails about in the air, but there's something wrong with his amplifier, he says."

"Then why doesn't he draw another from stores? He surely has the Mark Three," asked Henderson.

"No, he's got an old pattern one, with no high-frequency."

"Then it's criminal to let him sail the air with such an obsolete instrument. He may, or may not, get Talfourd. Besides there's a lot of jamming on nine hundred at the moment."

Both men strained their eyes as they clung on to the rail, the waves every now and then washing around their legs.



## He Is Never Well—

**Y**ET neither is he wholly sick. He is nervous and depressed, catches cold easily. Has frequent headaches, spells of indigestion, a twinge of rheumatism now and then.

"Pyorrhea," says his dentist. "He is but one of thousands of men and women who go to pieces in middle age because of this insidious disease."

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Eventually the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that breed in little pockets about the teeth. These germs, which are carried in the blood-stream to other parts of the body, are now known frequently to be the cause of rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders, and other serious ills.

Don't let Pyorrhea get established in your mouth. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start today to use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums

will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

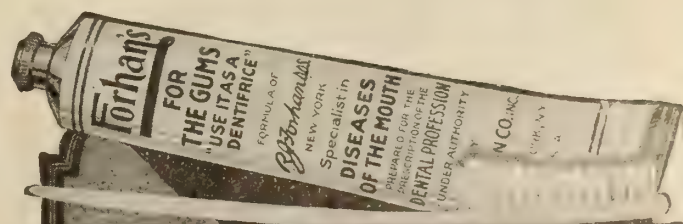
### How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and United States. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

At all druggists.

Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
Checks Pyorrhea





**LA TAUSCA PEARLS**

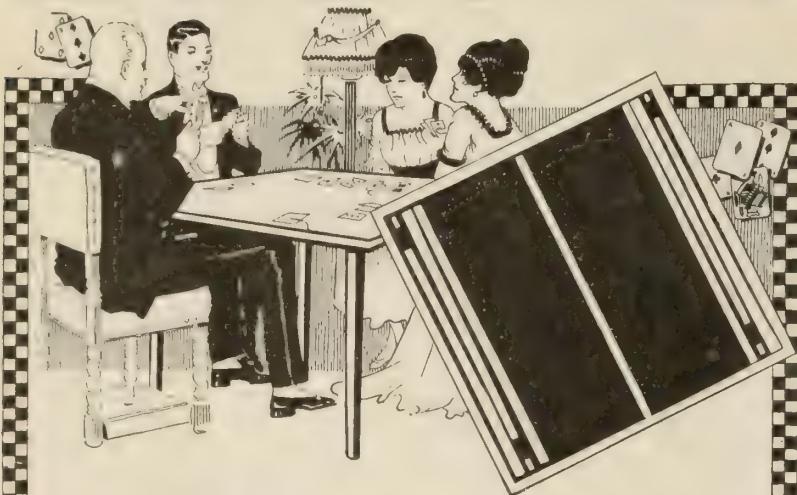
**A La Tausca Pearl Necklace for Her Christmas Gift**

IT is hard to imagine a gift that is at once so useful and beautiful as a La Tausca Necklace of French Pearls. The warm beauty of these wonderful gems faithfully reproduce the most costly Oriental strands, and are the choice of women everywhere.

In a wide range of prices—At your Jeweler's

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**"It's Your Lead, Partner!"**

**"YES, yes, I know, but I was thinking how nice it would be if we had a nice, light, portable, convenient little**

**ELITE**  
FOLDING TABLE

like this in the house. You could use it for sewing, afternoon tea, and lots of other things—while I need it for my cigars, and to hold the phonograph."

Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

Write for illustrated Catalogue of various styles.

**HOARD & CO., LIMITED,**  
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,  
Dept. H. J., London, Ont.

96-D

**The CANDY**  
Cathartic



As Santa Claus was thinking disappointed thoughts.

## The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

them twinkling, the elves and goblins strung long tinsel chains of gold and silver, and roped them here and there from branch to branch.

The Ragged Easter was so busy watching the goblins and the elves, that it forgot to fan the fire at all. So, as the flames died down, the elves and goblins disappeared, and there was no light save the deep glow of the embers, and the twinkling lights upon the tree.

All this time Jack Frost had been outside the door, either sitting on the knob or peeking through the key-hole. He wanted to help Santa Claus, too, but it was too warm and cosy in the room for Jack Frost to dare to enter.

Then he thought, "If I cannot go in myself, I can send some of my helpers."

A call into the winter night was answered by a faint rustling of wings in the crisp air, and then ever so many tiny fairy forms hovered around Jack Frost. Each one, with snowy robe and wing dusted over with a million sparkles, was beautiful enough to be the Fairy Queen herself.

They were the Frost Fairies, and when Jack Frost himself told his plan, they sped quickly through the key-hole into the room. Over to each window-pane they went, and on the glass they fashioned hills and valleys, trees and flowers. They did not stop until each window pane was turned into a picture, and then, as Santa Claus opened the door and came outside, they and the Ragged Easter came out too.

But the Ragged Easter came out last. Just before he left, the wind, in mischief, swayed the branches of the Christmas tree so that the bells that Santa Claus had hung on each tinkled and rang.

There was a scampering of little feet upon the stair—the bells had awakened the children to the Christmas morning.

Then, with a dash the Ragged Easter was outside just as Santa Claus closed the door. Within the house were happy children's voices, without, the high East wind bore Santa Claus far and away, to the tinkling of the sleigh bells, and the laugh of the Ragged Easter.

## A Song of P'raps

This poem, by BETH SADLEIR, was the conclusion of the "Land of P'raps," and was unfortunately "crowded out" of the conclusion of that interesting story in November.

P'raps you'd like to linger in the merry month of May;

Be a bird, and whistle such a joyous little tune;

Or a rose in blossom, growing sweeter every day.

P'raps you'd rather linger in the happy time of June.

P'raps you wish the whole year 'round was all one fair July;

To change into a sunbeam a-dancing through the day;

Or be a sea-born whitecap under a summer sky.

P'raps in dreamy August is the place that you would stay.

P'raps you love the Autumn with its leaves of red and gold,

Just to go a-nutting with the squirrel in the wood;

Or would you be watching the first shy flower unfold?

P'raps it's in the Springtime that you'd wander if you could.

P'raps you haven't found it, the long year's journey through,

Found the joy you longed for, the happiness you sought.

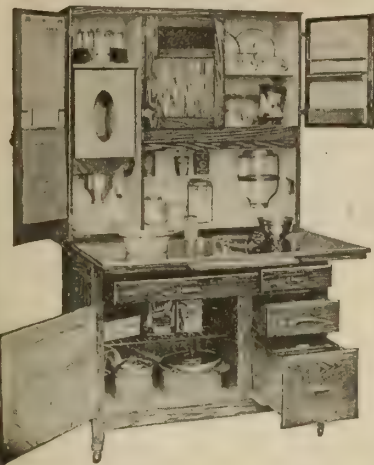
Maybe 'round Time's corner it's waiting there for you;

P'raps just what you've wished for is what to-morrow's brought.





Every woman should take as much pride in her kitchen as in her drawing room. But no woman can be proud of a kitchen if it is filled with unsightly cupboards and shelves. When you get your Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet you will be just as anxious to show your friends your kitchen as you are to show them your drawing room.

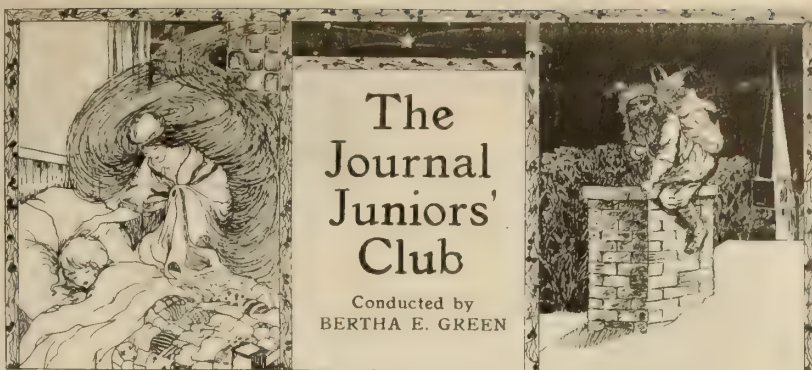


TRADE MARK

**K**NECHTEL  
ITCHEN  
ABINET  
REGISTERED

**Our Booklet "C"**  
shows all the  
new appliances  
of the Knechtel  
Kitchen Cabinet  
which is recom-  
mended by deal-  
ers in hundreds  
of cities and  
towns.

**The Knechtel Kitchen  
Cabinet Co., Limited**  
Hanover : Canada



And so "A Visit to Toy-Land," was your story, Ivy Walker, and do you know it just made me feel that I

Conducted by  
BERTHA E. GREEN

Sincerely,  
B. E. GREEN.

IT was Christmas Eve. The snow was falling softly on the housetops and down into the busy streets below, where the very breath of Christmas seemed to fill the air, and

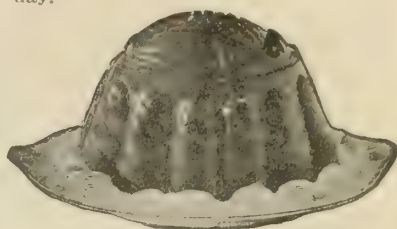


"A Country Scene,"  
Sent by Winnie Fisk, R.R. 1, Greenock, Ont.

Sincerely,  
B. E. GREEN.

Mrs. Knox's  
Corner

I am also giving you a recipe for Christmas candy that I am sure you will find dainty, delicious, and which will add pleasure to your day.



|   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine      |                                 |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water            | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants      |
| 1 cup sugar                             | $\frac{1}{2}$ squares chocolate |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla       | or 5 tablespoons cocoa          |
| 1 cup seeded raisins                    | Pinch of salt                   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates or figs         | 1 pint of milk                  |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced citron or nuts |                                 |

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate or cocoa which has been stirred to a paste in a little water, and when scalding point is reached add sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, fruit and nuts. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
4 cups granulated sugar  
1½ cups boiling water 1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

If you would like suggestions for a MARSHMALLOW ROAST and other delicious candy recipes, write for special Christmas suggestions. Our booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Ice Creams, etc., will also be sent free, if you enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX  
**KNOX GELATINE**

DEPT. G, 180 ST. PAUL ST. W., MONTREAL



*"Wherever  
a recipe  
calls for  
Gelatine  
it means  
KNOX"*

This package  
contains an  
envelope of pure  
Lemon Flavor  
for the con-  
venience of the  
busy housewife

Cut It out of  
**"Viyella"**  
 OR  
**"Clydella"**  
 (REGD)

## Unshrinkable Flannels

and have the satisfaction of knowing that the garment will give unusual service, keep its soft, fleecy appearance and will not shrink despite numberless washings. Sold in the piece and as made-up garments at first-class shops.

**Wm. Hollins & Co.**  
Limited

(of London, England.)  
62-A Front St. W.,  
TORONTO  
45 East 17th St., New York



# NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That  
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address  
**Geo. P. Way, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
7 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



Medicated Ear

Pat. Nov. 3. '00

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)





## Illustrated

is the Waltham Ladies' Convertible Bracelet Watch—a very popular model which can be worn in many different styles. Price \$37.00 upwards. Many other Waltham Models for Ladies and Gentlemen.

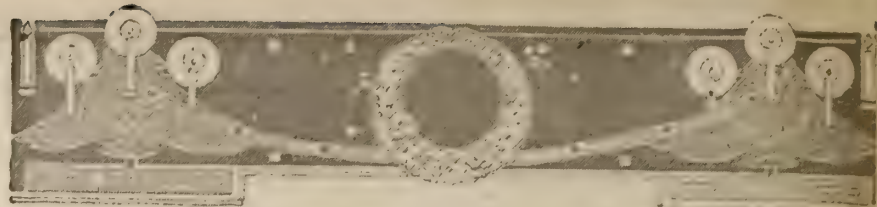
WHEN you give a Waltham your gift will be sure of enduring appreciation. It is both beautiful and useful. The recipient will get many years of good service from your gift and will have the satisfaction of owning a watch which everywhere commands respect. Since 1854 the name "Waltham" has signified all that is best in watch mechanism. Visit your jeweler early, while his stock of Waltham Models is complete, so that you can be sure of selecting just the right watch that will be most highly appreciated.

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada  
Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.



## The Mystery of "C.Q."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.)

"DO you know, Wisden," said Henderson as they stood there, "this is the very worst dog's life in the whole service. Think of those chaps doing comfortable home-duty at the Admiralty, strutting about Whitehall in well-brushed uniforms and lunching at the club or restaurants with lady friends every day. We see the obverse of the medal—eh?"

"True. But the people of London have a lot to thank you for Henderson, if they only knew it," Wisden said. "The papers never tell them that it was you who spotted the wireless of the Zepp they brought down on a certain night just before she reached London. She got through, and had it not been for your quick ears and your expert reading she would have done a terrible lot of damage. Instead, she was discovered and sent down in flames."

"Luck, my dear fellow! I just heard her report to Wilhelmshaven and took up the cue at once. That put the wind up Talfourd—if anything did. But we're bound to be discovered by the enemy sooner or later. We are one of the outposts of the sea, and it's a marvel to me that they haven't suspected us before."

"Bah! They're a dull lot, those sausage-warriors. They are devoid of imagination," Wisden remarked.

"I wonder what's happened to Ducane? It must be horrible to be in the air on an evening like this."

"Yes, but he's used to it. Weather doesn't trouble him, but the crew of the dirigible complain horribly of sickness. I did a month on wireless in one at Stonehaven. Gad! Wasn't I glad when my duty ended! It's a wearisome job looking down to the sea constantly, and going over and over the same spot where you think you can spot a submarine."

"And all that is compensated by the dropping of the depth charge—eh?" laughed Henderson, lowering his glasses in disappointment.

"Yes. When we let one go and it brought up the debris to the surface we always gave a 'hoch' for the Kaiser—a kind of requiem for the German crew!" and he laughed.

Twilight was quickly gathering and there were many indications of a wild night, one of those tearing, howling nights which are experienced so frequently in the North Sea in December.

The news of the presence of an enemy submarine had spread to the crew and several men were grouped near, their eyes also strained into the gathering gloom. No uniform was worn. The crew, though all naval men, wore old civilian suits and presented quite a piratical appearance. Yet every man among them was a tried hero who had volunteered to serve his King and Country in that hazardous undertaking. Of leave there was little. Once each fortnight a pinnacle came out from Lowestoft with fresh provisions and took men on leave—a welcome visitor he it said. Except for the wireless news from Poldhu, Paris, or Cleethorpes the little staff were cut off entirely from the world.

In the driving rain the men watched and waited. The British sailor is always patient and the weather never worries him. On the "Valerian" nobody worried about anything else except leave.

Suddenly Henderson, peering through his powerful glasses to the north-east, discerned through the falling light a small black speck many miles away.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "Here comes Ducane! He's coming up against the wind—by Jove! he's coming slowly. I bet he's examining every inch. Slip down, Wisden, and ask Forbes if he is still hearing the enemy boat," he added.

Wisden obeyed this order promptly, and returning, reported that Forbes had heard nothing more. He was still listening upon the new submarine signalling device, but had heard no suspicious sound whatever.

"H'm. Perhaps it's a wash-out, after all," growled Henderson. "But look! Here comes Ducane!" And they beheld the dirigible battling with the storm and approaching nearer.

Every man on deck strained his eyes to see the fight which the small airship was making against the storm. She had come down to about a thousand feet above the sea and was apparently uncertain as to her bearings.

Indeed of Forbes, seated in silence in the wireless cabin, she inquired by wireless her true bearings. Forbes consulted the direction-finder and gave them. Then the dirigible rose again and made a complete circle while she plotted for the exact position of the enemy boat lying submerged and unconscious of discovery.

Twice she passed majestically over the same spot. The officers and crew of the hulk "Valerian" watched her breathlessly.

At last, so suddenly as to startle them, a loud dull explosion rent the air, there was an angry, red flash, and a great column of water rose from the surface of the raging sea.

"That's got her!" cried Henderson in satisfaction. "By Jove! Did you see the pieces flying in the air? Well done, Ducane! That's one the less! Hoch the Kaiser!"

"Hoch the Kaiser," echoed Wisden, and they strained their eyes into the grey mist.

The dirigible slowly showed herself and each moment came forth clearer as she headed for the mystery ship at about a thousand feet above the surface. Suddenly out of the grey gloom a bright light showed from the boat-like attachment beneath the balloon. It showed for a second and then disappeared.

Then it began winking in the dusk, and Henderson reading it aloud said:

"O.K. Thanks 'Valerian.' Look out for another as soon as you can. But take care of yourselves. Do you hear the mystery signal on one thousand metres wave-length?"

"Ah! So Ducane has heard it, too!" remarked Wisden. "I wonder what it really is?"

"I wonder," echoed Henderson, as they watched the dirigible rapidly disappearing towards her lair close to Yarmouth. Her work was done for the day. Ducane would have a comfortable dinner at his hotel, the Old Star, while they, the sea-scouts, must be on the alert all night for other signs of U boats approaching the English coast.

Below, in that wireless cabin the instruments were so delicate that the movements of submarines, enemy and our own, could be distinctly heard upon those super-sensitive telephones.

THE dirigible laden with its deadly depth-charges, which was ever at the beck and call of Henderson and his staff, had disappeared. The noise of her propellers could no longer be heard, therefore the chief wireless officer and his assistant returned to where Forbes was still seated with the telephones clamped to his ears.

"That same strange signal has just come through," remarked Forbes to Henderson as he entered the wireless cabin. "It will be repeated."

Quickly Henderson took the spare phones, and placing them over his ears, waited—

Half-a-minute later he started, for through his head ran a loud burst which nearly deafened him.


"That's certainly not an atmospheric," he declared, removing the phones. "Taylor at the Admiralty has peep-pooled the affair and says that this mysterious C.Q. signal is merely due to an electric storm."

"That's impossible," declared Forbes. "Why is the call 'C.Q.' asking everyone to listen always sent as a preliminary, exactly ten seconds before that sudden buzz?"

"Of course it's a message to somebody—an enemy message, no doubt. If we could only read it we might discover something of great interest."

"But we can't read it," said Wisden.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66.)



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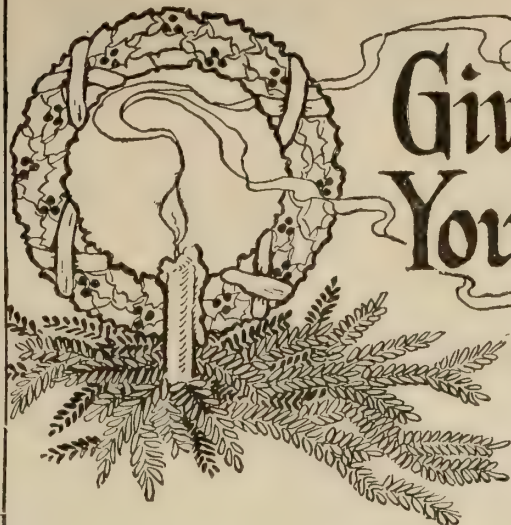
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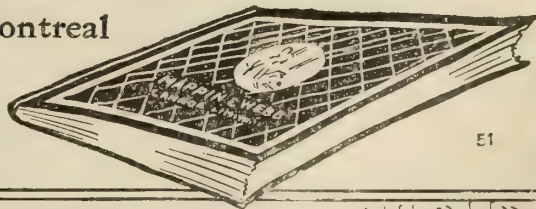
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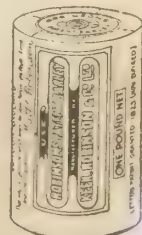
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## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

children's voices rang out merrily, full of hope and cheer as children's voices always are.

In one corner of busy London stood a dismal looking row of tenement houses, crowded so closely together that you would wonder that humans could possibly exist there. In the top story of one of these buildings, with face pressed hard against the window pane stood little Pauline Wells, gazing at the busy scene below. Butchers were hanging turkeys in their windows, surrounded by holly and evergreen. Boys and girls were buying Christmas trees while the glad pealing of bells seemed to say: "Be glad, for to-day a child is born unto the world!"

The gay scene, however, did not rouse the little girl. The big tears dropped unheeded on the window sill. Pauline was not happy. Her mother was a poor washerwoman and she worked very hard to keep up the fight with existence. Rent was high, and coal was dear, so the poor mother, as she bent over the heavy washings, bade her little daughter not to expect a visit from Santa Claus this year, "for rent is so high and coal has gone up in price."

So Pauline stood before the window wondering vaguely, why Santa Claus was connected with rent and coal bills. Somehow, she had "set her heart" on a little fluffy lamb which she had seen in the splendid shop window. "Oh, how I wish that Santa would come and bring me that little white lamb," she sighed. "Maybe he will if I write him such a nice letter, although mother said I was foolish to expect him to climb up into this rickety old tenement." In the dimness of the ill-lighted room, the little girl wrote:

Dear Santa:—

I am the little girl who lives in the big tenement in the back alley. I wish ever so much that you would come and bring me a little fluffy lamb like was in Lytle's window.

Sincerely,

PAULINE WELLS.

Pauline ate her scanty supper and putting the letter into the pocket of her old plaid shawl, she threw it over her head, and ran out into the frosty air. "I will drop the letter into the box," she thought. As she ran through the dark alleys, she stopped to glance in the brilliantly lighted windows of the homes of the rich. The tables gleamed with glass and silver, and blazed with candles. The splendid Christmas trees glittered with gilded walnuts, and were wreathed with snowy chains of pop-corn. The little girl turned away from the bright fairy spectacle, when the bright lights and pealing bells of a nearby church invited her. "I will go in and see the Crib," she said. As Pauline hurried up the high stone steps, the treasured letter to Santa Claus fell unheeded to the ground.

Christmas Morning! The glad pealing of church bells rang throughout the city. When Pauline awoke there greeted her on a chair by her bed the longed for lamb, and plenty of warm clothes and money, too. So Santa had come.

Surely the kind heart that found the little girl's petition, was rewarded with the great joy that comes from giving, and knew that "Unto these ye do it, likewise unto Him."

CLOTHES DINNER.

Riska, Muskoka,

Age 14.

Ontario.

(Prize)

### MY IDEA OF A CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was snowing hard in the afternoon, but it didn't prevent the boys getting a lovely cedar tree, and putting it up in the window. Tom had piled wood for one of the neighbors and got fifty cents, which he spent in getting lovely candles of all colors, red and pink and blue and green.

Harry was older and had a steady job of carrying parcels for the butcher when he was out of school, so his pile of money looked like a fortune to the rest of the family. He bought yards and yards of glittering tinsel and Christmas ornaments.

Mother always gave the girls ten cents a week for helping her, and they had been saving it up for weeks and weeks. They didn't think they could spend much on decorations because they had so many presents they wanted to buy, so they bought colored tissue-paper and cut it into fancy shapes for scarfs and wreaths, and twined it among the branches. By the time it was dark they had the things pretty well arranged.

Mother made bags of red netting and filled them with pop-corn and candy. After supper the candles were lit; it was a beautiful sight. We all played around till time to go to bed.

It was lots of fun for us, sneaking out with our presents so nobody would catch us. Such dodging and giggling in dark corners when we were pretty nearly caught. We all liked to put our presents on after every one was in bed.

On Christmas morning, when breakfast was over, Daddy was given the job of giving out the presents. There was a great deal of excitement.

Such funny things that the children had bought for each other. Tom bought Amy a "Boy Scout" jack-knife; Harry was presented with a little bottle of perfume; Grace bought Tom a book of Henty's, but was surprised when opening her parcel, that Tom had bought her the very same book. There were all kinds of funny things bought for father and mother, but the funniest thing came from little Ann (who was just six). She bought a little doll in a box, with a nursing bottle and nipple for mother, and for father, she bought two all-day suckers, which stuck to the paper so

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)

### CONTEST FOR DECEMBER

- Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than six hundred words—"A Valentine Story."
- Boys and girls 8 to 12 years. Not more than five hundred words—"My First Pair of Skates."
- Camera Contest; subject, "A Turn or Corner of a Road or Street."

#### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry.

Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

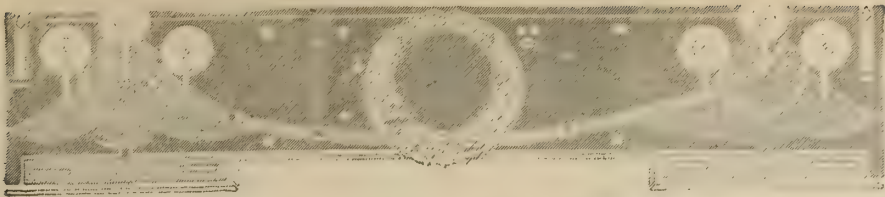
Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs.

Closing date, the 24th of December.

Those who have taken three prizes in the various contests will not be eligible for further competition.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.





## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.)

that we strongly suspected that they had been sucked a few times before wrapping up, and this is our idea of a Christmas tree at our house.

PHYLLIS GRANT,  
Princeton, Ont.

Age 9.

### A WORD TO THE WISE. By Bertha E. Green.

"Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white-owl in the belfry sits."  
—Tennyson.

**B**UT to-night the white owl was not in the belfry; he was at a meeting. There had never been a meeting like this before, and it is not likely there will ever be another one.

At the edge of a dark wood, sometime between sunset and midnight, there were ten owls, each one different from the others, except in this—all were very solemn and very wise.

A great, dead tree with bare limbs was their meeting-place, and the moonlight showed the ten wise ones perched in a row on the highest long limb. They had met to see if they could not agree on some one place, where all the different kinds of owls might live together. So, beginning with the smallest owl, who sat out near the tip of the branch, they talked it over.

"There is only one place to live," said the little brown Saw-Whet owl, "that is, where the woods are thickest, and there are plenty of pine trees."

And the little brown owl, with the white breast and the rings of white feathers around his yellow eyes, looked as solemn as you could possibly imagine.

"Nonsense," said the next owl, "we should live where there are barns and church towers that men make especially for us to spend our winter in."

This owl was two inches taller than the first speaker, a plump black-streaked, grey screech owl with two upstanding cat-ears. And he was two inches wiser than the Saw-Whet owl, and the others paid more attention to him.

A round-headed owl with a long, rounded tail, and mottled grey, white and black feathers with black bars, perched next to the Screech owl.

"We must have trees," he said fiercely, "but we must have plenty of room near by to go hunting over. The most important thing is to have good hunting grounds. I know, because I am the Hawk owl."

And the Hawk owl was five inches taller, and five inches wiser, than the Screech owl, and everybody listened to him.

The next speaker talked through his nose quite softly.

"Trees, by all means; evergreen trees make the only homes worth while. Yes, silence and evergreen trees."

This was a dappled brown owl, with a round face, and strange, barred markings on its breast. It was no taller than the Hawk owl, but its two long ear-tufts made it seem taller, and the other owls listened to it.

The next owl spoke and said, "It doesn't matter what kind of trees we have, or how many of them there are,

so long as we are near fields where there are plenty of fieldmice." He was a speckled, brown, short-eared owl with a barred tail. He was only half an inch taller than the long-eared owl, but he got half an inch more attention paid to him by the other owls.

"What is the use of having so many trees? A hollow one for each owl would be enough, but we must have lots and lots of barns—and don't you forget it!"

This was a long-faced owl in a beautiful soft suit of light brown and white. He straightened up on his long legs, and though he had no ear-tufts, he was two-and-one-half inches taller than the short-eared owl, and of course he got the most attention of anybody so far.

"Hoots, toots! What's this I hear—no trees? Lots of trees, I say. Trees there must be to hide in, comfortable, shadowy places. Lots of trees, I say."

A big round head, a fluffy body, grey with brown bars, and two soft brown eyes, as well as the noisy voice, all proclaimed him to be the Barred owl. He was the tallest by two inches of all those who had spoken, and all the other owls listened two inches harder than they had before.

A deep voice now boomed through the night.

"I want trees with squirrels in them. I want trees with woodchucks and skunks under them, and I want barnyards with chickens in them. That's what I want."

It was the Great Horned owl who had spoken, dark brown with a white band under his chin. His two great ear-tufts stood straight up, and of all the owls who had spoken, he was the tallest by three inches. So all the other owls let his words three inches deeper into their minds than all the other speeches.

"Trees are no use except to perch on, and watch the marshes for ducks and hares. We must have rivers full of fish, too. There must be fish and ducks whether there are trees or not."

He was a great white owl spotted with black, and he had white feathers on his toes. He was two inches taller than even the Great Horned owl, was the Snowy owl, and his speech carried two inches more weight than all the sayings that had gone before.

But there was still another owl to speak. He was an enormous owl, grey and fluffy. His tail was very long, and his yellow eyes gazed at the other owls unwinkingly. He spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Each one of you wants just the sort of place you have at home. It is no use. There isn't any one spot that would satisfy you all, so each must pick out the place where he can find his dinners easiest, and where he can hide from men with guns."

The Great Grey owl wagged his head solemnly, and because he was taller by two inches than even the Snowy owl, being twenty-seven inches high, all the other owls wagged their heads solemnly, and each said to himself:

"A word to the wise is sufficient. Now for home."

And each owl, the little Saw-Whet first, and the Great Grey owl last, sailed through the moonlight on silent wings.



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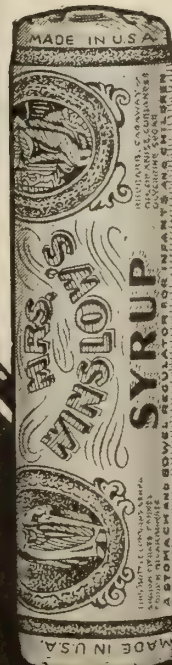
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# The Mystery of "C.Q."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

hanging up his streaming oilskin and sou'-wester. "That's the point. I've heard it lots of times lately when I've been on night duty. I kept a record, but it goes at odd times and on different wave-lengths. Once it was on eight thousand, and once on fifteen hundred."

That mysterious C.Q. signal was one of the puzzles of the war-watchers at that critical year-end. Things were going very badly for the Allies and though Britain, by her pluck and perseverance, had taken the U-boat menace by the throat and was sinking the enemy lurkers wholesale, it was not considered politic by the Hush Department to tell the public anything. Hence there had arisen that army of pessimists who did much terrible harm to the great British endeavor.

The destroying of the U boat in section four-two-six of the North Sea area would never be recorded publicly. Henderson and his gallant assistants and crew who braved the elements and risked their lives on the old hulk would never obtain any reward or recognition. They knew that, and all thanks to them they acted only as patriotic Englishmen can act. They were true "sports." To them, the destruction of an enemy submarine was a thing to be proud of. The beery boasters of Berlin had attacked us, and we were now on our self-defence.

That evening as Henderson sat with Wisden eating his frugal meal in the long dilapidated mess-room of the old hulk—once gay when the old "Valerian" had been the flagship on the China station years ago and a pride of the Navy, the latter remarked:

"I wonder if any one will ever be able to fathom that mystery signal to C.Q.?"

"Everybody has tried and failed. The message is an insult to us," Henderson declared. "C.Q. is the signal for a general call and yet nobody can read it!"

"An enemy trick, of course."

"I certainly think so," was Henderson's reply. "But what does it mean?"

"Perhaps the duration of the buzz is a code. The chap sits on his key evidently!"

"No doubt. At all the interception stations they are trying to elucidate the mystery. But up to the present they've been unsuccessful. The last time I was on leave I saw Greening at the Admiralty and he was at his wits' end. By watching it has been found that invariably twenty-four hours after that strange signal comes through the air some disaster happens to us, either on land or sea."

"We ought to keep a strict watch and do our best to discover what it all means," Wisden remarked, "I'm sorry you're going to be here over Christmas, old chap. Shall I send you a bit of mistletoe?"

"Mistletoe! On this hulk! That's enough, Fred. I believed I was going up to town to spend the festive season with Elsie, but no luck this time. I'll eat my plum pudding here in this dull old cabin—if we aren't drowned before."

Wisden knew Elsie Munro, a pretty dark-haired girl, who was Jack's fiancée. They had had supper once at the Savoy when both had been on leave together. Wisden was now the lucky one and was going ashore for the "season of grab and guzzle."

They finished their meal with a glass of port and drank "the King" in true naval style, after which Forbes was relieved of those everlasting head-phones, and his chief placed them upon himself. To wear telephones over one's ears for four hours at a stretch is a terrible strain, especially in war time when every tick heard may mean an important enemy signal.

FORBES and Wisden were in the mess while Henderson was alone, listening to the continuous musical note of the Marconi Station at Clifden, in Ireland, transmitting commercial messages to Glace Bay across the Atlantic, when suddenly he again heard the call "C.Q." Then there was a slight pause, followed by a loud buzzing which lasted about six seconds.

It was the mysterious call repeated—the call which was puzzling the Admiralty.

Almost instantly Niton, in the Isle of Wight, began to send out messages to shipping in the channel, while

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)

## ROYAL VINOLIA VEGETABLE HAIR WASH

To keep your hair soft, shimmering with health and growing normally you should shampoo it regularly with Royal Vinolia Vegetable Hair Wash. Do not neglect your hair—give it the simple care it needs and make it your womanly crown of Beauty.

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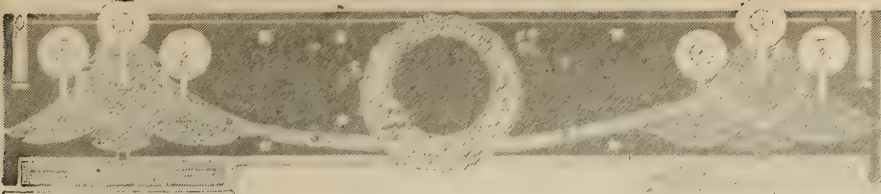
Is used by all who  
appreciate high  
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and tablets with  
envelopes to match



**FRENCH ORGANDIE**  
"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"  
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT





# The Mystery of "C.Q."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.)

faintly he heard Poldhu, in Cornwall, making his usual inquiry of Madrid, whether the latter station had anything to transmit.

But he was obsessed by that mysterious C.Q. signal which puzzled everyone in the wireless confidential department because nobody could read it.

He was cursing his luck because Christmas leave was not due to him when of a sudden an idea flashed through his mind. He took up a pencil and scribbled a curious sum of figures upon the signal pad before him.

Then he sat back for a moment closing his eyes, the high-resistance telephones still upon his head. He drew a long breath, and then excitedly called a man who was a signal-boatswain, but who was now a supernumerary in the hush-ship.

"Ask Lieutenant Wisden to come along," he said. "Tell him I want to be relieved—at once."

A few moments later Wisden came in and taking the telephones from Henderson's head placed them upon his own. The "listening in" upon the "Valerian" was never ceasing for a single second. Watch was kept continuously.

Henderson ascended to the wind-swept deck. Across the ship there ever and anon came a swirl of spray and sometimes a sweeping wave. But above he breathed freely, and standing in shelter he concentrated his mind upon the great war problem.

As to his decision he said nothing. Next day, however, he wrote a letter to the Admiralty asking for an interview with a certain department, and as he had no communication with land he sent out a copy by wireless just after midnight, when it was his turn of duty while his assistant slept.

Into his head-phones came back the signal that his message had been received at Whitehall. Then he waited all through the next grey, stormy day.

At four o'clock Wisden, being on duty, took down an official message in code to the effect that Lieutenant Henderson had been granted immediate leave, and that Lieutenant Percival, from Hull, had been placed temporarily in charge of the wireless of the "Valerian."

When Henderson stood at Wisden's side five minutes later, the latter said: "By Jove! You are going ashore with me—eh? We shall spend Christmas on land after all. The tender comes off for us to-morrow at noon and is bringing Percival over from Hull. Ever met him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"I don't envy him his Christmas on board this old hulk," laughed Wisden. "We shall both be ashore, so that's good, eh?"

Twenty-four hours later Jack Henderson, now in smart naval uniform, sat in a room in the Admiralty and begged the elderly man, an Admiral, who was seated at a table, to allow him to conduct certain wireless experiments.

The old officer who had spent thirty years in the Navy, but who regarded wireless as a new-fangled invention of the Devil, heard the young fellow

through, and admiring his pluck, at last gave him carte blanche to conduct experiments in order to elucidate the strange message to C.Q. which, by the way, was on the continuous wave system in a high-pitched musical note, very pleasant to the ear.

Well, to cut a long story short, on the night of Christmas Eve, 1917, Lieut. Henderson, sitting in a hut at a certain East Coast aerodrome of the Naval Air Service around which the wind howled dismally and surrounded by a most complicated-looking set of instruments which he had devised and adapted, waited until midnight for the curious C.Q. message.

With him were two other wireless experts.

At last it came. "C.Q." was called on that high-pitched note in the telephones, and then a few seconds later came that sharp mysterious buzz.

But on one side of the table whereon stood the apparatus a little motor was at work and the buzz was automatically turned into the delicate recording instrument it was operating.

"Excellent!" cried Henderson, a few moments later. "We've got it at last—photographed it!"

Then from the instrument he took out a tiny spool of photographic film which he transferred to a small light-proof box. On Christmas morning by the first train he carried the box up to London, where at the Admiralty experimental wireless laboratory in Soho, it was developed.

Afterwards an enlargement of it was made and by an ingenious process the series of microscopic dots and dashes of which the mysterious burr consisted, were transferred to a wax phonographic cylinder.

On Christmas afternoon, Henderson's ingenious device was tested, and as he stood by the phonograph he heard a wireless message which, by being run slowly, became perfectly audible and decipherable as a most important enemy message from the German naval command, giving actual details of a desperate attack upon London by six Zeppelins arranged on the night of January 1st.

That Christmas night, Jack Henderson, having triumphantly learnt the secret of the mysterious C.Q. messages—which, by the way, was destined to be of the utmost importance to us, and greatly assisted in the defence of Britain—spent with his fiancée, Elsie Munro, at her mother's house, out at Purley. And on New Year's night, being still ashore, he had the satisfaction of seeing another Zeppelin brought down in flames in the north of London, as a result of his discovery.

For a whole year afterwards the Germans used to send out that rapid "C.Q." signal, fondly believing that nobody could read it. But by Henderson's device the messages were ever afterwards photographed and read easily on the phonograph.

Indeed from that Christmas Day until the Armistice the authorities at the British Admiralty were, thanks to Henderson's zeal, in full possession of the intended movements of hostile air-craft and, being forewarned, were always forearmed.

# "Unlit Decembers"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

feel somehow as if I were having a birthday too."

"Let's both have one," said Alice Grayson, "let us join forces and go on together a little way. This place is so big, it means that people should come together, so that they can look it square in the face and not be afraid. Suppose that you two move into this huge house for a while, and help us. Together you and I can plan many things to work out in the spring, and you will go back to your own farm

with new vim. The prairie is no place for separate aims. It has wide arms, and sometimes it seems to me to be calling aloud to a multitude of associates. It needs a thousand thousand friendly hearth fires to light it up."

"This shall be a birthday," echoed Selina.

Expectation again flooded her, she heard the eternal call of a wonderful, wide, unpeopled world, but this time, as again she listened, in her thoughts she also lit pink candles one by one.



# For Ladies

Said Mrs. C—— to Mrs. T——  
One bleak and cold and wintry day,  
"You know, my dear, this time of year  
Is hard on folks.  
If only we could feel assured  
Of health and comfort, 't would be fine,  
But it seems we can't, in such a clime."

"Well, do you know", smiled Mrs. T——  
"I used to think this time of year,  
Meant colds and sickness always near,  
But we heard of an easy way,  
To be healthy and comfy every day.  
You know Mrs. Wise, across the street,  
(Just the picture of health and always neat)  
Well, she was told by a doctor friend  
She'd never regret the money she'd spend  
On good wool 'Undies,' the 'Ceetee' kind,  
Made by Turnbull's of Galt, I think she said.  
An advertisement somewhere then she read—  
Telling folks how that particular kind  
Was fashioned by experts—and that you'd find  
The 'Undies' they made were the better kind—  
Fashioned of wool that was not one bit 'tickly'  
(Others, you know, tickle and seem sort of prickly)  
That all "CEETEE" garments are so downy and soft,  
We'd just love to wear them—in fact, very oft  
Mothers buy them for babies, all fears to allay  
Should they go for an airing on a stormy, chill day—  
Why! the rain would'nt matter, neither wind, snow or frost—  
"CEETEE" garments, in truth, are worth twice their first cost.  
They're the finest of high-grade underwear,  
And the thriftiest, best-dressed women who care,  
Know that it pays to buy none but the best;  
Don't you think we'd do well to give them a test?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"CEETEE" for ladies is made with low cut neck and no sleeves—also with elbow sleeves and in higher neck and long sleeves.

"CEETEE" is knitted on very fine needles—this makes it very warm, soft and light.

Any doctor will advise you to wear wool next the skin: it is a non-conductor, thus retains the warmth of the body, keeps out the cold—and safeguards your health.

Why not try it this winter?

THIS IS THE NAME

# "CEETEE"

THE PURE WOOL UNDERCLOTHING THAT WILL NOT SHRINK

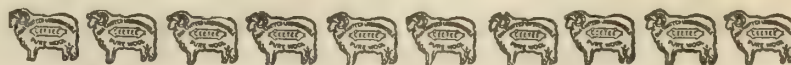
"The Woollen Underwear without the itch"

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Millions of men and women now eat favorite foods without fear. If your meals don't agree, eat one or two tablets like candy. Help is prompt. Impaired digestion is usually corrected by neutralizing excessive acidity with

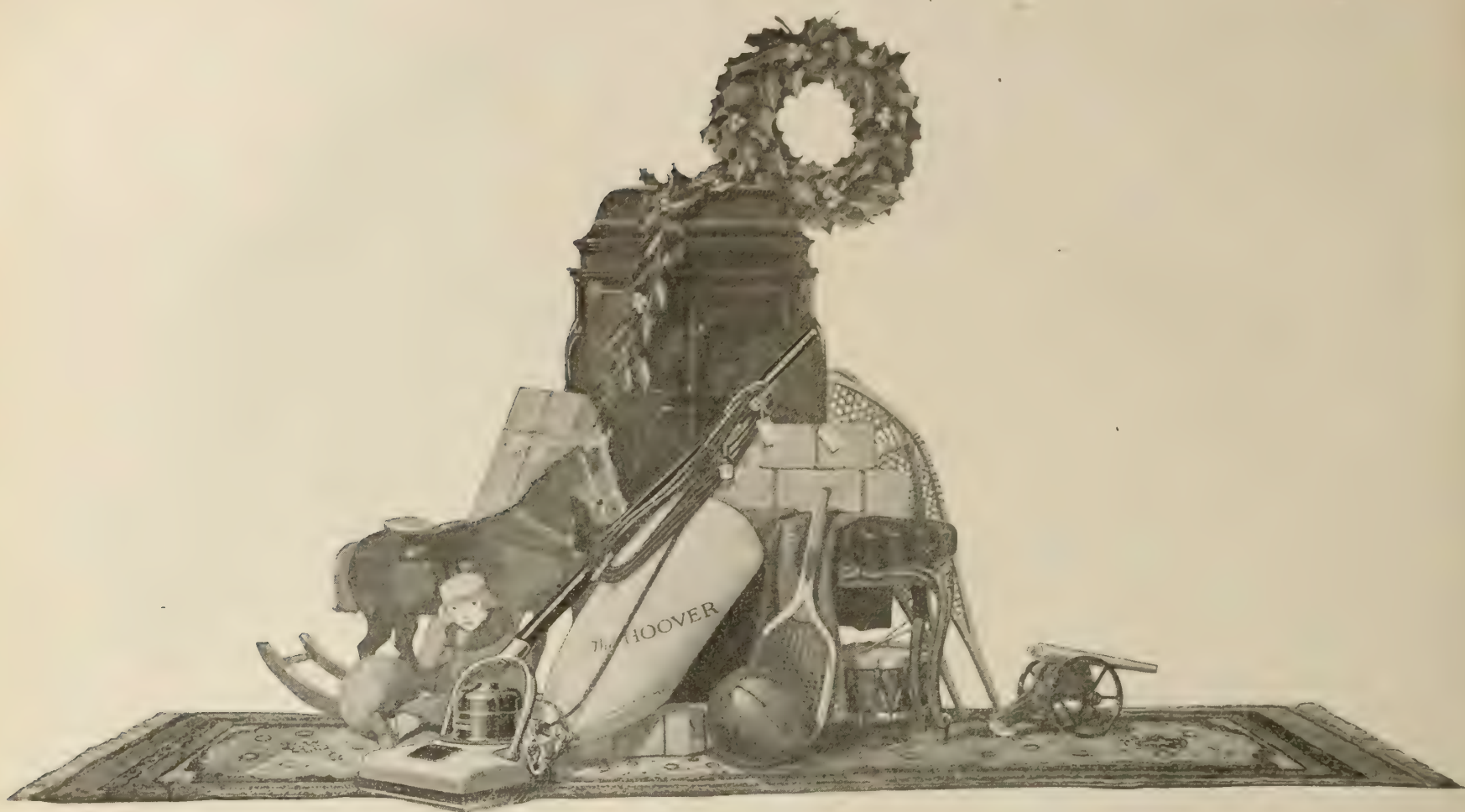
## PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

AIDS DIGESTION

Large 60c Case—Drugstores



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Give her a Hoover and you give her a lifetime of pride in an immaculate home. You give her an electric carpet-beater that flutters out all injurious embedded grit; an electric carpet-sweeper that brightens colors, straightens nap and collects all stubborn, clinging litter; and an electric suction cleaner that removes surface dirt. Only The Hoover combines these three essential devices in one. And it is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

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Ribbon Dental Cream  
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### *For a Girl*

Cashmere Bouquet Perfume  
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### *For Baby*

Coleo Soap Baby Talc

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THE problem of the little gifts at Christmas time and even some of the greater ones—can be satisfactorily decided among the many Colgate articles.

Colgate Gifts are appropriate for young or old, for man or woman, for boy or girl—not forgetting the baby. They have daintiness and acknowledged superiority. Also they show that you have taken thought for the receiver's comfort and have given something that can be used.

Make this a Colgate Christmas. You would be glad to receive Colgate Comforts yourself—and so will your friends. At your favorite store ask to see the "Colgate Assortment of Gifts."

To tuck in the Christmas stockings—the big red tubes of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. The Colgate Mother Goose Books will slip in well, too. They come in a set of 12, with colored covers by Jessie Wilcox Smith, the famous artist of child life. Send 20c for the set, addressing

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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. 17 NO. 9. JANUARY 1921

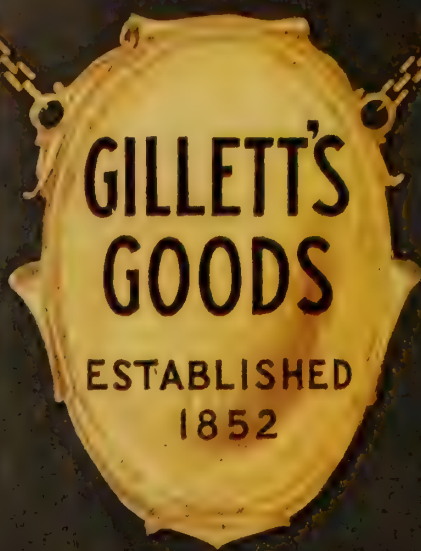
TORONTO



JANUARY 1921

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any of the well-known articles that have come to be looked upon as the standard articles of their kind, is invariably followed by the attempt of envious imitators to benefit by another's success, basing their claims for recognition on the unsubstantial statement of "just as good." Such claim is of itself a recognition of superiority of the article imitated.

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# Canadian Home Journal

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TORONTO, CANADA

JANUARY, 1921

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Volume Seventeen

Number Nine



## Contributors and Readers

By THE EDITOR

THERE is a tradition to the effect that no editor is willing to believe in the untried writer, that it is passing difficult for the newcomer to make his way with stories, poems or special articles. The new poet is supposed to have an especially hard time, and the newspaper jokes at his expense are perennials. Have you ever considered that most professions are advertised, with "vacancies" attractively set forth. There is a long list of "teachers wanted," there are frequent demands for nurses, there are many and urgent advertisements for saleswomen; but for journalists there are no demands. The training for journalism is undefined—and yet there is no expression which arouses a more prompt protest from an editor than: "He drifted into journalism." In fact, to succeed in that calling, perseverance is absolutely essential—and sensitiveness is a positive drawback. However, this first page for 1921 is not intended to be about editors (who are not interesting persons), but about contributors.

In spite of the tradition aforementioned, editors are not only willing but eager to discover new talent—for does not the early encouragement of a new writer redound to the credit of the Christopher Columbus in the editorial chair? There is no prejudice against the new writer, but there is a decided distaste for the untrained newcomer who expects an editor to punctuate and "re-spell" a manuscript of several thousand words. I have heard aspiring contributors say, with an air of fine disdain: "Of course I know nothing about punctuation and spelling. I just write the ideas which come to me." There are few writers in this country who are possessed of such a fine frenzy that they can afford to despise the matter of orthography.

THE intelligent reader may be disposed to say: "Surely all your would-be contributors have learned to spell! In a country with our system of education, no one would think of sending an ill-spelled, unpunctuated manuscript to a magazine editor."

Let me tell you, intelligent reader, that there is not a week in the year in which manuscripts do not arrive from persons who have attended school for many years, who, nevertheless, do not appear to know the difference between "its" and "it's," and who persist in misspelling the apostrophe in such negative forms as "didn't." You will say: "But this is elementary English." Of course it is a knowledge of the elements that is lacking—and the reason for the lack is to be found in the laxity of the young student. During the month of November, a manuscript on a "timely" subject arrived, duly typewritten and double-spaced. It looked as if it were a desirable article, but the reading of the first four pages proved depressing. Every sentence in the first two paragraphs had "and" as its opening word—

and the sentences ran gaily along, with no heed for a comma and a positive scorn for the semicolon. It is not the business of an editor to punctuate and remodel every sentence. The article, which promised interest and was not without merit, proved disappointing, and was returned, with the conventional "regrets." The writer thereof was probably disgusted with the editor and did not think of revising the manuscript; yet the article was a rather tempting contribution had it not been for its excessive need of revision.

\* \* \* \* \*

EVERY week, Someone from Somewhere writes to ask if we publish short stories, if we are willing to read short stories, and how long the short story may be. We prefer that class of contribution not to exceed six thousand words and not to fall short of three thousand. This, of course, is a rough estimate, for an inspired bit of description or narrative may wander beyond the limits or a brilliant bit of abbreviation may refuse to exceed twenty-five hundred words. Wherefore, we refrain from too many cut-and-dried restrictions. Of course, we are willing to read short stories by new writers, and we endeavor to make a decision on such manuscripts within a fortnight. Special articles should be illustrated, and articles dealing with domestic topics are decidedly acceptable. Children's stories are not desired, as we have a "Journal Juniors' Club" under a special editor. Stories of Canadian life are naturally preferred, but it is not essential that the scene of action be our own Dominion.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOME of our readers have been good enough to express approval of our covers—and we, ourselves, are rather happy in the contemplation of the covers of the last six months and more. We have several old friends in our creators of covers. Miss Long, who gave us August and October covers, is to give us a bright and "fetching" young person for February. Mr. Herbert Palmer will delight you in April and May with characteristic and colorful studies of animal life. Mr. Drummond, who has painted this spirited "Canadian" cover for January, also gives us a charming cover for June. There is a tennis girl for July, by Mr. Kemp, and Miss Estelle Kerr, whose September cover of 1920 was such a decided success, is to exercise her artistic gift for our benefit in August and September. Miss Yvonne McKague, whose November cover was highly attractive, is a welcome newcomer, whose work we hope to present again to our readers. We have received many requests for information regarding cover designs, to which we can reply only in the stereotyped "We are always pleased to see new work." Correspondence is vague, at best. The only test is the production.



A PRIZE WINNER

John Henderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Henderson, of Quebec, won the first prize in the Better Babies Contest (eighteen to thirty-six months).



A PRIZE WINNER

Graham Bachelder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bachelder, of Revelstoke, B.C., won the first prize in the Better Babies Contest (nine to eighteen months).

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Why put up with yellow-white clothes or gray-white clothes when you can have white-white clothes so easily by using Fels-Naptha?

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Of course you can boil clothes with Fels-Naptha but the point is, you don't need to. Fels-Naptha does the work with cool or lukewarm water—so much more comfort for you!

The naptha in Fels-Naptha works its way through every fibre of the clothes, and makes the dirt let go, with only an occasional rub needed. The snowy-white Fels-Naptha suds flush away all dirt. Then the clothes are white. And their sweetness is added proof that they are clean through and through.

Order the genuine Fels-Naptha of your grocer today, and learn how easily you can make clothes really clean.

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# FELS - NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



## Some Correspondence Concerning Schools

A page which is devoted this month to the discussion of Private and Public Schools

**Editor's Note.**—In our October issue, the writer of "O Canada" discussed the matter of schools—public or private, pointing out that the Canadian parents are rather "casual" in their attitude towards Jack's school, whereas, in older countries, many sacrifices will be made that children may be educated at institutions deemed especially desirable. The subject is one of interest to every Canadian household, and we take pleasure in publishing a letter received from a western reader.

O'Malley, Sask.,  
October 13, 1920,

Editor,  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Editor:—

For a number of years I have read an American contemporary of your JOURNAL, and in parts enjoyed it. But I became rather wearied of continually having American ideas and propaganda forced upon me, and of reading tales of their eighteen-month war heroes. So I gave up the magazine, and for the last few months I have been reading our Canadian JOURNAL and have been much delighted in reading Canadian thoughts and seeing Canadian scenes (many of which are familiar) extolled.

I was especially interested in the article on the "O Canada" page of the October JOURNAL. I am a Canadian, born of Canadian parents. Being a graduate of Canadian Public and High Schools and Universities, and having taught in Canadian Public and High Schools in two provinces, I am rather intimately acquainted with the subject of education. In view of these facts, may I be permitted to voice my opinion with regard to the above mentioned article? Though I intend to oppose some of the ideas advocated there, I do not intend to do so arrogantly. Heated argument rarely bears any fruit, but thoughtful discussion often brings helpful data to light.

Before dealing with the educational topic, let me say in passing that I believe there may be some occasions when our country and people and resources have been extolled beyond their merits, in the effort to create a national pride. Yet from my own experience in mingling with the "residents" of Canada, I am of the opinion that there is not nearly enough national pride. Our Canadian "residents" come from many nations and form a very large percentage of our inhabitants. Our English, Swedish, Italian, etc., immigrants are quite prone to consider Canada a place to make enough money to enable them to return to and retire in the Elysian "home" across the sea. In their opinion Canada is by far the least "best-in-the-world" place. This attitude has made such a general impression that American, French and other foreign merchandise, literature, music, art, is much preferred here to the Canadian commodities. Of course I have no doubt that in some cases the foreign commodities are superior. However, the point I want to advance is, that, far from being too conceited about our own country, we have not faith enough in her. Yet, I believe I echo the idea of the author of "O Canada" when I say that our national pride should be such that it gives credit only where credit is due and earnestly endeavors to cleanse any national blots rather than to conceal them by vain boasting. Similarly our democracy is an

attribute of which we are justly proud. I think every thoughtful Canadian will agree with me when I say that the only class distinction we want is that due to nobility of character. We do not want to wave the Bolsheviks' Red Flag; we do not want an upper class of the most ignorant. But we do want and need an upper class of the finest characters and best intellects that the country can produce. And I do not believe that the encouragement of private schools is conducive to that end. On the contrary, I greatly fear that the more prevalent private schools become the greater will be the tendency towards an upper class based on the criterion of wealth.

I have every sympathy with the parents who dread to send their child to a school which is brimming over with the "latest arrivals from Southern Europe." The contact with these children is sometimes a very grave danger, especially in the large towns. Yet I contend that if the home training is what it should be, the improper school influence will have little or no effect upon the child. "O Canada" quotes, "Give us a child till he is nine and you can have him afterwards." But you have the child at home with you till he is grown; then cannot you mould his early life so that he will obtain benefit rather than harm from his contact with other children? All teachers know the effect which home training has upon a child. You can compel him to act like a gentleman in school but the minute he is out of the teacher's sight, he is whatever little ruffian he is allowed to be at home. Home influences are by far more effective and enduring than school influences. Too many parents leave char-

acter-building to the teacher and when such is the case it is not to be wondered at if Jack picks up objectionable things at school. A teacher's influence and power is at best only transient. The real character moulding is done in the home and if a child's ideas are properly guided there, the school influence will not be such a menace. Rather by mixing with that world of children he will gain strength and force of character.

Take only one instance. "O Canada" mentions the danger of contact with children who use obscene language. I believe that there are very few children who would suffer morally from such contact if they had properly been taught sex hygiene at home. This is a subject which belongs to the home. It is a vital one, yet how many parents fortify their children by teaching it? No one can present it with the same beauty that a mother can if she will. It could be taught in the schools but the good effect would be greatly diminished. I maintain that if intelligent parents would see to that side of their child's education *themselves*, they would have little to fear from school contact.

Let me remind you also that it is not always from the immigrant or the laboring class that bad influence comes. In one little Ontario High School where I taught, were two boys from two of the wealthiest families in town. The parents could have afforded to send them to private schools. The manners of these boys were perfect but they were the most depraved boys I have ever met.

Moreover, if you send your girl or boy to boarding school it means prolonged absences from home, and home influence. Of course, if the home is not a desirable one it is well. But in most cases I think

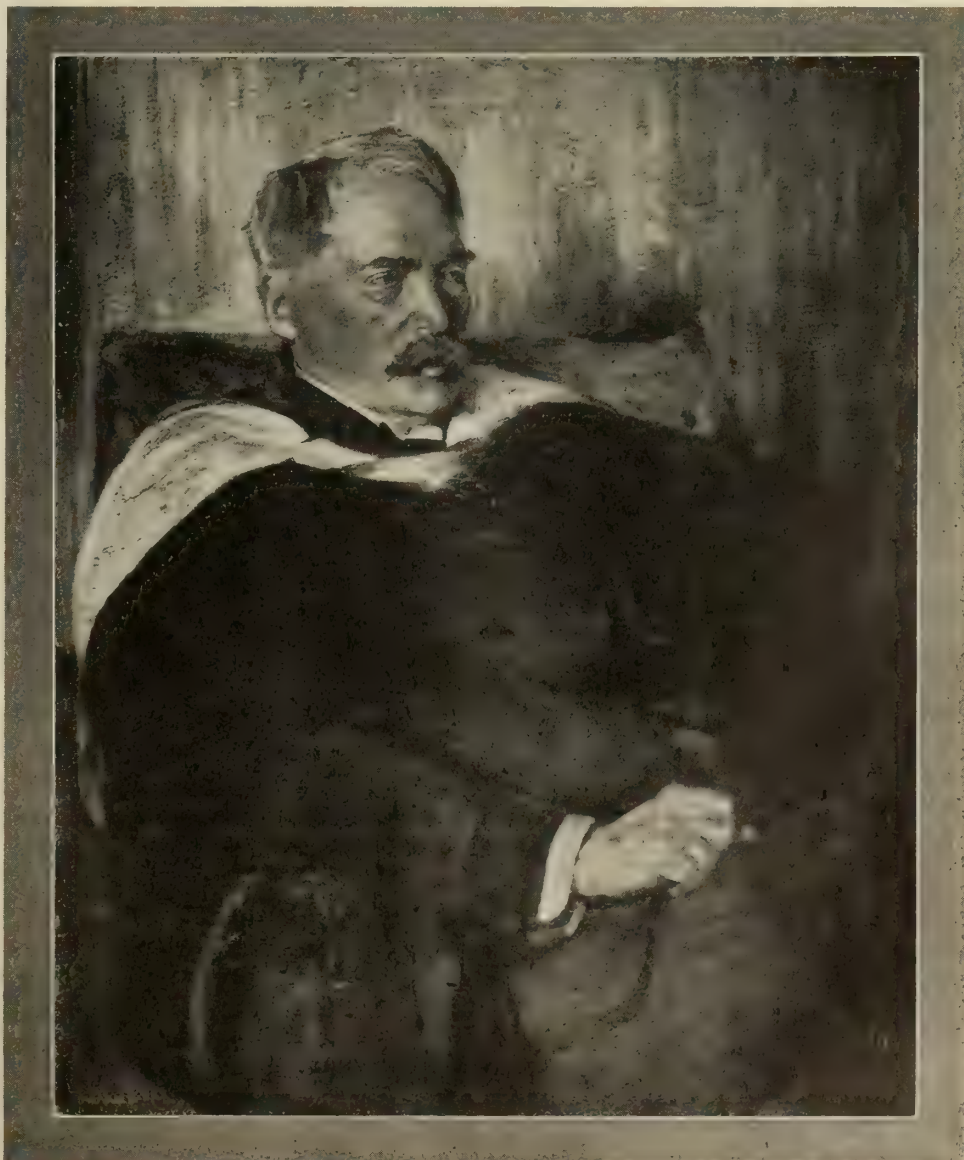
Jack's father is wise to buy his car and keep the boy with him.

There is yet another side to the question which should not be overlooked. If a boy is kept sheltered at home and in private school, how is he going to cope with the world when he is finally allowed to start out on his own initiative? If a child learns how to meet and overcome the hard places he is much better equipped to fight life's battles than if he were kept from all trials in youth. Since man, as an adult, must live in the world, is it not wise, that as a child, he should learn *how* to live in it?

On the other hand, a child who attends a public school, gains a broader interest in childhood of all kinds. It will not hurt him to realize a little of "how the other half lives." If only our wealthy people could see into the lives of the so-called lower classes, and be made to realize their struggles and handicaps, we should soon be a step nearer the brotherhood of man. Private schools are one of the best instruments for developing class consciousness, class which is based on wealth. We do not want our democracy to be one of "levelling down," but one of uplift. And how can anyone help in social uplift if he is devoid of human interest in the "under dog"? And how can one have such an interest if one is never allowed to obtain the faintest knowledge of him? Teach your children the love of mankind and show them how to exercise it in the public schools.

If there is something better to be had in the "good private boarding-school" than at the public schools, why should not every one have the chance? Certainly the child of the immigrant needs very badly the best we can give him. Even our best would have to work hard to make him a good Canadian citizen during his school years.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF AN ACADEMIC AUTHORITY

This portrait of Dean Cappon of Queen's University, Kingston, is painted by F. H. Varley. An article on "Developing a National Art," by Miss Long, on page ten in this issue, refers to Mr. Varley's noteworthy work.





# See What Happens

## when you brush teeth in this new way

### Five desired effects

Five things happen every time you brush teeth in this new way which dentists now advise.

The salivary flow is multiplied. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

The starch digestant in saliva is multiplied. That is to quickly digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and form acid.

The alkalinity of the saliva is multiplied. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

The film-coat is attacked in two efficient ways.

The teeth are so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

### Three aids to Nature

Three effects are simply aids to Nature.

They would come through diet if you ate much fruit. But they must come regularly to prevent acid attacks on teeth.

Pepsodent brings them twice daily, whatever the diet. It combats the starch and starch effects when diet fails to do so.

### Film—the great enemy

But the still greater object is to fight film, the cause of most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

### A many-year problem

Film has for many years been a great dental problem. Careful people have dentists remove it twice yearly. But there are months between when it may do a ceaseless damage. So

Dental science has been seeking a daily film combatant.

Efficient methods have now been found and proved by ample tests. These methods are embodied in Pepsodent. Thus all these five desired effects are now secured by this one application.

### We supply it free

Pepsodent is now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Millions of people daily employ it, largely through this advice.

The results are evident wherever you look, particularly in glistening teeth.

A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. Also a book which tells the reason for each unique result.

This is to urge that you send for that tube. Watch the effects, learn their meaning, judge them for yourself. Then consider what they mean to you and yours.



### Based on years of research

Pepsodent is based on years of research. Its principles have been evolved by some of the ablest authorities. It accords with the best modern dental opinion.

Its effects are now regarded as essential to proper tooth protection. So everyone should make this test. See how the teeth improve. What you see and feel will then decide your proper course. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 311, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only One Tube to a Family.

### The visible effects

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then let the book explain results less evident to you.

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
REG. IN  
**The New-Day Dentifrice**

A scientific film combatant which brings five desired effects. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.





by Hulbert Footner

ILLUSTRATED BY CAMPBELL DUNCAN

## CHAPTER I.

IN PAPPS'S RESTAURANT.

THE interior of Papps's, like most Western restaurants, was divided into a double row of little cabins with a passage between, each cabin having a swing door. Garth Pevensey found the place very full; and he was ushered into a cubby-hole which already contained two diners, a man and a woman nearing the end of their meal. They appeared to be incoming settlers of the better class—a farmer and his wife from across the line. Far from resenting Garth's intrusion, they visibly welcomed it; after all, there was something uncomfortably suggestive of a cell in those narrow cabins to which the light of day never penetrated.

Garth passed behind the farmer's chair, and seated himself next the wall. He had no sooner ordered his luncheon than the door was again opened, and the rotund Mr. Papps, with profuse apologies, introduced a fourth to their table. The vacant place, it appeared, was the very last remaining in his establishment.

The newcomer was a girl; young, slender and decidedly pretty: such was Garth's first impression. She came in without hesitation, and took the place opposite Garth with that serenely oblivious air so characteristic of the highly civilized young lady. Very trimly and quietly dressed, sufficiently well-bred to accept the situation as a matter of course. Thus Garth's further impressions. "What a girl to be meeting up in this corner of the world, and how I should like to know her!" he added in his mind. The maiden's bland aloofness was discouraging to this hope; nevertheless, his heart worked in an extra beat or two, as he considered the added relish his luncheon would have, garnished by occasional glances at such a delightful *vis-a-vis*. Meanwhile, he was careful to take his cue from her; his face, likewise, expressed a blank.

The farmer and his wife became very uncomfortable. Simple souls, they could not understand how a personable youth and a charming girl should sit opposite each other with such wooden faces. Their feeling was that at quarters so close extra sociability was demanded, and the utter lack of it caused them to move uneasily in their chairs, and gently perspire. They unconsciously hastened to finish, and having at length dutifully polished their plates, arose and left the cabin with audible sighs of relief.

This was a contingency Garth had not foreseen, and his heart jumped. At the same time he felt a little sorry for the girl. He wondered if she would consider it an act of delicacy if he fastened the door open with a chair. On second thoughts, he decided such a move would be open to misconstruction. Had he only known it, she was dying to laugh and, at the slightest twinkle in his eyes, would have gone off into a peal. Only Garth's severe gravity restrained her—and that in turn made her want to laugh harder than ever. But how was Garth to learn all that? Girls, more especially girls like this, were to him insolvable mysteries—like the heavenly constellations. Of course, there are those who pretend to have discovered their orbits, and have written books on the subject; but for him, he preferred simply to wonder and to admire.

Since her arrival the objective

point of his desire shifted from his plate some three feet across the table; he now gazed covertly at her with more hunger than he evinced for his food. She had a good deal the aspect of a plucky boy, he thought; a direct, level gaze; a quick, sure turn to her head; and the fresh, bright lips of a boy. But that was no more than a pleasant fancy; in reality she was woman clear through. Eve lurked in the depths of her blue eyes, for all they hung out the colors of simple honesty; and Eve winked at him out of every fold of her rich chestnut hair. She was quick and impulsive in her motions; and although she showed such a blank front to the man opposite, her lips flickered with the desire to smile; and tiny frowns came and went between the twin crescents of her brows.

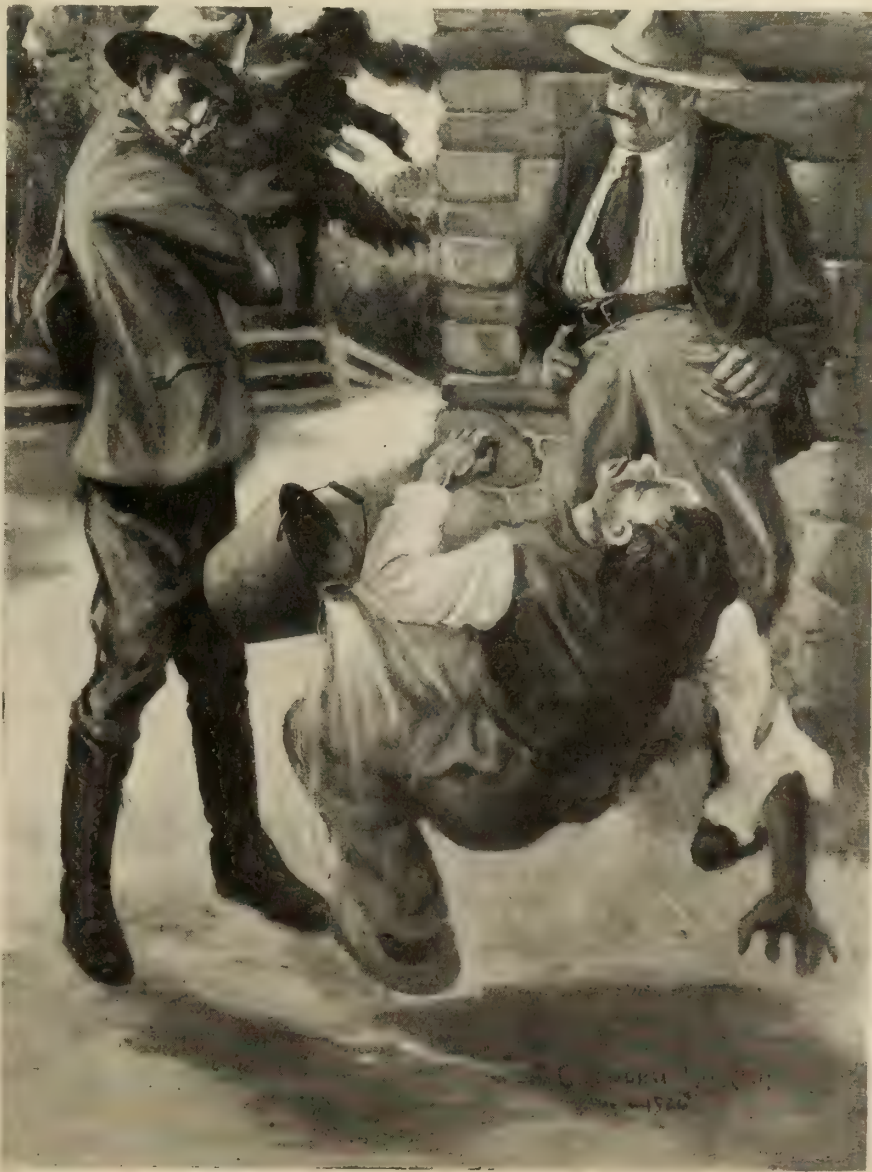
As for her, she was sizing him up too, though with skilfully veiled glances. She saw a square-shouldered young man, who sat calmly eating his lunch, without betraying too much self-consciousness on the one hand, or any desire to make flirtatious advances on the other. Yet he was not stupid, either; he had eyes that saw what they were turned on, she noted. His admirable, detached attitude piqued her, though she would have been quick to resent any other. She was angry with him for forcing this repression on her; repression was not natural to this young lady. She longed to clear the

air with a burst of laughter, but the thought of a quick, cool glance of surprise from the steady eyes opposite effectually checked her. As for his features, they were well enough she thought. He had a shapely head, broadest over the ears, and thatched with thick, straight hair of the ashy-brown just the other side of blonde. His eyes were of the shade politely called gray, though yellow or green might be said with equal truth, had not those colors unpleasant associations. His nose was longish, and he had a comical trick of seeming to look down it, at which she greatly desired to laugh. His mouth was well cut, and decisively finished at the corners; and he had a chin to match. In spite of her irritation with him, she was reminded of a picture she had seen of Henry Fifth looking out from his helmet on the field of Agincourt.

As the minutes passed, and Garth maintained his calm, she became quite unreasonably wroth. Her own luncheon was now before her. By and by she wanted salt, and the only cellar stood at Garth's elbow. Nothing could have induced her to ask for it; she merely stared fixedly. Garth, presently observing, politely offered the salt-cellar. She waited until he had put it down on the table, and removed his hand from the neighborhood; then took it.

"Thank you," she murmured indignantly; furious at having to say it.

Garth wondered what he had done to offend her.



Garth swung around and took in the situation at a glance. There was a crack as his fist met the half-breed's jaw, and Xavier rolled in the dust.

AT this moment there was an interruption; again the apologetic Mr. Papps with yet another guest. This was a tradesman's comely young wife, with very ruffled plumage, and the distracted air of the unaccustomed traveller. She was carrying in her arms a shiny black valise, three assorted paper-covered bundles with the string coming off, and a hat in a paper bag; and, although it was so warm, she wore her winter's coat, plainly because there was no other way to bring it. Her hair was flying from its moorings; her face flamed; and her hat sat at a disreputably rakish angle. As she piled up her encumbrances on the chair next to the girl, and took off her coat, she bubbled over with indistinguishable, anxious mutterings. At last she sank into the seat by Garth with something between a sigh and a moan.

"I've lost my husband," she announced at large.

Her distress was so comical they could not forbear smiling.

"Just came in over the A.N.R.," she panted. "By rights we should have arrived last night, but day-before-yesterday's train had the right of way and we was held up down to Battle Run. I tell you, the rails of that line are like the waves of the sea! I was that sea-sick I thought never to eat mortal food again—but it's coming back; my appetite I mean. He was to meet me, but I suppose he got tired after seventeen hours, small blame—and dropped off somewhere. S'pose I'll have to make a round of the hotels till I find him. You don't happen to know him, do you?" she asked Garth. "John Pink, the carpenter?"

"I'm a stranger in Prince George," said he politely.

"Oh, what and all I've been through!" groaned Mrs. Pink, with an access of energetic distress. She shook a warning finger at the girl. "Take my advice, Miss," she warned, "and don't you let him out of your sight a minute, till you get him safe home!"



The girl looked hard at her plate, while for Garth, a slow, dark red crept up from his neck to the roots of his hair. Yet Mrs. Pink's mistake was surely a natural one; there they sat lunching privately together in the secluded little cabin. Moreover they looked like fit mates, each for the other, and their air of studied indifference was no more than the air commonly assumed by young married couples in public places—especially the lately married. Without appearing to raise her eyes, the girl in some mysterious way, was conscious of Garth's dark flush. "Serve him right," she thought with wicked satisfaction. "I shan't help him out." But Garth's blush was for her more than for himself.

Mrs. Pink, absorbed in her own troubles, was innocently unaware of the consternation she had thrown them into. She plunged ahead; still addressing her remarks to the girl.

"Perhaps you think there's no danger of losing yours so soon," she went on; "and very like you're right. But, my dear, you never can tell! Bless you, when I was on my wedding journey, he hung around continuous. I couldn't get shet of the man for a minute, and I was fair tired out of seeing him. But that wears off—not that I mean it would with you" turning to Garth—"but nothing different couldn't hardly be expected in the course of nature."

Garth considered whether he should stop Mrs. Pink's tongue by telling the truth. But it seemed ungallant to be in such haste to deny the responsibility. He felt rather that the disclaimer should come from the girl; and she made no move; indeed, he almost fancied he saw the ghost of a smile. Under his irritation with the woman and her clumsy tongue, he was conscious of a secret glow of pleasure. There was something highly flattering in being taken for the husband of such an ultra-desirable creature. The thought of her being really one with his future, as the woman supposed, and travelling about the country with him made his heart beat fast. Slender, trim and mistress of herself, she had exactly the look of the wife he had pictured.

Mrs. Pink broke off long enough to order her luncheon, and from the extent of the order it appeared she had entirely recovered her appetite.

"The next thing I have to do after finding my man," she resumed, with a wild pass at her hat, which lurched it as far over on the other side, "is to find a house. They tell me rents are terrible high in Prince George. Are you two going to settle here?"

Garth replied in the negative. He had decided if the girl did not choose to enlighten Mrs. Pink, he would not.

"It has a great future ahead of it," she said solemnly. "It's a grand place for a young couple to start life in. And elegant air for children. Mine are at my mother's."

Garth swallowed a gasp at this; but the girl never blinked an eye.

"But how I do run on!" exclaimed Mrs. Pink. "No doubt you've got a good start somewhere else."

"Not so very," said Garth with a smile.

The smile disarmed the young lady sitting opposite, and somehow obliged her to reconsider her opinion of him. "I believe the creature has a sense of humor," was her thought.

"Are you Canadians?" inquired Mrs. Pink politely. "I am from New York," said Garth.

Mrs. Pink opened her eyes to their widest. If he had said Cochiti China she could not have appeared more surprised. For New York is a magical name in the Provinces; and the more remote, the more glowing the halo evoked by the sound.

"Bless me!" she ejaculated. Then, addressing herself to the girl: "How fine the shops and the opera houses must be there!"

"I've not been there in some years," she answered coolly. "I am from Ontario."

"Well, I declare!" cried Mrs. Pink. "Quite a romance! Where did you meet?"

"Here," said Garth readily. There was no turning back now.

"What a nice man!" now thought this perverse young lady.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Pink with immense interest. "Ain't that odd now! Was it long since?"

"Not so very," said Garth vaguely. He glanced across the table and saw that his supposed wife had finished her lunch. His heart sank heavily.

"Three months?" hazarded Mrs. Pink.

"It was about half an hour ago," came brisk and clear from across the table.

Mrs. Pink looked up in utter amazement; her jaw dropped; and a piece of bread was arrested

halfway to her mouth. The girl had risen and was drawing on her gloves.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Pink," she said sweetly. "I hope you find your husband sooner than I find mine!"

With that she passed out; and the swing door closed behind her. All the light went with her, it seemed to Garth, and the cabin became a sordid, spotty little hole. Mrs. Pink stared at the door through which she had disappeared, in speechless bewilderment. Finally she turned to Garth.

"Wh—what did she mean?" she stammered.

"I do not know the young lady," said Garth sadly.

"Good land, man!" screamed Mrs. Pink. "Why didn't you say so at first?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE UNKNOWN LADY.

GARTH PEVENSEY was a reporter on the New York *Leader*. His choice of an occupation had been made more at the dictate of circumstances than of his free will; and in the round hole of modern journalism he was something of a square and stubborn peg. He had become a reporter because he had no taste for business; and a newspaper office is the natural refuge for clever young men with a modicum of education, and the

sister, and ever since his knickerbocker days he had been the best head the little family could boast of. New York is full of young men like Garth, who, deprived of the kind of society their parents were accustomed to, do not assimilate readily with that which is open to all; and so do without any. Young, presentable and clever, Garth had yet never had a woman for a friend. Those he met in the course of a reporter's rounds made him over-fastidious. He had erected a sky-scraping ideal of fine breeding in women, of delicacy, reserve and finish; and his life hitherto had not afforded him a single opportunity of meeting a woman who could anywhere near measure up to it. That was his little private grievance with Fate.

Garth came of a family of sporting and military traditions, which he had inherited in full force. These, in the young bread-winner of the city, had had to be largely repressed; but he had found a certain outlet in joining a militia regiment, in which he had at length been elected an officer. He had a passion for firearms; and was the prize sharpshooter of his regiment. Wonderful tales were related of his prowess.

When the "*Leader*" was invited to send a representative on the excursion of press correspondents, which an enterprising immigration agency purposed

conducting through the Canadian Northwest, Garth was chosen to go—most unexpectedly to himself, and to the higher-paid men on the staff. This trip put an entirely new colour on Garth's existence. He had always felt a secret longing to travel, to wander under strange skies, and observe new sides of life. From the very start of the journey he found himself in a state of pleasant exhilaration which was reflected in the copy he sent back to his paper. Pevensey's articles on the West made a distinct hit. The editors of the "*Leader*" did not tell him so; but in the very silence from New York that followed him, he knew he had found favor in their eyes.

When the excursion, lapped in the luxury of a private car (nothing can be too good for those who are going to publish their opinions of you!) reached Prince George, the outermost point of their wide swing around the country, the good people of the town outdid themselves in entertaining the correspondents. Among the festivities, a large public reception gave the correspondents and the leading men of the country the opportunity to become acquainted. To Garth the most interesting man present was the Bishop of Miwasa. His Lordship was a retiring man in vestments a thought shabby; and the other correspondents overlooked him. But Garth had heard by accident that the Bishop's annual tour of his diocese included a trip of fifteen hundred miles by canoe and pack-train through the wilderness; and he scented a story. The Bishop was one of those incorrigibly modest men who are the despair of interviewers; but Garth stuck to him, and got the story in the end. It was the best sent out of Prince George on that trip.

During the five days the correspondents spent there, the quiet Garth and the quiet Bishop became fast friends over innumerable pipes at the Athabasca Club. They discovered a common liking for the same brand of tobacco, which created a strong bond.

Garth was entranced by the Bishop's matter-of-fact stories of his long journeys through the wilderness during the delightful summers, and in the rigorous winters; and the upshot was, the Bishop asked him to join him in his forthcoming tour of the diocese, which was to start from Miwasa Landing on the first of August.

Garth jumped at the opportunity; and telegraphing lengthily to his paper to set forth the rich copy that was pining to be gathered in the North, prayed for permission to go. He received a brief answer, allowing him two months' leave of absence for the journey at his own risk and expense; and promising to purchase what of his stuff might be suitable, at space rates. This was precisely what he wanted; it meant two months' liberty. By the time he received it, the excursion had left Prince George behind; and was turned homeward. Garth dropped off at a way station and made his way back, this time without any fetes to greet his arrival. He caught the Bishop as he was starting for the Landing; and it was arranged Garth should follow him by stage, three days later. Meantime he was to purchase an outfit.

On the evening of the day following his luncheon at Papps's, Garth, in his room at the hotel, was packing in a characteristically masculine fashion, preparatory to his start for the North woods next day.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

## Outside

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

When the night fire flares up red  
Into the chimney wide,  
And I am s'posed to be in bed,  
I like to slip and hide  
Behind the back of father's chair,  
And, when they quite forget I'm there,  
I like to think  
Of how the night is black as ink  
Outside!

The poplar trees down in the park,  
All day, so stiff with pride,  
Stand shivering inside the dark,  
Quite limp and terrified—  
I'd like to call out, "Boo!" beneath  
And listen to their chatt'ry teeth;  
But—I don't know—  
To do it I should have to go  
Outside!

Our black cat, with her tail all still,  
Is watching, yellow-eyed,  
Something beyond the window-sill—  
That no one else has spied!  
Soon she will go, with padding feet,  
Out through the door and down the street.  
I think she knows  
What she won't tell—except to those  
Outside!

Of course, there aren't witches now,  
(What was that voice that cried?)  
I don't mind witches anyhow,  
(Was that the wind that sighed?)  
For two brass pins I'd run around  
The house and through the croquet ground—  
I'm brave myself—  
But what if I should scare some elf  
Outside?

need of providing an income. He was not considered a "star" on the force; and his city editor had been known to tear his hair at the missed opportunities in Pevensey's copy, and hand it to one of the more glowing stylists for the injection of "ginger." But Garth had his revenge in the result; the gingerized phrases in his quiet narrative cried aloud, like modern gingerbread work on a goody old dwelling.

It was agreed in the office that Pevensey was too quiet ever to make a crack reporter. On a big story full of human interest he was no good. It was not that he failed to realize the possibilities of such stories; he had as sure an eye for the picturesque and affecting as Dicky Chatworth himself, the city editor's especial favorite; but he had an unconquerable repugnance to "letting himself go." Moreover his stuff was suspected of having a literary quality, something that is respected but not desired in a newspaper office. Howbeit, there were some things Garth could do to the entire satisfaction of the powers; he might be depended upon for an effective description of any big show, when the readers' tearducts were not to be laid under contribution; he had an undeniable way with him of impressing the great and the near-great; and had occasionally been surprisingly successful in extracting information from the supposedly uninterwiewable.

Outside the office Garth led an uneventful life. He lived with his mother and a younger brother and



FOR many, many years the little bells which to this day hang above the quaint white-faced clock on Le Seminaire Saint Sulpice, Montreal, have struck the hours, the halves and the quarters. Before the big, handsome cathedral which now overshadows the Seminary was thought of by St. Sulpice Fathers, and even before the square in front, with its statue of that old French hero, Sieur de Maisonneuve, was a square at all, those bells chimed.

When Montreal was still Ville-Marie, and stockades stood where granite buildings do to-day, this group of time-reckoners called the priest to his devotion, the artisan to his work, and the soldier to his duties. The soldier, with his long rapier and plumed hat, has long ago disappeared. The artisan has been moved to the less congested portions of the city—portions that were then far outside the city walls. As to the priest—well, he remains in his abode as of old—the priest and the bells.

No one listens nowadays to the marking of the hours by this ancient time-piece, though they are struck none the less regularly.

Wait—there is one!

Far down the street, toward the river, is a low-eaved stone house crowded in between two mammoth warehouses. In its day, something like a century ago, when Grandpere de Moleville came over from France and took possession, it was accounted, next to the Chateau de Ramezay, the most pretentious house in the city. It had gardens which extended almost to the river bank. These had been laid out in exact counterpart of grandpere's old gardens in France, and Nathile has often told me how her grandfather, dressed in velvet and laces, would walk up and down the well kept pathways, as he might have done before the revolution in the gardens of Louis XVI.

Commercial life has swallowed up the mansion's old environments; Grandpere and Pere de Moleville were long ago gathered to their fathers; all that remains of the estate is the house itself, and all that remains of the family is the little withered up Mam'selle Nathile.

Mam'selle has always been credited in the neighborhood with being a little peculiar. In the first place, she will not, in spite of all inducements, sell the old house, though she has been offered many times its residential value. Then, at a given hour every morning, she goes up the street to the French Cathedral, but unlike the other devotees, never steps inside. She just waits within the shadow of the "portique" until the Seminary bells ring out the quarter after ten. Gentle expectation is depicted in her old face as she stands there gazing down the street beyond the seminary gates. This in turn gives way to a look of disappointment, as she shakes her head and moves away. Year in and year out she has repeated this, until its repetition creates no comment. "It's only that crazy old Frenchwoman," the neighbors say, and, indeed, it makes little difference to anyone except possibly a few French boys from the factory opposite, who call her "vieille folle," and refuse her nice little cakes in consequence.

But Mam'selle has not always been old and ugly, nor has she always lived the secluded life which for fifty years has been her custom, and is yet for that matter.

The time has been when Mam'selle Nathile de Moleville was accounted the handsomest woman in the city. Even the two little English boys, whose father kept the wholesale fur establishment on Rue St. Paul, and who had, in common with their father, an inborn hatred for anything un-British, always called her that handsome French girl. That she was really beautiful I have good reason to know, for many times she has shown me her portrait, which hung, with those of other members of her family, in what had once been the library. This must in its day have been a really fine room, with its high wainscoting and carved oak ceiling. Now, however, the windows which looked once straight down to the river, have their view shut off by the stone walls of the warehouse, and the hangings, still rich and heavy, are moth-eaten, dusty and dark with age.

With all the airs of a princess Mam'selle would usher one into this room, just as she might have done fifty years before. Here was grandpere's jewelled snuff box, his court sword, and the dearest ivory miniatures of dead and gone de Molevilles, painted long ago in France. She would sit and talk of the old days. Not of the days of her grandfather, nor father, but of her own girlhood—how she had received the attentions of Count ——— and Monsieur ——— at the famous ball at Monklands, the then Government House of the United Provinces. This was before the day that Lord Elgin was "rotten egged" at the Chateau de Ramezay for signing the Rebellion Loss Bill, and in consequence removed the seat of government to Quebec.

All these things, and many more, she talked of, as if they had occurred yesterday—and to her they had. Time did not move on with Mam'selle Nathile. With her the calendar stood still, and

## The BELLS of ST. SULPICE

by  
Frederick Paul



had done so for fifty years. If Lord Elgin's place had been taken by another, if the old Parliament buildings had been burned by the mob, or if her old friends had all gone to their last resting place, it was merely a matter of yesterday—at most, last year.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world that Bertrand Chamfort and Mam'selle de Moleville should meet and fall in love. Brave, dashing, many years her senior, for he had won his title of captain in the Rebellion of '37, Bertrand was just the man to infatuate a young woman of Nathile's temperament and home training. With even more care than is usually exercised among French families, Nathile had been kept under the kind, though watchful, eyes of her father and maiden aunt—her mother having died years before—until she was twenty. This had only been varied by her four years at the convent, where the black-robed sisters looked after her welfare with even more care and attention.

What she then considered the event of her life occurred. This was her coming out at the levee given in her honor by that old friend of the family, Madame Hebert.

How Captain Chamfort came to be invited is not altogether plain. Though belonging to one of the best French families, his reputation for years had been such that polite society had not spoken kindly of him. Society, however, was careful not to speak too loud, for the gallant captain had the reputation of being at times hot-headed and a bit quarrelsome.

Bertrand Chamfort proved as fearless and persistent a lover as he was a fighter, and that was saying a great deal. He dashed at a woman's heart in much the same way as he led the rebels in '37, and even old Papi-neau himself acknowledged that that was magnificent.

A woman may openly resent this sort of warfare, but way down deep there is an admiration for the aggressive, knightly lover, which is likely to carry all before it. It was much this way between these two. Faults the captain had, but no one could ever say that he played fast and loose with women's hearts and names. That was his one virtue.

As for Nathile, she saw only the handsome, dark-skinned soldier—the man whose bravery in years past had been upon everyone's lips. True, she had heard also of how he had played the very devil at the English grog shop on Rue St. Pierre, and how it had ended in his arrest and fine for assaulting a half dozen Englishmen with a sword. The Captain's Quebec duel, in which he ran the officer through, was still

fresh in everyone's mind; but those were stirring days, and the French were often pitted against the English. It was perfectly natural that she should forgive any little indiscretion of this character, particularly if the aggrieved party was an Englishman. Was she not French?—and did not every son and daughter of sunny France rejoice, at least silently, at the discomfiture of the conqueror?

Matters, however, did not progress as the two lovers would have liked. Objections were raised by her father, whose insight into man's character was perhaps on a par with his own knowledge of the world. Finally it all ended in his forbidding any further intercourse between his daughter and Chamfort.

That matters were not pleasant in Captain Chamfort's immediate neighborhood, when he heard of Monsieur de Moleville's decision can readily be imagined. What passed when the Captain called, is not exactly clear, but it concluded in his telling the old gentleman that marry his daughter he would, whether he liked it or not. After this the meetings between Nathile and the Captain were necessarily infrequent. Neither her father nor aunt had any idea that matters had gone as far as they had, and both were

under the impression that Nathile, like an obedient daughter, would give up all serious thoughts of the Captain.

Chamfort, in the meantime, had never changed his original ideas. He intended to make Nathile his wife just as he had threatened to do, but runaway matches were not so easily planned then as now, and, besides, the chances were that not a priest in Lower Canada would marry them under the circumstances. So he was arranging to go to Boston, marry her there, and then, after a while, return to Montreal. This all took time, and the lovers met when occasion offered.

There was one place where the two could see each other for just the briefest possible time several days in the week. This was at Notre Dame. Like the good Catholic she was, it had for years been Nathile's custom to go to the Cathedral. Sometimes it was to low mass with her aunt, but more often she would go up alone later in the morning. It was not long before the Captain became aware of this custom of hers, and he, too, frequented Notre Dame in the morning hours. It may be said to Nathile's credit that even the presence of her lover at the church did not materially interfere with her devotions. Each prayer was said as conscientiously as if he had never existed, when, as a matter of fact, she knew full well that he was pacing backward and forward just outside the doors. The only difference it made was that another prayer had been added to the long list. This was for Bertrand, and while it was being offered the impetuous



It seemed the most natural thing in the world that Bertrand Chamfort and Mam'selle de Moleville should meet and fall in love.



## A Season

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

### I.

Snowdrops,  
And crocuses,  
And velvet paws of catkin buds—  
Shouting round the garden go the  
yellow daffodils,  
Rainbow beds of hyacinth,  
(Chiming bells of hyacinth)  
Royal purple violets and musky blue  
squills!

### II.

Tulips,  
And buttercups,  
And orchis-tinted iris spears,  
Rosy, scented snow adrift beneath the  
almond tree;  
Phials of honey-sweet perfume  
In every tossing lilac-plume,  
In every feathered clover-head and  
wind anenome!

### III.

Balsams,  
And lupin-spires,  
And spicy breath of lavender,  
Gillyflowers, and lily flowers, and  
Bethlehem Star;  
A single gold nasturtium cup,  
Lapping all the sunlight up,  
And white for youth, and red for love,  
and there the roses are.

### IV.

Dahlias,  
And goldenrod,  
And mani-colored marigolds,  
Burnished fire of oak copse and pale  
mistletoe;  
Michael daisies' misty blooms,  
And shaggy red chrysanthemums,  
And one scarlet holly-berry on the  
new snow.

Captain was damning the length of time consumed in its delivery. But to do him justice, he was not aware that it was being offered for his good, or he probably would not have cursed.

Perhaps Nathile did look forward to her morning prayers at Notre Dame with more pleasure than formerly, and perhaps also there was an anxiety for the hour to arrive which she herself scarcely understood.

As time passed the Captain's arrangements for their flight were all but complete. He met her at the church on a Saturday morning, and in the few moments they had together briefly outlined his plans. She was to come to the Cathedral as usual on the following Monday morning. There he would meet her and together they would board a packet which lay in the harbor ready to sail. By 12 o'clock they would be well down the river, and in ten days should reach Boston. Such wearing apparel as was necessary had already been procured by the stewardess so there was no occasion to excite suspicion at home.

Then he stooped and kissed her upturned face, and, with the words, "Remember the hour, ten o'clock," he was gone.

Stories of that strange duel which took place in old Gwilt's tavern are so conflicting that it is hard to get at the real truth of the matter. Even the testimony of the tavern keeper and his son at the "enquete" was not of a nature to throw much light on an affair, which for many days annoyed and baffled Her Majesty's representatives.

Gwilt's inn was a famous hostelry at that time, and it was said that many disputes of long standing had been satisfactorily settled in a barn connected with the establishment. It was also linted that right over the hill, and a little way up from the river, was a level, grassy spot, which was one

of the prettiest places for an encounter on the whole river side.

Years before Gwilt took to inn-keeping he had been a sergeant-instructor of swordsmanship in one of Her Majesty's regiments, and perhaps this in some manner accounted for his love of a fray and the plentiful supply of weapons which hung in the tap room.

It may be well, considering that Gwilt was the only one who could ever give an intelligible account of the affair, to take his own version just as he told it before the court:

"All day Sunday," he said, "business was mighty dull, but t'ards evening, after the candles were lit, in came two gents who I had never seen before. One was tall and soldier-like, looking enough like our old major to be his twin brother. The other was a mean looking little cuss, and no one can ever tell me it wasn't all his fault.

"They sat down in the tap room and had several drinks, the soldier-like man paying for 'em all. After awhile in came Captain Chamfort, and sat down to a table in the other end of the room. He was quiet like, and never no more than looked at the other two gents.

"After having a pint of old Burgundy, of which he was wonderful fond, the captain told me to look after his horse, as he might stay some time. It was while I was out tending to the beast that the row started, and as I came near the door I heard the captain say:

"If you don't take that back and drink her health, you'll fight!" And at that he threw his glass of wine over the both of 'em.

"The next thing there was a scramble for weapons, and before I was fairly in the door all of 'em had a blade, and had started for each other.

"I steps in between 'em, and says: 'Here, gents, this won't do. Two men can't fight one, and, besides, this ain't no fit place for a duel.'

"Fight they would, so I made the best of it, and was going to see fair play, anyhow. The captain wanted to fight 'em both at once, and the little one was willing, too, though I will say for the big fellow, that he insisted on taking his turn alone.

"I cleared the room as well as I could, and as the candles were all lit, it made a pretty fair battleground. The little fellow wanted to keep the weapon he had, so I says to myself: 'I'll look after you, my hearty,' and I takes a weapon and goes out in front of him, so he could do no hurt, wanting to go on.

"My, but that fight was awful!

"Both of 'em were about even as to height and reach, and were fine swordsmen, though I must say I liked the captain's style best. He was quick as a cat, and had a wonderful eye.

"Backward and forward they went. Cut—parry—thrust, with the captain always having a little mite the best of it. Finally, he began driving the stranger into the corner, and just there managed to get in a clean cut on the left shoulder.

"I calls time, expecting the duel to stop there, but the stranger, who wasn't much hurt, wanted to go on.

"The front door had all this time been closed, and it was desperate warm. So I opens it wide to let in what air there was, and the fight began again.

"When the captain saw that his man was dead game, and meant to fight to the end, I never saw such an expression come over anyone's face. He was white-like, and his eyes flashed. Upon my honor, he looked just as he did at St. Eustache, when the regulars had 'em in a corner at the old church, and I says to myself: 'Stranger, your time has come!'

"Honest, judge, I would liked to have stopped the fight right there, but couldn't.

"At it they went again, and this time the captain was pressing the stranger harder than ever. All at once a gust of wind comes through the door, and every candle but one in the place went out. I calls time, and went over to shut the door before lighting up. The fight appeared to have stopped as soon as the light went out, but before I reached the door I hears a groan and then a fall. Without waiting for anything I grabbed the one candle, and went over to the far end of the room. As I did so the two strangers passed me and went out of the door.

"I goes over, and finds the captain all blood, which was coming a stream from a wound in his side.

"It was all up with him, and before I could get his shirt open he was dead, your Honor.

"Then I heard the clatter of hoofs, and the strangers making off.

"The blow was a foul one, and I may be doing

## When De Stars Shine Out

By NORMA E. SMITH

Dere's a li'l shadder creepin',  
In de corner ob de room,  
An' de quarters wear a blanket  
Made ob twilight's purple gloom.  
Soon de sky will be lak velvet,  
Jewels flashin' all about;  
Den de Massa's comin' fo' me  
When de stars shine out.

Li'l darker grows dat shadder,  
I kin heah de night-hawk call,  
While de fire throws his glory  
On ma rough log cabin wall.  
Seems ter me dere's someone tappin',  
Music is afloat;  
Massa's comin' in de twilight  
When de stars shine out.

Sho' He's comin', jes' as softly  
An' as lubbly as de mawn;  
I kin see His great wings shinin'  
Lak de summer skies at dawn.  
Let de door be open, honey;  
Let ma ole eyes peer wifout;  
Massa's comin' fo' yer mammy  
When de stars shine out.

Her black han' is werry feeble—  
Massa's han' is white lak snow;  
But ma fingers feel de nail-prints,  
So I clasp it as I go.  
Hark! A voice soun's from de thres-  
hold,  
Sweeter dan a blackbird's note;  
Massa's here at las' to tak me  
As de stars shine out!

the little fellow wrong, but I think he was the man that delivered it. Anyway, I found the sword he had outside, and there was a streak of blood down the blade."

Monday morning came, and at last the bells sounded the first strokes of ten. It was such a little distance, and almost before they had stopped their ringing Nathile was at the appointed place.

This time she did not enter the church as she had always done before, but stood in the centre doorway right under the shadow of the big stone arches. Bertrand had not arrived, and she peered far down the street, expecting every moment to see his muscular form in the distance.

Five and then ten minutes went slowly by, and still he did not come.

What could be the matter? Had anything happened? Was he ill?

Just then a cart could be seen coming up the street. It was surrounded by a group of excited men, who talked in loud tones. They were nearly opposite to where Nathile stood when one of them was heard to say:

"Poor Chamfort, it was too bad to have died that way, but, then, what could one expect?"

It all came upon her like lightning—the slowly moving cart, partly filled with straw, and upon it the inert form of her lover.

She moved forward, and then grasped the stone pillar. Without even a sigh the lids closed over the dark eyes. She swayed backward and forward once or twice, and then fell an unconscious heap upon the steps.

And then it was that time stopped for Nathile. In her disordered brain, Bertrand lives always, and she lives to hear the bells of St. Sulpice and keep the meeting.

The End of the  
Story



## Revenge and Youthful Love Make a Romance in the Northern Wilderness

## THE RED GUARDIAN

By MABEL L. STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY P. C. SHEPPARD

COMMISSIONER GRANT of the "Royal North West Mounted Police" rubbed his clean-shaven chin thoughtfully. Not a flicker of an eyelid betrayed his excitement but the keen grey eyes gazed at, and through, Corporal Smith with more than their usual steely penetration.

"Sergeant Gaston murdered, and Constable Thorpe missing," he muttered. "Give me the details concisely, Smith."

Corporal Smith's round, boyish face was clouded by the tragedy upon which he had stumbled so unexpectedly. "Constable Hope and I were riding in after cleaning up that trouble in one of the Reservations when we came upon Gaston lying on his back, shot through the heart. He must have been dead an hour or more. It was in the clearing near old Martin's hut, just above Dead Man's Rapids. Stevens came up almost at the same moment. He was looking for Thorpe—said you wanted to send him to Murphy's Construction Camp. He had passed Thorpe and Gaston at that very spot a couple of hours before. Gaston was talking rather noisily and Thorpe's face was white. They seemed to be having a heated discussion and paid no attention to Stevens, who rode on to the barracks and left them. They are bringing Gaston in now; I came ahead to report."

The Commissioner was silent for a moment. "Of course it is quite impossible that Thorpe has done this. There isn't a finer man on this Force than Garry Thorpe. Still he must be found and explanation made, and the murderer run to earth."

"It is horrible, Sir," groaned Corporal Smith, "one of our own men within a mile or so of our own barracks. Gaston was never a favorite. He was too overbearing and bull-headed—no tact. The Indians don't like him either."

"Just what were the relations between Gaston and Thorpe," inquired the Commissioner, "cordial or otherwise?"

Smith hesitated. "None too cordial, I imagine. Stevens knew them both in the East. They were at school and college together. Thorpe was brilliant and successful. Gaston was rather dull and jealous of Thorpe. There was some family trouble too. Gaston's father almost ruined old Mr. Thorpe in some shady business deal. Gaston has made things as hard as possible for Thorpe since he joined the Force—not openly but in little underhand ways. Garry is very popular—generous and good-natured, daring to recklessness. I will never believe that he has had anything to do with this. More likely it was someone with a grudge against Gaston."

"I shall assign this task to you, Corporal," decided the Commissioner without further comment. "Find Thorpe and bring him back. He holds the clue to the mystery. In the meantime we will have the whole area searched for several miles around, as well as the river, to disclose the possibility of suicide or foul play. Send Stevens to me at once."

Corporal Smith saluted and withdrew to join the little group waiting impatiently outside. An hour later he rode northward on his wicked-eyed bay, scratching his close-cropped red head speculatively. "He has the whole of Canada to hide in, the foothills, the mountains, the plains—up to the Arctic, maybe. But I'll get him of course. And here is where I start," as he dismounted at the scene of the tragedy and began examining the ground with extreme minuteness.

ON an Indian Reservation several hundred miles from the Police Barracks the "Little White Brother" lived in a log cabin, his general head-

quarters and dispensary whence he distributed healing for the bodies and souls of his dusky patients with equal impartiality. John McLean was a medical missionary, who from his early youth, had been filled with a fiery zeal for the salvation of his red-skinned brothers.

After graduation in theology and medicine, he had given up a brilliant career to go into the wilderness and live the simplest life, taking with him his young wife who was equally enthusiastic. Their private means enabled them to live in some degree of comfort and to help their half-civilized neighbors who repaid them with a dog-like devotion.

But the rigors of the northern winters and the unavoidable hardships soon proved too much for

thrown off her blanket of white, emerged green and glorious with the promise of summer. Esther, who was a keen fisherman, was whipping the waters of Sunny Creek in search of a trout for her father's dinner, when a canoe containing two Indians, shot suddenly around a jutting rock almost beside her.

Instantly she recognized Hawk-Eye, one of the head men of the tribe who had been absent several months from the Reservation. Hawk-Eye was a skilful hunter and trapper, and his trade with the White Man was conducted with a sharp eye to business. His canoe was laden with trophies of the chase, and a look of calm and placid satisfaction rested on his sphinx-like face.

But the man with him! Esther stared hard. He was tanned and weather-beaten until his skin was the same hue as his companion's. He wore the costume of the tribe but his features were Grecian in their regularity and his eyes, the light, steely blue that betrayed his nationality.

"A white man!" Esther's lips formed the words though no sound came. Hawk-Eye looked disconcerted for an instant, then paddling to shore he leaped from the canoe and fell on his knees at the girl's feet, bowing to the ground. The "Little White Brother" and his daughter regarded as sacred personages, almost objects of worship.

His white companion followed him, gazing in hypnotized fascination at Esther as she stood with the sunshine on her red-bronze hair and the exquisite color coming and going in her face. He passed his hand across his forehead with a bewildered gesture, then mechanically saluted. Esther smiled. Her guess had been correct.

Hawk-Eye watched the two with inscrutable, glittering black eyes, then indicating the stranger with a lean forefinger, explained. "White man loves his Indian brother, likes our ways, good hunter, good rider, wants to live with Hawk-Eye and his people. The 'White Flower' will be kind to him. His head is sick."

The young man smiled apologetically. "Yes, it is queer, but I have lost my memory. Hawk-Eye says he found me lying half in the water at the foot of a cliff with a terrible gash in the back of my head. It is hardly healed yet. He nursed me for weeks. He has been a good Samaritan. Whoever gave me that blow almost stripped me so I have no clue to my identity."

"How dreadful," exclaimed Esther, holding out her hand in token of sympathy and friendship. "Was there nothing at all to suggest your past?"

"Only a scrap of paper torn from a letter which Hawk-Eye found beside me and kept when he carried me to his canoe. It read: 'Dear old Garry:—How do you like the wild and woolly West?' So I conclude that I am Garry."

Esther smiled. "Welcome to our wilderness home. We are a simple people but we know how to treat strangers. My father will be delighted beyond words to have a new friend. You will be a nine days' wonder on the Reservation. It is good that Hawk-Eye found you. He is kind and brave; his people will welcome you for his sake as well as your own."

The young man was frankly puzzled at finding an educated white woman, charming and remarkably attractive, buried alive in the primeval forest in a half-civilized community of Indians. But considering Hawk-Eye's presence he forced back the questions which rushed to his lips, determined at the earliest opportunity to find out the solution of the mystery.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



At that moment a shadow darkened the doorway, and all three looked up to greet the newcomer.

Mrs. McLean and her grief-stricken husband laid her to rest beneath the stately pines amid the weird lamentations of his faithful friends. His small daughter, Esther, a replica of her mother, was all that remained to remind him of his former life in old Ontario.

When Esther was nine years of age her father sent her East to be educated and trained in the ways of "polite society." The parting was a heart-break to both, and only twice in the nine ensuing years was he able to travel the many hundred miles to the eastern university city to spend a few months with his daughter.

Then Esther took matters into her own hands and insisted on joining him at Sunny Creek, for the spirit of self-effacing service was as strong in the girl as in her ascetic parents. The majestic mountains, the boundless forest where she had been born drew her with a resistless magnetism. Her dark-skinned kindergarten became unspeakably dear and in a few years the flesh-pots of the East ceased to interest her.

Then suddenly the East came to her. It was on a beautiful spring morning when Nature, having



# An Article on a Subject of Importance to Every Canadian

"God gives all men all earth to love  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice,  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—"

WHEN the subject of a national, a distinctively Canadian art is mentioned, one is met with various questions. Probably the first ones asked are: "Is there really such a thing as a national art?" and "Is not all great art universal?" And the answer in each case seems to be "yes." The great fundamental—the universal, those of form, organization and unity, but on comparing the great periods of painting in different countries, it is impossible to deny that there certainly is a vast difference between them. It would be difficult to imagine the great art of Greece, produced by the same men that raised the art of the Netherlands to such heights; and the sumptuous, regal productions of 16th century Italy breathe an entirely different spirit from the more restrained art of Spain. They all have the great fundamentals, but they certainly are eternally different.

This can perhaps be explained by a quotation from Huntington Wright. "The theme of a picture is chosen by the emotions—the intellect determines the rhythm or construction and the will supplies the power of organization."

In other words, the type of picture produced depends on the character of the artist. It depends on his emotions, by what they are aroused; on his mind, what power of thought has he; on his will:—is it such as will carry his work to a masterly and successful conclusion? His personality is back of his art and this personality is largely the outcome of his nationality and country; for no person, be he ever so strong-minded, can avoid being influenced by his surroundings, and his personality naturally reflects the most marked feelings, the most important ideas of his community, while his sense of beauty is influenced by the face of nature with which he is most familiar. The artist, on account of trained powers of observation, probably reflects his surroundings and the great movements of his time more than most men and unconsciously becomes the human document of his age and country.

Consequently, a painter living in some age of great intellectual and artistic activity, reflects that spirit in his work; and just as he shows the ideas and intellectual developments of his time, so he will express the country he lives in. The sense of what is beautiful varies; the artist from a warm, sunny climate with its glowing colors and brilliant light loves a different color scheme from the inhabitant of a northern, foggy land with its delicate greys and subtle veiling of color by the curtain of mist. And the attitude of mind, even the physical types, are different in a warm, easily cultivated land from those found in a less fertile country with its more strenuous struggle for existence. Then, too, the artist painting in an old settled country with traditions handed down from generation to generation, where, perhaps, there has been a great art period, will look at things and paint things quite differently from the man living in a new country, still young and with its golden age of art in the dim future. The first man's work will be more finished, more technically perfect than that of the second, who is seeking for a way of expressing new subjects and ideas; his work may possibly be crude but it will be full of freshness and vitality.

BUT to go back to the fundamentals of all arts; there can be no great art without sincerity and truth. Consequently each country, each individual must work out his own salvation, learning from others but not copying them, seeking always to do his work in a way characteristic of himself and expressive of his subject. The painter of a new country cannot hope to express it in terms of an older

## DEVELOPING A NATIONAL ART

By MARION LONG



DOWN THE VALLEY  
Herbert S. Palmer, A.R.C.A.

land; he must seek to develop a type of work inspired by the life and scenes around him. Of course this leads to that subject which should be so important to all of us—the Art of Canada. Until we have a vital art of our own we are an inarticulate people, lacking in self-expression and unable to proclaim how fair is our lot, and how goodly our heritage.

We hear a great deal about reconstruction and development in Canada, and we are all looking forward to a wonderful material future for our country:—but are we equally planning to build up an art which will express her greatness and show the

again it is the French-Canadian towns with their quaint houses and irregular streets bright with sunlight. Another time it is the habitant himself—a type which Mr. Suzor-Cote never tires of putting on canvas.

WHAT these men are doing for Quebec, Mr. G. A. Reid of Toronto, began some years ago to do for Ontario, with his pictures of country life and scenery. There Mr. F. S. Challener also found his inspiration before so much of his time was given to decorative work. And now there are a number of other painters finding material for their work in

this part of the country so well known to them—Mr. Fred Haines, painting cattle and horses in surroundings that somehow always seem familiar, Mr. Herbert S. Palmer, showing sheep and great stretches of farm lands, Mr. Manly MacDonald, painting hay-making scenes, life in the bush, or winter life on the farm, and Mr. J. L. Graham, producing pictures of cattle in typical Canadian scenes.

Then the great north country has cast its spell over a number of our painters. One of the first to feel its possibilities was Mr. J. W. Beatty, who has grown to know it in all seasons. The late Tom Thomson painted it with a passionate love and understanding, and each year sees Mr. A. Y. Jackson, Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald, Mr. Lauren S. Harris, and Mr. Francis H. Johnston, answering its call and returning with sketches filled with the brilliant color, rugged form and the wonderful spirit of the northland. Mr. Arthur Lismer's canvases often show this same country, and Mr. Frank Carmichael paints it with a great deal of decorative quality.

In Toronto, Mr. Lawren Harris has made us feel the odd beauty of old houses in "The Ward," and of the shacks in the outskirts; and Miss Mary Wrinch has shown how paintable some parts of an old town can be. Mrs. G. A. Reid has found our Canadian gardens



BEAVER DAM  
J. E. H. MacDonald, A.R.C.A.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



# The Story in Which Pickles, a Play and a Prince Take Part

## "BAD ACTORS"

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FRANCIS WHITE

LIKE the British Empire, the sun never sets on Peabody's Perfection Pickles. They are world-wide; they know neither class nor clan. Their universality is as unique as their flavor is distinctive. They create nightmares in the East as often and as adroitly as they occasion indigestion in the West. While the world knows that behind them is W. J. Peabody, it doesn't know that behind W. J. is W. J.'s wife!

"We have the biggest pickle plant in the world," said Joseph Peabody, one morning at breakfast.

"We have," agreed Ma.

"Consequently," went on Pa, puffing out his cheeks, "we are kings among our kind, Joseph."

"That's it, Mira. You always hit it right. But what I meant to say was this: The prince is coming here next week—incognito, you know. His reception is to be informal, but some sort of a committee was necessary and they've put me on it."

"How nice!" murmured Ma placidly.

"Daddy!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands. Nellie was nineteen, and from a potentially matrimonial standpoint, usefully pretty.

"And," went on Joseph, "it's been suggested that he inspect—" Pa paused here for effect, "that he inspect the largest pickle plant in the world!"

"Joseph! You don't say!" exclaimed Ma. "A splendid ad!"

"That's what I thought. So, I've arranged to have moving pictures taken of the prince inspecting the home of Peabody's Perfection Pickles!" concluded Pa proudly.

"Pickles and princes," said Nellie doubtfully. "Aren't they a little incongruous, daddy?"

"Nonsense!" reproved Ma. And then to her husband. "Joseph, he is coming incognito, you say. I—I wonder—yes, it could be done—easily! I see no reason why he shouldn't have afternoon tea with us—here—when he has been through the plant. I should like Nellie to meet a real prince; it would help her so!"

"Goody, mother!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Mira!" exploded Pa. "You're crazy. I—I couldn't—nohow—" relapsing into his boyhood vernacular.

"There is no reason why you shouldn't, Joseph—none! You have just said we are kings among our kind—he is only a prince!"

"It was you that said it, Mira!" corrected Pa.

"Joseph! Please don't contradict!"

"It—it can't be done!" stammered Pa.

"It isn't, usually, but it's going to be—this time. You have always professed contempt for European aristocracy when eulogizing your commercial success. I am merely equalizing the two."

"He wouldn't come."

"Of course he would—couldn't very well refuse—as your guest!" snapped Ma.

"The others would object," persisted Pa.

"Joseph! You are this city. You know you are! You're the mayor, the council, the board of trade, the heart, the eyes, the brain of the place! Without you and your plant it would go bankrupt in a month! Don't use that senseless objection!"

Ma's chin protruded slightly. Her blue eyes had become steely. Pa recognized the futility of argument and did not reply.

"Mrs. Brown-Gorman and I are arranging amateur theatricals to help the starving Poles, or the Serbs—I'm not sure which," went on Ma. "There is to be a prince in the play and I want to see how one acts in real life. This will give me the opportunity I have wanted. I shall expect you to respect my wishes, Joseph, by producing the prince!"

Ma eased herself from her chair and left the room. Pa's eyes followed the broad outlines of her shoulders. She radiated strength of purpose, self-confidence, vitality. If the world didn't know who was the creator of Peabody's Perfection Pickles, Pa did.

"Your mother is a remarkable woman, Nellie," said Pa, as his wife left the room.

Nellie didn't reply; she had heard him say that many times. Instead she went to him and snuggled into his capacious lap, pressed her glowing cheek against his big, good-

natured jowl, and twisted his mustache about her fingers.

"I do love you, daddy," she murmured into his ear. Joseph hugged her to him. Nellie's methods were usually as effective as her mother's.

"Yes, dear," he said rather dubiously.

"And I want to help you. Mother's idea is perfectly silly, though it would be nice to shake hands with a prince."

"I don't think he's shaking hands with anyone," said Joseph. "They're both worn out."

"Well, anyway, I have a plan that will satisfy mother, help you, and—and help me, too."

He grunted disbelievingly.

"I have!" she repeated, giving his mustache a tug.

"Let's hear it," said Joseph, doubtfully.

"You remember that very nice young man you and I met in the Maine woods last summer, when Mother was at Newport? Well, he's just come from the east."

"The one I didn't like?" grimly.

"And," went on Nellie, ignoring his unpromising tone, "you may not remember, but everybody said one couldn't tell him from the prince unless one knew him intimately. Look!"

Unfastening her locket, she produced a miniature of the young man in question who was unmistakably prince-like in feature.

"You carry his photograph around after what I said Nellie!"

"Daddy! He's very nice, and look, just look, how like the prince he is!"

Joseph looked. "Yes," he admitted, "but—"

"Well, maybe if you were to say 'yes' to George when he asks you something awfully important some day," Nellie blushed, "he—he might make a very good imitation prince for you. After the real prince has seen the plant and gone away, you could bring George home and introduce him as the prince to Mother and me. He would have tea with us and leave almost immediately."

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense! Mother would never know anything about it. And even if she did find out some day, it would be too late then to make a fuss."

"I didn't like that young man, Nellie."

"You never do like my young men, daddy."

"College boy, wasn't he?"

"He's graduated with honors. And daddy! he plays football just lovely!"

"I started in at eleven years—"

"Yes, I know," agreed Nellie hastily. "But it would be nicer to have your approval when we get married. Though mother doesn't know, yet, she has always said I could marry whoever I wished."

"But your mother would recognize him again as soon as she met him."

"No; she would only remark the resemblance. George wears eye-glasses and blue suits, while the prince is usually in gray; besides, while George was acting princely, he would be acting unnaturally, and would be quite different from his ordinary self."

"But the prince always has his secretary with him," objected Pa.

"Oh, I forgot," pouted Nellie, nonplussed for the moment, and then, "We could leave the secretary in the car, daddy," she cried naively.

"It might work."

"It will if you'll only say 'yes' to George. If you won't, well, you know what mother is, and you couldn't very well ask the prince to afternoon tea—even if we are kings—pickle kings."

"Peabody's Per—"

"Yes, of course," interrupted Nellie, "but you know mother—"

"All right, I'll say 'yes' to George, what's-his-name, Milkington?"

"Pilkington, daddy."

"It may work. I don't know. I never put anything over your Ma yet. She—"

Nellie's lips were pressed to her father's, so he could not finish.

JOSEPH spent most of his time at his club during the ensuing week. The respect begotten of experience, for his wife's analytical powers, suggested the wisdom of keeping beyond the disconcerting range of her scrutiny.

Each day was a growing horror. Each hour accentuated his misery. Each moment brought nearer the dreadful day. It dawned at last, dreary, hideous, unescapable.

The inspection passed off successfully. Joseph swelled and beamed beneath the royal commendation. Under its influence his spirits rose. Indeed, during the interval between his disposal of the prince and his arrival at his home with the impostor, hope flickered in his breast.

Then it suddenly flickered out. He had not counted on Mrs. Brown-Gorman being there. And Pa detested Mrs. Brown-Gorman. She always discovered him in his den, overflowed his favorite chair, eyed his carpet slippers and patronized him. She suffered from palpitation and tight lacing and set Pa's teeth on edge.

In negotiating his prince, Pa had not realized that if his wife's social career was to receive the impetus she apparently desired it to receive, and which only royalty could give, outside appreciation of the royal favor was necessary, hence Mrs. Brown-Gorman.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)



"Do remove those spectacles, George. They completely destroy your royal resemblance."



# TWO ON THE TRAIL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

It would have been patent to an infant that he had something on his mind. He was not thinking of the romantic journey that lay before him, that prospect, so exhilarating the past few days, had, upon the eve of realization, lost its savour. He would actually have welcomed an excuse to postpone it for a few days, so that he might spend a little more time at Papp's. It was a pair of flashing blue eyes—for blue eyes do flash, though they be not customarily shown to illustrate that capacity of the human eye which had disturbed his peace. He was not much dissatisfied with the part he had played at luncheon the day before. What he ought to have said and done was now distressingly clear to him, and he seized an opportunity to put it into practice. He had spent the whole middle part of this day at Papp's, loitering in the entrance to make sure the blue eyes should not be swallowed in one of the canons without his knowledge; but they had not illumined the place; nor had his cautious inquiries elicited a single clue to the identity of the possessor. He felt sure if he had three days more in Prince George he could discover her; but unfortunately the weekly stage for the North left the following morning; and the Bishop was waiting for him at the Landing; likewise the *Leader* back in New York was waiting for stories—and not about blue eyes. It was at this point in his circular train of reflections that he would resume packing with a gusty sigh.

He was interrupted by a knock on the door, and, upon opening it, was not a little astonished to receive a note from the hands of a boy, who signified his intention of waiting for an answer. It was contained in a thick, square envelope with a crest on the flap; and was addressed in a tall, angular, feminine hand. Garth, his mind ever running in the same course, tore it open with a crazy hope in his heart; but the first words brought him sharply back to earth.

"Will Mr. Garth Pevensey," thus it ran, "be good enough to oblige an old lady by calling at the Bristol Hotel this evening? Mrs. Mabyn will be awaiting him in the parlor; and as it concerns a matter of supreme importance to her, she trusts he will not fail her; no matter how late the hour at which he may be able to come."

Garth dismissed the boy with a message to the effect that he would answer the note in person. As he leisurely put his appearance in order, he thought: "Verily one's adventures begin upon leaving home." He was human, consequently his curiosity was pleasantly stimulated to discover what lay before him: but the little adjective in the first sentence of his appellant's letter was fatal to the idea of any violent enthusiasm on her behalf.

THE parlor of the Bristol Hotel was on the first floor above the street level. Garth paused at the door; and cast a glance about the room. It was empty except for two figures at the further end. The one he could see more plainly was an old lady sitting in an easy-chair; she was dressed in black, with a white cap and white wristbands; a spare, erect, little lady. Garth judged her to be the writer of the note. The other figure, also a woman, was partly hidden in a window embrasure. She was standing by the window holding the curtain back with one hand, and looking into the street. She turned her head to speak to the old lady; whereupon Garth's heart leapt in his bosom, the room rocked, and the chandeliers burst into song; that clear profile, that slender figure could belong to none in Prince George but *Her!* He was overcome with delight and amazement; he could scarcely credit his eyes. He wished in the same instant he had spent more care on his appearance, and that he had not kept them waiting so long.

The younger lady perceived him standing in the shadowy doorway, and came toward him.

"Mr. Pevensey?" she began in a voice of cool inquiry. Then she stopped aghast; and the color flamed into her face. "*You!*" she exclaimed in a voice too low to reach the older woman's ears. "Oh, I didn't know—I never suspected it might be you!"

Garth was conscious of a complicated feeling of irritation, a kind of jealousy of himself. "Why did they send for me, if they didn't know it was me?" was his thought.

"What must you think of me?" she said in obvious distress.

"I am in the dark," said Garth helplessly.

She recovered her forces. "I am not in the habit of going to restaurants alone," she said. "But the hotel here is so bad! I am afraid you must think me a frivolous person, and I am anxious you should not think so."

"I don't," said Garth bluntly.

She smiled. "Very well," she said; "then there's no harm done."

"Natalie!" called the old lady, with a hint of irritation.

"Come and meet Mrs. Mabyn," she said quickly; and led the way.

"This is Mr. Pevensey, Mrs. Mabyn," she said.

The old lady regarded Garth with a sharp scrutiny; and Garth looked with interest at her. She was a fragile, elegant, plaintive little person of the old "lady-like" régime; but for all her gentleness, Garth was somehow conscious that he faced a woman of an iron will. She had the impatient, inattentive manner of one possessed by a single idea. With the result of her examination she appeared but half satisfied; she held out a delicate, wrinkled hand, dubiously.

"How do you do?" she said. "Please sit down."

"I am Natalie Bland," further explained the girl, who had again retreated to the window embrasure. "Mrs. Mabyn and I are travelling together."

"Dear Natalie is a daughter to me," murmured Mrs. Mabyn with commendable feeling.

The two women exchanged a glance which Garth was at a loss to interpret. He was looking at Natalie and he thought he saw patience, real affection, and perhaps a little kindly amusement—but there was something beyond; something grimmer and more determined, a hint of rebellion.

"My husband, Canon Mabyn, was the rector of Christ's Church Cathedral in Millerton, Ontario, up to the time of his death," murmured Mrs. Mabyn in her dulcet tones, with the air of one delivering all-sufficient credentials.

Garth murmured to show that he was suitably impressed.

"You are from New York, I believe," said Mrs. Mabyn.

Garth acknowledged the fact.

"So the newspaper said," she remarked. "Of course, I know very few Americans, still it is possible we may have common friends. You—er—" She paused invitingly.

"Hadn't we better explain why we asked Mr. Pevensey to call?" put in Natalie quietly.

"My dear, Mr. Pevensey was just about to tell me of his people," Mrs. Mabyn said in tones of gentle reproof.

Garth saw what the old lady would be after. "My father, Lieutenant Raymond Pevensey, was in the Navy," he said. "He was killed by a powder explosion on the gunboat *Arkadelphia*, twelve years ago."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" murmured Mrs. Mabyn sympathetically; but it rang chillingly, and her abstracted eyes dwelt throughout upon that relentless thought of hers, whatever it was.

"I am related distantly to the Buhannons of Richmond, and the Mainwarings of Philadelphia," continued Garth, willing to humor her.

"There was a Mainwaring at Chelsea with my husband as a boy," remarked Mrs. Mabyn.

"Probably my great-uncle," he said. "In this part of the world," he went on, "there is no one who knows me beyond mere acquaintanceship, except the Bishop of Miwasa—"

"Pray say no more, Mr. Pevensey," interrupted Mrs. Mabyn. "The mere fact that the Bishop invited you to accompany him is, after all, sufficient." She turned to the girl. "You may continue, dear Natalie."

"We read in this evening's paper," began that young lady with a directness refreshing after Mrs. Mabyn's circumlocutions; "that you were starting for Miwasa Landing to-morrow morning, to join the Bishop on his annual tour. We wished particularly to see you before you started; and that is why I—why Mrs. Mabyn wrote."

"We thank you for coming so promptly," put in Mrs. Mabyn with her gracious air.

Garth murmured truthfully that the pleasure was his. He felt himself on the breathless verge of a discovery. Intuition warned him of what was coming; but he could not believe it yet.

"Mr. Pevensey," resumed the young lady as if with an effort; she had the humility of a proud soul who stoops to ask a favor; "we are going to make a very strange request, as from total strangers."

Mrs. Mabyn raised an agitated hand. "Wait, wait, my dear Natalie," she objected. "Perhaps after all, we had better go no further. I—I think we had better give the plan up," she said in apparently the deepest distress.

The girl turned a patient shoulder, and looked into the street again, abstractedly playing with the cord of the blind.

"It is really too much to ask of you," continued Mrs. Mabyn distressfully; "and I am so afraid for Natalie! Natalie is so very dear to me. The situation is so unusual!" she wailed.

Poor Garth was sadly perplexed and exasperated by all this. The discovery he anticipated was now apparently in retreat.

"We are glad, anyway, to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance," said Mrs. Mabyn with an air of finality.

Suddenly it was borne in upon Garth, partly from the girl's patient attitude, partly from the other's emphasis upon her distress, that it was simply, in newspaper parlance, all a bluff on the part of the older woman. Her fanatic eyes seemed to tell him that she was still bent on her object, whatever it might be. Experience had taught him that the quickest way to find out if he were right was to seem to fall in with her desire. So he promptly rose as if to leave. It worked.

Mrs. Mabyn's eyes snapped. She did not relish being taken up so quickly. "One moment, Mr. Pevensey," she said plaintively—and hastily. "Overlook the distraction of an old woman; I am torn two ways!"

Garth understood by this that the matter was reopened; and sat down again. There was a pause, while the old lady struggled, with the air of a martyr, to regain her composure. The girl continued to look stolidly out of the window; and Garth simply waited for what was coming.

"You may continue, Natalie," said Mrs. Mabyn at length, faintly.

The girl resumed her explanation at the exact point where she left off. "We expected—that is, we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

## First Prize Sampler

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The sampler contest for members of the Women's Institutes (which closed on November 1st), brought us some interesting stories and picturesque photographs. The prize of fifteen dollars was won by Mrs. Welford, of Port Arthur, whose sampler is "pictured" on page 13 and is, indeed, a work of art. A special second prize of ten dollars was won by Mrs. Morgan B. Long, Creston, B.C.

AN OLD SAMPLER! As it hangs before me, framed in its old rosewood frame, its companion for seventy-six years, what memories it calls to mind.

From my earliest recollections, it occupied a prominent place in the home of my childhood in dear old England, and now takes the same position in my little home in this grand, new country of Canada.

As you will see from the photograph, it is the work of Mary Ann Noble, her work finished January 17th, 1844, aged 12 years. My mother. The Sampler measures eighteen by twenty-four inches, is seventy-six years old, and was begun and completed in one year. It is worked on the finest silk canvas, and is a most wonderful exhibition of patience, industry, most beautiful needlework, perfect blending of colors, and includes in its wonders, a sweet and perfect representation of a village at the top of the Sampler.

My dear mother, who died a few years ago at the age of eighty-one, was often coaxed by us children to tell the history of her Sampler. She was born in London, England, in the reign of William IV., and so lived in the reign of four Sovereigns. She was an exceedingly intellectual and well-read woman, even up to the time of her death taking a keen interest in good books and all the current topics of the day. Most of her education, like that of many other people, was gained after her school days were over. Her first years of study were spent in what, at that time, was called "A Dame's School," kept by an old lady, whose teaching capabilities were confined to a limited knowledge of the three "R's" and an extensive knowledge of Sampler work.

From the appearance of this Sampler, the Dame's idea was, as mother used to say, "to fill up every available inch of canvas," regardless of the general scheme, but this of course, constitutes one of its greatest charms.

My mother, who must have been passionately fond of her work, had to pass, on her way to school, two large fancy-work stores in Oxford Street. Here, she would stand and gaze so long and earnestly at the patterns of needlework and beautiful silks exhibited in the windows, that she could go home and reproduce them on her own canvas.

This "shop gazing," of course, sometimes caused her to be late for school. I do not know if her excuse was, "The study of art," or that lateness for school was not such a serious offence as in these days, but I do not remember mother ever telling us that she was punished for it.

We can just picture the little earnest child, with her soft brown eyes and auburn hair, so fascinated by the wonders and beauties of the "wool shop," that she heeds not the flight of time, or the noise and bustle of life in the busy London streets.

The manager of one of these stores, noticing the child's frequent visits to their window, called her in one day, and after seeing some of her work, gave her a small order. This led to several large commissions for footstools, fenderstools, cushion covers, and many other articles, some of which are now in my possession.

Her work was the chief joy of her life. Just as an artist lives in the creation of his pictures, so her whole interest in life was for her needlework.

I regret to say that the owner of the other store was not so kind as the first, for seeing the little girl one day copying a pattern from a piece of work in the window, he pulled down the blind.

Father used to tease mother, and laugh at all the little bits stuck in: the pair of gorgeous roosters, the butterflies; the parrots perched on the topmost branches of the trees; the stars; the birds; crowns; horsemen; baskets; fish; vases; urns; flowers; the French girl from the castle, who has piled up her large basket with ripe fruits; and many other details.

At the top of the Sampler is the wonderful little village, with its church and school. Mother often wished to make an enlarged copy of this, but never found the time to do so. The scene near the foot of the Sampler, appears to be a corner in a park, or well-kept garden. Here we see the beautifully shaded trees of various kinds; the border; the different colored flowers; the secluded seat; and the ancient couple, taking a walk and no doubt, enjoying it. And last, but not least, the funny, irregular corners of the border.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Welford, 16 N. Hill Street, Port Arthur, Ontario.

A member of the McIntyre Branch of the Women's Institute, Port Arthur, Ontario.



# The First Prize Sampler



*The Sampler Contest held in the autumn resulted in many attractive specimens of this "art of our grandmothers" being sent. This shows the first-prize photograph, and a story of the sampler may be found on opposite page.*



# A Day With a Film Producer

## ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS

By M.F.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUINEVERE PARTRIDGE

"You look as though you could learn something. Report here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I mean eight o'clock and not half past nine," were the parting words of the director as I said good-night to him.

A social service worker who lives amongst the tragedies of the poor, I had been inspired to spend my holidays, not in lolling on a porch, but in a change of work that I felt sure would restore laughter, color and temperament to my starved nature.

In this Spanish director of a Canadian film company I had run into what I craved; dark clever face, his blue-black hair fantastically clipped on the cheeks gave a toreador touch, like a picture by Sorolla. He was all artist, all earnestness. No one is more in earnest than the actor. It is impossible for him to separate his work from his life, it is his life, more, his very self.

"Yes, an actor since I was so high! From Argentina alone, not knowing the language, I came North to work for nothing, for bread, to learn the Cinema business. Once I was -three days without food!"

Like a child who boasts for your amusement, and like a child because he more than half believes in what he boasts, the director continued. "Put me on an island with the King of England, and I will show you at the end of the week, who would have the crown and the palace!"

His golden skin did not change as he made this remark and added: "I'm that sort of man, put me in a city with fifteen cents in my pocket and I'll make money. They say I am a hard man to work for." This last with the first sign of pride!

This conversation took place in the "Studio," in the basement of a big office building. Three other hot and sweating men, who, when I entered, had been discussing with the director the merits of the new film they were unrolling from the little wheel clamped to the table, politely withdrew to the hall, while the director put me through the third degree and told me somewhat of his struggles to give the public Canadian films. "They want all-Canadian pictures," he put his hand over his blue-black hair wearily, "but they do not realize that to do that we must have Canadian actors and

actresses, a Canadian school of acting is not developed in a day! First, I must

train my actors before we can do the big pictures, train them in little rural comedies such as we are working on now, then 'The Big Historical Drama' which you speak of. Ah! But that means artistic accessories, costume designers, backgrounds. Do you know why so many companies in this country have failed? It is because your financial men have not supported us, they expect us to make bricks without straw. Also south of this country you will not find a farmer who is not civil and delighted to allow a producer to take a picture on his property."

Humbly I advertised the fact that I was no actress but could paddle, shoot rapids for him perhaps, or ride a horse. "Could you drive a cow across the road?" "Yes." "You will need some country



He was all artist, all earnestness.



He left with a backward glance at our happy party.

there's a wull there's generally a way," said the good Scot as he made an amateurish attempt at a goatee, and glued the finished article on the victim's chin, following it up with side whiskers. These were made from something that looked like a fine rope.

M'Corkill showed me with pride his new make-up box; formerly containing "blue parchment and envelopes," now adorned with a picture of Charlie Chaplin and some smiling beauties of the screen world. "The greatest artist in the world," said the little Scotchman reverently.

Here's to you, M'Corkill, and your talent and your good humor and your patience!

Helpless in our make-up, we waited. Time went on. I wondered if these people ever ate! This doubt was settled by the disappearance of M'Corkill, his reappearance, bearing luscious "ham-and-s," doughnuts, coffee and milk! The Irrepressible Youth mentioned lemon pie, but it was promptly vetoed as "bad with make-up." As we sat happily round the table, the fattest-man-on-earth, the Youth, the little "Baby Vamp," Scottie and self, a shabby, clever-looking man came to the door of the studio and asked for the director. "He's out shooting," said Scottie, "is there a message I could give him?"

"Oh! Tell him I'm just a poor little actor home from the States!" He left with a backward glance at our happy party, leaving me to meditate at the precariousness of this profession

and to wonder, with a great sympathy, what it was that kept these children of Art so faithful to so fickle a mistress. The tedious, careful science of "make-up!" That boy with his weird blue eyelids and his chalk-white face, what a model for Maxfield Parrish! His carefully cherished lank red locks and hobble-de-hoy figure were the only things about him that seemed to partake of the character he portrayed, a farm lad honest and good; all else about him spoke of the city. He appealed to one as the Spirit of Youth, his "I'll tell the world" and frequent stories of success with the ladies only made his youthfulness more apparent, a would-be Don Juan, who played a part to impress the equally youthful "Baby Vamp." He hinted at great adventures by flood and field, and no doubt had the stories to tell, as he wore his Mons ribbon and bronze button. "Deep within the cubling's breast there beats the lion heart."

M'Corkill had recently returned from California. "where the hospitals are full of movie actors." He said: "The public has no idea! Ye'll hit a fellow with a brick and half kill him, and the audience will laugh!"

"Eating, are you, while we work!" said a voice. The rest of our company poured in, hot, tired and hungry. "Out with you others now," said the director. Directors and camera men, it appears, neither eat nor sleep while the sun shines! Into the car we piled, props such as ragged hats, extra waistcoats, a change for the hero, piled on our laps. "Get up, please, you are sitting on the plates!" I rose hastily, in time to save an unimportant-looking black bag from destruction! "Has anyone brought make-up?" M'Corkill has it, of course! One of the men will make-up on the spot, as time is precious now. A rural sign-post is thrust into the car, a most essential "prop" as round it centres the action of our scene. Ignoring the muttered words of the driver, "that something was rattling in the old girl," the director gave the word to start.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)



Were I a heroine, I should be facing sunstroke with bobbed hair.

clothes—an old woman—character part." Rapidly he sketched the scene for me.

Fascinated by this absorbing life and these people, absorbed as are children in their games, I returned to my prim flat to ransack my band-boxes for really old clothes.

NEXT morning I was the first to appear at the studio. Time dragged. "A quarter to nine, why on earth is that girl not here, I'll need her first of all."

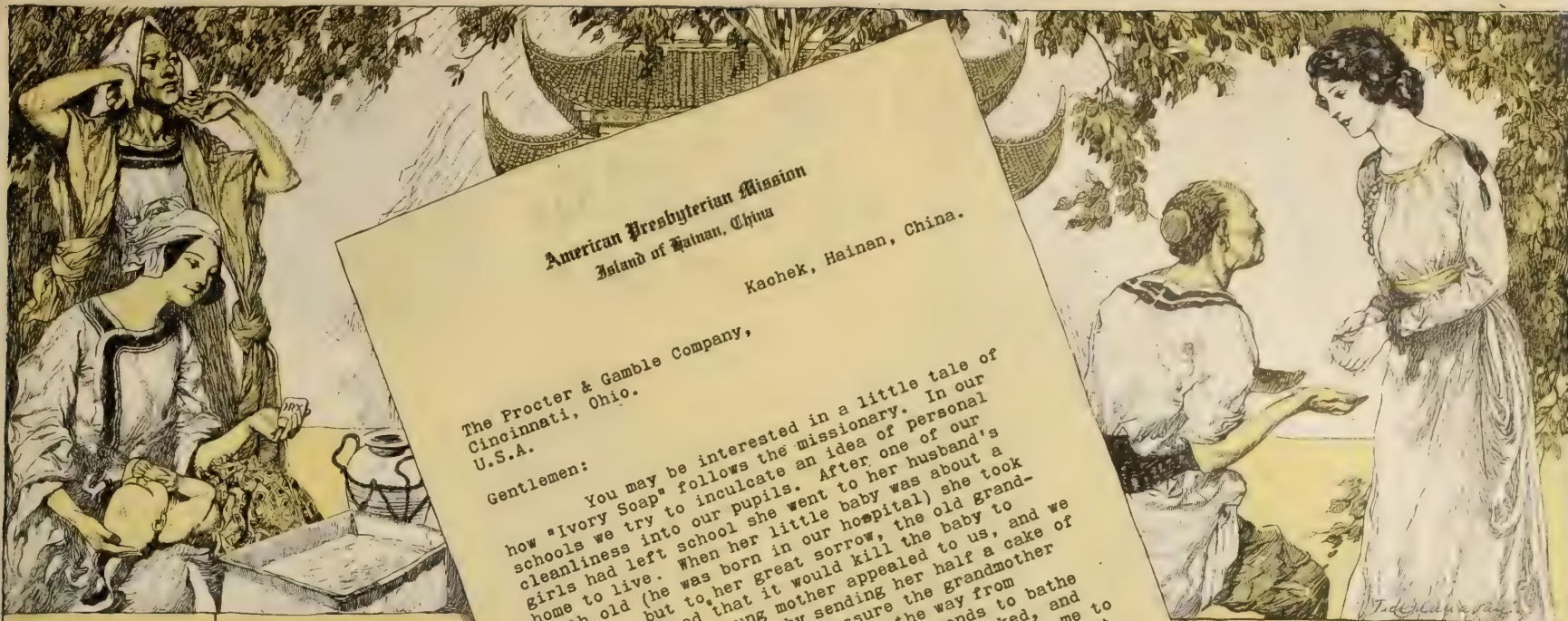
"He's talking about our baby vamp," said the Irrepressible Youth, "here she comes, now watch the fun."

Director, very meekly, after one glance from those blue eyes, "Yes, Miss So-and-so, it is a little after eight, make-up on at once please. I'll need you, and you, and you at once, we'll shoot at the farm this morning." After more delays, a powder box that would not open and got everybody on edge, a paper shade that shifted the strong light at the most critical point of make-up, they were off!

I proceeded to get my first lesson in the art of make-up, first ("with clean fingers," said the Irrepressible One) the cold cream, from the largest tin I had ever seen, evenly put on and wiped off, then "Flesh paint No. 2" rubbed over the face and neck. Then the real make-up, altering one's eyebrows to fit the character, wrinkles, black pencil "under, not over the lashes, Miss." "Hold that mirror steady, d— that shade."

A Scotchman was our mentor in all this delicate work. "Am I all right, M'Corkill, how about the left eye-brow?" "You'll hae to tak it off wi' a bit o' cold cream and start anew." Our director's right hand was M'Corkill, nurse, guide and friend to us all, adaptability, personified. "Where





American Presbyterian Mission  
Island of Hainan, China  
Kachek, Hainan, China.

The Procter & Gamble Company,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.  
U.S.A.

Gentlemen:

You may be interested in a little tale of how "Ivory Soap" follows the missionary. In our schools we try to inculcate an idea of personal cleanliness into our pupils. After one of our girls had left school she went to her husband's home to live. When her little baby was about a month old (he was born in our hospital) she took him home, but to her great sorrow, the old grandmother insisted that it would kill the baby to bathe him. The young mother appealed to us, and we solved the difficulty by sending her half a cake of Ivory, and telling her to assure the grandmother that this fine soap, coming all the way from America, was the soap used in many lands to bathe the babies and never injured one. It worked, and yesterday the young father came to me begging me to sell him another cake "of that nice white soap that was so good for the baby", and went off very pleased with the cake I gave him.

Sincerely yours,

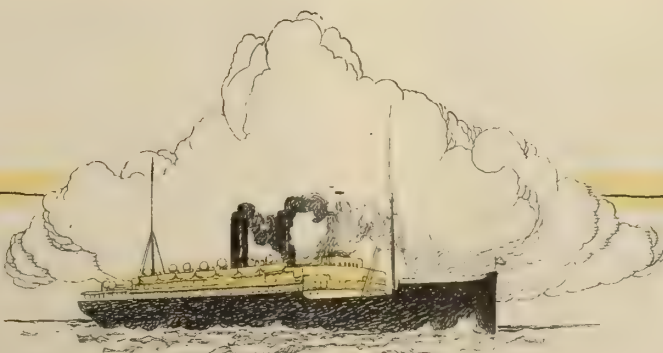
M. M. Mouinger  
Kachek, Hainan, China

**B**ABIES the world over are happier and healthier because of Ivory Soap.

Its pure, mild, velvety lather always feels cool and soothing to baby's tender skin—gives him the perfect body comfort that is as important to his well-being as is cleanliness itself.

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# HOW TO COOK POULTRY AND GAME

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

**Editor's Note.**—This article is one of the latest written by Marion Harris Neil, whose death in November at her beautiful home, "Greenacres," Oradell, New Jersey, was regretted by a wide circle of friends and admirers. She had won the highest distinction in the work to which she had devoted herself, and her personality was of such charm and warmth that she had made a host of friends. Her sister and associate, Miss Mary M. Neil, will continue this column.

**P**OUULTY and game form an important part of our menu. It is highly essential, therefore, that the art of cooking game to perfection should be thoroughly mastered.

On choosing poultry:—All poultry when young should have smooth and pliable legs, with the scales overlapping very slightly. The spur on the leg of the male bird must be short, and the feet should be soft. The flesh should be without long hairs. When choosing a bird that has not been plucked, one should see that the plumage is smooth and downy. If freshly killed, the eyes will be clear and not sunken; there will be no discoloration of the flesh and the vent will be hard and close. For roasting, choose a fowl with black or yellow legs and for boiling, choose one with white legs, as the flesh will be whiter. A fowl for roasting, frying, or grilling should be young and tender, but for boiling, braising, or stewing an older one may be taken, as old birds are generally cheaper, and long, slow cooking makes them tender.

Young ducks have yellow feet and bills; as they become older these become darker and redder. The wild duck is an exception, as it has small reddish feet even when young. The under bill should be soft and easily broken when bent, the legs should be smooth, and the breast should be plump.

A goose should always be eaten when young. The legs should be yellow and pliable, the breast should be plump, but without too much fat, and the skin smooth.

A good turkey will be recognized by the whiteness of its skin and its smooth black legs. The wattles should be a bright red, and the breast broad and plump, with the end of the bone tender.

A dark-colored pigeon is thought to have the highest flavor, and a light-colored one the most delicate. The legs should be of a pinkish color and the breast plump. A squab is a young pigeon.

A capon is a fowl which undergoes special treatment when young to prevent generating. In consequence, they grow to a large size and are much finer and better in flavor than the ordinary fowl.

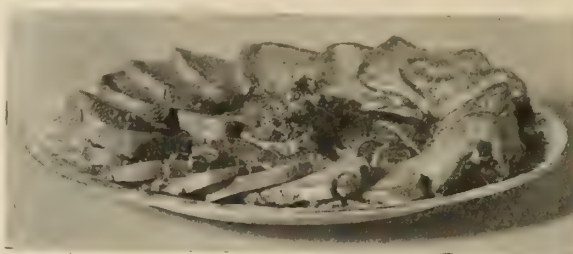
**Roast Capon.**—Singe, draw and truss a large capon, cover the bird with drippings, and roast in a hot oven. Baste well with melted fat and turn frequently during the process of cooking, and dredge with flour when nearly done. Remove the capon from the pan, pour off any fat, add one cupful of brown stock and boil up, season with salt, pepper and paprika, and strain. Garnish the dish with parsley and serve the capon with bread sauce. To make the bread sauce, scald two cupfuls of milk, add one chopped onion, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, a few sprigs of parsley, two cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika and cook for thirty minutes, then strain, add three tablespoonfuls of butter and one-half cupful of fine bread crumbs, cook for twenty-five minutes, and use.

**Rabbit en Casserole.**—Skin and joint one rabbit, then put into a casserole dish, add one sliced onion, one stalk of celery diced, one-half cupful of chopped carrots, one tablespoonful of drippings,

and one cupful of cold water. Bring to boiling point, then simmer for thirty minutes, remove the rabbit, add one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, stir over the fire until brown, then add two cupfuls of hot water or stock, stir until blended, then add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and the pieces of rabbit. Cover and bake for one hour. Serve in the casserole.

Chicken may be cooked in the same way.

**Ox Tongue with Caper Sauce.**—Cut a cold cooked tongue into slices and fry in melted hot drippings for a few minutes and keep hot until the sauce is ready. For the sauce, take the fat in which the tongue was fried, strain it and return



Ox Tongue with Caper Sauce.

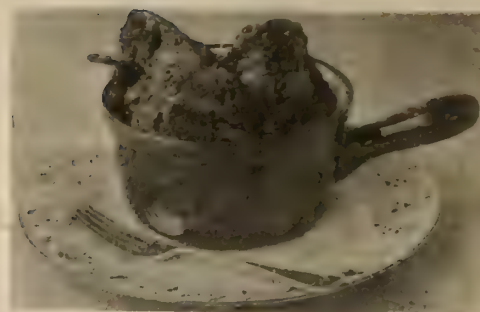
it to the pan. Add one tablespoonful of flour, one-half cupful of boiling water and stir until smooth, then add salt and pepper to taste and two tablespoonfuls of capers, boil for two minutes, and pour over the tongue.

Tongue is really a most economical kind of meat to purchase, for it is solid meat, and is both tasty and nourishing.



Raised Game Pie.

**Raised Game Pie.**—Almost any uncooked game may be used for making a raised pie, or a mixture of game is very good. Pick and clean the birds, and cut them in neat joints. If large, the carcass bones should be removed and used for making stock. Chop up the livers and the hearts, fry them for five minutes in hot butter, and then mix them with the pieces of game. Now prepare a forcemeat, put one-half pound of veal and ham through a food chopper, add one-half cupful of bread crumbs, season with salt, pepper and paprika, add the grated rind and strained juice of one-half lemon, and a pinch of powdered nutmeg. Make raised pie crust, and roll it out one-third of an inch in thickness. Grease a raised pie mould and line it with the pastry, pressing it carefully into the shape of the mould. Put a layer of the forcemeat all over the pastry, and fill up the centre with the pieces of game and two



Rabbit en Casserole.

slices of cooked bacon cut in strips, seasoning them with salt and pepper. Add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Cover with another layer of forcemeat and then put on a lid of pastry. Trim the edges neatly, make a hole in the top, and decorate with some leaves of the pastry. Brush over the top with beaten egg, and tie a band of greased paper round the outside of the mould and standing three inches above the top of the pie, so as to protect it while cooking. Bake in a moderate oven for three and one-half hours. Allow the pie to stand for a short time after removing it from the oven, then remove the mould, fill up the pie with a little good thick stock, and serve cold. Ordinary sausage meat may be used instead of the above forcemeat. A few pickled walnuts may be added to the pie if desired.

**To Make the Pastry.**—Sift two cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt into a bowl, cut and rub in four tablespoonfuls each of lard and butter. Butter alone should not be used, as it would make the pastry too soft. Mix together with the yolk of one egg and a very little water, keeping the pastry as dry as possible. Knead well, wrap it in a wet towel, and allow to stand for thirty minutes, then use.

**Duck, Stuffed and Roasted.**—Singe and draw one duck, making a slit lengthwise above the vent, to facilitate the pulling out of the inside. Then wash the bird quickly in warm water and dry it in a cloth. Cut off the feet and the wings at the first joint and season the bird with salt inside and outside, and fill with the following stuffing:—Peel four cooking apples, then core and cut into small pieces, add six stoned prunes which have been soaked over night. Put this mixture into the body of the duck and sew up the opening, then truss it into shape. When roasting, keep the breast of the bird well covered with greased paper, and baste frequently with hot drippings and cook for one hour. A short time before taking the duck from the oven, remove the paper, dredge the breast with flour and leave it in the oven until nicely browned. When ready, lift on to a hot platter, remove all the trussing threads and strings, and keep it hot while making the gravy. Pour away most of the fat from the roasting tin, leaving only one tablespoonful, add one tablespoonful of cornstarch or flour, stir until smooth, then pour in one cupful of stock or water, stir until boiling, cook for five minutes, season to taste, strain and serve. Garnish the duck with parsley, fried apple rings, stoned olives and celery.

Other stuffings may be used instead of the above, such as sage and onion, or walnut, or plain mashed potatoes nicely seasoned.

**Stewed Fowl With Dumplings.**—Cut one chicken in small neat joints, wash these carefully, place them in a saucepan with cold water to cover them, and bring them slowly to the boil, then add one teaspoonful of salt, two sticks of celery, one bay leaf, two sprigs of parsley, one onion cut in small pieces and one carrot cut in dice. Put the lid on the pan, bring to boiling point, then simmer until the fowl is tender, lift out the pieces and strain the gravy.

To make the dumplings:—Sift two cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of baking powder into a bowl, cut and rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then make into a stiff dough with a little milk or water, turn out on to a floured board, roll out, and cut into small rounds. Bring the strained gravy to the boil, drop in the dumplings and cook for fifteen minutes with the lid on the pan. Drain and serve with the chicken.



Duck Stuffed and Roasted.



Stewed Fowl with Dumplings.



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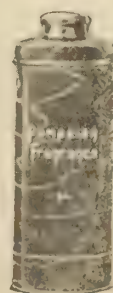
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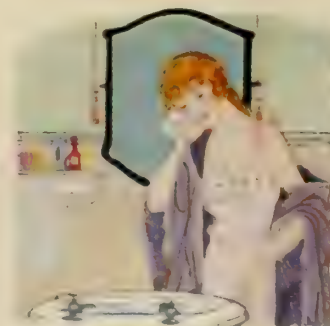
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# CANADIAN WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

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SASKATCHEWAN . . . . . Miss Abbie DeLury . . . . . Saskatoon, Sask.

IT is written that some thirty years ago a small group of women gathered together in the little village of Stoney Creek, Ontario, to form an organization, the chief aim of which would be to improve rural home conditions, to provide a social medium for rural women, and generally to raise the standard of living in the country.

So successful was that small organization—and so far did "Those echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever" that other near-by communities heard of the good results and formed Women's Institutes of their own. The movement spread without central organization or propaganda for many years until the various provincial Governments and in some instances the agricultural colleges became aware of the economic and educational value of the Institutes and gave official and authoritative encouragement to the movement. They formed central organizations in Government departments, with a Government official at the head, known as the superintendent; they provided expert lecturers, put on short courses in home economics, home nursing and sewing, disseminated helpful literature on home problems and gave money grants.

Very shortly the United States imitated the organization, and in many States similar organizations were formed. A special feature of their work is the excellent literature they publish. Some years ago the Belgian Government sent a Commission to Canada to enquire into the working of Women's Institutes. On their return the Commission recommended their formation in Belgium under the general title "Les Cercles des Fermieres." They have proved successful, and have won a place for themselves in the farm and village life.

Women's Institutes were started in England and Wales in 1915 by the Agricultural Organization Society, the idea being introduced by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Alfred Watt. In a very short period they have had remarkable growth, there being over sixteen hundred branches in England and Wales.

### Ontario Leads in W. I. Work.

MANY good ideas have come from Old Ontario, but there never was a better one than the Women's Institute. Although the first branch was organized thirty years ago, it was only in 1897 that the work was handled under the Department of Agriculture. To-day there are over nine hundred branches, with some thirty-five thousand members, and the membership is growing rapidly all the time. So varied have been the activities of the Ontario Women's Institutes—both in peace time and war-time—that it is difficult in a short space to give any adequate idea of them. However, on touching them, the work of medical inspection in the schools seems to predominate. It was the Women's Institutes of Ontario that agitated this important social work, which has been handed on to its proper department now, that of education. During the past year from 22,000 to 30,000 school children were inspected while 1,500 operations have been performed. The rest-room idea has developed into the "Central Rest Room," which is located in a village and several Women's Institutes in the surrounding country contribute to its support. Community work has expressed itself in the building of community halls, the upkeep of community parks and supervised playgrounds, where the equipment is provided in many cases by the W. I. The Ontario W. I.'s started also the travelling libraries and encouraged communities to get libraries of their own. Arbor Days have been used as occasions to beautify the town parks and schools particularly, and in many places the W. I. has co-operated with the fire marshal's department in clean-up campaigns. Agricultural fairs have been the objects of W. I. endeavor, in personal patronage, special prizes and members on the board. Only last year the various Institutes in Ontario federated under a central organization, with Mrs. William Todd, of Orillia, as president. This year Ontario has led the way in the establishment of training schools at the close of their district conventions, where workers have been trained in the principles and practices of Women's Institutes.

Mr. George A. Putnam, a graduate of the O. A. C., Guelph, is the superintendent of the Ontario Women's Institutes, and he has occupied that position for seventeen years—which fact is a tribute in itself to his organizing and co-operative ability. Before taking over the W. I. work he was connected with the Farmers' Institutes, of which the Women's Institute is an outgrowth.

### Phenomenal Growth in Alberta.

THE success of any large organized work is to a large extent the reflection of the personality behind it—and just as the Women's Institutes in England reflect the vigorous enthusiastic work

## Provincial Development of the Women's Institutes

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

of Mrs. Alfred Watt, so do the Alberta Women's Institutes reflect the masterly organization and the far-sightedness of Miss Mary MacIsaac. Although Alberta can only boast the population of the city of Toronto, the number of branches and membership of the Alberta Women's Institutes take second place in Canada, and Government assistance and organization began only in 1912. The first Institute in Alberta was organized in Lea Park in 1909 by Mrs. Graham. In 1912 the few branches in existence were assimilated under the Department of Agriculture. In 1915 when Miss Mary MacIsaac was appointed the first superintendent, they numbered 42, with a membership of 1,200. To-day they number approximately 300 branches, with a membership of 15,000, which is a phenomenal growth when one considers the population and the pioneer conditions of Alberta. Every year each Institute has the privilege of a short course in sewing, home economics and nursing, or the privilege of a speaker. Consequently an arduous educational campaign

during the summer months is the result. At present plans are being considered of having short courses in handicraft work similar to those in England. Community work has been done along the lines of rest-rooms and community halls—there being some sixty of these in Alberta to-day. The beautifying of the cemetery has been a great

pioneer work in which these organizations have led the way. Solving the health problems in working for municipal hospitals, educational campaigns on feeding children, distribution of literature on care of the child, has been a splendid work done. Scholarships in agricultural schools (this means the raising of two hundred dollars to send a girl for a term) has been a very important work of the W. I. in Alberta.

Miss Mary MacIsaac is a native of Prince Edward Island, having received part of her education at the Prince of Wales College. She is a graduate of Toronto General Hospital, and was superintendent of the Edmonton City Hospital, Edmonton, where she established the most northern training school for nurses in Canada.

### Saskatchewan Home-makers' Clubs.

NEXT in growth come the Home-makers' Clubs of Saskatchewan, which number 180 branches, with nearly five thousand members. What a fine name for a club—especially in a pioneer province such as Saskatchewan, and one has only to follow the work of these clubs, which were organized in 1910, to see that they have lived up to their name. Saskatchewan Home-makers' Clubs have led the way in the help they have given to the Home Branch of the Soldiers' Settlement Department. Short courses, completely organized both as to educational and social benefit, were put on, and many a soldier's bride will be grateful to these women for the material assistance they were given in learning some of the rudiments of living conditions in a new country—a country so entirely different to the Motherland. They were taught as many practical things as could be crowded in the few days—bread-making, care of poultry, and dress-making—especially making over. In addition to the regular activities that a Home-makers' Club can take up there are some outstanding features of the Saskatchewan H. M. C.'s. This year they have raised funds to give a two years' scholarship for household science training, and when this is completed the successful candidate will take up work in the foreign settlements. It is a recognized fact that the Canadianizing of our new citizens can only be accomplished by trained teachers who will live among them, and providing these by the scholarship method is one of the aims of the Home-makers' Clubs. Public health and child welfare work has been accomplished by direct instruction in the form of Home Nursing courses, the holding of baby clinics in connection with school fairs and the distribution of literature. Agricultural work has expressed itself in the holding of school fairs, and agricultural fairs.

This work is directed by Miss Abbie de Lury, who is an Ontarian by birth. She has taken a two years' course in Household Science at Guelph, followed by a year's course in Household Science at Columbia University. For two years Miss de Lury taught at Macdonald College in Quebec, then went West, where she organized the Household Science in the Moose Jaw Public schools, and Collegiate Institute, and taught there for three years. Afterwards Miss de Lury was called to the University of Saskatchewan to direct the Home-makers' Clubs until such time as a course in Household Science could be started, and when that time came Miss de Lury chose to stay with the extension course.

### Work in Quebec Divided.

WOMEN'S Institute work in Quebec is divided in two sections—the Women's Institutes, originally the Home-makers' Clubs, and Les Cercles des Fermieres. The Women's Institutes of Quebec differ from similar organizations in other provinces in that they owe their origin to the efforts of a few earnest women, and not to any outside initiative, as is the case in other parts of Canada, where Government assistance is made establishment possible. The first club was organized in January, 1911, and in March of the same year two other clubs were formed. Appeals were made to Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue for assistance, and a member of the staff helped in the organization. In 1913 the work had grown to such an extent that Macdonald College added to the staff of the School of Household Science a member, whose duty was to take charge of this work. This member, Mrs. N. C. MacFarlane, remained until her death in 1919. The work grew rapidly under her guidance, and during the years of struggle was a valuable assistant to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

### AN OFFICIAL APPOINTMENT.

R. S. Hamilton, Esq.,  
Canadian Home Journal,  
Richmond and Sheppard Streets,  
Toronto, Ont.

My dear Mr. Hamilton:—

I have much pleasure in informing you that the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada have unanimously decided to accept the generous offer of your Company, to make the "Canadian Home Journal" their National Organ. As ex-officio members of the Executive, the Superintendents of the eight Provinces have also been pleased to express their approval.

We sincerely hope that every member in Canada may take advantage of the special subscription rate you are offering them, not only that it may keep them in the closest possible touch with their Provincial and Federal organizations, but that they may have the advantage of the very excellent reading material which appears each month in your pages.

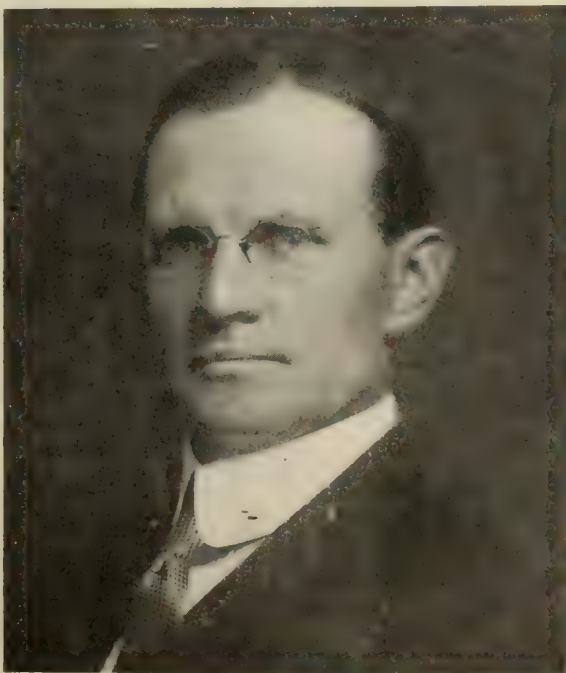
With best wishes for the continued success of the "Canadian Home Journal."

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

EMILY F. MURPHY.

President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.



### AN ONTARIO OFFICIAL

Mr. George A. Putnam is the superintendent for the Women's Institutes of Ontario, and has his office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto.



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"The Rescue," a romance by Joseph Conrad, author of "Lord Jim," "Victory," etc. Published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., Toronto.

THE world was slow to recognize the unique work of Joseph Conrad, but it now looks eagerly for each book by this extraordinary genius, who is an artist, indeed. His work is tinged by the mystery and magic of the sea which he loves, for he has realized the truth of the ancient prophet's words: "There is sorrow on the sea—it cannot be quiet."

"The Rescue" is a Romance of the Shallows, and the first sentence takes the reader off to the East—the far East beyond Suez—with which Conrad is so familiar, and which has its finest interpretation in his "Youth":—"The shallow sea that foams and murmurs on the shores of the thousand islands, big and little, which make up the Malay Archipelago, has been for centuries the scene of adventurous undertakings." The hero, Luigard, is one of the born adventurers of whom England has always had her store, the men "who preach ahead of the army and skirmish ahead of the church." Luigard understands and knows the natives, as only an English adventurer can. His friends, Hassim and Immada, brother and sister, are of these Eastern islands, exiles from a district which they regarded as their own, and Luigard espouses their cause with a complete devotion. Conrad is one of the few writers who can make a vivid picture of an unusual feminine type, as witness this description of Immada:

"Her black hair hung like a mantle. Her sarong, the kilt-like garment which both sexes wear, had the national check of grey and red, but she had not completed her attire by the belt, scarves, the loose upper wrappings and the head-covering of a woman. A black silk jacket, like that of a man of rank, was buttoned over her bust and fitted closely to her slender waist. The edge of a stand-up collar, stiff with gold embroidery, rubbed her cheek. She had no bracelets, no anklets, and although dressed practically in man's clothes, had about her person no weapon of any sort. Her arms hung down in exceedingly tight sleeves slit a little way up from the wrist, gold-braided and with a row of small gold buttons. She walked, brown and alert, all of a piece, with short steps, the eyes lively in an impassive little face, the arched mouth closed firmly; and her whole person breathed in its rigid grace the fiery gravity of youth at the beginning of the task of life—at the beginning of beliefs and hopes."

Then there come the Europeans—and with them the usual complications of racial differences. Mrs. Travers, in her fair and sophisticated loveliness, is the extreme opposite of Immada—and Luigard's honor is well-nigh sacrificed in his headlong love for the woman from overseas. It is the point of honor that wins in the end—but, beyond this drama of conflicting passions is the life of the sea;—the sea which Wasub knew:

"And the wind—and the sea—these also are faithful to the strong. By Allah! I who am a pilgrim and have listened to words of wisdom in many places, I tell you, Tuan, there is strength in the knowledge of what is hidden in things without life, as well as in the living men."

"One After Another," a novel by Stacy Aumonier, author of "Olga Bardel," "Just Outside," etc. Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THE author of this novel first won literary fame as a writer of short stories and is now considered one of the most brilliant of England's younger novelists. The story is told by the son of "Old Purbeck," who kept a public house in London, and who was determined that his son, Roger, and his daughter, Laura, should be

brought up "to better things." Roger is a sensitive and philosophic soul whose mild adventures are worth sharing and whose reflections on his varying fortunes and those of his friends are both entertaining and elevating. Laura is a tempestuous creature, born to tragedy, who refuses to learn to live and is always seeking the easiest way—with the usual result. The author has a curious fashion of telling us very little about certain characters, until they enter upon their important parts in the story. Thus we are told nothing about Mary until she appears upon the scene as the wife of Roger. We are told nothing of the manner of her death, and little is known of her successor, Stella, until she becomes the hero's second wife. This casual style of narration has its own charm, but its effect is to keep the reader from forming any warm attachments for the various characters. The most striking figure in the book is "Old Purbeck," who has a sturdiness which makes for remembrance. This is a readable novel by a writer of unusual gifts of analysis and imagination.

"Nancy Goes To Town," a novel by Frances Sterrett, author of "The Jam Girl," "Up The Road With Sally," etc. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

YOU may be certain that the heroine of a Frances Sterrett story will be a vivacious, lovable and an utterly charming, human nature girl, a first cousin to Amy, Jo, and the other Little Women. The young person in the present volume is no exception to this rule, and we are simply friends with Nancy and are sure that she is to be the happy-ever-after wife. Miss (or perhaps she is Mrs.) Sterrett, is always entertaining, without gushing, and wholesome, without being preachy. She does not introduce divorce, avoids spiritualists and is, altogether, the best of company for those of us who refuse to believe that the world has gone to the "bow-wows." Nancy is a nurse, who tries to be mercenary, but—well, it's a good old-fashioned story.

"Anne," a novel by Olga Hartley. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THIS is an ultra-modern story with a heroine who is decidedly neurotic in type. The writer insists that she is charming, but the reader remains unconvinced and is inclined to sympathize with the husband, who has "faults of his own," but is to be pitied as the spouse of a young person who is more temperamental than artistic. Anne is capricious, selfish and undisciplined to a tiresome degree, absolutely refusing to grow up. Nevertheless the story is more interesting than the average novel—perhaps, it should be said for the reason that we are uncertain as to what the heroine will be doing next. There is one character, which is in shining contrast to the shallow worldlings who play their petty parts—and that is John Halliday—who is worth remembering for more than a day.

"The Little Mother Who Sits At Home," letters edited by Countess Burcynska. Published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, Toronto.

THIS volume is a collection of letters (posted and unposted) by a mother to her only son. The writer's husband had died when the boy was a very small lad, and the letters are such as a sensitive and loving woman would write to the child who is her world. There is a tenderness which never becomes mawkish, a comradeship which is always bright and yet brooding, in these messages—and there is an imaginative beauty in the (unposted) "On Coming Home for the Holidays" which makes these no ordinary epistles.

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# Developing a National Art

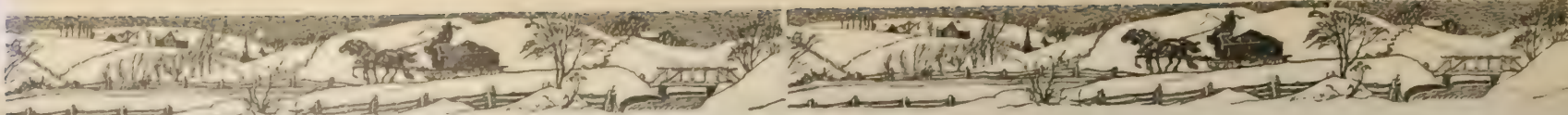
Read Miss Long's article on this subject in our January number. Miss Long's artistic work, both in cover design and illustration, has been popular for years with our readers—who will find this article highly interesting.





*In the Good Old Winter-Time.*





cause of the Allies by Red Cross and other patriotic work, and by the use made of food studies in conserving the necessary foods. All clubs have been interested in conditions for children, especially in the schools, and provision for school lunches has been initiated, while musical instruments have been donated to the schools. After-the-war problems include continued assistance to schools, improvement of community conditions in regard to social centres, rest rooms, care of rural communities, watering troughs on highways, centres for hospital supplies, tree planting, etc., in addition to further systematic study of all problems relating to home-making.

Miss May Chute has taken care of the work in 1919. She is a native of Nova Scotia, a graduate in Domestic Science of Acadia Ladies' College, with further training at Toronto University. It is to be regretted that Miss Chute has resigned the position of superintendent in order to take a position on the staff of Macdonald College. As yet no successor has been appointed.

Les Cercles de Fermieres are clubs among the French-speaking women of Quebec. The first Cercle was organized under Mons. Desilets, of the Department of Agriculture at Quebec in 1915. They now number forty branches, with a membership of approximately twenty-seven hundred.

The work of the Cercles embraces the study of home problems, such as methods of cooking, laundering, care of children, home care of the sick. Much attention is given also to vegetables and small fruit-gardening, poultry-raising and bee-keeping. The Provincial Government assists by furnishing seeds, shrubs, settings of eggs and hives of bees. Demonstrators visit the clubs for periods of three or four days giving demonstrations in various subjects of study.

#### New Brunswick Doing Fine Work.

THERE are three things that stand out in the work of the New Brunswick Women's Institutes this year, and these are the short courses held both in English and French, the thrift exhibits of canned fruit and vegetables, and needlework at the two provincial exhibitions at St. John and Woodstock, and the starting of Junior Institutes in Andover and Perth. Another feature of the W. I. work in New Brunswick this year is the election of a provincial executive at the annual convention, which was held in Moncton. Like most of the provinces, the Women's Institute movement is a new one in New Brunswick, having only been started in 1911. There are at present some 135 branches, both French and English, with an approximate membership of 4,000. For the past nine years their work has been along the betterment of the community by co-operating with the Minister of Health in child welfare and public health matters, the improvement of cemeteries, the erection and furnishing of community halls (in some cases these being memorial halls), the working for better sanitary conditions in the schools, while a good deal of effort has been directed to the installing of the hot school lunch.

Miss Hazel B. McCain, a New Brunswick born girl, is the superintendent of this important work. Miss McCain is exceedingly well-equipped to carry on, for she has been trained as teacher and has taught both in Alberta and New Brunswick and for a time she was director of the Military Clearing House, Quebec.

#### B. C. Establishes Health Centres.

CO-OPERATION in the establishment of health centres, provided over by the district nurses, has been the chief work of the B. C. Institutes, which number some seventy-two branches, with a membership of 3,000, since the cessation of the war. Of course, during war time the work, which occupied the attention of the members almost completely was Red Cross work. The objects of these centres will be health teaching, which is like the proverbial "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Follow-up work in medical inspection of school children, infant welfare, maternity and tuberculosis, will be carried on from the centre. The first of these has been established at Saanich,

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

and the work has grown so well here that there are now three nurses engaged. A health centre house has been opened as temporary quarters, and the people in the district are trying to raise the sum of \$25,000 for the erection of a permanent building. Other work that has been accomplished is the providing of the hot lunch in the schools, improving school grounds, agitating for manual training and domestic science, and in many cases a school committee has been formed, whose duty it is to visit the school periodically. Some interest has been taken in handicrafts, such as knitting, basket weaving, toy and glove-making. One cannot write about the B. C. Institutes without mentioning the names of two arduous workers, these being Mrs. Alfred Watt, chairman of the B. C. Advisory Board, who has become an international figure in Women's Institute work, who has written a book on the Women's Institute Practices and Principles, who has established schools for the training of Institute workers, and whose wonderful record of W. I. work excels that of any other woman in Canada, and Mrs. Vangie MacLachlan, the W. I. secre-

She is a native of Nova Scotia, and has been an instructor in Household Science in that province. For a number of years she was also supervisor of the Home Economics societies of Manitoba, and brings especially to the Board of Federated Women's Institutes of Canada the viewpoint of both East and West. Since Miss MacDougall returned to Nova Scotia to take up this work a year ago she has given it not only the benefit of her training, which is essential in the educational extension work of the W. I.'s, but enthusiasm and organizing ability which is an important asset in the promotion of any organization.

#### Prince Edward Island New in W. I. Work.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is one of the last provinces to take up Women's Institutes, these being organized in 1913. They have grown in numbers to fifty-one branches, with 600 members. In the work of better schools they have practically revolutionized existing conditions, especially in sanitation, equipment and ventilation. New wells have been dug, individual drinking cups provided, clean-



#### A NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Miss M. Gibson, the Superintendent of the new Nurses' Community Home, which was opened recently by Prof. Dale. This home is situated on Charles Street, in Toronto, and is one of the first in Canada.

tary. Although Dr. Warnock, the Minister of Agriculture, is technically the superintendent, the secretary conducts the work from the department, and it is carried on most aggressively.

#### Nova Scotia W. I.'s Factor in Health Promotion.

HEADED by Miss Helen MacDougall, the superintendent, the Nova Scotia Women's Institutes, although only organized in 1913, are in a very thriving condition, and have reached the strength of sixty branches, with approximately 2,000 members. Particularly fine work has been done along the lines of public health and education. In fact, one inspector has reported to the Department of Education that wherever there is a W. I. he finds his work in that community accomplished and every assistance is given, especially in the rural science branch. Public health and child welfare have been two objects of the Nova Scotia W. I.'s, especially since the close of the war. They have co-operated with the St. John's Ambulance Society in V. A. D. courses, where certificates were given to the successful candidates; they have worked with the Red Cross, especially in the Public Health caravans which travelled through the province, turning themselves into health centres, where not only short course work was taken, but baby clinics and medical inspection was carried on. The Institutes have also given assistance to the Provincial Infants' Home and Children's Aid, and through their agencies a number of children have been adopted.

Miss MacDougall is particularly qualified to take charge of this work.

up campaigns instigated, and everything possible done for the schools. Every winter a series of cooking classes has been held and has proved very popular—also the extension work has included four two-week courses in Home Economics, nursing, laundry and millinery. Prince Edward Island Women's Institutes have also considered the revival of some of the handicrafts in which our grandmothers were so proficient, and intend to co-operate with the Handicrafts' Guild at Summerside. Girls' clubs have been started as a part of this year's work.

Miss Della E. Saunders is in charge of Women's Institute work in this province. She has a particularly pleasing personality, and has very special training, which is a great asset in her work. She is a native of New Brunswick, and a household Science graduate of Acadia Ladies' Seminary. She was at one time a teacher in the Fredericton Normal School, after which she took post-graduate work at Columbia University.

#### Manitoba Institutes Active.

THE Women's Institutes, or Home Economic Societies, of Manitoba, which number some 125, are under the direction of Mr. S. T. Newton, who is director also of the Agricultural Extension Service. During the year these societies have made, and are making, through their committees an organized effort to carry on their work provincially. In education and legislation Institute members have been studying the question of municipal franchise, and are making sure that every qualified voter has her name on the voters' list. It has also been the

aim of the Institute to promote child welfare work by securing public health nurses, arranging, where possible, child welfare clinics, arranging child welfare exhibits, seeing that pure water is supplied schools, and asking the Public Health Department to see that each rural school is provided with a first aid cabinet and instructions relative to the use of same, and that child welfare score-cards be sent to each Institute from the Public Health Department. Manitoba has made a feature of district conventions, as it is inconvenient very often for members to attend the central convention. Last year ten of these were held, and this year very likely there will be more. The Household Economics short courses have been held in dress-making and millinery, not more than twenty-five being allowed to each class in order that more thorough instruction could be given. In fact the Manitoba members of the Women's Institutes have used every effort to back up every movement to provide for the rural women of Canada telephones, medical inspection of schools, rural postal deliveries, free hospitals, free libraries and community halls. One scholarship for a young woman on the farm was given to the Manitoba Agricultural College.

#### FROM NORTH LANARK.

Hopetown undertook the work of renovating the Public Hall and caring for the cemetery.

Clayton co-operated with the Community in buying three acres of ground, on which to build a Hall, sent donations to hospital and offered prizes to four schools for essay on thrift. Quilts were sent to House of Industry.

Cedar Hill sent thirty-seven pounds of food stuffs and eighteen quilts to Ottawa Day Nursery, held a sewing bee for family of small children left without mother or father, sewed for Almonte hospital, and sent substantial cash donations to Sick Children's Hospitals at Toronto and Weston, and \$51 to American Fund. For a country branch with not very large membership, we feel proud of the work done by this branch.

Middleville spent considerable money on walks for the village, and reopened library. Very worth-while papers and addresses are always given at the meetings of this branch. They made \$112 from a festival and took charge of dining hall at the fair.

Galbraith, our smallest branch, is making valiant efforts to increase their membership, to get the grant. This year they held a picnic and used the proceeds in renovating the school. MRS. HAYES BOYD.

#### NOVA SCOTIA SHORT COURSE FOR GIRLS.

A NEW feature was introduced into the Women's Institute work in Nova Scotia this year when a Short Course was planned for "teen age" girls at the Agricultural College, Truro.

In order that the work might be practical and that the students might receive the greatest benefit from the course it was planned that the girls should prepare and serve their own meals at the College. This also helped to reduce expenses very considerably.

As there is no residence in connection with the College, arrangements were made that the girls lodge in private homes in the vicinity.

Because the facilities for serving meals were limited it was necessary to limit the number of students to twenty, the first twenty who made application being accepted. Sixteen of these girls took the course, unfortunately at the last moment four who had registered were unable to attend.

The classes opened on a Tuesday morning, and were held daily. The girls were met at the trains Monday evening, given their tea and conducted to their lodging places.

The class was divided into groups, cooks, waitresses and stewards. Their names were posted in conspicuous places, and thus each girl knew what special duty she had to perform, and all had an equal share of the work. The cooks prepared the breakfast; the waitresses set the tables, served the food and washed the dishes; the stewards had charge of the food supplies, the care of the stove and general charge of the rooms.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)





## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

The cooks reported early to prepare breakfast and this part of the work was finished in time for the whole class to be ready for a demonstration at 9 o'clock.

At the morning demonstration a dinner menu was planned, and demonstration on food preparation was given, as well as a talk on the theory of the work. After the demonstration work was assigned the girls worked in pairs and prepared the food for their dinner.

Dinner was served at 12.30. All the work in connection with it was finished so that the class was ready for the afternoon demonstration at 2 o'clock. A supper menu was then planned, a demonstration given and work assigned the girls for the preparation of supper.

Practical work was done in canning fruits and vegetables. Each girl canned some variety and each girl also made bread and biscuit in addition to the other work.

Several picnics were held, the girls preparing and packing a basket lunch, and tennis was provided for those who wished to play.

### SASKATCHEWAN PETITIONS.

THE following requests are of interest:

"Whereas, we keenly appreciate the benefit of the Departments of Household Science and School Hygiene to the children of this Province, and,

"Whereas, we realize at the same time that physical culture (including folk-dancing) is necessary to round out these systems already established by you for the health and happiness of the children,

"We, the Home-makers of Saskatchewan in Convention do petition,

"That a Department of Physical Culture, similar in organization and aims to the Departments of Household Science and School Hygiene be established as soon as you can make it possible."

### A PROGRESSIVE STEP.

THIS resolution was addressed to the Home-makers' Clubs of the University of Saskatchewan:

"Whereas, we believe that the only true Canadianization of the non-English elements in our country, must begin with the home life and familiarity with our daily habits of living,

"Therefore, it is our wish as members of the Home-makers' Clubs, that our organization should establish a Scholarship consisting of \$350 to a teacher for the purpose of enabling her to take the one-year Teachers' Course in Household Science at the University, on the understanding that said teacher be willing to teach in a non-English district for a term of not less than three years and use her knowledge of Household Science to assist in the Canadianization of the homes in her district.

"The scholarship is supposed to cover living expenses, fees and books for the seven months' school term."

### FROM CARLETON COUNTY.

BRIGHT and cheerful reports of work undertaken along various lines, and successfully carried through and ambitious plans to reach out into new fields of activity during the coming months, characterize the reports from the different branches in the district. Other features which give a very optimistic outlook are increase in branches, a growing membership, a very evident, increased interest and enthusiasm, and a readiness, and eagerness to know about, and attempt things which give promise of benefit to the community.

Two Department delegates visited the branches during the year. Meetings were well attended, and addresses were helpful and inspiring. Printed programmes are used in almost every branch and all follow along similar lines. Paper on helpful and instructive subjects. Discussions on papers are held, or on a subject named in programme. Music, recitations, readings. Roll call answered by quotation from an author, original rhyme, helpful hints, tested recipes, conundrum, etc.

In some districts, there are frequent interchanges of visits with neighboring branches, the assisting branch giving the programme. This it is felt

helps the Institute to know how others are working and promotes sociability.

Two branches mention having held discussions relative to helping build a Community Hall, but as yet no definite steps have been taken. A reading and recreation room is being prepared by one branch and will be opened in a few days. Several branches have formed sick and social visiting committees. Flowers and delicacies are provided for the sick, and cards as a welcome to strangers. This has proved to be a much appreciated activity.

Our Annual District Convention is held in connection with the County of Carleton Annual Field Day at the Experimental Farm, and is a day looked forward to by many. About eight hundred attended this year. The officials and staff at the Farm were very kind and hospitable. Lunch was served to all and everything possible done for the instruction and pleasure of the visitors. A large tent provided for our district meeting was filled with interested workers. Mrs. Blair, our District Superintendent, presided in a most capable manner, and the report of the district was read by our secretary, Mrs. Bradley. A delegate from the Department, gave an address, then came the reports from the branches, the appointment of officers and general business.

There are 14 branches in Carleton with a total membership of 411. Receipts for the year were \$1,900.60. Many activities for the betterment of conditions in the community have been engaged in and much wisdom shown in the expenditure. Various methods were adopted to raise money, chief among them being socials, concerts, bazaars, booths at school fairs, collections at regular meetings, selling waste paper, etc. Donations have been made to Public Libraries, School Libraries, School Fairs, Equipment for Schools, Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, Children's Fresh Air Fund, Ottawa, Navy League, and other worthy causes.

I am supposed to mention only one item of interest from each branch, but among such volumes of good works I find it difficult to choose.



### CANADIAN NURSING MISSION NOW ON SERVICE IN RUMANIA

Madame Pantazzi (centre) and the group of Canadian nursing sisters who sailed recently from Canada for hospital and nursing school duty in the Capital of Rumania. The inspiration of the Mission belongs to Madame Pantazzi, formerly Miss Ethel Greening, of Toronto, who with her husband, Commander Pantazzi, and Colonel Boyle, escaped from the Reds during the early days of the Revolution. In the group are, left to right: Miss Helen Kendall, R.R.C., Sydney, C.B.; Miss Ethel Carter, Port Colborne, Ont.; Miss Olive Fitzgibbon, of Montreal; Madame Pantazzi; Miss Dorothy Cotton, daughter of the late General Cotton, Ottawa; Matron, Miss Garfield MacKay, Baddeck, N.S., and Miss Irene Savage, Toronto. The party, which was joined in Paris by the two remaining members, Miss Jean Grahame, formerly matron, Davisville Hospital, Toronto, and Miss Margaret Killmaster, of Brantford, reached Bucharest on November 19th.

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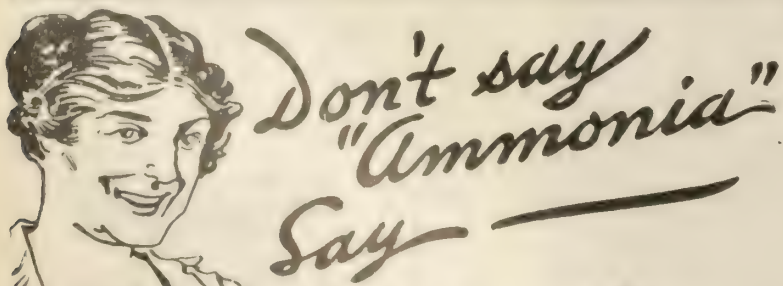
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PORRIDGE  
DAYS ARE  
HERE**

### Children's Winter Play

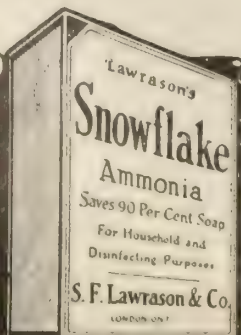
with its attendant wet clothes, wet feet and hot little bodies subjected to the cutting winter blasts, means more care of health and strength. Strong nourishing food is most important. Start each winter's day with a breakfast of delicious hot



*Don't say  
"Ammonia"*  
*Say*

**Snowflake**  
the **FULL**  
**STRENGTH**  
**Ammonia**

**THERE IS A TREMENDOUS DIFFERENCE**



THE press and the pulpit have been unusually strong of late in denunciation of the extravagance and immodesty of woman's attire. Truly, the Georgette crepe blouse is a mere pretence, by way of clothing, and the backless evening gown is neither decent nor beautiful. However, fashion has occasional lucid attacks and we are now promised saner styles and more material. The old-time trailing skirt was a menace to health, and meant colds and germs and a sense of constraint; but the skirt up to the knees is hardly a becoming or decorous garb for anyone past the flapper age, and it is to be hoped that we are to have fairly sensible skirts, and waists with more "to" them. After all, we have not been so atrociously garbed as some censors would have us believe. Most women have avoided the extreme of "backlessness" and have not taken to the abbreviated skirts which only the girl of twelve would find becoming.

The trouble is that a few extremely foolish women are so much more conspicuous than the many wisely unobtrusive girls and matrons, who are doing the day's work and finding it very good that the censors judge the many by the noisy few and come to the melancholy conclusion that the world is on the way to ruin.

There have always been extravagant and reckless people in this extremely perplexing world and there always will be:—and the harm they do is not

She is British—but not aggressively so—showing by deeds rather than words where her affections lie. There is a very small section in Canada which would act with enmity towards Great Britain and would express itself in sympathy with lawlessness in the Empire.

A spokesman, for this section, went to the City of Moncton recently, to deliver a practically anti-British address, but found himself the most unpopular citizen who ever attempted to berate the country to which he belongs—and Moncton gave him emphatic notice to leave, insisting by physical argument that he was no desirable orator. The Eastern centre would not tolerate seditious utterances and plainly showed its sentiments towards the man who had no sympathy for our own Canadian soldiers and who is plainly on the side of Britain's enemies. Of course, free speech like other "freedoms" can be abused:—and there are times, as a great Irish orator of the past once declared when "the insignificance of the insulter is lost in the magnitude of the insult."

DO we make resolutions or keep diaries in the same fashion that our "foremothers" did? Certainly the diary has disappeared and we seldom hear any one speak in these days of making a vow or a resolution. "The fewer promises we make, the better," says a Scottish friend of mine—and this very true reflection applies to promises made to ourselves. The



### AN INTERESTING GROUP

The executive officers of the Ontario Women's Institute, who held their annual meeting in Toronto last autumn. The bottom row, from left to right: Mrs. B. O. Allen, Fort William, the Recording Secretary; Mrs. William Todd, of Orillia, President; Mrs. C. Macoun, Campbellford, Secretary-Treasurer. The top row, from left to right: Miss E. D. Watson, Ayr, Vice-President, Central Ontario; Mrs. R. D. Fowler, Perth, Vice-President, Eastern Ontario; Mrs. J. P. Patterson, Gadshill, Vice-President, Western Ontario.

so considerable as some of us suppose. While it is highly desirable to pass such resolutions as that which was on the list, at the meeting of the Ontario Women's Institute last autumn, and which drew attention to the need for modesty in attire, we believe that the most effective argument for decorous dress is a gown which is both dainty and seemly. There are such gowns and they invite imitation.

ANYONE who has been in the Eastern Provinces of Canada, is aware that there is a sturdy self-respect about the native of the Maritime Provinces, such as the visitor does not forget. The New Brunswicker is heard to refer to Ontario as "Upper Canada," the Nova Scotian is convinced that the rest of the Dominion is not quite as enlightened as the Province whose capital is Halifax, while the Islander:—ah, the Islander, is the king of them all, in his placid content with the beauty and peace of Prince Edward the "Garden of the Gulf." This aloofness is not an offensive attitude:—on the contrary, the Easterner takes time to be courteous and is a delightful host—or hostess; but woe betide the stray tourist or lecturer who imagines that this urbanity is an indication of weakness! Canada is not noisy in her loyalty or patriotism:—but the force she sent overseas showed unmistakably what are her convictions in national affairs.

more ready certain friends are to make promises or to receive confidences, the more likely they are to break or betray them.

The other day, I heard a small girl make the remark: "Muriel is angry at me because I 'told' when she said it was a secret; but if she couldn't keep it to herself, how could I?"

There is a logical appeal in the small girl's question, and we can hardly blame the betrayer of casual confidences. There is no quality more valuable, either in the social or the business world to-day, than this fidelity in the matter of a confidence. A certain woman in a position of high responsibility is known to receive a salary which would have startled our grandmothers.

"She was always such a quiet girl," commented a former school-mate. "I didn't think she would do as well as several others who are now far behind her."

"That very quietness is a valuable asset," was the reply. "She has ability:—and, above all, she respects the private and confidential side of business life. So, she can be trusted where large contracts and important deals are concerned. That reticence is a very valuable quality in an official."

Then the lines with which Kipling closes a rollicking poem came back: "Man may hold all kinds of posts, If he only holds his tongue."





Many Supposedly American Vocalists of  
High Rank Come from This Country

# The Advance of the Canadian Singer

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

CONSTANTLY, in glancing over musical articles in American publications I encounter the names of rising and celebrated singers who are spoken of as natives of the United States; and it is probable that in many instances the Canadian reader of such articles is himself unaware of the misapprehension that exists with regard to them. This is, however, but a minor and at times annoying phase of what is on the whole a very beneficial movement on this continent. Time was when a singer native to this continent had to adopt a foreign name, preferably Italian, to obtain that higher recognition which ensures large financial rewards. That condition has absolutely passed away, and now in the United States at least the public is so eager to boast of its large coterie of native singers that it eagerly claims as its own vocalists from other lands. In this article I propose to speak of two or three so-called American singers of the highest eminence in whom Canada holds the original title. In truth, if you pick an announced list of artists for any important operatic season in the greater American cities or the agenda for some provincial music festival or performance of oratorio you are more likely than not to encounter a Canadian name.

Nearly fifty years ago a Canadian girl, Emma Lajeunesse, known to the stage as Madame Albani, had the honor

TWENTY odd years ago Edward Johnson was a very serious-minded student in the Collegiate Institute at Guelph, Ontario. He loved singing and music, and was very active in promoting all sorts of school entertainments. It is even said that he played the piccolo in the town band. As he grew up, he developed a tenor voice of very sweet quality. He had resolved from the outset to devote himself to a musical career, and he was assisted, not only by talent in that direction, but by a natural gift for languages. He went to New York for further study, and in a very short space of time built up a position for himself as a ballad singer, and appeared in many cities of America. An engagement in comic opera revealed his theatrical possibilities, and with artistic advancement ever in his mind, he went to France for further study. In Paris he sang French songs in a way that astonished critics, who had not supposed that a man of alien race and birth could so fully master their musical and verbal idioms. About fifteen years ago he went to Italy to obtain actual operatic experience, and within a short time had become such a popular figure that Italy desired and still desires to keep him as her own. The most singular honor that has come to him is the fact that nearly every important Italian composer, when he finishes a new work, asks Johnson to

because her uncle, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, had loved it so. On returning to America fifteen months ago Mr. Johnson astonished discerning critics not only by the beauty of his voice, but by the perfection of his technique. His reception at Toronto during the past autumn was one of the greatest ovations ever tendered a singer. On that occasion he gave his services free for the benefit of the National Institute for the Blind, and the value of such a donation may be gleaned by the fact that it costs two thousand dollars to engage Mr. Johnson for a single appearance.

I HAVE dealt with his career at length because it is a very remarkable example of Canadian ambition and achievement. But he is not the only one among contemporary celebrities hailing from Canada who has conquered European courts and the European public. In the middle nineties there was a little Toronto girl named Flossie Easton who used to sing at the closing exercises of Queen Victoria Public School, and whose childish voice was also heard in the choir of Parkdale Methodist Church, where her father, a poor but cultured English musician, was organist. Born in Yorkshire, she had been brought to Toronto as a baby, and her formative years were spent here; so that she is to all intents and purposes a Canadian. At the age of nine she made her first appearance at a public concert as a pianist, and at fourteen she developed a soprano voice of such sweetness and flexibility that a great future was predicted for her. The death of her mother shortly afterward, though a grievous misfortune, was influential in shaping her subsequent career. When she was sixteen, well-to-do relatives in England decided to bring home the motherless girl, and were so charmed with her when she arrived from far-away Canada that they gave her a most complete education at the Royal Academy of Music, London. When a child in Toronto she had sung for Elliott Haslam, at that time the city's most eminent vocal teacher. During the period of her study in London Mr. Haslam had removed to Paris, France; and on obtaining her diploma she decided to go to him and qualify for a career in grand opera. She revealed such abilities that within two years she was engaged to come to America as one of the prima donnas of the Henry W. Savage Grand Opera Company. At this time she made a marriage, which has turned out to be singularly happy, with Francis MacLennan, one of the tenors of the organization. Mr. MacLennan, though born in Michigan, also had ties with Canada, for his parents had by this time come to reside in Collingwood, Ontario. It is said to have been the mutual interest in Canada that brought them together.

Thirteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. MacLennan were accorded what was then deemed one of the highest musical honors, a five years' contract with the Royal Opera, Berlin, under the direct control of the Kaiser. This honor was regarded as exceptional, because German musicians were intensely national in feeling, and loth to admit foreign excellence. But greater honors were to come. The greatest of living German composers is Richard Strauss, and at that time he was at the zenith of his national fame. When, a decade or so ago, he produced his classic Grecian opera "Elektra" he selected Florence Easton for the title role, and his action in choosing a woman of Canadian and English education in preference to a German prima donna caused a great deal of jealousy and criticism. Madame Easton's guardian angel seems to have been responsible for the fact that she had left Germany to sing in other countries before the war broke out. For the past three years she has been a leading prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and is its finest exemplar of soprano roles of a noble and spirituelle character.



A SINGER AT HOME

Miss Florence Easton (to give her the name by which she is known on the stage) is here seen at her country home.

of being the first singer of either sex from this continent to win established fame in European capitals. She was at that time heralded as an American, and the process has continued ever since. During the next few years a small group of girls from this side of the Atlantic followed in her footsteps, but the male singers from either Canada or the United States were quite unknown as public singers in Great Britain or Europe. David Bispham, who is not yet sixty-five, has left it on record that when in the later eighties he made a success at Covent Garden in London he was the only male singer from the New World then appearing in grand opera outside America.

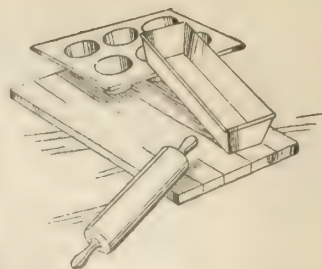
Conditions have considerably changed since, but it has been reserved for a Canadian tenor, Edward Johnson, to win more emphatic recognition in European lands than any other man. Johnson is the most singular instance of a singer being adopted by people of another race, as their own national interpreter, yet recorded.

In Italy, the historic home of opera and of vocal art, the name of Eduardo di Giovanni, as it is translated, is a household word in musical circles. And the same is true of the cities of Spain and South America, where Italian opera flourishes as vigorously as it does in Rome, Florence or Milan.

interpret the tenor part in the first production, in preference to famous native singers, of whom there are many. In musical matters the Italians are intensely national in feeling, but this foreigner, in their opinion, expresses their music better than their own tenors.

Although in Southern Europe and South America music-lovers persist in regarding him as an Italian, Mr. Johnson takes care to let everyone know that he is a Canadian. He stands in high personal favor with the King and Queen of Italy, and he received from them a valued decoration for his services to the Red Cross in the war. While at Rome in 1918 he met the Prince of Wales, who had gone there as the guest of the King. The Prince on learning that he was a Canadian was doubly enthusiastic, and revealed to him his project of coming to Canada on a visit. Mr. Johnson, or Signor di Giovanni (as he was known) assured the Prince that he would receive a welcome from Canadians that would never be forgotten. Mr. Johnson during the war had many experiences of the great prestige gained by Canada through the prowess of her soldiers during the war. Two or three years ago when he was singing at Madrid he was presented at Court, and when the Queen of Spain learned his real nationality she gave him a long audience and spoke of Canada as a country she should like to see

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## Our Journal Juniors' Club

Ever so many of our young readers are taking an interest in the department so ably conducted by Mrs. Green. We are sure that any Canadian boy or girl who writes to it will be given a welcome in that corner which has so much to attract and interest the Juniors.

## Through the Looking Glass

by VAIN JANE



SINCE we met here last, my friends, I have taken a bit of a journey—just to New York and back and only for a week, but those few days so filled me with impressions that I feel I must tell something of them.

The time of my visit was just before Christmas, the season when the shops make their most gorgeous display of ravishing treasures, and when a visitor's first tour of Fifth Avenue is likely to be a series of long-drawn breaths of wonder and admiration. The color, the richness and the beauty was overwhelming—not all the ancient bazaars of the East could surpass it in extravagant splendor. Here is a shop in which jewels shine behind barred windows—perfect and priceless stones of white purity spilled on a purple velvet pillow; or others of flawless color winking at you with their sapphire or their emerald light! There is the soft gleam of pearls in ropes of matchless beauty that women adore; watches of diamonds and platinum so small and exquisite that you feel they could never do anything so practical as record the hours of night and day. There are locket and bracelets, rings and pins, golden bags and jewelled combs for milady's shining hair.

A shop close by displays a gown; even the restless wave of Christmas shoppers pauses with delight before this window where a single figure of a lovely woman in a creation of mother o' pearl sequins is seated on a marble bench, with moonlight falling on her hair and casting pale shadows on the grass at her feet. Even to the throng this elaborate simplicity is arresting.

Not so artistic, perhaps, but equally fascinating are the windows which display all the accessories to a woman's costuming, such as gloves and stockings, handkerchiefs and beaded bags, gorgeously colored over-blouses, collars and cuffs and vestees of beautiful lace and hand-embroideries. No one wears a short glove this season—they must pull on over the wrist and fasten across with a strap like a gauntlet. Stockings are smartest when they have a lace panel front or some clever design of drop stitch, or if plain, must be of the sheerest quality. These are, of course, for evening wear—one doesn't have the bad taste to wear "fancy" stockings on the street! Handkerchiefs are gay—of sheer linen in shades of blue and rose and mauve and tan, and the merriest have tiny hand-worked designs in contrasting colors in one corner. And everywhere are shown beaded bags. New York has taken them to its heart, which is an excellent thing for the disabled soldiers in the factories in France who make them! There are American made ones also, but it is generally admitted that the French bags are more beautiful in coloring and design.

And the furs; oh, my dears, they are beautiful! Such glorious sables and mink, and soft chinchillas and satiny seals. The coats have huge cape collars that fall below the waist and the linings are the most brilliant colors and exquisite materials. In many cases two furs are used in combination to make these wrappy garments, for instance, mole and squirrel, or seal and beaver. The proper silhouette calls for a wide line at the bend of the arms and narrowing toward the hem and the coats therefore have the appearance of constantly slipping off the shoulders. They do doubtless, too, for every second woman one sees seems to be holding up

in front the weight of voluminous furs which appear somewhat incongruous when you look down and find that she is wearing daintily strapped satin slippers and the finest of hosiery.

AND the skirts are short—by that we mean that all the girls in New York who follow the fashions are wearing them from ten to twelve inches from the ground, and that irrespective of whether they are bow-legged, knock-kneed, thickly-ankled or just passably well formed. It is my only complaint with them—they are a flock of foolish sheep and follow where the fashion leads. On the other hand, they have qualities which are greatly to be admired. You seldom see a slovenly girl or woman, even the shabbiest are well-groomed and show a care for detail in their toilettes. They never wear a shoe that has a run-down heel, nor a glove with a hole in the finger, or a soiled collar or a dusty hat. The seams in the back of their stockings run straight, for that is the way they put them on. New York might be a vast stage and every woman playing a part in which she must appear her best.

That is always one of my strongest impressions of the great city, that the generality of its women while they are not elegant, have learned the important art of looking their best. You do a play (Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man," Gilda Varesi in "Enter Madame" if you are fortunate), you tea at the Ritz or you dine at the Claridge, and everywhere you see throngs of women and every one as carefully costumed as the other—each prepared for the spotlight and unafraid. It seems to me that while we may condemn this devotion to appearance as a waste of time, there are plenty among us who have much to learn from them.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

BERTHA L.—Such a proper little note you have written me, Miss Bertha, just as though it were to an utter stranger, and yet you give me to understand that we meet before the Looking Glass quite frequently. However, perhaps from now on we shall know one another better. You and your sister have a beauty problem in common with many city people, though it is seldom that country girls appeal to me for a way of improving their complexion. Country air is sometimes too strong for delicate skin, but is usually so clean and pure that it leaves no accumulation of dust in the pores. However, perhaps you and your sister drive a great deal and the roads may be dusty, though I have a recollection of motoring through your town one hot day last summer when the oil distributing waggons had done their work not wisely but too well, with the result that with every revolution of the wheels of our car the occupants were sprayed with a dark and offensive liquid which was spread on the roadway for the evident purpose of laying the dust. I had a perfectly good driving coat ruined—cleaners could not remove the stains—and we all, even the pup who got it in his eye, blessed the mayor or the street commissioners or whoever has charge of these things in your town, with blessings that were not exactly holy. But to return to your troubles, I shall send you a private reply and perhaps may be able to suggest something that will enable yourself and your sister to acquire the complexion you most desire.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

### THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.





## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

**PATRICIA.**—So much may be said on the subject of perfume, Patricia. On the one hand it may be objectionable if of the heavy, clinging variety. On the other, there are exquisite and elusive odors which could not offend the most fastidious. Why not experiment until you find one which seems to suit your personality? When you have discovered it, be very sparing in its use. Apart from the thrift of this measure, for good perfume is a real luxury these days, the faintest suggestion is all that is permissible.

**WHITBY.**—Think of anyone complaining of a too rosy complexion! My dear lady, how thankful you should be for your bright cheeks. I agree with you they should not be shiny, but that is very readily remedied. Ontario winds in winter are disastrous to the skin, I will admit, but I feel safe in saying that we all envy you your rosiness. It is such a relief once in a while to come across someone who doesn't want to be directed to the least harmful and most natural preparation of rouge.



A Gown for the Younger Girl.

**MARION M.**—No girl of seventeen should be unhappy about anything and much less about her complexion, therefore, Miss Marion, we must attend to your case without delay. Your skin must be in a highly sensitive state if warm water and good soap irritate it, and perhaps for a time it would be as well to use nothing but a cleansing cream to clear the skin, followed by an astringent. The astringent is important, for you see, the reason for the condition you describe, is that the pores are at some time left open and become clogged with dust and grime. Some skin is naturally porous and when this is the case, special care must be taken. Are you sure you have been using a good soap?

**BLANCHE.**—I have a dreadful time with my nose, too, on frosty mornings, Miss Blanche, so I can heartily sympathize with you and only wish I had got to your letter earlier, before the raw weather set in. But I hasten now to tell you how to keep it an aristocratic white, and though I cannot give you the formula for the preparation, as you seem to expect, I can tell you its name and cost and where it may be purchased. If you have been going about with a red nose on every frosty morning since October twenty-second, I shall feel terribly guilty; Do forgive me.



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## PATTERNS AND PRICES.

**9111**—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar facing and vest. For the braiding that gives smartness to the skirt design 12320 is used.

**7671**—Juniors' Middy Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar facing and vest. For the braiding that gives smartness to the skirt design 12320 is used.

**9107**—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Embroidery in design 12511 forms a large motif on the front panel.

**9051**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch chevron velours—¾ yard 48-inch broadcloth—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and back gore.

**9170**—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard 36-inch satin for girder and cuffs, ½ yard tucked organdy for collar—1¼ yard lace for trimming collar. Embroidered motifs in design 12571 are scattered over the blouse.

**9196**—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the arm and is embroidered in eyelets in design 12594.

**8758**—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—¼ yard lace banding on collar.

**9057**—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine.

**9177**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch white tricotine—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

**9181**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch satin—1 yard flit lace for collar—2¼ yards 36-inch lining.

**9178**—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch serge—¼ yard 18-inch velvet for collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

Dress 8716, 35 cents.

Braid 12319, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 7923, 20 cents.

Dress 9145, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12425, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Jacket 9152, 35 cents.

Skirt 8733, 20 cents.

Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 9051, 35 cents.

Dress 9121, 35 cents.

Braiding 12574, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 9111, 35 cents.

Braiding 12320, blue or yellow, 35 cents.

Middy Dress 7674, 20 cents.

Dress 9107, 30 cents.

Embroidery 12511, 25 cents.

Dress No. 9071, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Overblouse 9184, 30 cents.

Embroidery 12600, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Overblouse 9170, 30 cents.

Embroidery 12571, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 9196, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12594, blue or yellow, 40 cents.

Dress 8758, 35 cents.

Dress 9057, 35 cents.

Dress 9177, 35 cents.

Dress 9181, 35 cents.

Dress 9178, 35 cents.

Dress 9174, 35 cents.

Blouse 8966, 30 cents.

Skirt 9209, 30 cents.

Beading 12568, blue or yellow, 35 cents.

Blouse 8931, 30 cents.

Braiding 12574, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Blouse 9166, 30 cents.

Coat 9026, 35 cents.

Dress 9210, 35 cents.

Dress 9098, 35 cents.

Dress 9022, 35 cents.

Braiding 12463, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

## Youth Claims the Simplicity of Slender Lines



Misses' Dress 8746 Braiding 12319 Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7923

Misses' Jacket 9152  
Misses' Skirt 8733  
Embroidery 12510

Misses' Dress 9121  
Braiding 12574

**8746**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch crêpe satin—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Soutache braiding in design 12319 edges the deep V front, borders the sleeves, and forms a finish for the top of the double-tier tunic. Velvet is another fabric that would make up effectively in this frock.

**9121**—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch velvet—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar facing and vest. A border and spattered motifs of braiding in design 12574 provide the trimming.



Misses' Dress 9145  
Braiding 12425

**9145**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch satin for flaring collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Soutache braiding in design 12425 forms a deep border.

8746 7923 9145



Misses' Dress 9111  
Braiding 12320

Juniors' Middy Dress 7674

Juniors' Dress 9107  
Embroidery 12511

Misses' Dress 9051

**9152**—Misses' Box Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8733—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge

about 1¾ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. A touch of embroidery in design 12510

gives smartness to the jacket which is one of those delightfully youthful new box models.





*This wrap from Russek shows a tier effect in the designing, with a huge collar of kolinsky. The wrap is of Russian seal.*



# Graceful Lines Mark the Smartest Winter Costumes

8931—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch lace banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse is braided in design 12574, and has smart long sleeves extending beyond the deep, close-fitting cuffs to form loops.

9166—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard allover net 18 inches wide for chemisette and high collar—1¼ yard lace for trimmings—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

Blouse 8931  
Braiding 12574

Blouse 9166



Dress 9174

Blouse 8966  
Skirt 9209  
Beading 12568

Coat 9026

Dress 9240

9174—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard velvet for collar and cuff bands—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The front of the blouse is cut in a panel in one piece with the tunic, and at each side of the panel the waist-line is marked with braid and embroidered arrowheads. The girdle is a narrow braided silk cord. Double rows of small wooden buttons trim the long, close-fitting sleeves and the front of the blouse below the collar. This dress is very smart for street wear.

8966—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9209—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch tucked net for collar—2 yards lace for trimming collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The vest and tunic are beaded in design 12568. The front section of the tunic is pointed and the back section is in panel style. A draped girdle closes at one side under a tab-shaped trimming piece. Many an afternoon tea will be graced by frocks of this type fashioned of soft satin, crêpe, velvet, or divan.

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PATTERNS SEE  
PAGE 28.

9026—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—4¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The deep cuffs and the convertible collar are outlined with three rows of heavy chain stitching. This is repeated on the patch pockets. The coat has the comfortable raglan sleeves that fashion has decreed smart and that every woman prefers to wear over frocks that might crush.

9240—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch crêpe satin—¼ yard banding for vest—¾ yard 36-inch figured silk for girdle—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The frock has the smart long-waisted Russian blouse effect so popular this season, and a plain gathered skirt. The long, close-fitting sleeves flare a trifle at the wrist. Perfectly adorable are these new long-waisted blouse frocks, the waist blousing over a deep sash of brilliant silk. The use of these sashes is a late development of the season's fashions, and they certainly add a brilliant note to frocks of somber hue. Roman-striped ribbons, finished with deep silk fringe showing the various shades of the ribbon, the most gorgeous brocades, and all sorts of fancy silks and satins are in vogue.

9098—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch crêpe meter—1 yard organdy for vest, long collar, and cuffs—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The organdy may be trimmed with a fine embroidery or lace, or scalloped. The girdle is made of two narrow bands of the silk.

9022—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch duvetyn—¾ yard 36-inch silk duvetyn for collar—¾ yard 18-inch tucked vesting—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The flaring collar and the outline of the tunic are braided in soutache braid in design 12463. Silk or worsted may be used.



9174

9166

9022

Dress 9098

Dress 9022  
Braiding 12463



# EXPRESSING PERSONALITY IN DRESS



*The least appearance of extravagance or want of moderation or restraint is destructive to all beauty whatsoever, in anything, color, form, motion, language or thought; giving rise to that which is in color called glaring, in form inelegant, in motion ungraceful, in thought undisciplined, in all, unchastened.*

JOHN RUSKIN

**I**T is generally conceded that in all women there is an instinctive perception of beauty and a longing for it.

Failure lies in lacking appreciation of the intimate and essential relation true taste bears to fashion; in the blind assumption that beauty can be attained by imitation.

Costume is but a means of expressing personality, and the woman admired has learned to ignore the glaring vagaries of swiftly changing fashions and chooses those clothes that in the simplicity of good taste best become her.

Modifications of the figure require the most careful attention to the end of avoiding anything that will accentuate undesirable lines. Perhaps the most understandable rule for becoming corsetry is this: do not try to change your type, play up to it. Don't imitate.

From the beginning, Gossard artistry has recognized as many types of feminine beauty as there are types of women. So whatever your figure problems may be, there are many artfully designed models that will give you the ideal proportions of your type with that restful comfort that makes grace of motion as natural as breathing. Yes, even if you are of very full proportions, the resilient, scientifically placed boning that gracefully slenderizes you, will permit the comfortable freedom of unrestrained movement.

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To those women who appreciate the importance of following their own style and finding the perfect expression of their natural beauty, Gossard Corsets offer an unfailing foundation for becoming dress.

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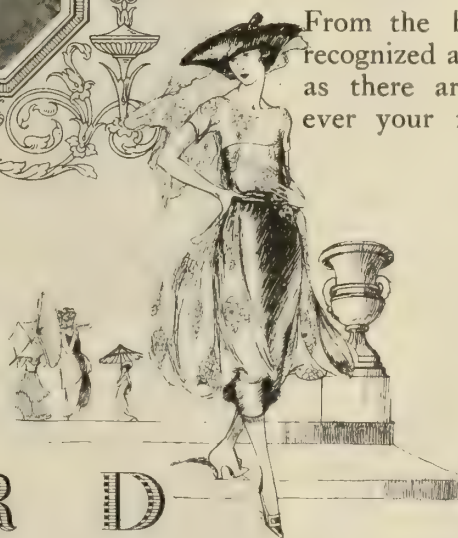
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as good as true artistry, fine workmanship, and the highest grade of materials can make it, so that no purchaser may ever find a Gossard that does not give the unequalled service she has a right to expect. The high quality of every Gossard Corset is jealously guarded by a House proud of its eighteen years of prestige.

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Ideal Figure  
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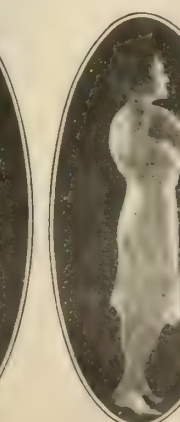
Ideal Figure  
Short Heavy



Ideal Average  
Figure



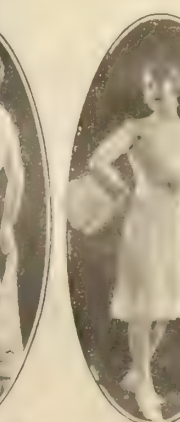
Ideal Figure  
Large Below Waist



Ideal Figure  
Large Above Waist



Ideal Figure  
Curved Back



Ideal Figure  
Short Waisted



# Queen Mary Presents Festal Robes to Royal Ontario Museum

## A GIFT OF ROYAL ROBES

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

THE Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, was recently the recipient of a royal gift of two costly robes from the wardrobe of Her Majesty Queen Mary, and a cream silk negligee and two negligee slippers from the wardrobe of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria.

The two robes of white satin have been fortunate enough to find their way to the Queen Mary's. The latest pattern, 1900, which is of ivory satin, is decorated with such delicate water colors as to look almost like shadows of roses and bow knots, and was worn on the occasion of Her Majesty's first State entry into London after the Coronation. The robe was designed for some gorgeous reception in connection with the Coronation, and later at a Drawing Room when its beauty was further enhanced by a lovely veil of silver worn over the train, so I was told by her Excellency, the Duchess of Devonshire, who made the formal presentation to the Museum and, by the way, has been Mistress of the Robes.

This robe is also of ivory satin, heavy and lustrous with overdress superbly embroidered with pearls, brilliants and silk floss. The lily design on the corsage is carried out in the floss, and the petals of the beautiful roses down the centre of the front panel, graduating in size, are done solid in pearls with a large one in the centre. The whole design is encrusted with pearls—thousands of them—and brilliants.

These are gifts Her Majesty has graciously bestowed upon the Royal Ontario Museum, which incidentally has the largest collection of exhibits of any in the British Empire, outside the City of London, England, and stands third on the Continent of North America, and are the beginning of a collection of comparatively modern robes which Dr. C. T. Currelly, the Curator, hopes to add to very shortly. A number of titled and otherwise socially prominent English ladies, noted for their unimpeachable taste in dress, have promised soon to donate gowns they are now wearing, made by Worth and other notable couturieres.

Queen Victoria's negligee has nothing special in the way of style to make it interesting, save that it might have been designed yesterday instead of perhaps twenty-five years ago. Its coat front and narrow girdle which ties in front, bring it right up to date, though age has somewhat mellowed its creamy tint. However, there is something very interesting about this simple, comfy-looking garment. Everyone will remember that it was at an early hour in the morning when the school-girl Princess was informed that she was to be crowned Queen of England, and at the time she was wearing a white negligee, and thereafter, to gratify some sweet sentiment of her own, all her negligees were made of white, no matter what the material was.

The slippers are quaint little, soft, heel-less affairs, just such as one might imagine any practical person, even a Queen, might choose for comfort, rather than style. One pair is of black corded silk and the other a fine, soft kid, with the finish worn off the top of the toe of one, where she constantly tapped it with her cane. One can imagine her Majesty's life-long friend, the fashionable ex-Empress Eugenie, in their familiar intercourses, reprimanding her for this destructive habit. (I suppose Queens are privileged to reprimand each other in private.)

This is not the first royal gift the Museum has had. Last year a Toronto firm presented it with a collection of one hundred and seventy-two official robes from the Royal Palace of China. Only a few of these are on exhibition yet, as the number and size of the exhibits have outgrown the space, and not until the main building shall have been completed, will there be room to display the entire exhibit at once. This collection is also very interesting. Many of the robes are almost covered with embroidery, almost every stitch of which enters into the design of a symbol of rank, a wish for long life and happiness or something else equally desirable to the Chinese conception of things to be desired. The coloring and execution are marvellous examples of the application of color and of infinite patience and skill and are valuable as a study to anyone interested in this form of decoration.

PROPOS of interesting costumes, in the passage of fortune from master to man and from mistress to maid in the Old Land, during the trying years through which it has just come, many old and valuable family possessions, including jewels and ancestral robes, have been thrown upon the market, which collectors are gathering in as fast as they can, and the Royal Ontario Museum is likely to profit by the circumstance, for in addition to what other contributors have promised, the Canadian Women Designers' Club, a group of bright young women who design women and children's garments for Canadian manufacturers, have authorized Dr. Currelly to purchase, in their name, the nucleus of a collection of these ancestral robes, for which they have pledged themselves to provide funds periodically. Their object is to have a collection of artistic garments from which they can study the traditions of their calling, as it can be done only from existing objects of art in Museums and Art

Galleries. The designing of an artistic costume is no mean thing, as the success of Poiret, Worth and others testifies, and much of their inspiration has come from a study of color, design and fabric in the Museums and Art Galleries of the Old World.



A robe worn by Her Majesty Queen Mary at a formal reception in connection with the Coronation ceremonies, and also at the Durbar in Delhi. It is of heavy, lustrous satin, gorgeously embroidered in pearls, brilliants and silk floss.



The gown worn by Her Majesty Queen Mary when making her first State entry into London after the Coronation. It is of ivory satin, hand-painted in water-colors. The design is the emblematic rose of England, with bow-knots of ribbon.

THE skating season is upon us, or should be, if it is not by the time this gets into print, and finds that the latest thing in skating costumes is a knitted dress. It can be machine knitted, but most of the knitted dresses I have heard about have been knitted by hand, the skirt in a purl stitch so that it looks like box-pleating. Some are knitted in one-piece princess style and others in two-piece, skirt and tuxedo sweater, worn with a frilly fronted blouse, decorated with hand drawn work. The colors preferred are brown or green heather. One of course wears brown shoes and heather hose with this costume.

Scarf, hat and mitts are made up in sets for skating and the long gauntlet-top is the last word in fashionable skating or snow-shoeing mitts. There are also shimmy bags and caps for sports wear. These are made of fine wool, knitted into loops which are caught together in little bunches, giving the finished article a fluffy surface.

A very practical skating or snow-shoeing garment is a heavy sweater coat, knit just like a man's with collar fastening up tight around the neck.

PROPOS of nobody and nothing, I wonder if all the Christmas presents we buy for our friends this year will stay sold, or if some of them will be taken back to the store, where they were purchased, the day after Christmas and be converted into cash. Shocking suggestion! Yes, I know, but one has many interesting revelations, standing in the vicinity of the Exchange Offices in the big stores the day after Christmas. Down the long queue there is every type of parcel and prominent among them, when the paper wrapping is removed, is the holly-covered box, and quite often the Christmas card still attached to the contents. Through the wicket it goes, and of course one doesn't follow to see whether the exchange slip is taken to the cashier to have the money refunded or to some section where goods are to be purchased but, (and one has it from casual conversations with merchants), people come with all sorts of ill-selected gifts, for which they have no possible use, and frankly say they would prefer the cash. We are all familiar with the woman who packs away quantities of gifts every year, either to be passed along to someone else or given to a bazaar the next year. And, frankly, if we do not consult the wishes and tastes of our friends when we bring them gifts, can we blame them?

NEW YORK femininity is about as inconsistent as she can be and survive. Indeed, seriously, one wonders how long she will survive unless she mends her ways, or at least, puts on her spats; for while a huge collar surrounds her neck and shoulders, she trips up and down Fifth Avenue in sheer silk hosiery with lace inserts and low slippers, strapped over the instep. And her skirts are atrociously short! We used to try to describe the length of suit jackets by saying they were finger tip length, which would be almost better applied to the skirts one sees smart young people wearing in New York just now.

But this unseemly display of hosiery, according to a fashionable Fifth Avenue Costumer, is to be short-lived. For next spring, he tells us he will make dress and suit skirts longer, say, seven or eight inches from the floor. Speaking of spring attire, a peep at some two and three piece suits, which merchants in the South are buying, for visitors seeking a milder climate, revealed oodles of embroidery, put on in every possible design. One model of beaver wool jersey cloth, had large round flowers, something like a conventional marguerite, done in white; these had a border of embroidery in contrasting shade around the bottom of coat and skirt, and sometimes around the coat only.

The three-piece suits are such practical, always-ready garments that we wonder Canadians have never taken them more seriously. They have silk tops, the skirt joined on at a low waist-line, the silk being either printed or elaborately embroidered. The coat is just the regulation suit coat. One having such a costume, has in reality a suit and dress.

The blouse of the hour for dress-up wear is of course the casquin of Georgette crepe, indestructible voile, crepe de Chine, or perhaps a combination of these materials gorgeously embroidered. When they came out first they were called "transformation" blouses, a name which was particularly suitable for with a pretty silk skirt, they do transform a blouse and skirt into a costume. Tuck-ins are now shown principally in tailored styles, as for instance the fine voile or batiste with hand-drawn work decoration or a frilly front which is so popular at the moment with women selecting costumes for the south. These are extremely smart. Crepe de Chine is also made up in tuck-in style, and tailor finish, white being the color advocated by Dame Fashion. Tucking and some hand embroidery, such as eyelet is used as trimming and the collar is convertible, so that it may be worn high or low according to the taste of her who wears it.

There were some beautiful white flannels and serges; some had white skirts and green or orange coats—regular sports suits. But more anon.



# Embroidery the Popular Trimming for Every Gown



Overblouse  
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Embroidery  
12600

Overblouse  
9170  
Embroidery  
12571

9184—Ladies' One-piece Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery forms the trimming for this attractive overblouse worked out in heavy silk in design 12600.

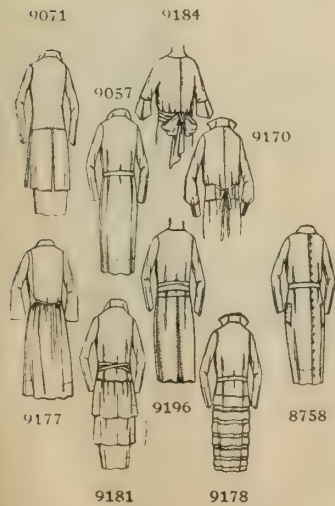
Dress 9071  
Embroidery 12510

9071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch Poirer twill— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch dotted organdy for collar— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining. Darts on the shoulders give a snug fit to the long-waisted bodice of this frock. It closes on the left shoulder and under the arm. The tunic is in four separate panels, embroidered at the bottom in design 12510. This is an admirable design for remodeling, as two materials can be combined readily, using one for the bodice and tunic and one for the skirt. Blue serge and black satin, brown satin and velvet, or plain and plaid fabrics may be used in combination, or one could select plain and check velours.

Dress 9057

Dress 9196  
Embroidery  
12594

Dress 8758



Dress 9177

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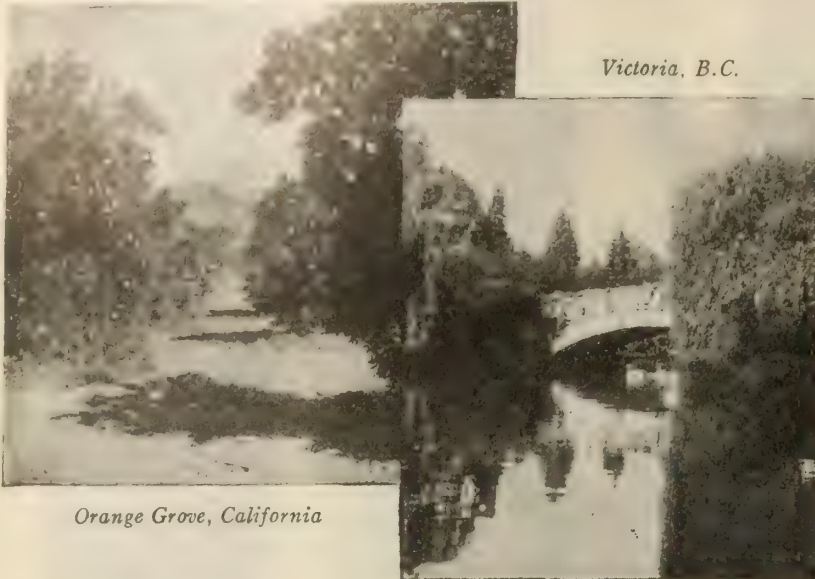
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PATTERNS SEE  
PAGE 28.



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## To The Women's Institutes

Read the letter (page 19) from Mrs. Arthur Murphy, President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, announcing that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is now the official organ of that excellent organization.



By NORMAN HARRIS

### The Easy Road to Riches.

**H**OW is the young man of twenty to manage his finances so that at forty he will own a cheque book, a strong box, and other evidences of a substantial estate?

What should the young woman of thirty do now, to lay the foundation for a position of practical if not total independence in later years?

What steps should be taken by the person of forty, or forty-five, to make any possible haste while the sun still shines, to fend off the shadows that possibly begin to impend?

The recipe is so simple, so easy, and so devoid of the element of the picturesque that to state it is perhaps to cause a certain disappointment to the reader. The "magic secret" is simply this: To simply save a certain proportion of the income or earnings, and to lay it away and let the money do the rest. The money must be lodged securely. It must be put to work at once. It must be available to come back to the hand of the owner, should he want it. It should be so laid out as to be nearly all the time, one hundred per cent. solvent. The moment the investor sketches out for himself a definite investment programme, and begins to follow it, in that moment he has detached himself from the crowd of ignorant and thoughtless persons who, having given no thought nor study to the field of investment, are possessed of a number of fallacious ideas which are the foundation for one disappointment and loss after another. They believe that no strike in the way of altering their conditions can be made until a thousand dollars is secured. They think that the way to treat the first thousand dollars is to grasp some wonderful opportunity which will double their money within a comparatively short period of time. When people who make a business of deluding the unwary, talk to them of twenty per cent. earnings, their inexperience prompts them to believe that if they put the money into the suggested channel, two hundred dollars gain in one year will be their portion. The thousand dollars will then be twelve hundred dollars. Next year, the twelve hundred dollars will be perhaps sixteen hundred dollars; possibly in three years it will be two thousand. And so on, allowing the imagination to expand the possibilities.

What is the fate of people who proceed along these lines?

In the majority of cases, they lose the money. What does this mean? Simply that, whereas a person is gullible because of his ignorance, this same ignorance deters him from ascertaining that his money is gone, and consequently during the years when he still has hope that there will be a good end to the transaction, his investment life is wasting away. He would be away ahead of the game if it were possible for him to say to himself, the day after he has embarked his savings into the enterprise: "This thing that I mistook for an investment, is at its best, a most hazardous gamble; therefore I will let the gamble take care of itself. I will assume that all this money is lost. I will start again right now and invest properly."

But it would be a very wise person that could so act two parts. And so the years go on. The company itself remains in existence. The president draws his annual salary. The directors take their fees for each meeting; more stock is sold to keep the corporation together, but there are no earnings. Each year the equity of the shareholder becomes less. Finally, there is scarcely enough value to warrant the services of the liquidator. The company ends its days. What happens the president and the directors? Nothing. They forward a notice to shareholders, and then form another corporation. This is only one instance of what is happening almost daily to the savings of the public. There is in existence an organized force of "enterprisers" who make a business of finding out in the community what person has accumulated earnings, and taking the money from him. The position is a scandalous one. To all intents and purposes the promoter and the directors of corporations of the kind mentioned

are stealing money, yet there is no common law that will touch them.

The safety of the individual is to fortify himself at the outset by casting a strong and forward policy for himself. He will be right if he throws most of the prospectus literature that comes to him through the mails, from strange brokers, into the fire. He will be safe if he refuses to converse with people peddling stock; but he is always in danger unless he has a substantial counter policy founded on an emphatic belief. He can formulate this in the knowledge that money, put to work properly, loves to reproduce itself. If he is twenty years of age he should know that in twenty-six more years he can make five thousand dollars grow into twenty thousand dollars, not by manipulating any clever deals on the stock market, or by seizing any of the so-called golden chances that come along, but simply by putting his money systematically out at six per cent. interest. A person at almost any age who has knowledge of the wonderful results that money gives when saved systematically, and that is allowed to compound itself through the re-investment of interest into additional principal, can in five years put himself into a position where he will simply laugh at the frantic efforts of promoters to induce him to "sign here" so that he may get the lavish rewards pictured for him. He will laugh because he knows that the results he is getting cannot be bettered. He does not want to try any system that pretends to be so superior to his own that in half the time it will give twice the results. Once he has grown into this sound philosophy it may be said that he is a real investor, that his money is safe, that his future is assured.

How should one enter upon such a programme? An investment estate should be founded upon the bond, or a security in the bond class. The municipal debenture is an ideal instrument for the purpose. That debenture which pays a rate of interest in conformity with the general rate should be selected in preference to one that pays interest at a higher figure. Until he has actually found his feet, the investor might confine himself to purchasing, either outright, or on the instalment plan, municipal debentures and other bonds. He may procure many that are in denominations of one hundred dollars. The start is the most important thing. It does not matter how small may be the first payment; the initial money laid down is tantamount to being an assurance premium; a guarantee of indemnity in the later years.

### Allen Theatres Stock.

S. R. O., Picton, Ont.:—Stock of Allen Theatres would appear to have a very great deal of speculation combined with it. The weakness of the offer of preference shares was that they were in part issued against equities including common stocks previously issued. Of course, so long as the parent company earns and pays its dividends, the shareholder need not worry too much as to the equity value underlying them. At the same time the position is that these shares seem much more speculative than they might have been.

E. R. B., Lachine, Quebec:—One of the disadvantages of purchasing stock in a Texas oil company is the inability afterwards of procuring any information asked for, apart from the annual report, if such is issued. I have no information on Texas United Oil Company.

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# The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

By BERTHA E. GREEN

## The Golden Guide

THE wheel was turning. The Djinn sat beside, and, as he turned the wheel, he slowly wound upon it a returning wind that carried a pictured story of a far-off land.

It was a rough wind, somewhat thinned and worn with long, wild sweeping across deserts, a hoarse wind, that told of screaming rushes through the rocky hills. But the Djinn smiled, for, with all its seeming roughness, the story that it brought was one of little children and a golden day.

The sun brought a wide-awake morning to the hills of Peru, and to Juan and Feliciano in their little village. A few poor, scattered houses, of which their home was one, stood on the long slope that led down and out across a desert highland. There were but few trees in the village (you might have counted them on the fingers of one hand), and the sparse grass grew in little clumps. It was not a very cheerful place, but it was home to the children, and there was the sunlight of the morning.

Their playground was the hill-slope, and often they wandered in their play

So the children journeyed through the early morning, stepping aside to watch the lama trains pass. Strange beasts of burden were lamas, like long-legged sheep, their small heads held straight up on long necks. They passed in single file, each with a pack strapped on its back, the line of eight, or ten, or twenty ending with a man, sandaled, with short trousers, a blanket-cloak, and a broad, felt hat.

Twice, at least, the children turned with home in their thoughts. But the wind was rough, and the sunshine was bright, and they journeyed onward. Everything was new, for they had never been so far from home before.

They were not tired, for to these children of the hills the beaten road was the smoothest of paths. Winding, turning, rising, descending, the road stretched on, until, as it curved around the base of a little mountain, it showed the children a place they thought was Fairyland.

SET high on the slope of a wide hill, grass-covered and green, stood a city. The white and pink walls gleamed in the sunlight, and bright flags were flying.

the broad path was bordered with roses in bloom, and bright carnations nodded everywhere. From beneath dark leaves of green they could see the purple bloom of grapes and every tree bore fruit.

They did not know it, but the garden was the most beautiful spot in all Peru, the Lucione Garden, but the children wondered at, and loved it all.

But the sight of the fruit in the garden reminded Juan and his sister that there was such a thing as dinner-time. Poor Juan—coppers were few and seldom in his pocket, and he felt that to eat, one must have money. The fruit in the garden was forbidden—a cross-looking man had told him so. Then the two wandered on, with minds anxious about their dinner.

They came out upon another square, in the centre of which stood a great building of pink and white stone, and it was here they came upon an old friend. Miguel, the muleteer, had come to Arequipa to sell his goods, the soft hair of the odd, goat-like vicuna, and, with his business done, was walking about the market talking to old friends.

AS his eyes fell upon the two children, his wrinkled face wrinkled still more as he smiled and greeted them.

"Ho, my little ones! What brings you from the village to the place of many people?"

Then, seeing the eyes of little Feliciano gazing hungrily at the cakes in a nearby stall, he continued:

"And not a centavo to buy even a loaf-end. Is it not so, Juan?"

Juan's face was his answer, and Miguel, smiling, bought, and the little ones ate. Truly Arequipa was a wonderful city, and never was such a friend as Miguel who stood there beside them.

Miguel was indeed a friend, for it was he who offered the means for a pleasant journey home. His way led back past the children's village, and the children, each seated upon a laden mule, rode proudly from the market square. A man of Miguel's led the first mule, the other mules following in line carrying the cloth and other goods that Miguel had bought. They passed through the city street, out along another road than that by which the children had come.

They halted, resting beside a wide pool, and when, for a little while, the children sat beside it on the soft grass, the pool stirred, bubbled with a faint singing, and there, dancing on the waters, were little, golden, butterfly figures. Golden as sunbeams, and as light, they danced, and as they danced, they sang:

Fairies come to bring you sunshine,  
Sunshine to be yours away.  
Take us, keep us ever with you,  
Memories of a golden day.

The voice of Miguel called, the fairies vanished, and the children said nothing to their friend of what they had seen at the bubble-pool—men do not understand about these things they thought.

A little while longer on the road, and they were in sight of home, quite near home, and after they had said "good-bye" to Miguel, their friend, the children stood and looked back over what, to them had been the road of the golden day.

Arequipa lay beyond the little hills, but far beyond even the city rose El Misti's snowy mountain-top, gilded by the setting sun. The wind was hushed, and Juan, noticing, gazed at the sun-tipped mountain.

"It is there! It is there on the top of El Misti! I see it on the mountain-top!"

And to Feliciano's eager question he replied:

"Why, it is Puna, Puna the desert wind, our golden guide."



"Ho, my little ones! What brings ye from the village?"

to other hills. But this morning seemed different to Juan, for he said:

"We will go to the main road, and watch the lama trains."

So the soft-eyed little Feliciano followed her sturdy brother, not only to the main road, but out upon it. There were no travellers upon the hill-road as the children stood upon the beaten track, and Juan said:

"There will be more to see if we go along the road. Which way shall it be?"

The Puna, the desert wind, was blowing from the direction of the village. It was rough, and a little bit cold, even in the shelter of the hills, and Juan felt it, for he said:

"We will follow the wind along the road, and come back by the sheltered little paths."

Feliciano gazed in round-eyed wonder, but Juan exclaimed:

"It is Arequipa! It is the Great City, and we will go and see it!"

They passed through long, paved streets. There were houses and stores on either side, some built of white stone, and some even of pink stone. One street led them to a great square, or plaza, one side of which formed the front of a grand cathedral. Along another street the children passed and wondered at the little, box-like cars, with people in them, drawn on shining rails by mules.

But there was still another street, and this led the children, almost before they knew, into a garden. How different this was to their bleak hills. A starved flower or two, hiding close to a rock, was all they knew. Here

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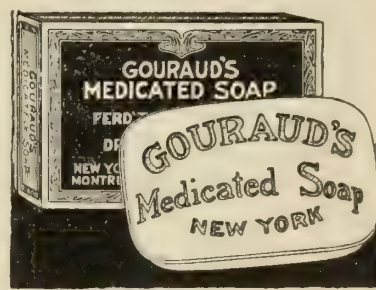
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- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| 1 cup sugar     | ½ cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins                        |
| 2 cups milk     | 4 tablespoons cornstarch (flour may be substituted)    |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract (flavor to taste). |
| 3 eggs          |  |

Put milk in top of double boiler; mix cornstarch with a little cold milk; add salt and cook thoroughly and until mixture thickens sufficiently to hold raisins; then stir in the well beaten eggs and add raisins, flavoring and sugar; turn into buttered pudding dish and bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Delicious served with flavored whipped cream or lemon pudding sauce.

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## The Red Guardian

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

The Missionary was overjoyed at meeting a white man once more, though he and Esther grieved with Garry over the terrible affliction which hung like a black pall between him and his past. And Garry, instead of growing robust and healthy from the outdoor life, which stretched on monotonously from day to day—hunting, fishing, trapping with the young braves—grew thin and lined from the agonized struggle to remember. Only the companionship of Dr. McLean and his daughter made life bearable.

Then added to the desperate plight in which he found himself, came the sudden realization of his love for Esther—a hopeless love it seemed, one he might never mention nor allow her to suspect for a single moment. A man without a memory! His past might be black with a record of crime, although he hardly believed that possible. He might already have a wife. The situation was becoming intolerable.

Finally he determined to lose himself in the forest and work his way South. He would disappear quietly from Esther's life for he had a suspicion that he was beginning to mean altogether too much to her. But just as he was about to slip his canoe into the water and make his escape, Hawk-Eye stepped from behind a pine, and although his dusky friend said nothing, Garry realized that he was virtually a prisoner.

"Well, Hawk-Eye, old sport," exclaimed Garry in the picturesque language which was one of the things he had not forgotten, "think I was about to beat it from your Happy Hunting-Grounds?"

Hawk-Eye smiled enigmatically and grunted, but a grunt from Hawk-Eye was an oration in itself. "Better stay and marry 'White Flower,'" he advised.

And Garry stayed, knowing that escape from his aptly-named guardian was quite impossible.

THE winter that followed was unusually severe even for that Northern wilderness. Blizzards raged; the frost-king held high carnival, and Sunny Creek Reserve felt the strain of the long, bitter months.

Garry hunted and trapped with Hawk-Eye. He had become an expert in wood-craft, as quick and cunning as the Redskin himself. He found that to keep his sanity he must work incessantly, but he had himself so well in hand that he adopted an attitude of genial good-comradeship toward Esther, although at times her look of sad bewilderment almost broke down his barrier of brotherliness. The long evenings reading, talking and smoking in Dr. McLean's cabin were his recreation and delight.

It was after New Year that the influenza came; sweeping like a scourge from sea to sea it found the lonely Reservation and proceeded to destroy the terror-stricken inhabitants. Dr. McLean, Esther and Garry, with some of the young men and girls, worked day and night trying to save the victims and prevent a spread of the disease. Only for the absolute faith of the people in the "Little White Brother" and their child-like obedience, the death-toll would have been infinitely heavier.

Then came the great disaster. Dr. McLean was an old man and unable to endure the terrific strain under which he was laboring. He and Hawk-Eye were stricken down the same day. Esther and Garry nursed them both in the Missionary's cabin, doing everything that skill and devotion could do. The second week Hawk-Eye began to show signs of recovery, but the older man developed pneumonia and Garry soon realized that his days were numbered. But Esther refused to give up hope.

One stormy March evening, when Garry returned to the cabin to take up his long night vigil, he found Esther on her knees beside her father's bed, sobbing in an abandonment of grief, while the old man lay smiling the smile of those to whom Heaven has suddenly opened.

"He's gone, Garry," she cried holding out groping hands to her only friend. And what could Garry do but take her in his arms and comfort her. After all

he was not made of stone. The barriers were down at last. He told her everything—his love, his fears, his hopes.

"You were right, Garry," she sighed when he had finished. "We must find out about your past. If you can't escape I can go without arousing suspicion. Hawk-Eye must have reasons for keeping you here."

But Garry's turn came next. For weeks he lay between life and death, tended devotedly by Esther and Hawk-Eye, who showed an almost pitiful anxiety for his white friend's recovery. It was a mere wraith of the sinewy, active woodsman, who rewarded their untiring efforts by walking from his couch to a chair when the May sunshine was melting the frost-bound rivers, and birds were chorusing their welcome to returning summer.

"Splendid!" cried Esther, clapping her hands in sheer delight as the patient sank with a sigh into the missionary's easy-chair. "I never expected you to walk again. Hawk-Eye and I are wonderful nurses, aren't we, Hawk-Eye?"

The Indian nodded gravely but her joy was reflected in his dark eyes, and his customary grunt expressed volumes of approval.

At that moment a shadow darkened the doorway, and all three looked up to greet the new-comer. A tall, young man with a round, boyish face stood hesitating on the threshold. His hair was red and close-cropped and he wore the uniform of the Royal North West Mounted Police. For many months Corporal Smith had trailed his man, through blossoming summer, through bitter winter, following many false clues, but never wavering in his determination to find the murderer of Sergeant Gaston.

Garry was on his feet in an instant. The eyes of all three were upon him. His face was shining with a look of inexpressible belief. "Smith!" he cried, "the uniform, Mounted Police; I remember! Oh, Esther, I remember!" And he fell forward into Smith's arms in a dead faint.

IN his weakened condition the sudden shock had proved too much and it was several weeks before he could leave his bed. Meantime, Corporal Smith explained the whole situation to Esther. He knew that Garry could never have committed the crime but he must have some idea who had, so he would have to take him back to Commissioner Grant as soon as he was able to travel.

Esther was horrified at the story of the cold-blooded murder; but calmly confident, as was Corporal Smith, that Garry had had no hand in the matter. When he grew a little stronger the Corporal told him of his mission and asked him some details of the tragedy, but Garry's face became inscrutable; he shook his head decidedly. "I didn't do it, Smith; you know that of course, but I have nothing further to say." And no persuasions of Esther or the Corporal could move him one iota from his determined silence.

On a glorious midsummer day, the little party started southward. Esther insisted on accompanying the Corporal and his prisoner. She was going to see this thing through. Hawk-Eye also indicated his intention of escorting the travellers. His devotion to Garry seemed to increase daily. It astonished Corporal Smith. "That red rascal would cut himself in inch pieces for you, Garry," he laughed. "I wish I had a friend like him."

It was some weeks before Garry and the Corporal stood at length in the Commissioner's office. That worthy officer of the law leaped to his feet with a cry of amazement. "Garry, my boy!" he exclaimed seizing the wanderer's hand and wringing it frantically. "I never expected to see you alive—foul play, I thought. Thank God you are safe! Now tell me all about it."

"I have nothing to tell you about Sergeant Gaston," returned Garry quietly, "only that I did not murder him."

"But you know who did?" asserted the Commissioner.

"I have nothing to say," insisted Garry.

At that moment the door opened

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)





## The Red Guardian

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

softly and Esther entered, or rather was gently pushed into the room by Hawk-Eye. The Indian bowed gravely to the Commissioner and faced Garry.

"I have come to say I kill Sergeant Gaston," he began. "He took my squaw. I shot from behind a tree, behind my White Brother," indicating Garry. "When my Brother turn I struck him with my gun, big gash; I think it is Corporal Smith, not my Brother who once saved me from the river. Then I carry him to my canoe and care for him, take him up stream. For many moons we travel. His head is sick. At last we come to my people and to 'The Little White Brother' and the 'White Flower.'"

"I am sick in the lungs. I only live a few months. My White Brother is good. He will marry the White Flower and I will die happy."

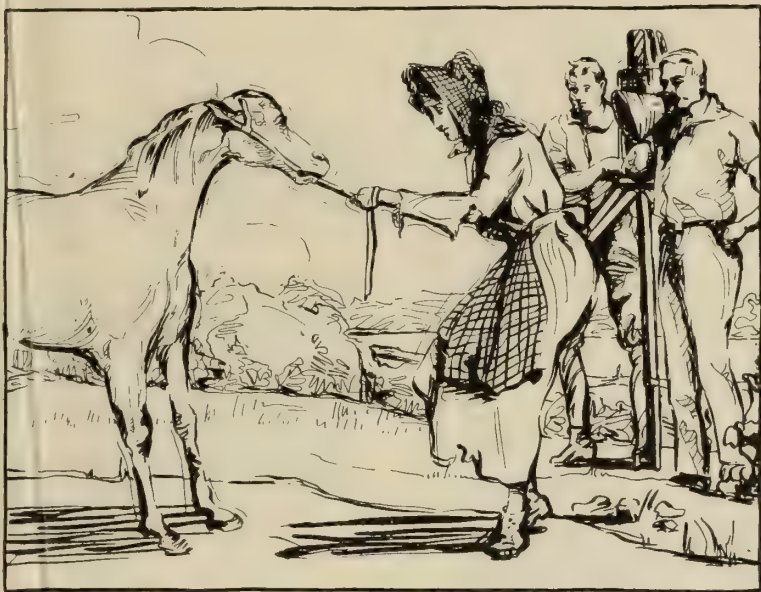
There was silence in the little room when the low, guttural voice ceased. A spasm of coughing seized the Indian,

witnessing too plainly to the truth of his words. Garry had slipped his arm around Esther and drawn her close. The last barrier was removed.

"Yes, I will, my Brother," he said gently, laying his other arm across the Indian's shoulders. "You are a real sport. Congratulate me, Commissioner, and let me introduce my future wife."

"You are indeed to be congratulated," declared the Commissioner heartily, advancing toward Esther. "And Hawk-Eye will be looked after in the hospital. I think he has diagnosed his case correctly. I will go into the whole matter thoroughly to-morrow."

"Death, romance, the blossoming of a new happiness—all together in the office of a hard-headed old Police Commissioner. I rather envy you, my boy, but the romance of the Force has got me in its grip. The adventure, the excitement, the reckless daring, the unerring justice—I am wedded to them for life."



"Seven different times did I haul that pony across the road."

## Ars Longa, Vita Brevis

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

ULTIMATELY we get set down where the real estate stops and the farms begin, beside a dusty road, a dusty stone wall and field of dusty beets wilting in the hot sun. I shortly begin to feel like the beets and am glad that my part calls for a sun-bonnet. Were I a heroine, I should be facing sun-stroke with bobbed hair!

First worry, no cow in sight, director is distracted but Heaven sends along a pony cart with two small boys in it! They are persuaded to join the movies.

Seven different times at the call of "Action," on the director's megaphone, did I haul that pony across the road on the lines marked out for it! Each time my whole soul was in the work! Each time something went wrong! Either the pony sneezed or the eloping couple did not elope as directed, or the sign post refused to do its work, or a passing motor forced us to halt. Once a car full of men who very evidently were blessed with too much money and too little imagination in spending it, held us up. They were tiresomely drunken, but the company treated them with a bored politeness, and soon these gentlemen left the hard working actors to their task.

An outsider can have no idea of how precious the light is! The day is all too short for the work that has to be done in it! At last our scene is completed and we sit by the roadside and watch a race between the fat man and the youth. "Fade!" yells the director to the camera man. "I guess we'll call it a day, it's seven o'clock." "I'll never get home to the missus," said the fat man gloomily. He has a wife and baby on an island out of town, and counts the hours till he can take a boat to that island.

"Pretty nice little company we have," the director said. "The Company!"

What magic, friendly words! To be of the company is to have friends and comradeship, to enjoy moments of fun and jokes in common and such a homecoming as we had that day! The Scot singing "Bubbles" through the megaphone, all of us laughing and singing. A stop was made for ginger ale and straws, enjoyed by us in the car and by fifty small children who gathered to stare at our make-up. "Father" and the pram joined the crowd. "Triplets for them as likes them, not for me," said the Irrepressible One, when he observed the three small children in the carriage. Once more we added to the happiness of the town, a tire burst and the delay drew us quite an audience. Children, of course, to whom the fat man conversed amiably, ladies in rockers on neighboring porches, men coming home from work, all stopped to watch the circus. That is the way we should all come home from work, happy, joking, comrades together!

"Don't you feel nice and clean when your make-up is off?" said the little girl to me, as we scrubbed at our faces with the big cold cream box, "my people think I am crazy about the movies, but I just love it, I'm going to Dramatic School twice a week too."

No man alive feels the dignity of his calling more than does the actor. "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis" must be their motto, their lives so short to learn all there is to know in the practice of this Magic. This Magic that with a few poor rags and a box of chalks makes the world laugh! We, who are disappointed with our part in Life, who have not been called upon to play that Hero's role we used to dream of, "Now Tom would be a soldier, and Maria go to sea," can sometimes persuade ourselves that Art is the Real Life and mirrors a world bigger and more complete than this, where each one finds the True Romance.



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to do the washing, where formerly she slaved all day at the washboard. The

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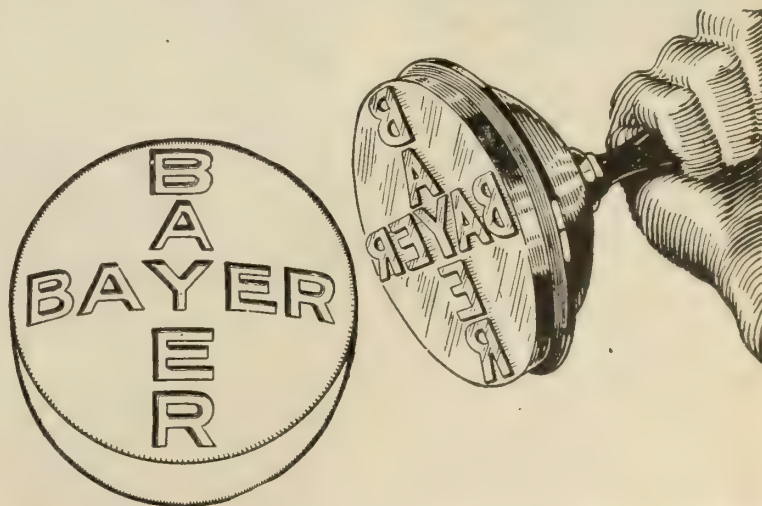
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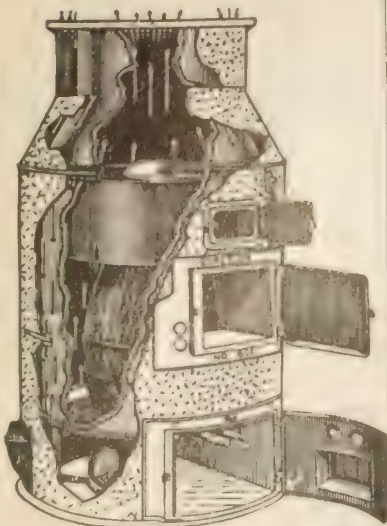
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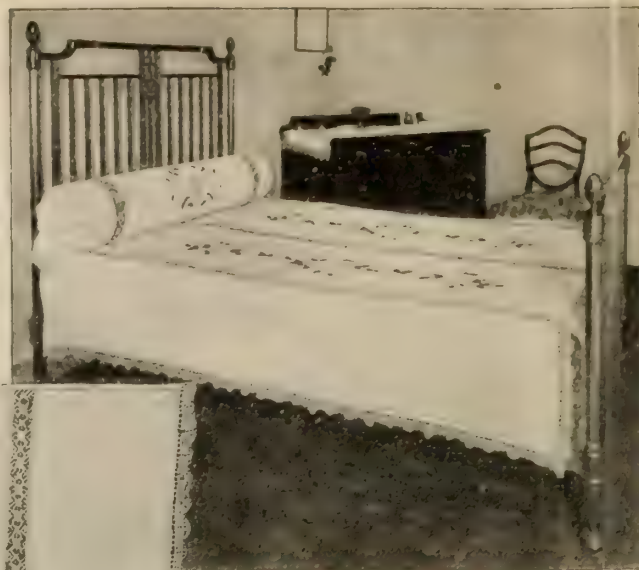
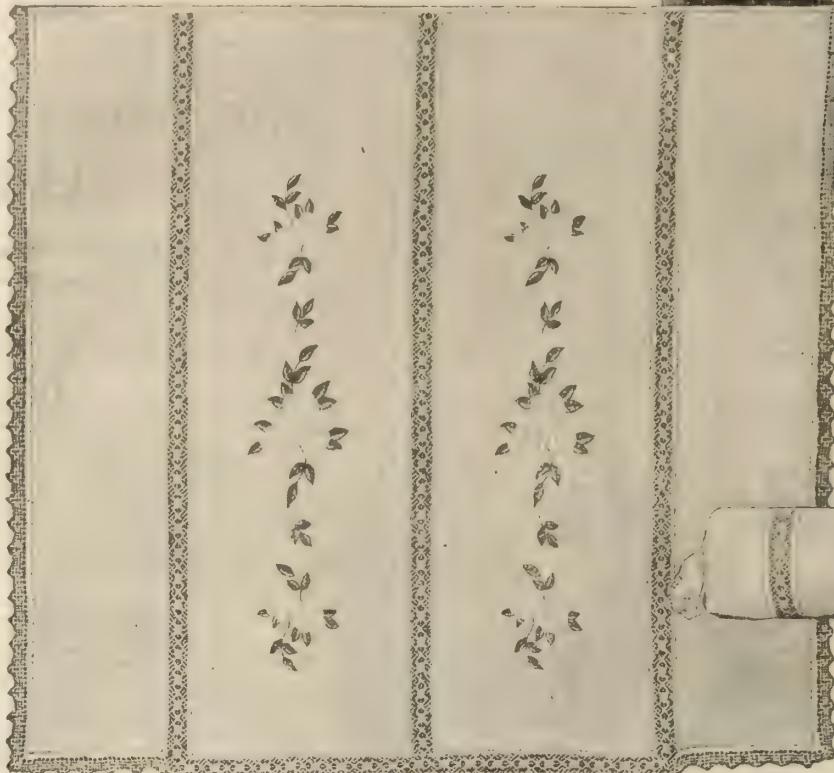
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## Gifts Which Bring Pleasure to the Housewife

NOTHING delights the housekeeper more whether she is a young bride, or one long experienced in housekeeping, than embroidered linens. Particularly is this the case in bed linen. A spread and bolster roll of mull, handkerchief linen, or sheer batiste, lace trimmed, and attractively embroidered is one of the daintiest of holiday gifts. Below is illustrated a very attractive spread in design 12587. Bands of insertion separate the spread into panels which are daintily embroidered in large French knots and flat satin stitch with the stems of the flowers in outline stitch. Does the embroidery seem elaborate? It is not so in reality, and you will be surprised to find how quickly you will get through. It is important, however, that such gifts be started early so that sufficient time can be given to the work to have it look well. Then there will be no last-minute rushing with its attendant evils—loss of temper, frazzled nerves, badly finished gifts, and a general feeling of dissatisfaction.

12587—Showing Enlarged View of Bedspread Design



Nos. 12585 and 12587 on Bolster Roll and Bedspread of Heavy Scrim

ON the bed shown above is arranged the spread which was described before design 12587, and on the spread is a bolster roll cover embroidered to match in design 12585. This set is made of scrim and trimmed with antique filet lace. It may be disposed over white, or if preferred, colored silk, sateen, or any of the silk-substitute upholstery fabrics may be used. The color should harmonize with the general decorative scheme of the room.

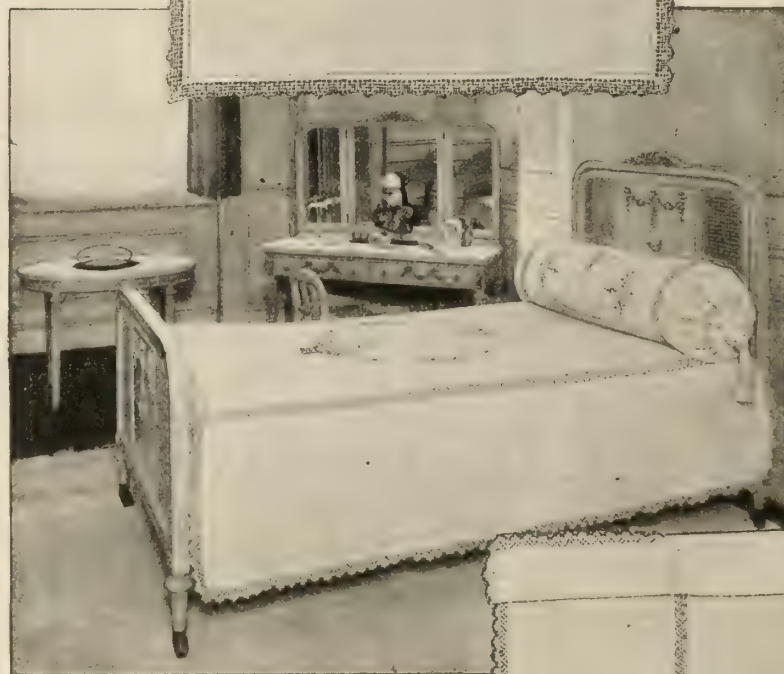


12585—Enlarged View of the Bolster Roll



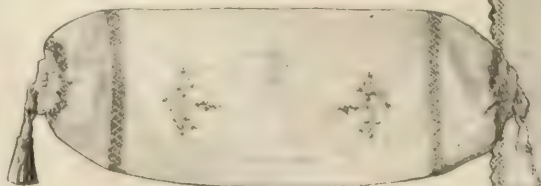
12586—Design for Dresser Scarf Matching 12585 and 12587

AN added touch of daintiness may be given to the bolster roll cover by embroidering a monogram or an initial in the center of the motif, and to continue a harmonious ensemble the dresser as well as the dressing table in the bedroom may have scarfs fashioned of the same material as the bedspread and the bolster roll and embroidered in a matching design, 12586. An end of the scarf is illustrated just above showing the hemstitched edges with trimming of antique filet and with an embroidered motif. Any of these articles would make a most acceptable gift, and for the young girl's room the entire set would be simply ideal. The embroidery may be carried out in white or it may harmonize with the color scheme of the room.



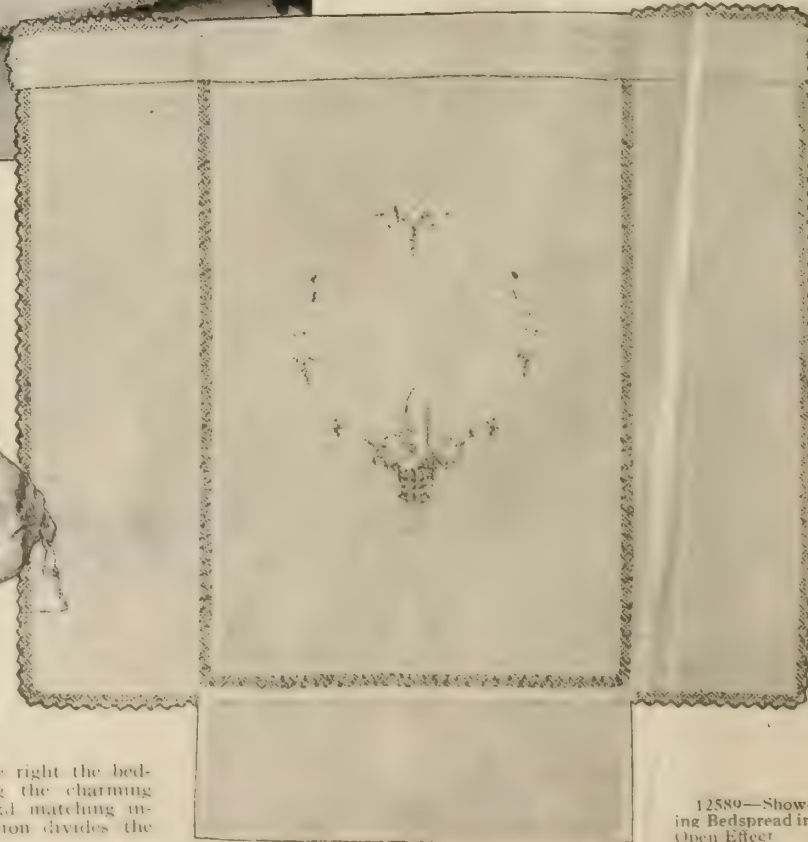
Nos. 12588 and 12589 are Shown on a Spread and Bolster of a Child's Bed

FOR twin beds or a child's bed a most attractive spread is illustrated above with bolster roll to match. The embroidery forms large medallions, the one on the spread, design 12589, measuring 20½ by 24½ inches, while the bolster roll, design 12588, measures 9½ by 18½ inches. Medallions are worked in lazy daisy, raised satin, stem, and outline stitches.



12588—Bolster Roll Cover

ONE may get a clearer view of the beauty of the bolster roll by looking at the illustration above. This may be of any preferred fabric, tho the sheer white ones are much in vogue and lend themselves beautifully to embroidery. At the right the bedspread is illustrated spread out flat, showing the charming medallion at the center. Churn or filet lace and matching insertion provide further decoration. The insertion divides the spread into panels, the center one embroidered



12589—Showing Bedspread in Open Effect

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"Two On  
the Trail"

relating hair-  
breadth adven-  
tures in the forests  
of the North-West  
are to be found in  
this issue and will  
be of interest to  
every reader.





## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

### CHAPTER III.

#### ON THE TRAIL.

hoped you were an older man—" Garth looked so disappointed she immediately added: "For that would make the request seem less strange." She hesitated.

"What is it?" asked Garth.

But she parried awhile. "What sort of man is the Bishop?" she asked. Garth described his modesty and his manliness.

"A very proper person to be Bishop in a wild country," remarked Mrs. Mabyn, patronizingly.

"And his wife?" asked Natalie.

Garth pictured a homely, unassuming body, with a great heart.

"Of course!" said Mrs. Mabyn. A whole chapter might be devoted to the analysis of the tone in which she said it.

"We had heard she accompanies her husband," said Natalie.

"Yes," said Garth.

"That simplifies matters!" exclaimed Mrs. Mabyn.

"Their route takes in Spirit River Crossing, I believe," pursued Natalie.

Garth affirmed it, wondering.

Natalie paused before she went on. "Whatever you may think of what I am going to tell you, Mr. Pevensey," she said with the same proud appeal in her voice, "we may count on you, I am sure, not to speak of it to any one for the present."

"Indeed you may!" he said warmly.

"I am obliged to get to Spirit River Crossing at the earliest possible moment," she said simply.

"Have you considered the kind of journey it is?" he asked quietly.

"That is the worst of it!" complained Mrs. Mabyn. "I had expected to go with her; but we find it is out of the question."

Garth hastened to assure her that it was.

"I have considered everything," said Natalie.

"But do you know that you will have to travel two or three weeks in an open boat in all weathers, a mere canoe in fact; that you will have to sleep out of doors, and live on the very roughest of fare? Could you stand it?" he demanded almost sternly.

"I am perfectly well and strong," answered Natalie.

"That is quite so, happily," said Mrs. Mabyn. "Otherwise, I would not hear of it for a moment."

"If the Bishop's wife can stand it, certainly I can," said Natalie.

"But she is obliged to do it," said Garth.

"So am I!" said Natalie quickly.

"Couldn't I help you more intelligently if I knew?" suggested Garth.

"But I cannot tell you," she said. "That is, not yet. Believe me, it is nothing I need be ashamed of—"

"Natalie!" exclaimed Mrs. Mabyn indignantly. "Is it not I who urge you to go?"

"Yes, I am doing what will be considered a most praiseworthy thing," said Natalie with what sounded strangely like—bitterness.

"Yes, indeed!" urged Mrs. Mabyn, who seemed to have forgotten her late anxiety on Natalie's account.

"But in telling you," objected Natalie gently, "I would have to trust you to a far greater extent than you would be trusting me, in lending me, without knowing my reasons, the assistance of one traveller to another."

Garth was ready enough to throw himself at her feet without this affecting appeal. "Please count on me," he said, moved more than he would let them see, especially the old woman.

"How can I help you?"

"See me as far as Miwasa Landing," she said simply. "I will then throw myself on the goodness of the Bishop and his wife; and trust to them to take me with them the rest of the way—that is, if I wish to go. The Bishop may be able to give me information," she added darkly.

"Natalie!" put in Mrs. Mabyn, warningly. "I—I will give her letters to those good people," she added hastily, to divert Garth's mind from the strangeness of Natalie's last words.

But Garth was in no temper to be deflected by a mystery. "I am thankful for the chance to be of service," he said fervently, having a keen sense of the poverty of words.

At a quarter to eight next morning, Garth was waiting again in the parlor of the Bristol Hotel. Promptly to the minute Natalie came sailing in, in her own inimitable way, walking all of a piece, with a sweep like a banner, Garth thought. When he saw her, his last doubt of the reality of this intoxicating journey vanished. She bore no trace now of the seriousness of the night before; all smiles and red-cheeked eagerness, she radiated the very joy of being.

"Enter Mrs. Pink!" she cried.

She had a brown valise, a fat bundle, a flat square package wrapped in paper, a coat and a parasol.

"You said trunks were taboo," she explained. "I only had one valise and I couldn't nearly get everything in. Indeed I sat up half the night studying how little I could do with."

"We'll get you a duffle-bag at the Landing," he said.

"Am I suitably dressed?" she demanded, showing herself.

Garth smiled. She was perfection, how could he blame her? She had interpreted his suggestions as to sober, serviceable clothes, in a diabolically well-fitting suit of brown, the color of her hair. At the wrist and neck of her brown-silk waist were spotless bands of white; and on her head was a dashing little brown hat with green wings. She exhibited square-toed little brown boots as an evidence of exceeding common sense; and was pulling on a pair of absurdly small boy's gloves. This most suitable costume for the North was completed by a brown-silk parasol.

"All in place and well tied down," she announced. "Nothing to fly or catch!"

They walked to the post office, quaffing deep of the delicious morning air, Garth glancing sidewise at his exuberant companion, and wondering, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, if this could really be he. It was a day to make one walk a-tiptoe; the sky overhead bloomed with the exquisite pale tints of a Northern summer's morning; and the bricks of Oliver Avenue were washed with gold.

Natalie's face fell a little at the sight of the stage-coach; for it had nothing in common with the imagined vehicle of romance except the four horses; and they were but sorry beasts. In fact, it was nothing but a clumsy, uncovered wagon, which had never been washed since it was built; and was worn to a dull drab in a long acquaintance with the alternating mud and dust of the trail. Behind the driver's seat was a sort of well, for the mail bags and express packages; and behind that, two excruciatingly narrow seats for the passengers, running lengthwise between the rear wheels. The entrance was by a step at the tail-board.

Everything awaited the word to start. The driver, whip in hand, stood by the front wheel surrounded by a group of idlers; and his two great mongrel huskies, squatted on the pavement with expectant eyes on their master. Garth helped Natalie into the body of the wagon; and, climbing in after her, disposed her baggage with his own already in the well. The eyes of the driver and all his satellites were promptly transferred in wide wonder to the girl with the green wings in her hat. Garth, with a keen sense of difficulties ahead, was indignant and uncomfortable; but Natalie, serenely conscious that everything was in place, dropped her hands in her lap, and chatted away, as if quite unaware of her conspicuousness.

Garth had put Natalie in the right-hand corner of the little cockpit. Another woman passenger was already in place opposite; and the aspect of this lady made an additional element in his uneasiness. She seemed something under forty, tall and angular, her hair, a drab yellow, was tied with a large ghastly bow of black ribbon behind; and in her cheeks she had crudely striven to recall the hues of youth. Around her long neck another black ribbon accentuated the scrawny lines it was designed to hide; and on top of all she wore a wide black hat, which had a fresh yet collapsed effect, as if it had long been cherished under the lid of a trunk.



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)





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## The Journal Juniors' Club

Conducted by  
BERTHA E. GREEN

MY dear Club Members:

I am sure you all had a happy Christmas, and that Santa Claus was very good to you. And now that the holidays are over, I suppose you will be very busy with lessons at school from now on. You will have plans for the New Year, plans for work and play, and I am sure that you are planning, too, to do your part toward making this the most successful year for our club.

Your ideas of music and your ambitions were beautifully told, Daisy Aspinall. Loving music as you do, who knows but, some day, you may become a great musician. Let me hear from you again, and tell me of your progress.

From Wilfred Clark comes one of our best essays. The book that he would give to the world would be one, "that would never be forgotten by those who read it; a book that would stir others to do larger and greater things." I am

read over and over, the kind you like to pick up in spare minutes and enjoy." Have you read "Janet of the Kooenay," by Eva McKowan? I am sure you would like it.

I was glad when your letter came, Florence Andrew, and the Journal Juniors' Club has a warm welcome for you. Although your "Favorite Game," Fox and Geese, was not the prize-winner, it was well told. I am glad you like the contests that appear, Florence, and know that you will enjoy those that are planned for the months ahead.

I liked your story, Pearl Bruce; it was full of good thoughts. Truly, there could be nothing finer, more loving, or beautiful, than writing "books for the little children, telling of wondrous fairies and Genii making this world a dreamland of golden thoughts for them." Your story is worthy of honorable mention, though it was not the



Write a story about this picture. See Contest.

looking forward to receiving and reading further splendid essays from you, Wilfred.

You love the "heart" in music, don't you, Irene Smith? Your impressions of different melodies tell me that you play understandingly.

I am glad, Kathleen Dawes, that your journal reached you in good time, and that you were able to compete. You would write girls' books—that is good. There are too few of them, and so many girls who would love them. Perseverance, care, and observation are necessary, and one must be satisfied with being, "an authoress in a small way at first." You will write me again, won't you, "Kitty"?

"My Favorite Game," from Mary Moir, is the prize winner. Congratulations from the Club, Mary, and a welcome to you as a new member. So you like the stories I tell. Yes, I "think them out myself," and your liking them will make the writing all the more a pleasure to me.

It was a dear little letter you wrote me, Olive Nightingale. I wonder why your promised entry in our competition did not reach me? Do let me know.

A delightful letter came from you, Kitty Wilson. The Club extends a welcome to you, and you are already enrolled as one of us. There are no rules or obligations other than those which govern the competitions. Of "the kind of book I would wish to write," you say: "I will not write a book that, once read, loses all interest, but one you can

prize-winner. I hope you will write me often.

The delightful story you sent me, Vera Johnson, is the prize-winner this month. I know the members of the Journal Juniors' Club will enjoy it, too. Could you send me a more definite address, Vera? A letter was sent to you from our Editor of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, to North Battleford, Sask. It was returned not having been called for. Please write me soon so we will know where to send your prize.

I received your letter, Doris Wonnacott, and your story, "What I would like my music to tell," was a pleasure to read. In it you tell us—"Music to me has hidden things in it—things deep and mysterious that thrill me through and through. I would want my music to have a soul, something that speaks to the hearts of people of all that is good and noble." Then as one reads further on, you tell us—"It isn't that I just want fame, though fame is very nice in its own way, but could I make music, I would like it to stir people to a higher and nobler ambition."

You love music, I am sure, and I love it just as you do. Some day, you may give to us all just the sort of music you have so well told us of. Won't you write me again soon?

We have a New Year before us, and I hope that all its days will bring happiness to each and every one of you.

Your sincere friend,  
BERTHA E. GREEN.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)

### CONTESTS FOR JANUARY

- 1—Boys and Girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than 500 words about the picture which appears on this page.
- 2—Boys and Girls 8 to 12 years. Not more than 300 words; subject, "An Easter Story."
- 3—Camera Contest; subject, "A Winter Country Scene."

#### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry.

Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs. Prize photo we cannot guarantee to return.

Closing date, the 24th of January.

Those who have taken three prizes in the various contests will not be eligible for further competition.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.





## "Bad Actors"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

The affair was hardly a success. Everyone, including the pseudo-prince, was nervous, excepting Ma. Mrs. Brown-Gorman forgot whether "your Highness" or "his Highness" was correct, so contented herself with that anxious admiring contemplation of the apparently royal person that one generally bestows on a piece of Dresden china. Pa, who detested afternoon teas, let his cup and saucer slip from his knee, narrowly missing Mrs. Brown-Gorman's generous ankle. While the resemblance of the guest of honor to the royal reality was unmistakable, Nellie watched him anxiously. Ma did most of the talking.

As the visitor was taking his leave, Mrs. Brown-Gorman went all to pieces. Allowing her tongue to slip its leash she asked to be remembered to the family and upon realization of her mistake grasped the pseudo-prince's extended hand and sought to hide her confusion by pressing it to her lips. Her head descending as she caused the proffered hand to ascend. The young man turned scarlet, Pa choked, and even Ma had to blow her nose. After shaking hands all round the guest entered his car, and the event became history.

"A delightful young man," murmured Mrs. Brown-Gorman.

"Yes, very," returned Ma blandly. "Joseph you had better change your trousers. That tea will leave a stain."

SEVERAL evenings later Pa and Ma were in the den. Ma was knitting and talking to Joseph who had just wiggled his toes into his carpet slippers and opened his evening paper. He didn't mind his wife talking if she only wouldn't knit at the same time. When Ma began to knit Pa knew that something was going to happen. It never failed. The needles, like bright winking eyes, seemed to be flashing him a warning. Desultory musical strains floated across the reception hall. Nellie's new young man, George Pilkington, had called for the first time that evening. After Pa's approval and Ma's O.K., he had been passed on to Nellie.

"Joseph, I have been a help to you in the business, haven't I, dear?" said Ma presently.

"It's you that's made it what it is, Mira," returned Joseph. He couldn't very well say anything else.

"Well, now it's got so big, I think you ought to attend to it yourself—you and George. I've—"

"George!"

"Yes. He's a bright boy is that. Put him at the bottom and he'll soon catch up with you. He's got nerve! I can see it in him! Nellie has shown judgment."

"Yes, he's got nerve, all right," agreed Joseph. "But why—"

"You've got a splendid organization behind you. You don't need me. I'm going into society."

"What!"

"Yes, I've neglected my social obligations shamefully. These theatricals and the prince are only the beginning. I'm going to get to the top."

Pa shuddered. "I'm sure you will, Mira."

Billings entered just then. "Mrs. Brown-Gorman insists on seeing you immediately, ma'am," said the servant. "She—she—"

"No comments, Billings. Show her up."

"Yes'm."

"Billings!"

The servant stopped.

"Ask Miss Nellie and Mr. Pilkington to come. And Billings, show Mrs. Brown-Gorman in first, but arrange for the other two to come in immediately behind her. You understand?"

"Yes'm."

There was a sort of Napoleonic awfulness about Ma. Joseph shrank still deeper into his chair determined not to yield to Mrs. Brown-Gorman. A strange weakness assailed him. The hour he had dreaded had arrived. He had guessed all along that Mrs. Brown-Gorman would be the jumping-jack in his house of cards. There had been a somethingness in Ma's manner during the past two or three days that portended disaster.

IN his mahogany office Joseph Peabody was the capable president of Peabody's Perfection Pickles, Inc. At home he was Mrs. Peabody's husband. Not that he didn't possess executive ability. He had plenty of it. While his wife was undoubtedly responsible for the hugeness of the concern. Joseph had the bump of organization largely developed and under his pilotage the commercial ship sailed a true course. But his wife was the star by which he steered.

Pa could hear Mrs. Brown-Gorman's grenadier footsteps approaching.

Repressing the raging tempest within her until she was in the room, Mrs. Brown-Gorman entered and seemed to burst, to blow up, to fling into their faces the elements of her rage and indignation. Ignorant of his wife's plan, whether of defense or offense, Joseph crawled inwardly. That she had a plan was very evident. The peculiar steely glint in her eyes matching the light of the flying knitting needles, told him that.

"How dare you! How dare you! I—I have just heard—you—you cheats—you—that prince—the faker—!!"

Incoherency robbed her of speech. Her eyes were twin furnaces, scorching hot, burning out of her flushed heavy face, lit with the malignant fires of a woman's hate.

Then suddenly Mrs. Brown-Gorman's fatty heart and torpid liver rebelled and took command of their owner. She collapsed into a convenient chair, her breast rising and falling like a steam-hammer. The rage squeezed out of her like air from a pricked balloon.

At that moment Nellie and Mr. Pilkington entered. Mr. Pilkington wore a blue suit and blue glasses; the last were only temporary, he had explained to Ma. At sight of Mrs. Brown-Gorman, George would have retreated backward into the hall had he not bumped into Nellie who was trying to do the same.

"Come in, children," cooed Mrs. Peabody. "I'm afraid you are unwell, my dear." This to Mrs. Brown-Gorman. "You haven't met Mr. Pilkington—that is, clothed and in his right mind—have you, Mrs. Brown-Gorman? It was Mr. Pilkington who made us such a delightful prince the other day, you know. Do remove those spectacles, George, they completely destroy your royal resemblance."

Mrs. Brown-Gorman's eyes opened wide. But for the palpitation of her, she couldn't say a word.

George removed his glasses and stared stupidly at stupefied Nellie. Pa's condition resembled Mrs. Brown-Gorman's.

"Mrs. Brown-Gorman and I are planning theatricals for the poor Europeans and we thought it would be so delightful to have a prince in them, and I arranged for Mrs. Brown-Gorman and Mr. Pilkington to take their parts before having met, hoping to secure more original effects. Are you sure I hadn't better get you something, Mrs. Brown-Gorman—a glass of water?"

"No, no—nothing," stammered that lady.

"It was a very good idea, Mrs. Peabody," broke in George, grasping the situation. "I should never have thought of that," Mrs. Peabody eyed him appreciatively.

"And you both did so splendidly, my dear Mrs. Brown-Gorman."

"I—I'm sure I don't understand," she quavered, too surprised to become indignant again.

"Of course, you don't. You see I was waiting until I had the films ready before telling you. I had a camera man out on that little balcony off the drawing room. I wanted to study expression and deportment—nothing like the moving pictures for that! Had I told you of my camera man, you would not have done nearly so well. As it is, the films are perfect. Really I don't think you will need to rehearse your part more than once or twice."

"Moving pictures!" gasped Mrs. Brown-Gorman at last.

"Yes. When you raised the prince's hand, Mr. Pilkington's, of course, to your lips, I could have screamed with delight. It was positively realistic!" went on Ma enthusiastically. "Those



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)





## Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for. At this period of a woman's life, constipation, a handicap to the health and happiness of every woman, becomes doubly dangerous.

The expectant mother must nourish two. She must be able to get rid of a double waste. Failure to do so poisons herself and the child she is to bring into the world.

The organs of elimination must therefore be kept as efficient as possible under the disturbances natural to this period.

Nothing is so safe and efficient at such a time as Nujol.

Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol actually prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take and is prescribed by leading medical authorities, particularly during pregnancy and the nursing period.

# Nujol

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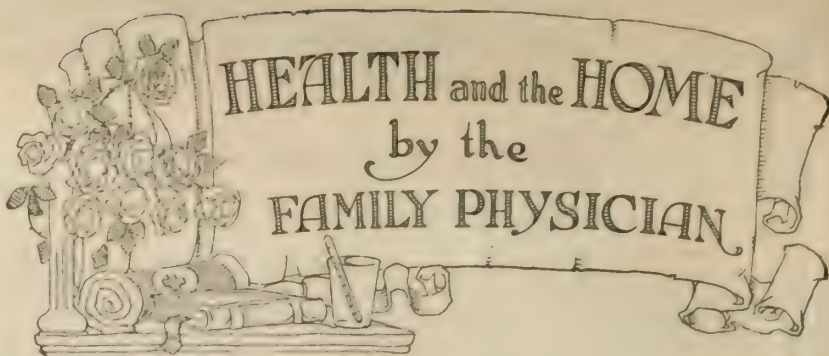
## For Constipation

Nujol is sold in all drug stores. For the Nujol trademark.



For constipation during Pregnancy and Nursing Period, to Nujol, Room 731, 22 St. Francis Avenue, Montreal.

Nujol



### INFORMATION ABOUT NERVES.

YES, that is the first question. Are you prepared to pay the price for having a good nervous system? Will you keep the rules of the game? If so, well and good. There are very few people who cannot manage their nervous systems satisfactorily and escape the Bankruptcy Court of Nervous Collapse, if they will only keep the rules of the game and see that they get their "money's worth" for every expenditure of nervous force that they make.

Everything begins with the nervous system as well as with other things at the beginning. In other words, it makes a great difference what type and quality of brain and nerves your ancestors bequeathed to you, and how they taught you to begin to use these two wonderful tools when you did not know anything at all except how to clutch your father's little finger when he put it inside your tiny palm the first time he saw you, and how to nourish yourself at your mother's breast the first time she gathered you into her arms and taught you how.

### NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

IT is not too late yet, whatever age you are. The foundation of a good nervous system is good habits of living, and you have to learn these habits one by one, day by day and minute by minute, by doing them, whatever they are. Begin with sleep. If they let you sleep twenty-two hours a day when you were a baby, the probability is that your nervous system is well built, but if you only had sixteen hours when you were a few days old, I would not give much for the way your nerves are built. It is a pity if you lost sleep at the beginning of your life. However, remember you are going to be somebody's ancestor too, and you can see that the future "he" or "she" in your family gets the due allowance of sleep on arrival and a proportionate allowance of sleep all along the line of life.

### LEARN TO SLEEP.

BUT let us go back to you. You can still learn to sleep. Oh, yes, you can. Never mind telling me all those stories about how, if you go to bed at ten o'clock, you lie awake. Lie awake then. Lie there comfortably and rest yourself. After a few nights you will form the habit of sleeping at will. Yes, you can. If you don't

know how, you ought to study medicine; we doctors have to take sleep when we can get it, and if we are called out every night for a week, then we get three hours more when we get back at 5 a.m., and that with the two hours we got before we were called out, makes five. Two more in the afternoon makes seven and going to bed that night an hour earlier than usual makes eight. Eight hours is the minimum allowance of sleep out of the twenty-four. No objections now! You are reading this because I am the Family Physician, and I am telling you what to do.

How are you going to learn to go to sleep? Go to bed. That's the first thing; and see that you are comfortable when you go to bed. Some people like a drink of milk and a soda biscuit or some other light refreshment at bed-time. They sleep better. No objection. Take it if you want it and can make good use of it.

### MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.

NOW are you comfortable? If not, make yourself comfortable. Are your feet warm? If your feet and hands need washing, wash them. If you need a hot water bottle, take it; but you are better without. And have a comfortable bed. Flee from all patent deceivers.

"The chest contrived a double debt to pay, 'A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.'"

They still exist—a trap for the unwary. Goldsmith had no idea how bad they were going to be in the twentieth century when he wrote those lines. Have a bed that is a bed, with a comfortable mattress. You can buy such things. You cannot invest money in anything that will give you a better return than a comfortable bed and bed-clothes to your liking. Don't have a bed and a coverlet like the one the Prophet Isaiah warned the tribe of Ephraim against—"For the bed is shorter than a man can stretch himself on it and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Have a pillow that suits you and don't smother yourself with heavy bedclothes; and above all, have the window open and stay in bed for eight hours—nine hours are better, much better. I always get nine hours myself, if I can, and I do a much better day's work next day.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.)



### A PRIZE WINNER

Doris Elinor Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. C. Chamberlain, of Wheatley, Ontario, won the second prize in the Better Babies Contest (nine to eighteen months).



### A PRIZE WINNER

Ethel Alice Bourne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bourne, 739 Water St., Peterboro, Ontario, won the second prize in the Better Babies Contest (eighteen to thirty-six months).





## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

Promptly at eight o'clock the door of the post office was opened; and the last bag of mail was thrown into the stage. Still the driver made no move to climb into his seat; and Garth, becoming restless as the minutes passed, got out and approached him.

"Good-morning, driver," he said, while the bystanders stared afresh. "What's the delay?"

He gazed at Garth with a mild and cautious blue eye; and spat deliberately before replying. He was one of those withered little men, with a shock of grizzled hair, and deeply seamed face and neck and hands, who might be forty-five or seventy. As it turned out, Paul Smiley was within three years of the latter figure.

"I couldn't start off and leave Nick Grylls," he said deprecatingly. "He has spoke for two seats."

Garth was sensible that he was hearing a great man's name.

"I tell you it ain't often Nick Grylls travels by the stage," continued Smiley, addressing the bystanders impressively. "He hires a rig and a team and a driver to take him to the Landing, he does."

"Who is this Mr. Grylls?" asked Garth, pursuing the reporter's instinct. "Don't know Nick Grylls!" exclaimed old Paul, exchanging a wondering glance around the circle. "You must be a stranger! Nick Grylls is a wonderful bright man, wonderful! He's the biggest free-trader in the North country; trades down Lake Miwasa way. Wonderful influence with the natives; does what he wants with them. I tell you there ain't much north of the Landing, Nick Grylls ain't in on. Here he comes now! All aboard!"

As Garth resumed his seat by Natalie he saw a burly, broad-shouldered figure hurrying along the sidewalk; he saw under the wide, stiff-brimmed hat, a red face with an insolent, all-conquering expression, and fat lips rolling a big cigar. There followed after, a young breed staggering under the weight of a Gladstone bag, which matched its owner. Arrived at the stage, Nick Grylls flung a thick word of greeting to the bystanders, and taking the bag from the boy, threw it among the mail bags as one tosses a pillow; and climbed into the seat by the driver.

As they rattled through the suburbs the fat back on the front seat shifted heavily; and the red face was turned on them.

"Hello, old Nell!" shouted Nick. The woman simpered unhappily. "How's yourself, Mr. Grylls?" she returned.

"Fine!" he bellowed from his deep chest.

This little manoeuvre in the front seat was merely for the purpose of obtaining a prolonged stare at Natalie. The insolence of the little, swimming, pig-eyes infuriated Garth. The young man opposite him too, a sullen, scowling bravo, was staring boldly at Natalie. Garth stiffened himself to play a difficult part.

"I feel like a rare, exotic bird," whispered Natalie in his ear.

"You are," he returned grimly. "I think it would be better if you did not speak my name," he added. "I will not address you by yours. We must be prepared to parry questions."

"I will be careful," she said.

To do him justice, Nick Grylls, on a close examination of Natalie, had the grace to feel a little ashamed of his rough outburst.

"Bully day for our trip," he said.

They all agreed in various tones; even Garth. He knew it would not help Natalie for him to start by inviting trouble.

"You're the New York newspaper man," said Grylls to Garth.

"That's right," said Garth quietly.

"They tell me you're going to write up the country," said Grylls; exhibiting that curious blend of suspicion, contempt and respect his kind has for the fellow who writes. "I can tell you quite a bit about the country myself," he added with a braggadocio air.

Garth thanked him.

"It's an unusual trip for a lady," continued Grylls, cunningly trying to draw Natalie into the conversation; "but nothing out of the way at this season. The Bishop travels comfortable enough; separate tent for the women; and an ile stove like."

His move was not successful; Natalie continued looking charmingly blank. Old Paul created a diversion by facing them with a confiding smile. His pert Fedora with its curly brim was comically ill-suited to his seamed old face, and mild blue eye. He pointed with his whip down the road on the outskirts of the town.

"My place is down there," he said simply. "Just sold it last week; three hundred acres at three hundred dollars an acre. They're layin' it out in town lots."

"Good God, man!" cried Grylls. "You could buy me out and have a pile over!"

Old Paul smiled at him admiringly. "But this is only a sort of accident," he said. "You made yours."

"What in — Why are you driving the stage, then?" demanded Grylls.

"Well," said the old man slowly; "seems as though I just got in the way of it. Seems I just had to keep hanging on to the ribbons, or lose holt altogether."

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Well," said Paul with a quiet grin: "I bought me a new hat like the swells wear; and a pair of Eastern shoes. They pinch me somepin' cruel, too."

"Why don't you travel East, Mr. Smiley?" suggested Nell. She whom they all addressed so cavalierly was particular to put a handle to each name.

"Travel! I had enough o' that, my girl," he said. "Forty-five years ago I travelled east to Winnipeg and got me a wife. Brought her back over the plains in a Red River cart. Eight hunder miles, and hostile redskins all the way! What's travellin' nowadays!"

"Were you born out here?" asked Garth, shaping a story for the *Leader* in his mind.

"At Howard House, west of here in the Rockies," said Paul. "My father was Hudson's Bay trader there."

"Paul's an old-timer all right," said Grylls carelessly.

"One of the first eight who broke ground in Prince George," said the old man proudly. "Yonder's the first two-story house in the country. I built it. No!" he continued thoughtfully "I'm keeping my house and ten acres; and me and the old woman's calc'latin' to stop there and watch the march o' progress by our door. She wouldn't give up her front step for all the real-estate sharks in Prince George. But," he added with a chuckle, "I shouldn't wonder if she was shocked some when them trolley-cars I hear tell of goes kitin' by."

"I kin understand just how she feels," remarked old Nell to Natalie, with her apologetic little smile. "What could take the place of a home with real nice things in it? I got a house up near the Landing with a carpet in every room. I just love to buy things for it. You see I never had what you might call a regular house until just lately. This trip I bought a pink-and-gold chiny washin' set; and a down comfort for the best room. I never could tire of fixin' it up. We'll pass there to-morrow afternoon. I'd just love to have you step in—"

Grylls laughed boisterously. "Ah-h, shut up, Nell!" muttered the dark young man beside her.

"Thank you, I'd like to see it," said Natalie, with a flash of the blue eyes.

THEY had now left the town behind; and were rolling, or rather bumping, over the prairie. Here, it is not an empty plain, but a series of natural, park-like meadows, broken by graceful clumps of poplar and willow. On a prairie trail when the wheels begin to bite through the sod, and sink into ruts, a new track is made beside the old—there is plenty of room; and in turn another and another, spreading wide on each side, crossing and interweaving like a tangled skein of black cotton flung down in the green.

When they stopped at one of these places for dinner, Garth watched Natalie narrowly to see how she would receive her first taste of rough fare. But far from quailing at the salt pork, beans and bitter tea, she ate with as much gusto as if it had always been her portion. "She'll do," he thought approvingly.

Afterward as they toiled up a long, sandy rise in the full heat of the after-

noon sun, Paul, the old dandy, had leisure while his horses walked to devote to his passengers. He was pleased as a child at the interest shown by Garth and Natalie in his anecdotes. Turning to them now, he pointed to a high mound topped by a splendid pine standing by itself, and said:

"Cannibal Hill. Used to be an Indian called Swift had his lodge there. A fine figger of a man too; high-chested; beautiful-muscled. He was a good Indian; and I want to say when a redskin is good, he's damn good—beg pardon Miss—he's good and no mistake, I should say. He has a high-minded way of looking at things, which ought to make a white man blush; but it don't; for them kind makes the softest tradin'. I been a trader myself."

"This here Swift had a wife and ten childer, that he thought a power of. He hunted for 'em night and day; and he come to be known as the best provider in the tribe. Well, come one winter he went crazy; yes, ma'am, plumb looney; and he went for 'em with his hatchet. He killed and et 'em one at a time, beginning with the youngest; while the others waited their turn. You see an old-fashioned Indian was the boss of his family; and they didn't dast fight him back. Right up there on that hill, under that very same tree; I seen the ashes of their bones myself. In the spring he come down to the settlement and give himself up; said he didn't want to live no more. Shouldn't think he would."

Grylls made no secret of his impatience with the old man's yarns. He interrupted him, careless of his feelings.

"Are you making the round trip with the Bishop?" he asked Garth.

Garth answered in the affirmative.

"I have a rabbit-skin robe at the Landing I'd be glad to lend the lady," he said leering sidewise at Natalie.

"Much obliged," said Garth agreeably; "but we really have all we can use."

"What does she say?" growled Nick.

"Thank you very much," said Natalie quickly; "but I could not think of accepting it."

He had forced her to speak to him at last; but the words were hardly to his satisfaction. He flung around in his seat with an ugly scowl.

Meanwhile old Paul was still pursuing his thoughts about redskins. "Indians think when they go off their heads they're obliged to be cannibals," he continued agreeably. "They can't separate the two ideas somehow."

"I suppose you hunted buffalo in the old days," said Garth to old Paul.

"Sure, I was quite a hunter," he returned with a casual air. "It weren't everybody as was considered a hunter, neither. You had to earn your repytation. We didn't do no drivin' over cliffs or wholesale slaughterin'; it was clean huntin' with us, powder and ball. I mind they used to make a big party, as high as two hundred men, whites, breeds, and friendly redskins. Everything was conducted regular; camp-guards and a council and a captain was elected; and all rules strict observed. Every night we camped inside a barricade."

THE trail to the Landing is considered something of a road up North; and the natives are apt to stare pityingly at the effeminate stranger who complains of the holes. It is something of a road compared to what comes after; but Natalie, hitherto accustomed to cushions and springs in her drives, could not conceive of anything worse. As the afternoon waned, what with the heat, the hard, narrow seat, and the incessant lurching and bumping of the crazy stage, which threw her now backward till her head threatened to snap off, and now forward on Nell's knees, the blooming roses in Natalie's cheeks faded, and her smile grew wan. Poor Garth, anxiously watching her, almost burst with suppressed solicitude.

But at last the journey came to its end; and at six o'clock the Royal Mail with its bruised and famished passengers swung into the yard at Forbie's, the half-way house, fifty miles from Prince George. Garth had learned that the men slept in an outside bunkhouse, while the women were received into the farmhouse itself. He hastened to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)



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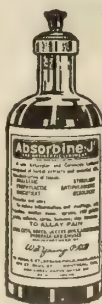


## For a Gargle

or a mouth wash, put a few drops of Absorbine, Jr., in a little water. It is a herbal antiseptic and germicide remarkably effective for—

Checking sore throat in its incipient stage.  
Reducing the swelling and taking out the soreness.  
Cleansing the mouth and arresting infection.

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## A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

### PRIZE LIST FOR NOVEMBER.

1. "If you were a great writer, what sort of book would you give to the world?" awarded to Vera A. Johnson, age 12 years, North Battleford, Sask.

2. "My Favorite Game," awarded to Mary M. Moir, R.R., No. 2, Auburn, Ontario.

3. Camera Contest: "A winter country scene":—no awards made.

### PRIZE STORY.

"The Kind of Book I Would Give the World Were I a Great Writer."

By VERA A. JOHNSON.

Age 12 years.

If I were a great writer I would give the world a book that the readers would not think of as merely a piece of fiction written for the amusement of the populace, but rather as a true story of real lives, and struggles and joys. I would strive to make the characters life-like and realistic, and my heroes and heroines should not pass through hair-breath escapes with supernatural bravery and presence of mind, neither should they glide smoothly along life's page. I would have them have trials, everyday trials, so that boys and girls should see that by patience and truth, these little troubles may be conquered and lost sight of. But this should not be attained easily; my hero or heroine should strive and struggle, and thus their final victory should be an encouragement to strugglers all over the world.

Perhaps now you have the idea that the book I would wish to present to the world would be a dismal one. Not so, there should not only be trials, there should be rewards. I would wish to show that the upholding of the right will bring its own reward. My heroine should be happy and bright, and should never be self-righteously thinking that she has sufferings and sorrows greater than those of others. I would have this, so girls who would perhaps be tempted to take my heroine for an example, should be optimistic and cheerful.

I would wish to write a book that would be helpful to mankind, a book that a person tired and discouraged, could sit down, open and be cheered by good words, a book which would be a real companion to them. If I had one character in my book which would be fit to be taken as an ideal, I should have her kind, capable and bright, always radiating kind thoughts and deeds so that girlish readers would be tempted when reading it, to do the same.

Above all, I should try to keep the sentiments of my book high and lofty. Though I would wish it not to be narrow, I would try not to utter a line in my book which might perhaps make young and impressionable readers think it smart to make fun of scholarly or serious persons. This is a characteristic you often see in cheap books. The author will have her heroine just a light, charming girl and will seem to scorn anything savoring of thought or seriousness. I should strive to avoid this flippancy and foolishness regarded as smart by light writers. I should try, however poorly I did it, to impress on the readers' minds, that truth and courage are the most important things.

VERA A. JOHNSON.

Age 12 years.

### PRIZE STORY.

"My Favorite Game."

By MARY M. MOIR.

Age 11.

I KNOW quite a few nice games, but I think the one I like best is "Prisoners' Base." There should be at least two people on each side, but the more there are the better, because the game will be more exciting then.

To play this game we must first get captains. Then, let each captain choose whoever he wants on his side. When we have this done, we must get two bases and two goals. The goals should be about sixty yards apart. Then each base, on which the prisoners have to stand, should be about nine feet from each goal.

Now we shall begin to play. Some from one side go out. They go up near the prisoners' base. Then some from the other side try to catch them. The last ones out from the goal may catch any on the opposite side, that are out.

If any are caught, they are to go and stand on the prisoners' base on the other side, till his side is able to win him back. To win anyone back, you must run up and touch him before the ones on the other side can touch you.

I have often played the game and I like it fine. If it is played right it is a very nice and very interesting game.

MARY M. MOIR.

R.R. No. 2, Auburn, Ontario.

### LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

Florence Andrew, 100 North College Avenue, Sarnia, Ont.

Mary Moir, R.R. No. 2, Auburn, Ont.

Kitty Wilson, Indian Head, Sask.

### UNDER THE OAK.

By Bertha E. Green.

IT was not so very long ago that the squirrels held a party all their own. It was to be a very grand affair, for it was to be the last one of the season.

So far, everyone had been very busy harvesting—they had gathered nuts, and more nuts, until their store-houses were full to overflowing.

Now each little squirrel was very happy, indeed, for they would not need to mind the long winter months, with the deep snows, and cold winds that winter always brought.

So this was a real thanksgiving-party. Every squirrel in the neighborhood had a part in it, and each squirrel was given two invitation cards to send to two of his friends.

The invitations were written by the secretary, a large black squirrel with a very big bushy tail, and thus they read:

A welcome warm awaits you at the old oak tree by the pond's edge, on the night of the New Moon.  
The Squirrel.

The big black squirrel secretary with the big bushy tail was called Bushy Jack, and so very busy was he, getting out all the invitations, that he had no time even to eat.

The other squirrels were busy preparing little acorn cups for their guests to drink out of, and gathering thorns for nut-picks.

It was not very long until one could hear the confusion and the chattering of voices of the woodland folk. There was Mistress Chipmunk, their cousin, busy making a party dress of soft grey to match the night.

A Meadow-Mouse, who had come to call, saw the party-dress lying on a stool, and was about to turn away, when Miss Chipmunk saw her guest.

"Why, Ann," she said, "I did so need you. I want you to tell me how my dress fits; and don't you think it is lovely?"

Ann thought it was lovely, but as she had had no invitation, she had very little to say.

"You are very quiet. Are you not going?"

"I am not invited," said Ann, the Meadow-Mouse, "and I never go where I'm not invited."

"Well, I am sorry, I'm sure you would have been welcome, for, just the other day, my cousin, Dumpy Red Tail, said that, of all the woodland people, you were the neatest."

But the little Meadow-Mouse did not say a word, and soon left by the front door for her home.

The older Rabbits were invited, even Pink Tail. They held a sewing-bee, and such a clattering of tongues you never heard.

John Crow, Esquire, was at home, carefully pressing his black suit. He intended to be at the party, and wished to look his best.

The two Miss Owls had had their feather-ears done up in curl-papers all day, and stayed indoors until the evening, as did Mister Spiney Woodchuck, who spent most of the day brushing his whiskers.

The Porcupines, who intended to be on hand, set out early, and arrived at



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prevents germs, disease-microbes, (and they are present everywhere), and perfect cleanliness results

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)





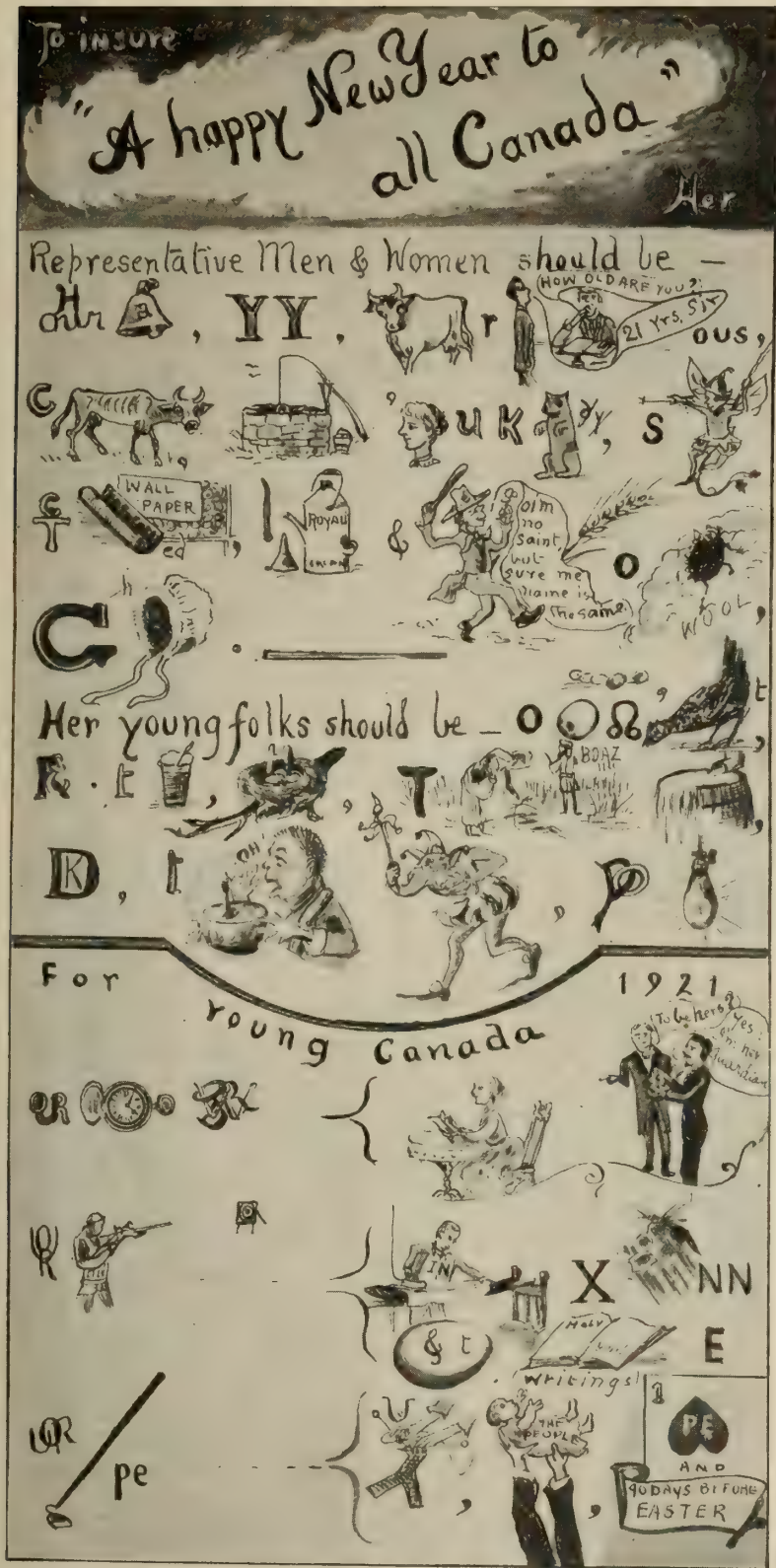
# The Journal Puzzle for January

By TOM WOOD

Just an old-fashioned rebus.

Can you read it?

Remember, the illustrations quite often follow sound more than correct spelling.



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by January 20th to be included.

## Correct Solution of the November Puzzle

The correct solution of the November puzzle is:

For the first part—Cat, hare, rat, yak, snake, ass, net, toad, hen, eels, mole, unicorn, mits—chrysanthemum.

For the second part—Oven, morn, over, bee, orb, even.

First prize—Janet C. McDowell, Lacombe, Alta.

Second prize—Lilian Fox, Bedford, Halifax County, N.S.

These were not perfect, but were the best contributed.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



## "The Magic Touch"

—There is the infinite touch of daintiness, the brightness and newness which go to make real Easter perfection in the hat you colour with RAM-CO.

It is the straw hat dye which gives new hats for old and brings to Milady's summer millinery the essence of all that is dainty. There are sixteen beautiful Ram-co shades from which to choose, and bottle and brush are sold for twenty-five cents.



If you are unable to obtain any desired color of this product from a convenient dealer, please write to us direct and we will arrange to have you supplied.

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## Pratts Poultry Regulator

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For over SEVENTY YEARS, speakers and singers have found them highly

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Toronto, New York



effective in promptly relieving hoarseness and irritation of the throat caused by vocal exertion.

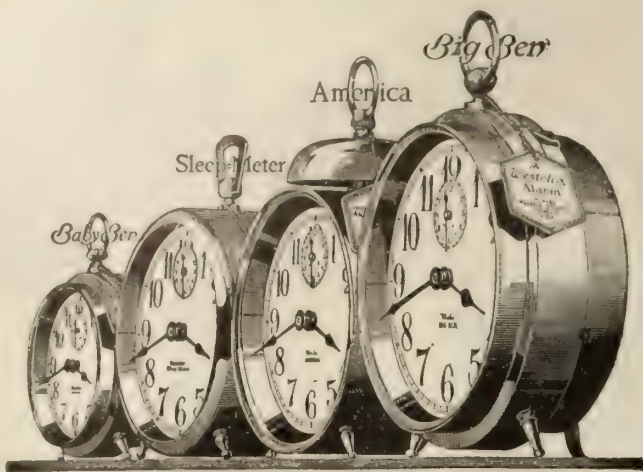
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# BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES



# Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



## Big Ben thinks a lot of his family

HE helped little brother, Baby Ben, get a start. He introduced Sleep-Meter; and he spoke a good word for the *America* alarm, the oldest Westclox made.

So, today, wherever Big Ben is known, other Westclox are sure to get a welcome. On many farms you'll find Big Ben bossing the timekeeping job and other Westclox helping along in different rooms of the house.

Several clocks, here and

there, save many steps. You've discovered that yourself when you were busy about the house.

Back of Westclox popularity is an interesting reason. Every Westclox alarm is made *right* to make good. That same good construction principle that made Big Ben famous is used in all of them. Big Ben's family name, *Westclox*, can't go on the dial until the clock is *right* inside.

Western Clock Co., Ltd., makers of Westclox  
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## If You Enjoy Good Coffee DO THIS—

Order some "SEAL BRAND" made from the choicest upland berries, grown in luxurious tropic hills, full of spicy nourishment and stimulating fragrance—the beans cleaned, blended and roasted with rare skill.

### SEAL BRAND

Then in making, allow a tablespoonful of coffee to each cup desired, pour boiling water on it, simmer five minutes, clear with a dash of cold water.

Your dealer sells "SEAL BRAND", whole, ground, and fine-ground, in ½, 1 and 2-lb. tins, hermetically sealed, so that the coffee reaches you rich in its original strength.

CHASE & SANBORN  
MONTREAL.

## February Fiction

We are proud of our story-writers, who are giving us such enlivening fiction every month, and we feel that our readers are looking forward to new writers' work. In February, Frances Amherst gives us a story of war-time which is both tragic and courage-inspiring, and Beatrice Redpath contributes an unusual tale in "The Thirteenth Sonnet."



## The Season for Apples and Oranges

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES."

APPLES and oranges are plentiful, so now we must take the opportunity to make some delicious dishes. No fruit is so universally popular as the apple. Apples, when peeled, cored and well cooked, are a most grateful food for the dyspeptic. Many things are suggested for the flavoring of apple pie: cloves, nutmeg, a few slices of quinces, prunes and lemons.

Very wholesome and nutritious jellies, marmalades and sweetmeats are prepared from both apples and oranges. Oranges are most enjoyable, and can be served in many ways by which their healthful properties are secured.

**Orange Cake, With Frosting.**—Beat yolks of three eggs thoroughly, add one tablespoonful of strained orange juice and one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, beat for ten minutes, then add one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of one orange, one-half cupful of boiling water, the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten, and one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well and turn into a greased and floured cake pan and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Cool, and ice with orange frosting.

**For Frosting.**—Sift two cupfuls of confectioners' sugar into a bowl, add the strained juice of one orange and beat well together; if too thin add a little more confectioners' sugar.

**Eve's Pudding.**—Take six large apples peeled, cored and chopped, the strained juice of one lemon and one-half of the rind grated, a pinch of salt, two cupfuls of fine breadcrumbs, one cupful finely-chopped suet, and one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in sufficient hot water to moisten the whole. Stir thoroughly, turn into a buttered mould, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily for three hours. Serve with a sweet custard sauce, or with liquefied apple jelly.

**Orange Ice Cream.**—Mix together in a bowl one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of whipped cream, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of orange pulp, one and one-half cupfuls of strained orange juice and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Freeze and serve decorated with orange sections.

**Apples and Sago.**—Make a syrup with two cupfuls of water and one cupful of sugar and color it with a few drops of red color. Pare and core one pound of cooking apples, cut them into eighths lengthwise, stew in the syrup until tender and clear, but not mashy; and when cooked take out carefully and make a neat pile in a glass dish. Flavor the syrup with lemon extract and color with a few more drops of red color if necessary. Wash well two tablespoonfuls of sago and cook in the syrup until quite clear, then pour over the apples and leave until cold. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one tablespoonful of apple jelly and beat together until quite smooth. Lay this in rocky heaps round the pile of apples and sprinkle over with chopped nut-meats.

Fine tapioca may be cooked in place of the sago.

**Orange Custard.**—Soak one envelope of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water for ten minutes. Simmer two and one-fourth cupfuls of milk with the thin rind of one orange for fifteen minutes, then remove the rind. Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir them into the milk until it thickens, but do not allow to boil; now add one-fourth cupful of sugar and gelatine and stir until dissolved. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Allow the custard to become cool, and just before it begins to set fold in the whites of eggs, pour the mixture into a wet ring mould, and when firm turn it out into a glass dish.

Peel two oranges, divide them into their natural divisions, and sweeten with sugar; then fill the centre of custard with them and serve.

**Apple and Celery Salad.**—Wash and cut into fine shreds the white inner portion of one head of celery, and let it lie in ice water for thirty minutes, then drain and dry it well in a cloth. Peel and core three sharp, juicy apples, and with a silver knife cut them in very thin slices. Put the celery and the apples into a bowl, pour over enough salad dressing to mix together and to moisten them.

Line a salad dish with some nice crisp lettuce leaves, arrange the salad on the top, sprinkle with a little paprika and garnish with two gherkins chopped or cut in shreds. Serve before the apple has time to discolor. This makes a very good accompaniment to roast pork or goose.

**For dressing:**—Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add four tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, the strained juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, and a few grains of paprika, and cook and stir over boiling water until the mixture thickens. Take from the fire, and when cold add one and one-half cupfuls of whipped evaporated milk.

**Orange Sauce and Fish Cakes.**—Heat two cupfuls of cooked fish in one cupful of thick white sauce, add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, mix well and remove at once from fire to allow to cool. When cold, form into neat round cakes, dip into the beaten white of egg, toss into fine breadcrumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain on white paper and serve with the following orange sauce.

**For Orange Sauce:**—Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan over the fire, add one tablespoonful of flour, and when well blended add one-half cupful of strained orange, one-half cupful of water, and season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Stir and cook for five minutes.

**Apple and Chocolate Sandwiches.**—Cut some thin bread and butter it, then sprinkle it with grated sweetened chocolate. Peel and core two good eating apples and cut them into thin slices. Put a layer of these slices between two pieces of the prepared bread and press well together. If desired, the apples may be put through a food-chopper. Trim and cut into neat sandwiches.

**Another Method:**—Grate four apples and mix them at once with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, then add one-half cupful of boiled salad dressing and one-half cupful of grated cheese, and seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika, and serve between a slice of buttered white bread, and a slice of buttered brown bread. If desired, a lettuce leaf may also be laid between each slice.

**Orange Roly Poly.**—Sift together into a bowl two cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Cut and rub in three tablespoonfuls of butter and add enough milk to make a dough. Turn out on to a floured baking-board and roll out into a long strip, then spread with orange marmalade, sprinkle with a little sugar and roll up, pinching the ends well together. Put into a greased bowl, cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for one hour. Serve with milk or cream.

**Apple Marmalade.**—Peel, core and thinly slice good cooking apples. Allow three-fourths of a pound of lump sugar to each pound of prepared apple. Put the sugar into the preserving pan and allow one-half cupful of water to every six pounds of sugar, let it gradually melt, then boil for ten minutes. Put in the prepared apples, with a few cloves and a little lemon rind, and boil for one hour, stirring occasionally. It should now be a smooth pulp, moderately clear and of a bright amber color. Pour into sterilized jars, cover with melted paraffin and with the lids. Label and keep in a cool place.





## Health and the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.)

### TO-DAY'S STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY'S WORK.

**Y**ES, next day. That's the next rule. Never use up to-morrow's strength for to-day's work—of which more next month. But the beginning of success in managing your nerves is managing yourself and the first thing in managing yourself is to put yourself to bed at the proper moment. When is it? Not later than ten o'clock; nine-thirty is better, if you are a busy man or woman.

### END THE DAY QUIETLY.

**T**APER off the day's work and excitement and joy, quietly. If you must have a fight with anybody about anything, don't have it after six p.m. (nor at any other time). Have a comfortable evening with your family. Go to sleep with a smile and don't forget your prayers. This is not a pulpit. It is the Family Physician's Consulting Room. Don't forget your prayers.

### GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.

**A**ND "get the worth of your money" for every expenditure of nervous energy you make in the day. Most of us in this modern life go best on "High Gear." Not too much noise and using the gasoline fairly

well. If things are vexatious, don't you be vexed—don't go into "Low Gear" if you can help it.

"Or being lied about, don't deal in lies.

Or being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, or talk too wise."

Don't get excited and use up as much nervous force over one transaction, or one conversation, as would carry you through a whole day's work.

### A CHANGE.

**A**ND don't talk about the same things every day. Why do your socks wear out at the heels?—Because that is the place that is rubbed all the time. Don't rub the same spot in your own or other people's nervous systems, all the time. There are new books to buy and newspapers to read, old friends to keep and new friends to make. There is always somebody to be kind to. There are very pretty walks near where you live—pictures painted by men and women and painted by Nature. Museums, public libraries, visits,—it is a very interesting world. The Nervous System thrives on new interests. It needs a Change.

## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.)

interview Mrs. Forbie in private, that the dreadful possibility of Natalie's being asked to share a room with the other woman passenger might be avoided. It is doubtful if Natalie would have taken any harm from poor old Nell; but Garth was a young man falling in love; and so, ferociously virtuous in judging Nell's kind. Natalie had a room to herself.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE STOPPING-HOUSE YARD.

**N**EXT morning, Old Paul, assisted by Nell's dark companion, and the half-breed Xavier, was hitching up in the yard of Forbie's, when Nick Grylls appeared from the house, and walked heavily up and down at some distance moodily chewing a cigar. Big Nick was wondering dully what was the matter with him. He had tossed in his bunk the night through; and now, at the beginning of the day, when a man should be at his heartiest, he found himself without appetite for his breakfast, and in a grinding temper, without any object to vent it on.

A deep dense of personal injury lay at the root of his discomfort. Nick was accustomed to think of himself as a whale of a fine fellow, as they say in the West; he heard every day that he was the smartest man up North; and, of course, he believed it. He regarded himself as a prince of generosity. He was fond of children; and one of his amusements was to distribute handfuls of candy over the counter of his store.

There was good in Nick Grylls; and Garth travelling alone would have got along very well with him, and worked him for copy; but having Natalie to look after, he instinctively put himself on his guard against him. Grylls, with an enormous capacity for pleasure, had carelessly taken his fill. He had to content himself with the coarse plants of the North; and up to now he had desired no other. Never so close to a woman of Natalie's world before, he had been free to look at her throughout an entire day; and she had actually spoken to him once.

Garth strolled out from breakfast; and filled his pipe while he waited for Natalie to repack her valise within. Nick's chaotic passions leaped to meet the aspect of the cool young man, and fastened on him.

When the horses were hitched, Xavier went into the bunkhouse for his master's bedding, old Paul potted around the harness, while Albert, Nell's companion, strolled back to join Grylls.

"What do you make of this young couple?" asked Nick, assuming an indifferent air.

"I dunno," Albert returned lethargically.

"There wasn't anything about a girl in the newspaper," pursued Nick; "and

young reporters don't generally have coin enough to travel with a wife."

"They ain't married," said Albert.

"What!" exclaimed Nick eagerly.

"Nell says she heard her call him Mr. Pevensey before the stage started; and he called her Miss What's-this."

Nick's little eyes glittered. "Then what are they doing up here together?" he muttered.

"Search me!" said Albert indifferently. "Nell says she can't make it out."

"She seems to have taken a kind of shine to Nell," suggested Nick carefully. "Women are sly as lynx. Pass a quiet word to Nell to draw her out."

"She's tried," said Albert. "Nice as you please but mum. Why don't you pump him?" he suggested, indicating Garth.

"Because he's a self-sufficient dude!" Nick burst out with a string of curses.

"Well, he better not get you down on him," said Albert propitiatingly.

Natalie came sailing out of the farmhouse as fresh and smiling as the morning itself. Garth hastened to meet her.

Nell followed her out of the house; and Garth handed them both into the stage. He did not get in himself, but stood on the ground below Natalie, talking up to her. One of the horses had refused to drink at the trough, and old Paul, wishing to give him another chance, sent Xavier for a pail of water.

This Xavier deserves a word. The young breeds run to extremes of good looks or ill; and in his case it was the latter. In downright English he was hideous. A shock of intractable, lank hair hung over what he had of a forehead; and underneath rolled a pair of whitey-blue eyes, with a villainous cast in one of them. Some accident had carried Nature's work even further, for one swarthy cheek was divided from temple to chin by a dirty white scar. He wore a pair of black-and-white checked trousers, which, once Nick's, hung strangely on his meagre frame. He was absurdly proud of this garment. His outer wear was completed by a black cotton shirt, and the inevitable stiff-brimmed hat, without which no brown youth feels himself a man.

Returning from the pump with the pail of water, as he passed Nick, the big man threw him an idle word or two in Cree. Xavier grinned comprehendingly; and Nick and Albert followed him a little way. Xavier came up close behind Garth; and in passing him, made believe to stumble. Some of the water splashed over Garth's legs. Garth swung around, and took in the situation at a glance; Grylls and Albert were grinning in the background. There was a crack as his fist met the half-breed's jaw; and Xavier rolled in the dust. In falling the pail capsized, emptying its contents on the cherished trousers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### "We're Glad it's That"

Betty and Nan, prowling around the kitchen, drop in on mamma while she is making up Jell-O for dinner—and they are "glad it's that."

Betty and Nan, and Bobbie too, who will be around at dinner time, like Jell-O, and as it is pure and wholesome, mamma gives it to them two or three times a week at least. One day when she asked Bobbie which Jell-O flavor he liked best he said, "Raspberry, I guess, or mebbe Orange, or Strawberry, or Lemon, or Cherry, or Vanilla, or Choc'lit. Oh, I guess I like all of 'em best."

Bobbie's answer sums up the general experience, and that is why so many prudent housewives buy

# JELL-O

by the dozen packages instead of one or two at a time. An assortment of the seven different flavors can be secured in this way.

There used to be a prevailing impression among mothers that if the children were particularly fond of anything eatable it couldn't be good for them. It isn't so now. Mothers have learned that Jell-O and many other good things which they themselves like, are all the more wholesome and nourishing from being relished. They have learned, too, that desserts, especially for the little folks, should be light and digestible.

The new Jell-O Book describes new things in Jell-O, salads, whips, knickknacks and dainties of almost unlimited variety. Recipes for every-day desserts and salads are given first place in it, of course, and particularly the new things in fruity Jell-O desserts. It is the finest of all Jell-O Books. A copy will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

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The plain Jell-O dessert—the one without trimmings or additions of any kind—continues to be the most popular of all. It is made, as everybody knows, by stirring a package of Jell-O of any one of the seven flavors in a pint of boiling water and letting it harden.

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Each of the other flavors of Jell-O is made up in the same way. Any of them can be used for these plain desserts.

The plain dessert can be transformed, before the jelly congeals, into one as elaborate as may be desired, either by whipping or by adding fruit, fruit juices, nut-meats, whipped cream, or any one or more of fifty different things that are "lovely" with Jell-O.

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## Some Correspondence Concerning Schools

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

I do not mean to say that Canadian public school education is perfect. There is much about the system to be commended. There is also considerable to be condemned. But does it not only aggravate the disease to encourage private schools? Instead of substituting these institutions, which only a few can afford, and which have not been proved to be for the greatest good, let us improve our public schools. Let us make it possible for "individual capacities and aptitudes" to be considered. The lower class children have them as well as the children of the rich. Let us not only have supervision of the playground, but also play-organizing teachers. If the private school system of education is the best, let us have that system for all children. Give us

good schools for all and at their head let us place practical, broad-minded, high-principled, far-seeing educationists; educationists, note, and not politicians.

"There is nothing too good for the children of Canada," says "O Canada." Let us see that "the children of Canada" means all the children and not just the few who can afford to attend the private schools.

Much more might be said upon the subject but I fear I have already been too voluble. Please do not consider this as an imposition, but rather as an honest attempt of one Canadian woman to express herself upon a topic of vital importance to our country.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Winnifred M. Rosewarne.

## Developing a National Art

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

beautiful, and Mr. T. W. Mitchell records the wonders of our brilliant sunlight. Mr. Wyly Grier is painting many of the men prominent in national life, and Mr. F. Horsman Varley, as well as north country landscape, is doing figure work and portraits, strong in character and full of the sitter's personality.

In Winnipeg, Mr. W. J. Phillips is producing interesting paintings of the western winter. But the West is not painted only by those who live there. A number of Toronto artists have come back from sketching tours with fine records of that part of Canada. Mr. C. W. Jefferys has painted the prairies in a way most expressive of their flat im-

mensity. The Rocky Mountains, too, have become familiar to us through the work done there by Mr. Robert F. Gagen, and by a collection of sketches by Mr. A. Y. Jackson.

It is impossible to cover the work being done; however, enough has been said to show that the artists are trying to give us Canadian pictures of Canadian subjects painted in a typically Canadian way. But they cannot carry on the work entirely by themselves; they need the support of the people whose country they are painting; they need the sympathetic interest which inspires to further endeavor and which will help them to build in Canada, an art of which no country need be ashamed.

## "Bad Actors"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

theatricals simply must be successful! You both have the latent talent; it was to bring it out that I arranged that little—er—tableau."

Mrs. Brown-Gorman's face was a study. So was everyone else's—except Ma's.

"Perhaps it wasn't such a bad idea, Mrs. Peabody," remarked Mrs. Brown-Gorman presently. "It was rather unusual, though."

"It was done to bring about an unusual effect," explained Ma.

"Of course!" Mrs. Brown-Gorman thought she began to understand. "At school they always said I possessed unusual talent. Perhaps you acted for the best. Unfortunately, I—I—thought—I—I've told several of my friends that—"

"That my prince was the genuine article!" Ma laughed merrily. "Well, suppose we let them continue thinking so. His Highness is leaving the States shortly and what your friends are unable to verify they cannot prove. It seemed such a splendid way of bringing out your talent. I—really—I—"

"You did quite right, Mrs. Peabody," approved Mrs. Brown-Gorman, who understood everything perfectly now. "Anything that gives us a true perception of our talents is justified. As you

say, no one need know about the—prince."

"You would be much more comfortable in Mr. Peabody's chair, Mrs. Brown-Gorman," suggested Ma. "Joseph!"

Pa was already finding himself another.

"We have so much still to plan," said Ma. "Now would be a splendid opportunity."

It was a humble, awe-stricken trio that faced Ma after Mrs. Brown-Gorman had gone. But Ma was very sweet and forgiving about it all. She knew the value of smiling silence too well to surrender it to vulgar triumph.

"Do you think she believed you, Mira?" gasped Pa.

"She will believe anything I tell her to believe—when she has seen those moving pictures of herself bending over George's hand," asserted Ma with conviction.

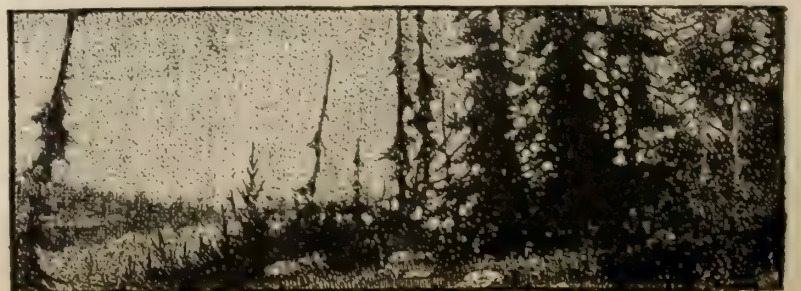
"How did you find out that I—"

"My dear George! What a question! The real thing hasn't shaken hands for a month and you nearly broke my fingers with your grip."

"I wonder how Mrs. Brown-Gorman got to know?" began Nellie musingly.

"Oh," replied Ma, smiling blandly. "I attended to that!"

The room became very quiet.



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# Mack Waists







# The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

the oak tree before any of the squirrels were there to receive them. After climbing the oak, they settled themselves on the branches beneath which the party was to be held, and waited patiently.

It was not long until three separate parties of squirrels arrived, the Greys together, the Reds together and the Blacks together.

Each of the parties had brought a store of nuts, which they piled in little pyramids on the ground. Out of bright-colored Autumn leaves they made table-cloths, which they laid on the smoothest spots beneath the tree.

Then several Jays arrived, bringing haws, and quite a troop of young Rabbits came, without invitations, but each with a carrot.

"What are you youngsters doing here?" demanded Bushy Jack, the secretary, when he spied the Rabbits, "you were not invited."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed the Pink Noses, "we brought our own lunch. When is the fun going to start, Feathertail?"

Bushy Jack pretended he didn't hear, and turned to welcome the Coon family, each of whom carried a large apple.

A chattering crowd of Chipmunks brought beech nuts, Mister Woodchuck brought his wife, and John Crow, Esquire, brought himself in his best black suit.

In the meantime, little Ann Meadow-Mouse had gone home, only to find herself shut out of her own house. Leaning against her front door was a big square of birch bark, almost as large as the door itself. After a great deal of trouble, she pushed the bark over and found that it was her invitation to the party.

What would she do? What could she do? She had no gay clothes, but, rather than stay away, she put on a pair of bright pink mittens, and, filling a little basket with seeds from her store-house, she arrived under the oak tree at the same time as Mister Mink.

Bushy Jack was delighted, and so were the other Squirrels. Every one whom they had invited had come to their party except the Porcupines.

There were games and lunch, then more games and more lunch, and talk all the time.

The young Squirrels were sent for more nuts, the young Rabbits for more carrots, the young Coons for more apples and the Jays for more haws. Then the Squirrels found the acorns were running short, but no one wished to go for a fresh supply.

Everybody was waiting for someone else to start after acorns, and they all sat looking at each other with an "Aren't you going?" expression on their faces.

Suddenly, exactly seven hundred and seventy-seven acorns showered right down on them from the oak tree.

There were bumps on heads, and bumps on noses, but there were plenty of acorns.

As they were wondering what had caused the rain of nuts, the very youngest of the Rabbits jumped up, danced around excitedly, and, pointing upward, squeaked out:

"There he is—there they both are. The Needle-Coats have been here all the time."

The Porcupines would not come down. They were "quite comfortable, thank you." But Bushy Jack and the other Squirrels were happy. Everyone had come to their party.

The Woodchuck went home early, for he was getting sleepy, but the Coons left because they had an apple-harvest to bring in. The Crow said he was going to stay all night, and, perching near the Porcupines, started to snore. The Mink slipped quietly away, perhaps to hunt, the Chipmunks and the others scampered or flew home, until only Bushy Jack was left sitting beneath the tree.

He wagged his head in satisfaction, saying to himself:

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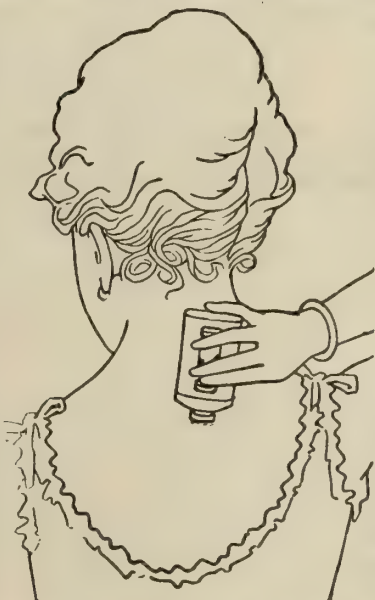
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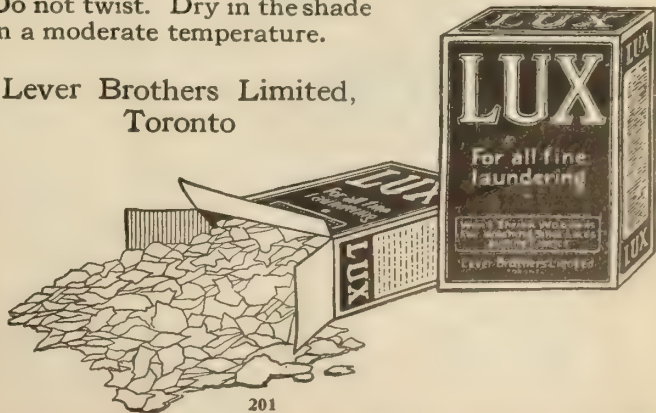
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## A Bright February Feature

We expect to publish in our February issue an article by that well-known and highly popular Western writer, Mrs. Nellie McClung, entitled "Geography—And How It Is Written."

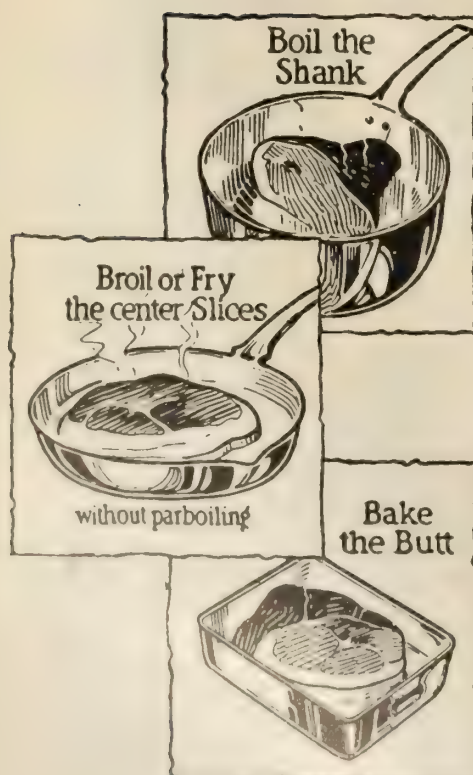


*The Housewife Speaks  
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"THERE was a time when I bought ham in small quantities—ready sliced. That was before I had used

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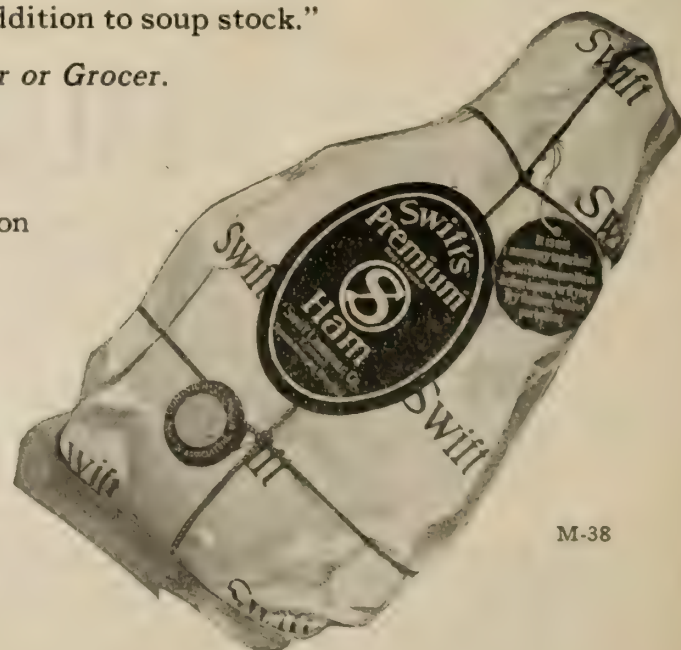


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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. 17  
No. 10

FEBRUARY 1921  
TORONTO



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Volume Seventeen

Number Ten



## Features for February

By THE EDITOR

THE last month of winter is a kind of "between-times" period, when we are so busy skating and skiing, if we are young, or reading by the fireside, if we are no longer in the twenties, that we hardly realize that just twenty-eight days are between us and the first month of spring. Of course you liked our January cover. We don't see how you could help it, with the joyousness of a New Year in the faces of the young man and the bonnie girl who were the embodiment of Canada's winter cheer. Mr. Drummond gave the January number and our 1921 career a splendid start with his glowing picture of the mid-winter spirit of Young Canada.

This month Miss Long has given us a bright-faced young person who loves a February snowstorm and whose cheeks glow all the brighter for the white flakes falling so fast. Canada has been foolishly sensitive about her snow, and has even tried to ignore her winter sports and carnivals. Perhaps the writers of long ago overdid the snowy aspect of this fair Dominion and made Canadians afraid of being considered inhabitants of a near-North Polar region. We are recovering from our sensitiveness concerning the frost, and are willing to admit the charms of the days when the snow is crisp to the tread and the air is the very vintage of Boreas.

LAST year we had a delightful Valentine cover by Mr. Norman Price. This year we have kept our Valentine touch for the editorial page, and we know that you will revel in the adventures of these amorous young persons, who seem to have found a bright little isle of their own. The artist, Mr. Paul Sheard, has written the verses, too—and we are sure that you will remember them, even if he makes havoc of "home sweet home." Mr. Sheard is a son of Dr. and Mrs. Sheard, of Toronto; and as his father is a prominent physician and Member of Parliament and his mother (Virna Sheard) is one of Canada's best-known authors, we are prepared for Mr. Sheard to write and portray any number of delightful adventures. We hope he will do some more of this work for us—and our readers will look forward to other stories of island wanderings.

There is an article on "Geography and How It Is Written," by Nellie McClung; and if you think geography a dull subject, just read Mrs. McClung's account of her visit to Copper Cliff and you will change your mind. There is a wonderful country in the making in New Ontario, and this writer, who is of Ontario by birth and of the West by education and mature development, gives us a sympathetic and graphic description of this community.

THERE are other Valentine things in this issue. You have just to read the cookery columns by Mary M. Neil to realize what a perfect feast a fourteenth of February party can be. Such caramels and punch (the kind approved by the O.T.A.) such tarts and hearts and peach spongeade are enough to make any company rejoice—and we hope you will have just such a party—and perhaps you will notice that pink is now considered a "properer" color than red for a Valentine festivity. Of course, it is ever so difficult to keep up-to-date in all these little matters; but if you'll only take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and read what Mary M.

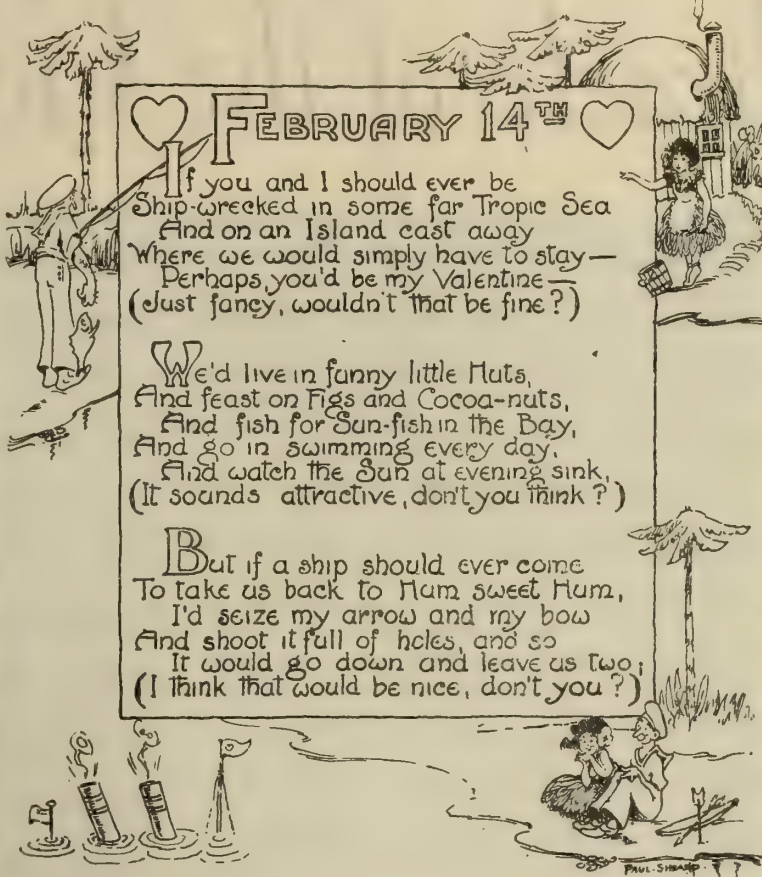
Neil has to say about things to eat and how they're to be served, you'll know just what bon-bons are the most toothsome and just what salads are highly approved in the best culinary circles. Personally, I have a fondness for the photographs, too. I think the peach spongeade at the top of the cookery page is the most tempting dish you can imagine, as it makes a fluffy headpiece for all the recipes. Then there's another article about "devilled" things. There is no profanity about them—in fact, they are harmless and comforting dishes, just the thing on a cold night after you've been skating or skiing.

\* \* \* \*

THERE are two features that the modern magazine for women must have—and those are fiction and fashions. "Two on the Trail," our serial which began its tempestuous course in January, continues to make everyone interested in the marvellous adventures of Garth Pevensy and Natalie, the plucky little

heroine who goes into the wilderness of the North on a forlorn quest. Even in these days of startling movies we think you will find "Two on the Trail" a story to keep you wide awake in every chapter. It has many sensations, but is thoroughly wholesome in tone and has the proper scorn for the villain—who is a "really-truly" scoundrel. However, we are not going to anticipate any of the adventures to be found in the course of this journey northwards.

There is a characteristic story by Beatrice Redpath—who is a poet, even when she writes a story, and makes an appealing tale of "The Thirteenth Sonnet"—one which you will remember. Then there is a war story, "Kia Pono Tonu," a romance which links the two Dominions of New Zealand and Canada, and which is written by an understanding teller of tales. There is another story in that unusual series "The Windwheel of the Djinn," with which Bertha E. Green is entertaining the JOURNAL'S Juniors.



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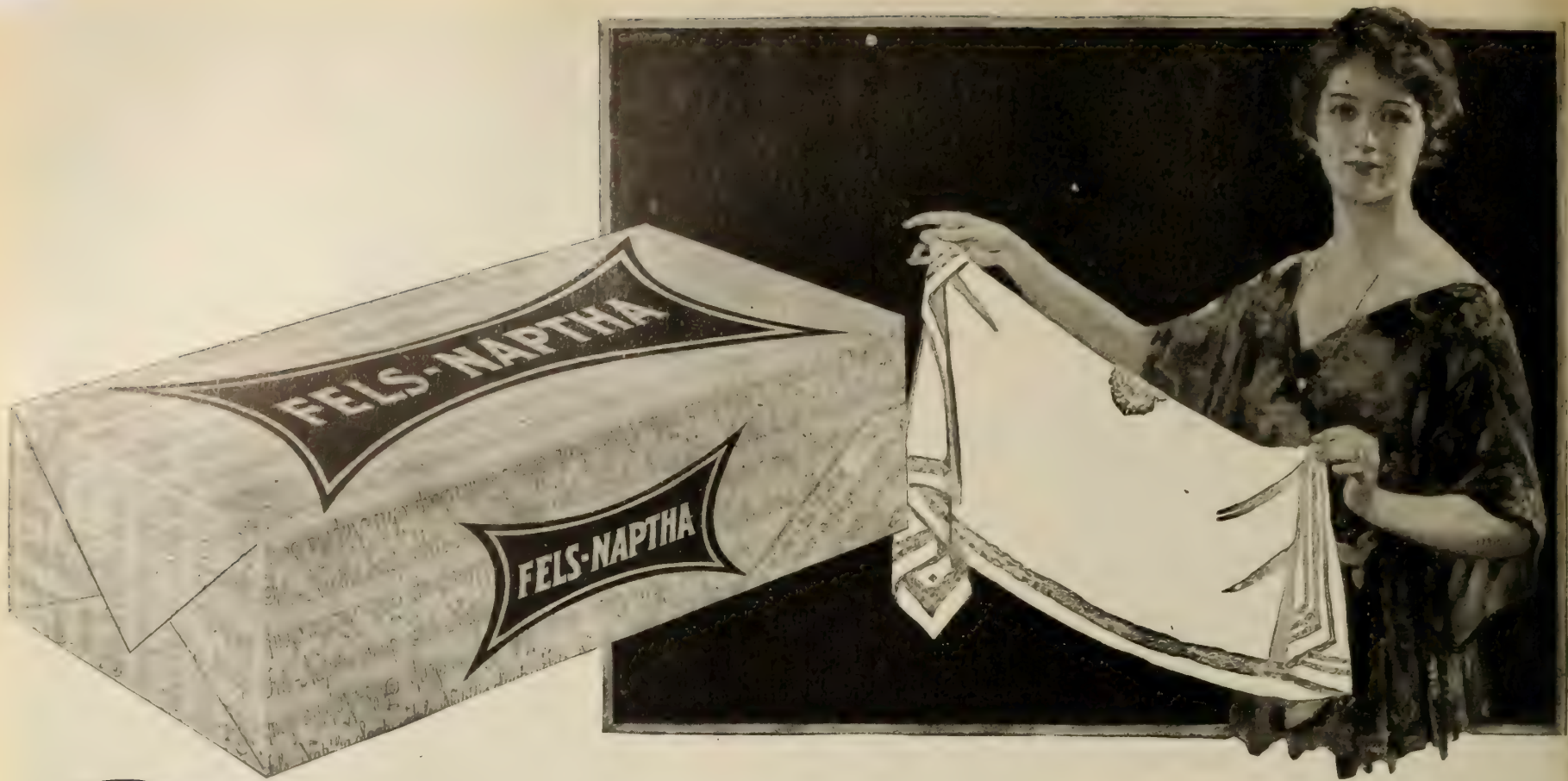
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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# The Canadian Girl At Work

The consideration of a book which tells much of the activities of the Girls of the country and how they have developed

THERE is nothing more notable in the modern world than the large army of girls who are working in the world outside the home. A century ago, the task of governess or "companion" seemed the only one for the educated young woman:—and a dreary life it must have been, if we may judge from the novels of the period. To-day the girl who is not anxious for "work"—meaning, thereby, a position beyond the walls of home—is the exception. Far be it from us to deny that the housewife and the daughters who remain at home earn their living, or to deny that they accomplish a task worth while. They are the workers, indeed, but most of us have associated the word with the world of factory, business office, laboratory, school-room or bank.

We turn to a new book, "The Canadian Girl at Work," by Marjory MacMurchy, with the expectation of finding out many things concerning feminine industry in this fair Dominion of ours.

Miss MacMurchy describes this volume as "A Book of Vocational Guidance"—and truly, no Canadian girl who wishes to know what her sisters are doing, or who desires a hint as to her own activities and their development can afford to be without this blue-bound book, with thirty illuminating chapters. From millinery to manicuring, from gardening to dentistry, we find every department of "girls at work" of interest, and the writer does not fail to discuss such subjects as Investing and Health, especially as these relate to occupational duties.

The subject of work has been variously treated, sometimes from an entirely idealistic standpoint, sometimes from the purely materialistic. Miss MacMurchy's attitude is a happy blending of the ideal and the practical, and figures become friendly, statistics become significant, when presented by such a discerning writer.

This book was prepared at the instance of the Minister of Education for use in Ontario School Libraries. It is now published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Toronto (price, \$1.25), and should appeal to a wide and varied circle of readers.

There is a certain attractiveness about "Going Into Business For One's Self," and the chapter with this heading discusses the work and achievement of those who have "arrived." From it, we quote the following paragraphs:—

"IN the first place, few girls actually enter paid employment or business life with the intention of becoming independent proprietors. It is only after some years' experience of work that the idea occurs to them. A trained nurse may have been in private practice three or four years before she begins to think that she would like to own and manage a private hospital. For the properly qualified and equipped woman, this is a good business enterprise. A number of nurses are conducting excellent private hospitals. The work is exacting, the hours are long and the responsibility is heavy. But any girl who thinks of going into business for herself should know at once that all these conditions are true of every independent business that is worth while.

"The business woman requires a precise technical and financial knowledge of the business which she means to enter, and she needs as well originality, a fund of ideas, courage, initiative, imagination, that feeling of capacity for responsibility and enterprise which is like love of adventure, judgment, nerve and character. She should not be too excitable and yet she ought to be keen. She should not be easily disturbed and she ought to be a steady worker. Above all, she requires to be able to deal with people, both customers and employees.

"Instances of women who have been successful in business enterprises may be quoted which do not seem to conform to the requirements specified. But if they are examined, these instances will show that the women in question have fulfilled the conditions of success almost exactly as described. A woman has succeeded,

for instance, in managing her own country inn. She was in a totally different employment before she started this successful enterprise. But she had already bought, built on, and sold with a margin of profit, three or four other properties. She had learned how to buy land to advantage in the neighborhood of a city. She bought her present property, choosing a few acres which were already in fruit or in use for growing vegetables. There was an attractive, large, old-fashioned farm house on the premises, the property was near a railway station and situated on a road constantly used by motorists. Other enterprises of the same kind were studied by her. The food provided was made a specialty. Every expense which could be lessened in connection with the property was considered. A flock of poultry was kept. The fruit was either sold or put down for winter use in the inn.

"In almost every instance the successful woman of business enters on her new enterprise in a small way. A girl begins by making and delivering lunches to the staff of a large office building. Later she adds other buildings to her list. She sells cakes, sandwiches and preserves from her own home. Having saved some capital, she embarks on a down-town tea room. Every detail of her business is planned as it expands and the management is entirely in her own hands. The successful management of a large business would have been impossible for an inexperienced girl, but it comes easily to the young business woman.

"In the same way a nurse began a business preparing supplies for doctors. Soon she added invalid cookery to her other work. Her venture developed into a business, partly catering, partly a dining club, and in part a depot for surgical dressings and home made cooking for invalids. Another woman has inherited a large catering business from her father. It was a considerable business when she became manager, but she had gone to work with her father as soon as she left school. Still another woman has established a system of hairdressing businesses. She began with one room in one city. Her business has been extended to over forty cities. No chance good fortune can account for successes such as these described. Managing ability, foresight and character are responsible for a great part of the achievement. The woman in each case made the discovery that the best commodity of its kind offered to the public in the right way must bring success, if the business enterprise itself is well managed.

"Examples of the wise judgment of women in business are found in every large community. A girl who makes good marmalade for home consumption began to make and sell this product in a small way. She is now part owner of a large business. A woman who went into a factory as an office helper proved to have a gift for designing dresses. After spending a number of years in the employ of the firm with which she began work, she has gone into partnership with a woman dressmaker in a small specialized factory. A large wholesale fish business is owned and managed by a woman, whose knowledge of the business, including sources of supply and distribution, is entirely adequate.

"Women who own and manage business enterprises when they succeed often do so because of their womanly qualities. There is no conflict between capable, thorough work and womanliness. The normal woman has always a capable and helpful side to her character. She generally retains in affairs her gentleness, considerateness, and patience in dealing with all sorts of people. No quality is more important in business than a natural ability to understand and sympathize. A woman's ideas may be original and her knowledge of business details exact, but it is her power to work with others and to make the best of them which is the highest part of her business ability. Many of the businesses owned and managed successfully by women are connected with food, clothing, health, physical, mental and moral training, and personal well-being. The woman's advantage in business has to do most frequently with perfection in detail, personal supervision, knowledge of the highest home standards, and with making her commodity a little the best on the market. The best women in business excel in making conditions for their employees ideal. They plan to give their workers opportunities for education and training, and sometimes help them to start in business for themselves."

MISS MACMURCHY has a valuably suggestive chapter on "A Girl's Reading," which concludes:

"A few rules will help us in our reading. Whatever book we read should be a good book of its class. Suppose we want to read a light and entertaining book for amusement and relaxation, then it should be good entertainment, well written, well planned, delightfully easy and gay in style. Do not read books which make you wish that you had not read them. Shun books which make one feel that life is not worth living. We can always judge the character of a book by the importance it gives to life. In the same way we should not read books that make us think poorly of people. The finer the book the more clearly it shows how worth while every individual is. Any book that separates us, or turns us away, from the highest, happiest things is not worth the time which we might spend in reading it."



A WRITER WHO ALWAYS HELPS

Miss Marjory MacMurchy, one of Canada's most widely-known journalists, who was for several years President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, has written books which have proved highly helpful to her profession and to the public. Her latest volume, "The Canadian Girl at Work," is published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited, Toronto.





*ALICE BRADY—delightful on the screen and in the spoken drama for her grooming—regards the care of the hands as one of the subtleties of beauty. She says: "I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails."*

## Don't cut the cuticle—*It protects the most sensitive thing in all the world*

**W**HEN we want to describe an injury to our most delicate sensibilities, we say that we have been "cut to the quick." Did you ever consider what we mean by this?

The quick is the root of the finger-nail. It lies only 1-12th of an inch below the surface of the cuticle and it is so sensitive that it feels excruciatingly the slightest hurt.

Every time you trim the cuticle you risk being "cut to the quick." It is almost impossible to trim off dead cuticle without cutting into the live cuticle which is the only protection of the nail root.

If you should examine your fingers afterwards with a magnifying glass you would see that you had made numerous little cuts. To heal these wounds, nature immediately builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This is why, when you cut the cuticle, it grows up coarser and more ragged than before.

### *The safe way to remove cuticle*

Yet when the cuticle dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must be removed some way. To do this simply and safely without cutting, try the new method provided in Cutex. Cutex Cuticle Remover is a harmless liquid that acts on the dry, dead cuticle as soap and water

act on dirt, leaving a delightfully smooth, even nail rim.

But a beautiful, even cuticle calls for immaculate nail tips and both demand smoothly polished nails. See the detailed instructions accompanying the pictures at the side.

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Try a Cutex manicure today. However ragged your cuticle may have become through cutting, a single application of the Cuticle Remover will make an astonishing improvement. You will be amazed to see how cleanly and beautifully it takes off the ugly, ragged edges, and how smooth and lovely it leaves the nail rim.

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### *Complete Trial Outfit for 20c*

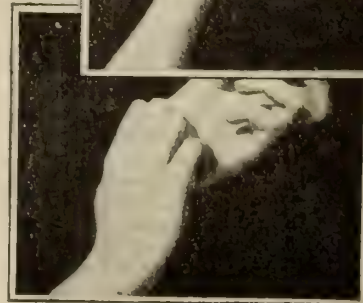
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# Two On The Trail

by Hulbert Footner

ILLUSTRATED BY CAMPBELL DUNCAN

## CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED).

NICK'S guffaw was quickly changed for a scowl; Garth saw that an explosion was imminent; and that quick thought was necessary. He knew he must at all cost to his pride avoid trouble until he got Natalie off his hands. He walked over to Nick; the big fellow clenched his fists as he approached.

"Hope I haven't hurt the beggar," said Garth blandly. "Perhaps he didn't mean to spill the water; but you have to deal quickly with a breed. That's your way, I'm told."

The breed picked himself up, and went crouching to his master with a voluble, whining complaint in his own tongue. Nick lifted his hand; and with a vicious backhanded stroke sent Xavier again reeling across the yard.

Old Nell looked at these things with a resigned air that spoke volumes for her daily life. Natalie kept perfectly quiet; but a bright spot burned in either cheek, and she turned a pair of shining eyes on Garth when he came back to her. His difficulties were by no means over. Old Paul, feeling that it might be well to forego the pail of water, gave the word to start. Grylls climbed in by the rear step, and sat next to Nell with a dogged air. This brought him opposite Garth, and very near Natalie. Albert and the half-breed following him, they started. Xavier, covered with dirt, snivelling, and nursing a split lip, was as ugly as a gargoyle.

Garth saw a way out in the vacant place beside Paul. "The front seat would be more comfortable for you; it's wider," he said to Natalie, loud enough for all to hear. "Paul," he called, "have you room beside you for the young lady? She wants to hear some more stories."

Paul, delighted, immediately pulled up, and held out a hand. Natalie climbed over the mail-bags and took her place beside him. In crossing, she gave Garth's hand a grateful squeeze; and he returned to his place with a swelling heart, ready for Nick Grylls and any like him.

Old Paul, whenever they came to a hill and he could allow his four to walk, turned around; and half to Natalie, half to Garth, delivered himself of one of his characteristic stories. Neither was Nick impatient with his monologues to-day; for when Paul turned Natalie half turned also; and then Nick could watch her face.

Garth had asked the old man about the half-breed rebellion.

"Sure, I was through it all," he began. "I was buildin' boats in Prince George; and scoutin'. Upwards of three months we hadn't no news from outside and the settlement was in a continuous state of scare. It was supposed the Crees had been joined by the Montana Indians; and all said we was cut off on the south. Women, children and cattle was crowded together in the stockade; but I didn't bring my family in. My old woman weren't afraid; and somepin' told me it was just one of these here panics like."

"Well, one day up came word to the commandant to send a force down the river to Fort Pitt, as they called it, to jine with General Middleton. Then it was Smiley here, and Smiley there, and they couldn't do nothin' without Smiley. I started down the river at last with two work boats carryin' fifty men under Major Lewis and Cap'n Caswell. It was a Saturday night, I mind. Lewis was one of these stuck-up, know-it-all-johnnies, not long breeched. But Caswell was an old Crimea veteran; his face had been spiled by a powder explosion; but he certainly was a sporter! Me and him got along fine. My! My! what a randy old feller he was! The men used to sit around him with their mouths open waitin' to laugh. Grimy Caswell they called him, along of his speckled face—great big man!"

"We travelled for three days and three nights without stoppin'; and would you believe it, that damn fool Lewis—'scuse me, Miss—made us light a lantern at night! A mark for all the reds in the country! I was steerin' the first boat; and signallin' the channel to Dave Sinclair in the boat

behind, with my hand; this way and so. But the second day Dave ran her aground. Young Lewis wouldn't allow that we knew how to lift a boat off a shoal up North. I let him break all the ropes tryin' to drag her off; then I showed him. Meanwhile, all this time, Grimy Caswell was dressin' himself up like a redskin in my boat; and smearin' his face with red earth. When it got dusk-like, he hid in the bushes; and by and by Lewis came along the shore. All of a sudden, Grimy in his war-paint popped out in front of him, let out a screech, and sent a shot over his head. Say, that young man near died right there. He turned the color of a lead bullet; and made some quick tracks to the rear boat. Grimy sneaked back to ours and washed and dressed; and all night long he plagued Lewis to light the lantern; but he wouldn't; and the men near died holdin' theirselves in. Oh! Grimy Caswell was a humorous feller, he was!"

"We landed at Fort Pitt on the fourth day; and at the same time the steamboats come up from Battle Run with the whole army. They landed 'em all; and say, they had a brass band; and General Middleton rode a white horse. Never see such a grand sight in all my born days; they must have been all of seven hundred and fifty men!"

AT the foot of another long hill Natalie expressed a wish to walk up; and Garth helped her down. They set off briskly, ahead of the horses; and for the first time found themselves free to talk to each other.

"How good you have been to me!" she murmured.

"Don't think of thanking me," said Garth, almost roughly.

"If I had known how literally you would have to take care of me, I would not have been so quick to ask you."

"It was nothing, really."

"Nothing, you mean to what is before us?" she asked quickly.

"I look for nothing worse," he said.

"Perhaps my appearance is too conspicuous," she suggested with a humility new to her.

"A little, perhaps," Garth admitted.

"What shall I do?" she said. "I have nothing else."

"At the Landing I will dress you in a rough sweater, and a felt hat strapped under your chin," he said with a smile.

Natalie was aggrieved. "I like to look nice," she protested.

"You would—even then," said poor Garth.

She changed the subject. "What a gross beast that big man is!" she said strongly.

"Poor devil!" said Garth unconsciously. He understood from his own feelings a little of what Nick was going through.

Natalie turned a surprised face on him. "Are you sorry for him?" she demanded.

"A little."

"Why?"

"Well—I think perhaps he never saw any one like you before," he said quietly.

"But he hates you!"

"Naturally!"

"Why?" she demanded again—and was immediately sorry she had spoken.

Garth looked away. "He thinks I am—I am more than I am," he said oracularly.

She affected not to hear this. "What shall we do about him?" she asked.

"He won't trouble us after the Landing," said Garth. "He is bound down the river to Lake Miwasa while we go up to Caribou Lake."

"It's a precious good thing for me I didn't start off alone," she said feelingly.

"I'm glad if I've won your confidence a little," said Garth hanging his head.

This meant: "Aren't you going to tell me about yourself?" Natalie's mystery had been a thorn in his flesh all the way along the road.

Natalie understood. "I'll tell you now, gladly," she said at once. "But not here; there isn't time. We have to get in directly."

This was precisely what Garth desired her to say. He longed for her to want to tell him; but for the story itself, he dreaded it, and was quite willing to have the telling deferred.

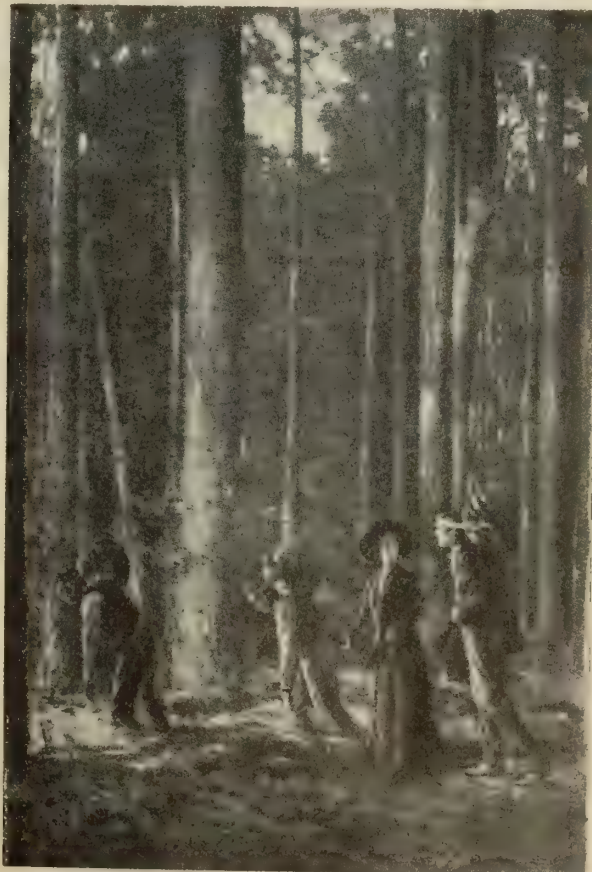
Later in the day they reached Nell's house, quite a fine edifice built with lumber instead of the usual logs. Natalie, true to her word, allowed herself to be shown through; and did not stint her admiration of Nell's treasures. When they drove on, she looked back with a genuine feeling for the old girl, who was so anxious to please. They left her standing in the doorway in her finery, with the sullen, black-browed bravo slouching beside her.

The way became very much rougher; and Garth was glad of Natalie's having greater comfort on the front seat. About five o'clock they climbed their last hill. At the top Old Paul, pulling up his horses, swept his whip with an eloquent gesture over the magnificent prospect lying below.

"All the water this side goes to the Arctic," he said.

Looking over a wealth of greenery, away below them they saw the mighty Miwasa River coming eastward from the mountains, make its southernmost sweep, and shape a course straight away for the North. The Miwasa River! There was magic in the name; they gazed down at it with a feeling akin to awe. Off to the left lay the roofs of the Landing, farthest outpost of civilization.

Presently they were rattling down the steep village street at a great pace, traces hanging slack; past the factor's house, the "Company's" store, the blacksmith shop and the "French outfit"; with a dash and a clatter that brought every inhabitant running to the hotel. Most of them were already there; for the arrival of the mail is the event of the week. Old Smiley swept up to the gallery at Trudeau's with a flourish worthy of coaching's palmiest days. The passengers alighted; and again the girl with the green wings in her



"Look!" she cried. "Isn't it like the frontispiece to a book of adventure!"



hat became the cynosure of every eye. Garth delivered her into the comfortable arms of Mrs. Trudeau, who took her upstairs. Turning back into the general room, he asked the first man he met where the Bishop lived.

"Up the street and to the left a piece" was the reply. "But say—"

"Well?" said Garth.

"The Bishop and his party started up the river two days ago."

Garth, turning, saw Nick Grylls listening with an evil grin.

#### CHAPTER V

MADAME TRUDEAU is the jumping-off place of civilization here, at Trudeau's, is the last brilliant habitation and the last patio, here, the wilderness keeps for the last time on springs, and cuts the last "white" on the wilderness swallows him. It is at once the rendezvous, the place of exchange, and the exchange of the North; the place where the first approaches the intimate, village spirit in that vast land, where a man's doings are crowded with more particularity than in the smallest hamlet outside. For where there are not, in half a million square miles, enough white men to fill a room, or as many white women as a man has fingers, each individual fills a large space in the picture. Away up in Port Somervell, three months' journey from Prince George, they speak of "town" as if it were five miles off.

And Trudeau's on the river bank, quite imposing with its three stories and its gingerbread gallery, is the nucleus of it all. Trudeau's is a reminder of the jolly bustling inns of a century ago. The traders, the policemen, the mail-carriers, the rivermen and the freighters come and go; each sits for a day or two in the row of chairs tipped back against the wall—for no one is ever in a hurry in the North—gives his news if he be on the way "out"; takes it if he be coming "in"; and appoints to meet his friends there next year. The commonest type of all is the genial dilettante, the man who traps a little, prospects a little, grows a few potatoes, and loafs a great deal. Trudeau's is also the eddy which sooner or later sucks in the derelicts of the country, sons or brothers of somebody, incredibly unshaven and down at heel; capitalists of bluster and laborers with the tongue.

Such was the crowd that witnessed Natalie's arrival open-mouthed; and such the individuals that fastened themselves in turn on Garth, with the determination of extracting a full explanation of the phenomenon. Garth succeeded in avoiding at the same time, giving offense and giving information. But he could not prevent a fine podful of rumors from bursting at the Landing, and scattering seeds broadcast over the North.

He found a letter awaiting him from the Bishop. "I find," he wrote, "that Captain Jack Dexter's steamboat will be going up the river to the Warehouse in the middle of the week; and as my preparations are completed a day or two earlier than I expected, I am starting on ahead with my outfit. You will probably overtake us in the big river, as we have to track all the way; but should you be delayed, I will go on up the rapids; and will see that a wagon is waiting for you at the Warehouse, to bring you to me at Pierre Toma's house on Musquasepi. This will be more comfortable for you, as all this first part of the journey is tedious up-stream work."

The good man little suspected when he wrote it, what a quandary his kindly note would throw Garth into.

After supper, he and Natalie, sitting in the rigid little parlor upstairs, talked it over; while Mademoiselle Trudeau, aged fifteen, sought to entertain them by rendering effete popular songs on the famous piano. From below came the rise and fall of deep-voiced talk, and the incessant click of billiard balls.

Natalie made a picture of adorable perplexity to Garth's eyes as she said: "What would you advise me to do?"

"How can I advise you?" he said, looking away; "I do not know all the circumstances."

"But I can't tell you now," she said appealingly. "Don't you see my reasons for going must not be allowed to influence our decision as to whether I can go?"

Garth did not exactly see this; but unwilling to beg for her confidence, he remained silent.

"My trouble is," she continued presently, "that if we follow the Bishop and overtake him, he'll virtually be obliged to take me; and I do not wish to force myself on him."

"As to that," Garth said, "one has to give and take in the North. It's not like it is outside. Besides, we pay our own score you know; and carry our own grub. I'll answer for the Bishop."

"Then I see no reason why I should not go," she said.

The journey with her stretched itself rosily before Garth's mind's eye, but his instinct to take care of her made him oppose it. "There is me," he said diffidently, "travelling alone with me, I mean. Even in the North a girl is obliged to consider what people will say."

Natalie shook her shoulders manifestly. "There's not the slightest use urging reasons of propriety," she said resolutely. "As long as my conscience is clear, I can't afford to consider it. This is too important. It affects my whole life. Oh! added in a deeper voice, "There's something in there I have to find out!"

Something in this made Garth's heart lift up a little; for she did not speak as one whose heart was in thrall.

Mademoiselle Trudeau concluded her piece with an ear-tearing discord; and turned self-consciously inviting applause.

"How well you play, dear!" said Natalie, the wheedler. "Isn't it nice to have music away up here! Try something else."

The performer, adoring Natalie, promptly turned her pig-tails to them again, and attacked "Two Little Girls in Blue." Garth groaned.

"Discourages listeners," remarked Natalie, indicating the curtained doorway.

"So," she continued presently, "if you haven't any better reason to urge against it, we'll consider the matter settled."

"Couldn't I go for you?" asked Garth.

She resolutely shook her head. "I have promised," she said.

"It was a promise given in ignorance of the conditions," Garth persisted with rough tenderness. "This wild country is no place for you. I could not bear to see you wet and hungry and cold and tired, and all that is before us—besides dangers we may not suspect."

Natalie faced him with shining eyes. "Clumsy man!" she cried—but there was tenderness in her scorn too. "Do you think this is persuading me not to go? I'm not a doll; I won't spoil with a little rough handling! If you only knew how I longed to experience the real; to work for my living, to get under the surface of things!"

Garth, amazed and admiring of her bold spirit, was silenced.

As they were parting for the night, she said: "As soon as the steamboat casts off, and it's too late to turn back, I will tell you what I have to do up there."

NEXT morning Garth sought an interview with Captain Jack Dexter of the *Aurora Borealis*. At once proprietor, skipper and business manager of his boat, and serenely independent of competition, he was a type new to Garth. His single concession to sea-faring attire was a yachting cap several sizes too small, perched on his spreading brown curls. His face was red; his eyes anxious, blue and bulging. He had the unwholesome, frenetic aspect of the patent medicine enthusiast, not uncommon in the North. Garth interrupted him in a grave discussion of the relative merits of "Pain Killer" and "Golden Discovery."

"I may take a run up to the Warehouse," he said guardedly, in answer to the question. "I'll let you know to-morrow."

"Aren't you sure of going?" asked Garth in some dismay.

"Never sure of nothing in this world," said Captain Jack, with a glance around the circle, sure of applause.

Garth bit his lip. "Haven't you freight to go up?" he asked quietly.

"Plenty of freight offered me," said the skipper coolly. "Plenty to go downstream too."

"But it's highly important I should know what you're going to do," said Garth with increasing heat.

Captain Jack cocked a wary eye at the sky, and spat. "No water in the river," he said at length. "Then you're not going," said Garth.

"Didn't say so," said Captain Jack. "May rain shortly, and bring her up an inch or so."

The sky was clear and speckless as an azure bowl. "Do you mean I've got to wait around here indefinitely on the bare chance of it raining?" demanded Garth.

"Told the Bishop I'd bring you up," said Captain Jack in his detached way. "Reckon I can't break my word to the Church."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the beginning?" said Garth, wondering if this was a joke. "When will you be starting?"

"Oh, to-morrow, maybe," said the skipper without suspecting the least humor in the situation; "or Thursday—or Friday; whenever I can get the boys together. You just stay around and I'll let you know."

With this Garth was forced to be content.

Next there was the business of laying in supplies from the "Company." Garth tasted to the full the sweets of partnership, as he and Natalie gauged each other's appetite, and made their calculations. Paul Smiley accompanied them in the capacity of expert adviser; but the old man was inclined to be scandalized at the extravagant luxuries Garth insisted on adding to the five great staples of Northern travel; viz., bacon, flour, baking-powder, tea and sugar. Garth must have besides, canned vegetables and milk for Natalie; also cocoa, jam and fresh butter. The whole was contained in four goodly boxes.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Natalie. "Fancy our two little selves getting outside all that! Picture us waddling back to civilization."

Garth also made the necessary rougher additions to her wardrobe; and bought her a rifle of small calibre.

In the afternoon, with strict injunction to Natalie to remain indoors during his absence, he set off to a half-breed cabin a mile up the river, to obtain a supply of moccasins for both. Mademoiselle Trudeau undertook to bear Natalie company at home.

He had not been gone long before the Convent-bred child with her precise phrases began to get on the nerves of the irrepressible Natalie. At the same time the exquisite clarity of the Northern summer air, the delicate mantling blue overhead, and the liquid sunshine on the foliage all began to tempt her sorely. Across the road a field of squirrel-tail, dimpling silkily in the breeze, stretched to the river bank, and she saw she could cross it without passing any house. Natalie was never the one to resist such a lure; she sent the child away on an imaginary errand, and slipping out by the side door, crossed the field, and gained the bank without, as she fondly hoped, having been seen by the row of gossipers with their chairs tipped back against the front of the building. Rejoicing in her freedom, she followed the path Garth had taken along the edge of the bank.

NATALIE had not escaped the hotel unobserved; as she went leisurely waving her banners along the river path, a gross, burly figure with downcast head followed, pausing when she paused, and taking advantage of the taller bushes for cover. It was not characteristic of Natalie to look behind her; she continued her zigzag course all unconscious; sweeping her skirts through the grass, and ever and anon whistling snatches like a bird. At last she plumped down on a stone beside the path; and gazing up the unknown river of her journey, thought her bird-like thoughts.

Nick Grylls appeared around the bushes. For the fraction of a second she was utterly dismayed; then sharply calling in her flying forces, she nodded politely, as one nods to a passer-by; and looked elsewhere.

But the man had no intention of taking the hint. He had the grace to pull off his hat—the first time he had bared his head to a woman in many a long day—and he paused, awkwardly searching in his mind for the ingratiating thing to say. What he finally blurted out was not at all what he intended.

"You think I'm a coarse, rude fellow, Miss," he said with the air of a whipped schoolboy.

"You have never given me any reason to think otherwise," she said.

Grylls incessantly turned his hat brim in his fat freckled hands. "I am not as bad as you think," he said dully. "Somehow I seem to have a worse look when I am by you."

"I ain't had early advantages," he continued. "I never learned how to dress spruce; and talk with good grammar. But a man may have good metal in him for all that."

"Certainly!" said Natalie crisply.

"There ain't no reason why we shouldn't be friends."

"None at all," she returned. "Neither do I see any reason why we should be."

"But say, I can help you up here," he said eagerly. "I know the ropes. I have the trick of mastering the breeds. I have money in the country. I can do what I like."

"You wouldn't want me to simulate friendship for the purpose of using you?" said Natalie.

"Yes, I would," he sullenly returned. "I'd take your good will on any terms."

"I can't make believe to be friendly," she said briefly. "I give it gladly when I can."

"Show me what to do to be friends with you," he pleaded, not without eloquence. "I have the time and the money and the determination to do it—anything!"

But it was impossible Natalie should feel the slightest pity for a creature of so gross an aspect. "I cannot show you," she said coolly. "You must teach yourself."

Grylls began to be encouraged by his own rising passion. "All I ask is a fair show," he said in a more assured voice. "Give me a chance as well as this squib of a reporter you picked up in Prince George. What can he do for you? Let me take you to the Bishop. I can carry his whole party through the country at a rate he never thought of!"

Downright anger now came to Natalie's aid. "My arrangements are made," she said curtly. "I do not care to change them."

Grylls's eyes quailed again under the direct look of hers; and a deeper red crept under his skin. "If I can't help, I can hinder," he muttered.

"Threats will not help you," said Natalie, instantly and clearly.

"You don't know what you're up against," he continued, still muttering. "I tell you I carry the breeds in my pocket. No white man knows them but me. I can hold you up wherever I please. I've only to give the word and you'll starve on the trail—you and your reporter!"

Natalie arose. For the moment she was too angry to speak. The man looked on her flashing beauty; and in the madness of his desire to possess it he forgot his awe of her.

"God! How beautiful you are!" was forced from his breast like a groan.

Natalie's breath came like a frightened bird's. Flight she realized was dangerous—but it was as dangerous to stay; and how could she stay listening to him! Nick Grylls's own bulk cut off her retreat in the direction of the settlement—but somewhere in the other direction was Garth.

He made a move toward her. "What's to prevent me from taking you now?" he muttered.

Natalie, turning, fled along the path; running like a bird with incredibly swift, short steps.

Nick Grylls plunged after her, passion lending his great bulk lightness and speed. The path, which is used for tracking boats up-stream, skirted the extreme edge of a high-cut bank bordering the river. On the one hand a single false step would have precipitated them to the beach twenty-five feet below; on the other hand the branches of an impenetrable undergrowth scourged their faces as they ran.

The scene flashed past her like the half-sensed panorama of a hideous dream. She dared not look over her shoulder, but she could hear his heavy steps falling closer and closer. "He can run faster than I," she thought; and a dreadful sinking clutched her heart. She hazarded a fearful glance at the water below. In another instant she would have leapt over; but she felt the ground tremble and give under her feet. She staggered, and with a desperate leap, gained a firm foothold beyond. Behind her, with a rumble and a hissing roar a great section of the bank half slid, half fell to the river beach beneath, carrying down bushes, trees, stones—and her pursuer.

She ran on without a backward look. In her thankful heart she could now spare a glance of



pity for the half-crazed man; but it did not carry her to the length of stopping to see what had befallen him.

A little way farther on, the bank flattened down into a little valley, which conveyed a brook to the river. A path struck inland here. Natalie, leaping from stone to stone across the stream, suddenly saw Garth's figure heave into sight around a bend in the path. Instantly she slackened her pace; and her hands went to her breast to control the agitation of the tenant there. She did not intend he should learn what had happened.

So when they met she was perfectly quiet; but her eyes were luminous, and her voice had a new dove-like note.

He instantly started to scold her for venturing so far alone. She was glad to be scolded. She could not help slipping her arm through his for a moment, just to feel that he was there.

"I will be good," she murmured in a moved, vibrant tone, like the deepest note of the oboe. "Hereafter I will do exactly as you say."

Returning, upon reaching the path up the valley, she made him turn inland; and they pursued a round-about course back to the hotel. Nick Grylls, unhurt except as to certain abrasions and furiously sullen, had reached there before them. During the rest of their stay he carefully avoided them; but Garth was more than once conscious of the venomous little eyes fixed upon him.

## CHAPTER VI.

NATALIE TELLS ABOUT HERSELF.

THE little stern-wheeler lay with her nose tucked comfortably in the mud of the river bank; and a hawser taut between her capstan and a tree. Every soul on board, except the three passengers, slept. Garth and Natalie were sitting in the corner of the upper deck astern, on the seat which encircles the rail. The third passenger, a mysterious person, who all unknown to the other two had been making it her business to watch them, observing where they sat, had softly entered the end stateroom; and with her head at the window, stretched her ears to hear their talk.

The Aurora Borealis, after the loss of three precious days, during which Captain Jack endlessly backed and filled, and the water in the river steadily fell, had finally cast off that afternoon; and after ascending twenty miles or so, tied up to the bank to await the dawn. It was now about ten; overcast above; velvety dark below; and still as death. For the first time Garth and Natalie missed, with a catch in the breath, the faint, domestic murmur that rises on the quietest night from an inhabited land. It was so still they could occasionally hear the stealthy fall of tiny, furry feet among the leaves on shore. The trees kept watch on the bank like a regiment of shades at attention. The moment provided Natalie's opportunity to fulfil her promise.

"I will try to be very frank," she began by saying, "I am so anxious you should not misunderstand. You have been so good to me!"

"Please don't," said Garth uncomfortably. "Take me for granted as a man would. I shall never be at ease with you, if you're going to be thanking me at every opportunity!"

"I'll try not to," she said meekly. The darkness swallowed the smile and the shine her eyes bent on him.

"I've lived all my days in a Canadian city back East," she began; "too big a place to be simple; and too small to be finished. I never appreciated the funny side of it until I travelled. You have no idea of the complacency of such a place, the beautiful self-sufficiency of the people; you should hear what a patronizing tone they take toward the outside world.

"We've always been as poor as church mice," she continued in a tone of cheerful frankness. "We live in a huge house that is gradually coming down about our ears; the drawing-room carpet is full of holes; the old silver is shockingly dented and the Royal Worcester all chipped. There are other household secrets I need not go into. People are kind enough to make believe not to notice—even when they get a chunk of plaster on the head.

"Everybody says it's my father's fault; they say he's a ne'er-do-weel; and even unkind things. But he's such a dear boy—" Natalie's voice softened—"as young, oh! years younger than you! And everything invariably goes wrong

with his affairs," she continued briskly; "but he is always good-tempered, and never neglects to be polite to the ladies. My mother has been an invalid for ten years. We do all we can for her; but, poor dear! she isn't much interested in us! Can you blame her? And I have half a dozen dear, bad little brothers and sisters. We're all exactly alike; we fight all the time and love one another to distraction.

"A man, the first, fell in love with me when I was eighteen—six years ago," she presently resumed. "Of course I do not count all the dear, foolish boys before that—they say in Millerton that the boys attach themselves to me to finish their education—but that's all foolishness. I'm so very fond of boys! I could laugh and hug them all! They're so—so theatrical! But the man was different; he was fifteen years older than I; and alas! another ne'er-do-weel! He had been a football and a cricketer hero; he was very good-looking in a worn-out, dissipated kind of way. He had gone to the bad in all the usual ways I believe—even dishonesty; though I didn't learn that until long afterward.

were spoken the whole extent of the hideous mistake I had made was revealed to me—why is it we see so clearly then? We went direct from the ceremony to the station, where he boarded his train for the West. I have not laid eyes on him since. His name is Herbert Maby—and that, of course, is my legal name, which I have never used. It was his mother you met in Prince George."

Garth drew a deep breath; and carefully schooled his voice. "Is he alive?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "My journey is to find him."

"Was it necessary for you to come?" he asked.

"There was no one else," she said. "No one but Mrs. Maby and he and I know of the marriage. There were many reasons—and complicated ones. I do wish to be frank with you; but I scarcely know how to explain. Only one thing is clear to me; I had to come; or never know peace again.

"I have a conscience," she went on presently; "a queer, twisted thing; and with every man that became fond of me, thinking I was free, it hurt me more—though perhaps it did them no real harm. And then there was Mrs. Maby—how can I explain to you about her?"

"I think I understand," Garth put in.

"She has been very kind to me all these years; but it was a kind of tyrannical kindness, too—it was as if she was tying me to her with one chain of kindness after another. And I wished to live my own life! And it seemed to me that the only way in which I could discharge my obligations to her, and win my freedom, was by doing this thing, which she so ardently desires. She believes, you see, that I am the only one who can save him."

Garth muttered something which sounded uncomplimentary to Mrs. Maby.

"But I am really fond of her," Natalie said quickly. "She has a mortal disease," she added; "one must make allowances for that."

"Where is he?" Garth asked.

"His last letter, eight months ago, was post-marked Spirit River Crossing," she said. "We gathered from it that he had a place somewhere near there. We know very little. At first he wrote often and cheerfully; he seemed to be getting on; but later, he moved about a great deal; his letters came at longer intervals; and the tone of them changed. His mother thinks his health has broken down. I am to find out; and to save him, if I can."

There was a long silence here. Garth could not speak for the fear of betraying an indignation which could only have hurt her; and Natalie was busy with her own painful thoughts.

"There is something else," she resumed at last in a very low tone. "I have not yet been quite frank with you—and I do so wish to be! You must not think I am undertaking this purely on his mother's account; for there is a selfish reason too. In the bottom of my heart there is a hope—perhaps it is a

wicked hope—but if you knew how this collar has galled me!" She stopped; and then quickly resumed. "I married this man with my eyes open; and I will do my part by him—but if—" her voice fell again—"if it has not helped him; if in spite of my honest efforts to save him, and all the letters I wrote, if he has fallen lower than ever, and has ceased to struggle—then I will consider my part done!"

There seemed to be no more to say. Garth's heart was beating fast; and he was longing to tell her that he understood; and that he loved and admired her for what she had told him, but he could not tell her coldly, and he would not tell her warmly. As for Natalie, she waited breathlessly for his first word; mightily desiring his approval, but too proud to ask it. Finally she could stand the suspense no longer and pride succumbed. It took her a long time to get the question out.

"Are you—are you sorry you volunteered to take me?" she faltered.

"No!" cried Garth in a great voice.

She found his hand in the darkness; and gave it a swift, grateful squeeze. "Good-night!" she whispered; and ran to her stateroom.

Garth, with his pipe and the mighty stillness to bear him company, remained on deck until dawn. In the spirit of the North he discovered something akin to his own soul; the solitude and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



Natalie paused, and with the ceasing of her voice the great silence of the North woods seemed to leap between them, thrusting them asunder. Garth's heart for the journey was gone.

"He was returning to Millerton after a long absence," she went on; "his people were well known there. He appeared to be perfectly mad about me; and my poor little head was quite turned. His wickedness was vague and romantic; for no one ever explained anything to me of course; and the idea of leading him back into the paths of righteousness was quite distractingly attractive. I had no one to put me right, you see—but perhaps I wouldn't have listened if I had had.

"I won't weary you with all the silly details of the affair. My cheeks are burning now at the thought of my colossal folly. He won his mother over to his side. He was an only child; and she would have chopped off her hand to serve him. She joined her persuasions to his. He swore if I married him he would go out West, turn over that everlasting new-leaf, and make his fortune. He wanted me to marry him before he went, so that he could feel sure of me. I did balk at that; I thought my word ought to be sufficient; but he and his mother pleaded and pleaded with me. Together, they were too much for me; and so, at last, I gave in. I thought I would be saving him; I thought I loved him—it is so easy for children to fool themselves! I married him."

Natalie paused; and with the ceasing of her voice, the great silence of the North woods seemed to leap between them, thrusting them asunder.

Presently she resumed in the toneless voice of one who tells what cannot be mended: "We were married in Toronto. His mother and the clergyman were the only witnesses. The instant the words



# A Story of a Poet's Love and Tribute of Sacrifice

## The Thirteenth Sonnet

By BEATRICE REDPATH

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. L. BLADEN

VINCENT CARRES was one of those fortunate beings who seem destined for success. At college everyone knew instinctively that he would amount to something. It would have been quite absurd to think otherwise. He had all the qualities which were necessary, besides possessing a marvellous capacity for work. It was that, perhaps, more than anything else which I felt would serve him best. Not very much can be achieved without sustained effort. Genius and inspiration . . . well I suppose there are such things, but the man who works seems to go farther in the long run.

The son of a wealthy politician, life had been bountiful to Carres from the very beginning, and there seemed no reason to suppose that it would not continue to be so until the end. Tall, slight, with a pleasant manner and a moderate amount of good looks he was generally popular. We all liked him, partly I imagine because of his consistent good fortune, his air of well-being. That was, all except Burnside. There was no doubt in any of our minds that Burnside was fiercely jealous of Carres. In fact he took no trouble to hide it. He frankly and openly detested him, seldom missing a chance of making some scathing comment whenever Carres' name was mentioned. Of course it was simply a devouring jealousy. He felt that Carres would swim forward to success on an easy tide while he struggled helplessly against adverse conditions. And he was intent on success. It amounted almost to an obsession with him. Strugglingly poor, he was working his way through college with a dogged determination, which in the beginning had commanded a certain amount of respect, but gradually we grew tired of his sullen moods. One after the other, he antagonized the entire class, until he was left pretty much to himself.

After I left college I was away on the other side of the world for a matter of ten years, or more. It was curious to come back to familiar faces again and learn what one's friends had made out of life during that time. It was in a way like going to sleep and finding the calendar pushed on ten years, for I had been too much engrossed simply in living my own life to keep up a sustained interest in what had been going on at home. Of course I had heard scraps of news that had filtered through letters and newspapers, but such reports are never very satisfactory.

It was shortly after my return that I ran across Vincent Carres, and felt a genuine pleasure in meeting him again. From what I gathered from stray remarks he had been very successful. He was insistent that I should come down to his country place for the week end and meet his wife and I felt quite eager to do so.

"You remember Burnside at college," he said just as we were parting, "well, he's my secretary. Quite a useful one too."

I exclaimed in genuine astonishment, remembering Burnside's old hatred for Carres. It was distinctly curious.

"Poor devil," Carres went on to say, "he was absolutely at the end of his tether. I ran across him one day on the street. He was literally starving. I never thought he would turn out to be any use, but he saves me no end of trouble one way and another. Answers letters and sees uninteresting people . . . not much of a job, but better than starving."

It seemed utterly incongruous. I remembered Burnside's old enmity for Carres, and I did not imagine that this would in any way lessen it. What irony to be forced into such a position! But I could not feel any particular pity for Burnside. He had been too thoroughly unpleasant. Almost I pitied Carres for having to have such an individual under his roof. But perhaps he did not notice the other man's ill feeling towards himself, or perhaps Burnside had learned that sullenness did not pay towards the hand that fed you.

I discovered Carres' house at Meeds to be a marvellous old place with red roofs and grouped chimneys and long sloping eaves. Wide lawns stretched down to a winding river while along the borders daffodils flamed like a thousand candle fires. There was an aged gardener raking the paths and the tinkle of his rake seemed to scrape against the silence. There was peace here and ample time for living, and I breathed a sigh of envy. As I had always supposed he would, Carres had received from life its undiminished best.

His own pleasure in the place was genuinely simple and unaffected, but I could see that more than anything else he was absorbed in his work.



"Carres and Burnside went off early in the evening, to go over some manuscript, and I was left with Madeleine Carres."

He was bringing out another book shortly, and he seemed almost to grudge a moment away from his desk. The habit of work had grown upon him. He could not help it, he was driven forward by something from within that would not allow him to rest and enjoy all that life had afforded him. Meeting Madeleine Carres I realized more than ever that life had given to him without stint. She was a tall, slender woman who walked with a swaying movement that was all grace and charm. Her eyes were large and gray and fringed with stiff black lashes which gave them an extraordinary star-like quality. They shone big and dark in the slightly pale oval of her face. She greeted me with a soft slurring voice in a manner that was slightly distant, a trifle aloof. She struck me as being difficult to know, there was almost a shade of coldness in her manner.

It was only that evening when she sang to us after dinner in the long airy music room that I recognized her marvellous voice. Madeleine Simon of course! Everyone on two continents had heard of Madeleine Simon, even I had heard of her from the other side of the world, and remembered having once heard her sing. Apparently she had quite willingly given up her career to marry Carres. I wondered, as I sat listening to her, if she had ever regretted it. Carres, so wrapped up in his work, scarcely seemed to be the man for her.

BURNSIDE came into the room just as she had finished, to speak to Carres, and greeted me with a shade of surprise. I found him very much changed. It was only too apparent that life had rolled over him with all the crushing force of a steam roller. I felt that he must bitterly resent my seeing him in his present position, especially if he remembered how in the past he had spoken of Carres. He must most bitterly resent the contrast between his fortune and that of Carres. He had become retiring in manner, almost self-deprecating, as though continually aware of his inferiority. At least that was how he appeared at first. Later I began to see that he had in reality not changed very much. He was merely trying to disguise the old jealousy. Watching him as he spoke to Carres, I still felt that it seethed within. Carres and Burnside went off early in the evening to go over some manuscript, and I was left with Madeleine Carres. She returned to the piano and began to play softly while I leaned back in my chair taking as much pleasure from looking at her as from listening to the music. I spoke of her cruelty in robbing the world of her voice to bestow it solely upon Carres, and she laughed lightly, and then on a sudden grew more serious.

"Happy women don't need careers," she said as she swept the keys with her long, slim hands. "The happy women are the women you don't hear about."

"And so in future we are not to hear of you," I said, wondering a little whether she was actually happy. One could learn very little about her actual feelings. She seemed to be continually throwing up barriers behind which she hid herself.

"No, you will not hear of me, but you will hear more and more of Vincent," she said, letting her hands fall into her lap. "You went to college with him, of course, so I suppose you are not sur-

prised to find out how much he has accomplished already. He has a wonderful mind, and he works, oh how he works! There is no end to it. He never seems to tire. He seems to me like an exhaustless machine that cannot stop. If he hadn't such a splendid constitution, I would be afraid that he would break down from overwork."

"I suppose Burnside helps him quite a lot," I said. "He also used to be a beggar for work at college. I'm surprised that he hasn't done more. He was so determined in those days that he would succeed. He was so sure of himself."

She shook her head, and for a moment a slightly pitying expression crossed her face. She seemed for a moment softened.

"Poor David," she said, and I was surprised for an instant at her use of his Christian name. But of course it was only natural, seeing that he and Carres were old friends. "He is one of those people who are doomed, I'm afraid, to stand by and see other people get all the good things of life . . . all in fact that he himself desires and could never, never have."

I looked at her curiously for a moment, wondering just how much she intended to say.

"It must lead to bitterness of spirit," I said, still wondering a little.

"No," she said, "with some natures it might . . . but not with David. I think he has grown used to it. One can even grow used to ill fortune in time."

I wondered a little at her lack of perception. That was not how I had read Burnside, unless he had greatly changed. From the little I had seen of him since my arrival, I thought there was still the old brooding antagonism towards Carres. But perhaps I was mistaken. She surely should know, living under the same roof. Perhaps he had resigned himself to the inevitable with a good grace and I was merely hearing the echoes of the past. For his own sake I hoped so. Bitterness is not pleasant fare to feed upon.

I went down to Meeds several times that summer, and then there came a disruption in my own affairs, and it was actually two years before I heard anything of the Carres, and then it was in a fashion to leave me shocked, stunned, aghast! Vincent and Madeleine Carres were drowned together while crossing from Naples to Palermo in one of those wretched little packet boats plying their trade between the two ports. There had been a violent storm, and the boat to which the Carres had entrusted their lives had foundered. Nothing much was heard in detail of the disaster. The public, like myself, were left simply dazed by the fact that they had been drowned.

From the reports I read in the different papers I realized that Carres was much of a figure in his own particular world. I had not realized previously to what an extent. There were long paragraphs extolling his wonderful brain, his marvellous energy, the amount of his achievement, the amazing amount of work which he had done in a brief number of years. It was hard to reconcile myself to the fact that he was dead and that Madeleine Simon also was dead, that her beauty was gone, perished forever, and that marvellous voice which had thrilled and charmed and delighted so many was forever silent. Such a shocking waste of life angered one at the casualness of



fate, at the very idea that such a catastrophe could occur. It seemed an inexcusable dispensation of Providence, an irreparable loss which nothing could justify. And then following swiftly upon the tragedy, before the public had had time to forget to exclaim over the disaster, came the sonnets, exquisite verses in which Carres made imperishable the love that he bore his wife. It was a marvellous monument, an epitaph without parallel. The sonnets were as though carved in marble, they would make the same of Madeleine Carres ring through the ages. They almost made one forget to brood over the horror of the tragedy since by it had come such a revelation of genius.

They refuted the fact which I had always dimly believed, that Carres' work had been the real love of his life. I had never felt quite certain that there was a great love in Carres' life. He seemed always consuming himself, burning up the fire within him with his ardor for work. But the sonnets denied any such theory. Witherton, as Carres' publisher, was all jubilation over the finding of the sonnets. I dropped in to see him one day in his office in Sloane street and found him keyed up to a pitch of enthusiasm.

"It's the summit of his career," he said, picking up the little volume which lay upon his desk, "these will be remembered when everything else that Carres did will be forgotten. They are exquisite . . . they are inspired!"

"You think Carres had genius," I said meditatively, "I always thought it was just a super-human faculty for work. It seemed to absorb him to the exclusion of everything else in the world."

"These weren't done without genius," Witherton said, "no amount of work could accomplish things like this unless there was a spark of the divine fire within."

"He seemed too absorbed to be capable of a great passion," I said, still lingering over the subject.

"H'm," mumbled Witherton over his pipe stem, "he didn't wear his heart on his sleeve perhaps. He was a bigger man than even the world gave him credit for being. These sonnets go to prove it."

"At any rate, he had an excellent subject for the sonnets," I said. "Madeleine Carres was a very beautiful woman," and I lost myself for a moment in the remembrance of her charm. Witherton recalled me by speaking suddenly.

"I think you said that you knew that man Burnside. Went to college with him, didn't you? Curious duck. I wonder if you could do something to help me. We are bringing out a biography of Carres, and I want to get at some minor points, but I couldn't get a thing out of the man. I ran down to see him, he's still living in the house, indexing the library I believe, but he's like an oyster as far as Carres is concerned. He won't talk. Perhaps he might talk to you. What do you say to running down some day and seeing what you can get out of him. I'll give you a note of some of the points I would like to have cleared up."

I told Witherton that I would do so, but knowing Burnside, I did not imagine that I would have much success. Still I was rather glad of the excuse to run down to Meeds and see the man, for I was curious to see how he would have taken the finding of the sonnets. I rather imagined that he would not be able to conceal his rancor from me. They would be the bitterest blow of all. I began to feel sorry for Burnside. After all, the beggar at the feast is not a particularly enviable position, and as far as Burnside was concerned, there did not seem to be even a crumb to fall to his lot.

THERE was an air of miscellaneous disorder about the house at Meeds the day that I went down, very different to the last time that I had been there. The atmosphere was that in which orderly living had come to a sudden stop, where the servants are without guidance and tasks are left undone. I looked around the room in which Burnside had been sitting at a large desk and saw the bloom of decay on tables and mantelpieces. Life after all was a queer proceeding I thought. The Carres, who had all that life could give, apparently, swept away in the very midst of enjoyment and success, while a man like Burnside, who had nothing especially to hold him to life, remained behind. Too queer to think about, the ordering of Providence. One could only vaguely hope that there was some sense and reason back of it all.

I looked at the book shelves which climbed to the high ceiling and remarked to Burnside on the amount of reading which Carres had apparently done.

"Yes, there was no limit to his energy," he responded in rather a disparaging manner, "it was his chief characteristic. He had notes for a

dozen volumes or more. If he had lived, one could not say where he would have stopped."

"If he had lived, the verses would not have been found," I said, "and after all they are what counts. As far as I personally am concerned, all the rest of his work might be put in the fire and not be missed. Of course, I daresay everyone doesn't feel just as I do. I suppose," I said, curious as to his reply, "that the sonnets took you as much by surprise as anyone."

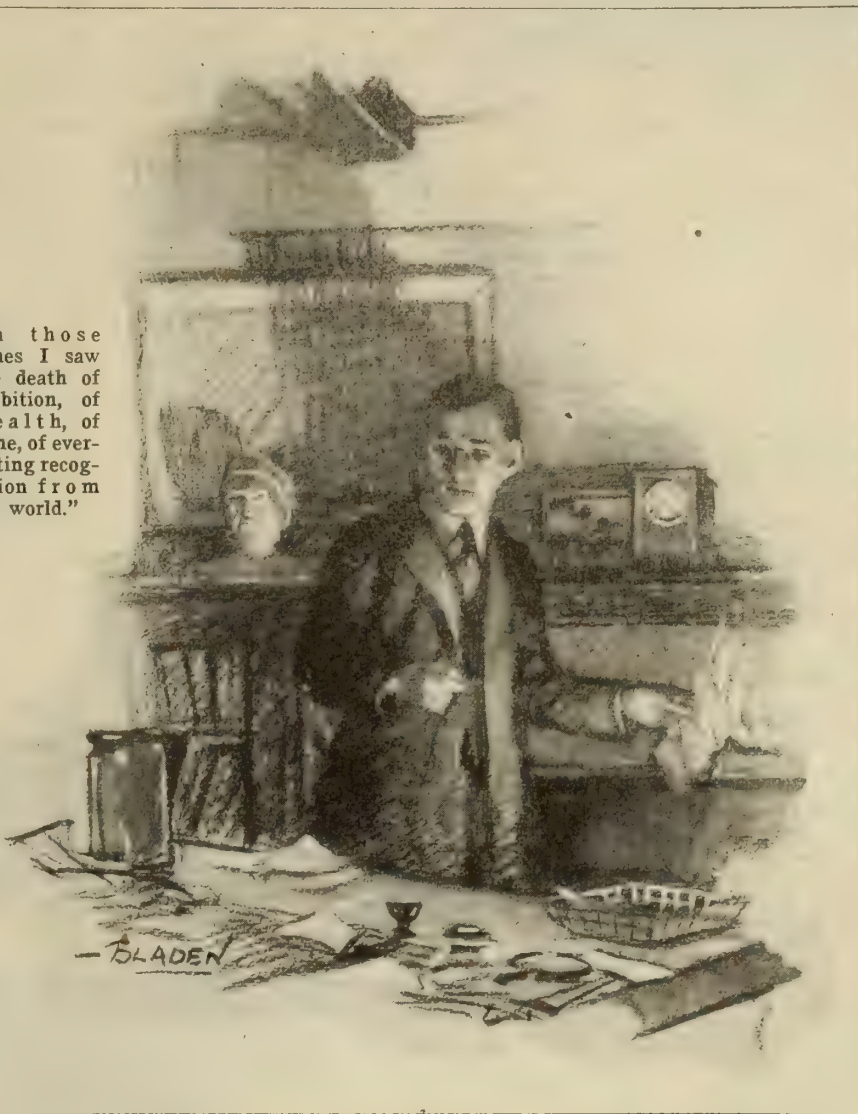
"I don't think I am ever much surprised," he said slowly, "at a thing of that sort. It's not easy to sum up anyone's possibilities. I always believe," he went on in introspective tones, "that each one of us has genius if only he can discover the proper inspiration. Only, unfortunately, there are few of us who ever do," he added, turning to look at me with an ambiguous expression.

So that was the manner in which he consoled himself for his obscure place in life. The inspiration had not come to him, otherwise he might have been as famous as Carres. It was at least a comfortable theory. Perhaps it took the edge off his bitterness.

"We can't all of us be poets," I said to further conciliate him. "Anyway, it wouldn't do. Even genius requires an audience."

Inevitably, he delved into generalities whenever I broached the subject of the sonnets. Otherwise he appeared to be quite willing to speak of Carres. I could see that the subject of the sonnets was bitterly displeasing to him. He resented their

"In those ashes I saw the death of ambition, of wealth, of fame, of everlasting recognition from the world."



existence, he resented them to the point of passion. That much I learned by his steady silences, by his marked unwillingness to make any allusion to them whatever. I felt that he would not allow himself to speak of them at all lest he should give vent to the fury of jealousy that seethed within him. The rest of Carres' work did not count apparently. He tossed it aside with a wave of his hand. But the sonnets . . . there was genius without question. He could not lessen their pure beauty by any words of scorn. And so he left them alone. He ignored them. These strange cloistered characters who live shut up within themselves, what queer passions they so often conceal under a disguise of mildness!

I came in that evening from a prowl about the grounds, to find Burnside standing with his back to the door of the long drawing room, lost in contemplation of a small portrait which hung against a narrow strip of black velvet on the gray wall. I saw instantly that it was a portrait of Madeleine. As he turned about with a hint of embarrassment in his manner, I saw his face and a sudden swift and amazing intuition swept through me. It astounded me, it left me perfectly aghast at what was so plainly revealed in his face. There was no disguising it. Burnside's narrow face was positively illumined by an inner radiance. I was embarrassed myself at such an utter revelation, and turned to look at the painting on the wall.

It was quite extraordinarily life-like. The gray eyes were calmly meditative, the lips curved slightly as though Madeleine were just a shade amused by life. It gave one the impression that she had been always an onlooker, more aloof even than I myself had fancied her in the few times I had seen her. The painter had caught more than a passing resemblance.

"She was a very beautiful woman," I said to the silent figure at my elbow.

He sighed an assent to my words.

"She was more than that," he said after a brief pause, "she was a wonderful woman."

"But cold," I said, "I cannot somehow conceive of her as being the recipient of the sonnets. She was like a marvellous statue. Even her voice lacked feeling. It was as clear as crystal and with just as much warmth."

I saw the color flare into his cheeks. He took a few steps away and gave an impatient shrug to his shoulders. His manner was always brusque, almost uncouth, and at present it was almost more markedly so.

"Decidedly," he said with a note of absolute disdain in his voice, "she was not a woman to revel in emotion. She did not steep herself in sensation as so many women do. She was restrained if you like, if you mean that she did not run over with a cheap and silly sentimentality. She abhorred anything of the sort. She did not condescend to walk in the ruck of emotion. She was as distant as a star . . . and as beautiful and mysterious," he said with a sudden deepening of tone.

He was positively uplifted. I had never heard him say so much in all the years that I had known him. His moroseness had fallen from him. He was a different creature. Curious, I thought, this melancholy figure a worshipper at the shrine of

the beautiful Madeleine. No wonder he did not wish to speak of the sonnets, no wonder, indeed! Even in death Carres had made her so supremely his. What a life this man must have led, in the very glare of the Carres' romance, conscious as he must have been all the time of the intensity of their love for one another. Poor devil! This was something very different to the old jealousy. That had been engulfed long since, swept quite away, drowned in the very sea of this new bitterness. I no longer wondered at his jealousy or felt it to be any reproach. He would not have been human if he had not bitterly resented the appearance of the sonnets. To Carres, the fame, the applause of multitudes, the love, the glamour, the romance . . . to this man nothing but a pale and formless dream.

HOW the discovery of the sonnets must have tortured him anew. Even after death the world must ring with the story of that great love, with the romance which he had watched all those years, brooding in silence and loneliness of spirit. I felt curiously sorry for him. What lives there are I thought and how little one knows! Great passions abroad under such strange disguises. A shabby uninteresting looking man, a man sullen and morose to a marked degree and beneath what a flame of passion, what depths of desire. I remembered the words that Madeleine Carres had said to me once concerning him . . . that he was of the kind who must stand by and see others get all that he desired. Had she known then? I remembered at the time that I had wondered just all she meant to convey but had pushed the idea aside as too absurd to contemplate. How he must have suffered in his proximity to their love. I could only think of him as a gray moth circling about the very flame that singes its wings.

I was intent on writing down some notes at the large desk in the library which Burnside had placed at my disposal the following morning, when a light breeze from the open window fluttered some sheets of paper to the floor. I stooped to pick them up, and in doing so saw that one of them was a verse the opening line of which seemed vaguely familiar. I read on wondering where I had seen it before, until I realized to my complete amazement that it was one of the sonnets . . . but one which I had not seen. It was the rhythm that was familiar . . . not the words. I laid it down on the desk but continued to read it over in increasing surprise, startled by the fact that lay so clearly before me. It was copied in Burnside's handwriting, I recognized the sprawling capitals, the peculiar flourish to the letters. Why had he withheld this sonnet? Had he withheld others besides? I re-read the lines and found them even more delicately beautiful than the sonnets which had been published. Of course it must be included in the next edition. No matter what the man's feelings might be in the matter, this was definitely dishonest. Then, as I sat there, the verse before me, I saw that Burnside was standing in the doorway, an enigmatic expression in his eyes. I looked towards him steadily and a deep flush suffused his face. He took a quick step forward into the room and then paused, uncertain, hesitating.

"What does this mean?" I asked him showing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)







# A Story of War's Tragedy, Illumined by Youthful Love

## "KIA PONO TONU"

By FRANCES AMHERST

ILLUSTRATED BY J. F. WHITE

THEY sat against a bank of poppies, a man and girl, that August of 1917. Above their heads the young wheat waved and at their feet stretched undulating fields of crops, and sheep pasture. A stone's throw away ran "the second most important railway in France," up which one so often cheered the smiling men in khaki or met those silent forms in gray blankets that gray cars with red crosses brought down the line, to be cared for at "No. 1 Can."

Far off a flock of sheep were feeding. At this distance they were like a soft white cloud, moving up the valley. The Camiers gun school was silent, the bees hummed loudly and the sea-birds called behind the dunes.

The girl broke the silence, "When those sheep reach the sky-line we must go back to the base."

The man's answer was not in words, his right hand turned the girl's beautiful head towards him as it lay in the hollow of his arm, they looked into each other's eyes, and with a despairing fierceness, kissed. The girl gave a little shaky laugh, "You had one only yesterday, you know!" "It's a long time between drinks in this war, dear!" said the man, with a touch of grim humor through his passion.

From the very jaws of death these two children were forced to snatch at love, love that would have been their due in the days before the Sacrifice of Youth, before the Altar of the Bloody Ditch snatched greedily at all that was beautiful and young. The girl from her white vine-covered home by Lake Ontario, and the boy from the Land of the Black Swans were equally part of that Sacrifice.

"Oh! You have the Southern Cross even on your buttons," she said, making this discovery when her face was very near his own. "And the ferns on my collar badge," he replied, "you ought to see them in New Zealand, up to the saddle-bow."

She asked him for the translation of the Maori words on his badge, "Kia Pono Tonu"; "Ever faithful, ever true," the boy's face flushed, "like I told you yesterday."

Yesterday they had stolen an hour of glorious life! On Army horses (shades of King's R. and O!) had they galloped along the sands till they were miles away from that town of tin huts and pain, away from where the salt wind blew through the stunted pines and wheeling gulls called raucously over the receding tide. Together they had watched the lights come out in Paris Plage and the twin "Phares" signal to the Channel ships, that carried men to "Blighty." But the Phantom Town had faded into the sunset and to-day was one day nearer when orders for "up the line" would come to the N.Z.I.B.D.

The man's head was cradled in the girl's arms, she bent over him with a maternal tenderness.

"I could sleep here," muttered the man, his lined and sun-baked face relaxed. "Do go to sleep, I'll watch the time," said the girl. She glanced at their bicycles in the tangle of flowers by the hedge, and down the hard white road, where at any moment marching men, an A.S.C. truck or a Staff car (for this was Haig's road to the front) might steal their few moments of peace. His thin brown hand and the dogged looking little wrist watch that had seen Suvla Bay, caressed her neck where the stiff C.A.M.C. collar left a merciful "V."

Life gave her, in those few moments, the strongest draught of happiness it would offer her. Agonizingly she watched the sheep feed up the hill, the moving cloud had already reached the horizon, a coldness fell upon her, the sun had left the dunes.

The man stirred on her stiff arm, "My sweet woman, have I been sleeping all this time?"

The little kit was packed, his new issue of spoon, fork and tin, the bicycles wheeled through the soft sand to the road.

They were late. Matron's light was out in her tin hut as they



passed. A lingering touch of hands, and the girl slipped in to the hot courtyard, where the tents stood white and ghostly in the still air.

"Where have you been?" said her tent mate, sleepily, "did you miss the tram from Paris Plage? You are on A Ward to-morrow and there'll be amputations to prepare."

### PART TWO

THROUGH the crowded dining-tent, where "tin cow" was served in tin jugs and the flies settled on the limp salad that disguised the bully-beef, came a little perspiring orderly who whispered to the Sister, "A New Zealand h'officer to see you, Sister, he's been looking everywhere and says he's only got a moment." Something leaped in Sister's eyes and died, and the Fear fell upon her.

She excused herself and went through the crashing room, down the duck-walk to Sisters' Quarters.

There he stood, Bob's rein over his shoulders, his insouciant hat at its usual angle, his thin face just a little anxious as he watched the door, but not betraying in attitude or face his consuming impatience.

"Self-control," thought the girl, what had first attracted her towards him in that little world of Etaples, where all was iron control—or license.

He thrust a velvet case into her hand, "See what the boys have given me," and a chunky little travelling clock of London's most practical make, its bird-cage-like protection heavy over its lum-

inous dial, stared at her. "You're going up," she said through stiff lips, "when?"

"To-morrow at seven a.m." Friends came trooping out of the dining-tent, there was laughter, and sugar for Bob, and exclamations over the travelling clock.

But soon, with that tact that friends had in those days, they were left alone to walk down the cinder-path to the road. All her gaiety fell from her, there was nothing to say, and time was so short! She stuffed into his hand the little smiling photograph of herself in civvies, and turned away to hide the tears.

Suddenly went all pretence and the last fragments of self-control. Oblivious of the Sisters' windows, of the Matron's hut or the boys lounging at the doors of the wards, she clung to her man and drank in the blue of his eyes.

Dolls in the back room of a dolls' house seemed the crowded hillside and its men in blue.

Nothing was real but his kiss and the word to the horse as he rode off. Down the cinder path, along the blazing white road to the Base, she watched, before finally relinquishing the sight of him.

The night in her shaky camp bed was torture. While rats squeaked in the courtyard she tossed and turned, envying the men who were spending these last hours at camp with him, comrades closer than any woman could be.

Cocks crowed at last and kitchen huts began to smoke. A bugle sounded "Come away, come away to the war!"

### PART THREE.

SPORTS DAY for patients! Big tubs rolled on the floor of the Hut for apple bobbing, apples in this fruitless land, and from British Columbia at that!

A croquet tournament and a pie-eating contest!

Men forgot for a while the throbbing arm with the "toobs" in it, while they watched Sister's coif dipping in the apple tub or the smallest boy from Whitechapel beat the largest Aussie in the Ward at pie-dispatching!

Apart from the throng sat a particularly happy looking lad, a large white ticket at the throat of his blue suit, a comfort bag clutched in his hand, containing all that "Rob All My Comrades" had left in his possession. To him approached Sister and with kind intent to relieve his loneliness, "I see you'll soon be sitting up on a Channel boat with a life preserver round your neck!" Quickly came the response from the little son of Erin, "Shure now, Sister, and I'll soon be sitting up in Ireland with something better round my neck!"

A New Zealand hat at the door, a salute, "Can I speak to you for a minute, Sister?"

His best friend. One look at his face and she knew. "Oh wait! Not here;" At the door they faced the truth, while the smoke from the incinerator blew foully down on them, and shouts of "For he's a jolly good fellow" delighted the ear of the sporting Padre.

"Gone?" the question was unnecessary. She heard him say, "Passchendaele, on the 12th; I came right down to you as soon as they knew at the base."

She heard herself answer, "It was good of you."



"You're going up," she said, through stiff lips. . . When?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



# A Sketch Showing the Attractive Force of the Old Home

## WE WILL COME BACK.

By M. EUGENIE PERRY

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. What a heritage of unrest have our pioneer forefathers left us! We are restless, a restless people of movers-on. Can you not see the restless people picture our restlessness well, in the curious soul following our pioneer down through the generations?

First, when Great-Great-Grandfather and family left, say, Scotland—the Curious Soul, arriving closely upon their departure, is told on enquiry, "They've all sailed for America."

Then dallying somewhat on the way, the Curious Soul braves the Atlantic, to reach the great new land just as the United States of America comes on the map, and the United Empire Loyalists have begun their pilgrimage to the wilderness of the North. "They've all left for Canada," the answer, then.

Following to that staunch little Province, Prince Edward Island; ("The Island," to its inhabitants, who look upon it as a land by itself and quite apart from Canada)—the Curious Soul, a generation later, stands on the shore and propounds the age-old question. But Great-Great-Grandfather has passed on, Great-Grandfather, also, and as for Grandfather and his generous family, "They've all sailed for Canada."

Then to Bruce County, Ontario, the Curious Soul, wearying now of the Great Trek, comes querying, and still the answer sounds: "They've left for Manitoba and the Great Nor'-west."

Perchance the Curious Soul grows tired of us by now, but should it come to seek our children's homes, no doubt 'twill find migration still goes on, the answer then, perhaps, "Follow on to the Peace River Country—the land of furthest West."

An automobile ran smoothly along a road in Bruce County; passing through a beautiful bit of country where abandoned farms were all too many; lovely old houses of brick and stone, falling into decay. Presently the car paused before a senile gate, which was either propped up by, or helping to prop, a decrepit fence; but beyond the gate the staunch old house, having hurled defiance at the elements, for years, stood practically intact. Here and there a pane of glass was shattered; here and there a green shutter swung on one hinge; but the red brick had been laid in days when labor was cheap and laborers honest, and was good for many generations yet.

The driver, a slim, intellectual-looking man of middle age, helped his wife from the car, and together they passed through the tangled weeds of the erst-while drive, and up the steps to the solid front door. Catharine raised the old-fashioned knocker and let it fall, and the sound reverberated hollowly through the empty rooms.

"Sounds as if the ghosts of the house were debating whether or no they should let us in," she said with a shiver.

"The ghosts, if such there are," her husband reminded her, "will be of your own kin, and would surely not forbid your entry. I think you will find the 'Open Sesame' to this cave of fortune, or den of horrors, or whatever you are imagining it, resting serenely in your hand-bag."

She produced the heavy key, which, after some twisting and turning, admitted them to the dusty, musty hall.

Catharine McNair, at forty, was a tall, high-bosomed woman of real Highland type, with wavy black hair, color almost too high, and eyes blue-grey as the misty Highland hills. She looked ambitious, capable of realizing her ambitions, and as if the realization had failed to bring her happiness.

Her husband looked office-tired and world-weary, as he was, taking an enforced rest from his busy Winnipeg law office to prevent a severe break-down. They had been camping in a comfortable cottage on the shores of Lake Huron, and had elected to take a day off and visit Catharine's old home. To spend the whole day with only each other for company, had something of the spice of novelty about it, and they were in a mood of real holiday enjoyment and relaxation.

They glanced first into the room on the left of the hall—the large state parlor, in the days when such a word was permitted. Its chief features were: a large bay window looking onto what had once been a croquet lawn, and a stately mantel above a tilted fire-place.

Behind this room and reached through the back hall was the capacious kitchen.

Standing in the front hall, Catharine gazed up the stairway to the broad empty landing.

"Well, what do you see?" John McNair asked her in an amused voice, "I'll bite."

"Great-Great-Grandfather's clock, the one he brought from Scotland—of course I know it isn't there, it is at my brother's in Winnipeg—but I never before saw this landing without it, and somehow my eyes seem to see it still. Do you suppose a clock has a ghost that hangs around the old accustomed haunts? Perhaps it's the ghost of the old works which had to be replaced years ago."

"When I was quite a girl the old family friend began to grow very rheumatic as to joints and wheezy as to voice. Then it took to striking three times for every once. Imagine being awakened at the witching hour of midnight, by the old clock striking twelve, three times. But this feverish burst of energy was its last great effort—its swan song. One night, one of the big weights fell with a crash that resounded

chimney, was presently roaring lustily, the kettle was singing over the spirit lamp, many good things were making their appearance from the basket, and everything seemed so cosy within the room that little recked the McNairs of matters without.

Altogether, it was a most satisfactory picnic (although lacking the crawling insects and smoky tea of the out-door variety), and when the debris was cleared away, Catharine sat down on a cushion, and leaning her head against her husband's shoulder, gazed meditatively into the flames.

"Do you remember," she began her reminiscences, "the good times we used to have in this room in the old days, when you first came to our town as a law-student in Grant's office—the dances, and taffy pulls, and corn-roasts? It seems to me that the youngsters of to-day are much too sophisticated to get out of life the joy which we got, something over twenty years ago. We didn't even despise a barn-raising dance or a hay-ride. Well, each generation to its own variety of pleasure."

Her husband smiled slyly. "Pardon a mere man for venturing to suggest that you take about as much pleasure as the kids in the social doings of our busy town."

Catharine laughed and pinched his ear, "Well," she retorted, "one has to put in the time some way, when one has a husband who spends all his time in money-making, or local politics. My worst night-mare is that I may waken up some morning to find myself a mayoress."

"Now, no puns," he reproved.

"And of course," she went on seriously, "I have to do the best I can for Helen."

"Of course," he agreed; "and that best calls for a good deal of effort from the family money-maker also: but having you to myself for once makes me regret that I don't see more of you. There are days when I doubt if this mad scramble to keep abreast of the times, is the way to get the best out of life."

"I feel a little like that myself, to-day," she admitted. "here in the old house, with the memories of those so-much-less-complex days, crowding us round. Oh, don't you remember the first night you came to the house? We all ran in, breathless from a mad Schottische through the parlor and halls, to find Great-Aunt Bella knitting serenely before the fire; and when we had all gathered round she began the old tale which she never tired of telling, nor we of hearing (to you of course it was quite new). I heard it so often, I can remember almost the very words she used."

"As you know, my dears, when I was young we lived in Prince Edward Island. In those days people believed in generous-sized families (not like the miserable two or three which the young women make such a fuss about nowadays). My father had seven boys and six girls, and to make the numbers even he adopted an orphan girl, and her name was Kitty McCrea. Seven brothers I had and

seven fine upstanding, God-fearing lads they were, going their ways to church every Sunday, and honoring their father and their mother as the Bible bade them; so lived they always—a credit to all who called them kin.

"All, that is, except John Ainslie McNair; and how he lived and how he died, I would indeed I knew. There was no real harm in John Ainslie, but he was aye the ringleader in any mischief which seven healthy boys could think up; and, somehow, he seemed unfitted for the quiet life of that country place; and when he cast his eyes on Kitty McCrea, she flouted him with laughter and jest, and tossing her black curls, said she'd wed no country bumpkin, but a city man who could give her silks and satins and a coach and a pair."

"Then one day up rose John Ainslie in his wrath, and vowed he would fare away to some city of the South, and no word should they hear from him till he had made a fortune and proved himself a man among men of the world. So he went, and sent no word; but once there came from a city of the South, a box addressed to Malcolm McNair, and in it my father found many books (of which he had aye too few for his taste), and a dress for mother, and a dress for me, and a dress for Kitty McCrea. And after that for many a day, Kitty watched the road, with wistful eyes (blue-grey as the Highland hills through the Scotch mists of which my Grandfather

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)



AS IT WAS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

However motors and aeroplanes may come and go, they cannot quite take the place in winter-time of the time-honored sport of coasting.

through the house; and no amount of effort could ever persuade the old time-keeper to speak again."

TO the right of the hall was the big family sitting room—opening at the back through folding doors into the dining-room. The sitting-room also contained a large fire-place, which was placed corner-wise against the walls between the hall and dining-room. It had been boarded up when furnaces first came into use, but about the time Catharine was growing up, fire-places became fashionable again, and this one, in common with many others, was opened up for use once more.

"Oh, Jack," cried Catharine, "do you not remember how we used to sit in front of the fire and tell ghost stories? I wonder if we could find some wood and start a fire; the room seems so damp and I'd love to sit here and have our tea."

"It looks like a shower," her husband answered, "so perhaps it would be a good idea. I might run the car into the open shed I saw behind the house, and bring the cushions in for us to sit on."

They brought in their tea basket, and found some old boards and chips with which to build a fire; and before their arrangements were completed the storm had arrived. The rain pelted the windows and the wind raced through the big maples and circled noisily around the house, banging the broken shutter and rattling the shattered glass. But in the west room there were no damaged panes, and the fire, though sulky at first, owing to the long disuse of the



## Hostels for Newcomers

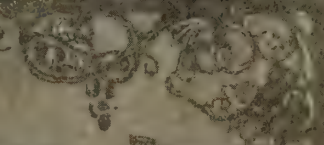
Splendid types of British womanhood are being brought to Canada under the auspices of the Department of Immigration and Colonization from the British Isles, and are being placed in positions in various parts of the Dominion. On arrival at the Canadian ports they are met by officials of the Immigration Department and women's organizations and accommodated in the various women's hostels until suitable employment is provided.



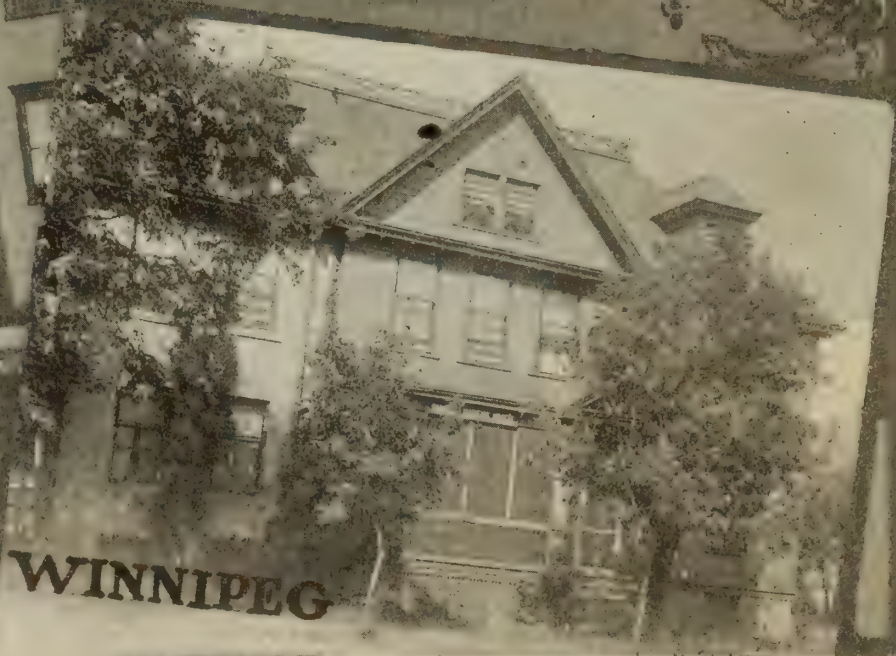
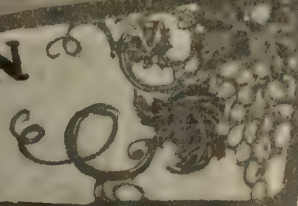
**MONTREAL**



**TORONTO**



**ST. JOHN**



**WINNIPEG**



**REGINA**



**HALIFAX**



# An Article On Our Flower Friends That Make Summer Beauty Everywhere

PLANTS are living, breathing things, and as such, they have a personal influence upon the atmosphere of the home. You know that indoor plants are not exactly as homelike quite different from the which can feel in your mind, especially beautiful ornaments. They are like a companion, the other way round. As a matter of fact, it goes without saying that this. It is because of a demand for one that it is important to have them growing wherever it is convenient indoors. There is the same question of responsibility and interest between you and your plants that there is between you and any human being with whom you come into intimate friendly contact. Your association with all plant life must be mutual. You must give your thought and wisdom and care and effort for the life of your plant, and in return a plant will give you beauty and fragrance and joy. A beautiful peachblow vase may give you a great deal of interest, but it demands nothing from you for its growth and loveliness and for that reason it cannot, except in a very vague way, hold your interest, because interest must be a living thing, a thing that grows with the demands made upon it.

Take, for instance, the cut flowers that we buy by the dozen or by the box from the florist's. They may be full of charm and may add just the needed

*The bell-shaped Gloxinia, a pot of which is seen below, makes an excellent house plant, and well repays by its friendly beauty the little care needed for its cultivation.*



*The Cyclamen, shown above, is a very decorative flower for the home: it is descended from wild flowers which the country children call "Shooting Stars" because they blossom so quickly after the arrival of the spring sun, and because they seem to shoot to earth like a rocket with a trail of splendor behind them.*

touch of color and fragrance to our rooms. But somehow, with all their richness, with all their highly cultivated beauty, the product of years of professional experiment and care, they lack that peculiar intimacy, that friendliness which is one of the most lovable qualities of the home-grown plant. That flower that we ourselves have sown or planted, tended, watched in each stage of its development and unfolding up to the time of blossoming, has acquired an individuality that no outside product can possess. In the same way, the wildflowers that we used to gather when we were children were invested with the special halo that clings to things eagerly waited for, lovingly sought. Had the pleasures of the bunch of arbutus that we saw today from a vendor on the city street in early spring, lies in the fact that it recalls so poignantly the times when we wandered through the woods in search of the tiny pink and white blossoms, half hidden among last year's leaves, exquisite starlike faces whose tender perfume well rewarded our careful quest.

Rooms without growing plants are never really perfectly satisfactory in spite of the change of furniture from one place to another, its readjustment with fresh color from time to time. There must always be moments when the inanimate room bores or stifles one, but never a time when a plant lifting up its branches for the blossoming-time will not win your response, your desire to aid it, your joy in its triumph.

And as a matter of truth, they are one of the best means of ethical training that can be imagined, because you cannot neglect your plant and have it live, overfeed it one day and starve it the next, you cannot treat it badly and hope for forgiveness. It demands, in fact, a very high ethical standing. You will find this out if you ever put means in the keeping of a child; plants and little animals can do more to train growing children to a real understanding of generosity, patience and devotion than all the precepts ever uttered.

## OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS

THEY are in no sense of the word an expensive luxury, but they do demand thought and care. Of course, blossoming plants can be brought from the florist, and with no more care than an occasional watering be made to last a week or two, but plants raised from seeds, bulbs or clippings require a continual, intelligent nursing. They are as sensitive as children to cold draughts, must be fed regularly, washed occasionally and their little peculiarities given considerable attention, but they more than repay for any expenditure of time.

Plants out of doors experience great changes of temperature, of light and of shade. Those in the house to be healthy need similar variation to keep them in the best condition. Their location in a room must be changed occasionally, now a bit of quiet light, then a bath of direct sunshine. They must have plenty of fresh air, yet not be left in a draught; light also is a necessity to their being.

They can do without direct sun, but never without plenty of light, for without light the foliage will be but a sickly, pale green and the plant lack vitality enough to produce blossoms. The leaves must be washed occasionally with soap suds and rinsed with clear water to keep them free from dust and parasites. They require an annual repotting to allow fuller root growth and to provide fresh soil from which they may feed. At such times the old soil should be removed carefully so that the roots will not be injured, and fresh, lightly-sifted soil added. Unless this attention is given them they will become pot-bound, too firmly packed for growth, the earth must be left open and porous, not allowed to become sour.

When plants are taken up from the garden in the fall, the earth must be left clinging to the roots as much as possible, for then it is sweet and full of vitality; but after the plants have lived in the house for some time the soil must be replenished or else enriched by some of the many excellent plant foods placed on the market. The best soil for indoor plants consists of undecayed, organic matter like leaf mold, mixed with a little sand. The earth must never reach to the top of the pot, but enough space be left to hold water and an occasional application of plant food.

MOST people water their house plants too generously. More of these beautiful, living plant friends are lost through too much water than too little. When they are growing rapidly, of course, they require more frequent watering than at their resting times. The condition of the soil at the top gives indication of their need. When the soil is dry it pulls away from the sides of the jar, then water should be applied until it runs through into the saucer. No more water should be given until the plant is dry again. This holds good with nearly all plants with the exception of ferns, which need a continual moisture, though not a soggy condition.

Among the plants suitable for home growing the cinerarias are to be heartily recommended, for they are of an infinite variety of gay colors, easily grown, very hardy, and, being annuals, blossom the first season from seeds. Each plant sends up many stems bearing flowers which reach, under proper care, to a circumference of from seven to nine inches. Most of the colors are crude and primeval-looking, with few half tones to soften their barbaric splendor. Their jaunty gaiety is much in demand to enliven dark rooms, give beauty to a window, brighten a sick-room table. Many good hybrid mixtures can be had at only five cents a package. Hybrid gigantea, a large showy species, is, as

the name indicates, of unusual size. It is popular for greenhouses. Grandiflora stellata, a star cineraria, is one of the most popular species. There are large-flowered white, dark blue, azure blue, pink, scarlet, shaded and rimmed varieties, standing well above deeply-veined beautifully shaped leaves.

The bell-shaped gloxinias, startling of form and coloring, make magnificent house plants. One package of mixed seeds will fill the house with Oriental color. There are also wonderful tuberous plants of dwarf habits, which thrive accommodately indoors. Their trumpet blossoms held aloft on stout stems as though gnome buglers were about to pipe a merry tune upon them, are of every conceivable rainbow shade, from dark wine and deep scarlet to light blue and violet. Sometimes they are white-edged, variously striped, or even spotted finely, like the breast of a thrush. Emperor Frederic is red with a white border; Mt. Blanc, pure white; Emperor William, violet blue with white throat; Defiance, a rich, crimson scarlet. In watering this wonderfully colored plant care must be taken not to wet the leaves, else they will spot and lose much of their beauty.

CALCEOLARIA, a compact, strangely-lobed growth, with orchid-like markings of blossoms, and heart-shaped leaves, is another plant which will thrive willingly in sunny windows and hold its matured flowers for many weeks when placed away from direct light in the centre of a dining table. They look as much like harmless little tiger kittens cuddled peacefully among green leaves as the blossoms of the willows, like soft Maltese kittens scampering up a yellow stem. There are several dwarf varieties as well as many giant ones, all notable for freakishly rich coloring. A tiger-spotted superba and a shrub rugosa are favorites for outdoor growing.

Among the giant-flowered cyclamen, that greatest of all house favorites, may be mentioned the Aigburth crimson, white perfection, the Princess May, a white with rose tip; the lilac, peach blossom, rosy morn and salmon. These names, like the names given by the Indians, being descriptive, need no explanation. There is no limit to the shades of cyclamen to be had, for they range from pure white, through pinks, rose, magentas and cerises to the darkest of wine.

And what can be said in praise of the faithful geranium, that humble flower which blossoms as gaily in an old tin can as in the finest of porcelain jars, that good Samaritan of flowers which goes down to the tenements, filling dull rooms with warm glory of coloring! The red geranium in the kitchen window transforms a kitchen into a living instead of a drudgery room. When all else fails, the geranium, pink or red, is to be had for but few pennies and a trifling amount of care.

Schizanthus wisetonensis, the bridal veil, is much in demand for pot culture and exhibitions. It grows well in greenhouses or in a sunny window. The glossy-leaved dracaena, almost more of a favorite than the rubber plant, will stand apparently any amount of neglect, continue to thrust its wine-colored new leaves above the dark green older ones in a way that makes it seem in blossom. Some with brilliant crimson foliage, suffused with pink and white, make almost as gorgeous a display as blossoming plants.



*A cluster of orange blossoms is pictured at the left: under favorable conditions this graceful flower will grow indoors, and though it seldom matures fruit it fills the air with sweet perfume.*

*The plant shown at the right has a profusion of soft pink blossoms which appear in September: as a rule, it does not attain more than a foot and a half in height.*







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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

the stillness braced him to deny himself manfully what was not manfully his to have. In the act of relinquishing Natalie, he felt, what he would not have supposed possible, a great, added tenderness for her. Before he went in, his sober cheerfulness had returned; but in the morning he was somehow more mature.

### CHAPTER VII.

MARY CO-QUE-WASA'S ERRAND.

AT noon next day the little "Aurora Borealis" was reclining drunkenly on a shoal in the river at the foot of Caliper Island, sixty miles above the Landing, and fifteen below the Warehouse. This had been the place of Captain Jack's gloomy forebodings all the way up. The river spread wide, shallow and swift on either side the island, and neither one channel nor the other would permit their ascent. The "Aurora" was having a little breathing space on the shoal, while Captain Jack and St. Paul, the big half-breed pilot, debated below on what to do.

The three passengers looked on from the upper deck. Natalie and Garth tacitly ignored any change in their relation to-day; and no reference was made to Natalie's story. They seemed, if anything, more friendly with each other; nevertheless Constraint, like a spectre standing between them, intercepted all their communications.

The third passenger was a half-breed woman nearing middle age, clad in a decent black print dress, and a black straw hat, under the brim of which depended a circlet of attenuated, grizzled curls. Her face, like that of all the natives in the presence of whites, expressed a blank, in her case a mysterious blank. She was silent and ubiquitous; whichever way they looked there she was. Captain Jack had mentioned to Garth that her name was Mary Co-que-wasa. The off-hand shrug that accompanied the information, between men, was significant. Garth resented it; and his sympathies were enlisted. He had made several efforts to talk to the woman, only to be received with a stupid shake of the head. He thought she could not speak English. Natalie, more keenly intuitive, took an active dislike to her. "I'm sure she listens to us," she had said.

Meanwhile, preparations were undertaken to hoist the "Aurora Borealis" by main strength up the rapids. The "skiff," as they whimsically termed the steamboat's great, clumsy tender—its official name of "sturgeon-head" was more descriptive—was brought alongside; and a half-mile of hawser, more or less, patiently coiled in the bottom. The end of this rope was made fast on board the steamer, and the skiff, pushing off, was poled and tracked up the rapids with heart-breaking labor, paying out the hawser over her stern as she went. The other end of the rope was made fast to a great tree on the shore above, and the skiff returning, the inboard end was turned about the capstan. Steam was then turned on, and with a great to-do of puffing and clanking, the Aurora started to haul herself up hand over hand, as one might say.

Alas! she had no sooner raised her head than the hawser parted in the middle with a report like a small canon, and she settled dejectedly back on the shoal.

Captain Jack refreshed himself with a pull at the Spring Tonic bottle; and started all over. A newer piece of hawser was produced, and the skiff despatched once more on its laborious errand. The loose end was finally picked up and knotted, and the capstan started again. But no better success followed, as soon as the full strain came upon it, the rope burst asunder in a new place. After this they went around the other side of the island and tried there. Each attempt consumed an hour or more, but time is nothing in the North.

At five o'clock, after the failure of the fourth attempt, Captain Jack threw up his hands, and turned the "Aurora's" nose down-stream. The

little boat, which had sulked and hung back in the rapids all day, picked up her heels, and hustled down with the current, like a wilful child that obtains its own way at last.

Garth, in dismay, hastened to Captain Jack.

"Where are we going?" he demanded.

Captain Jack cocked an eye, and said with his air of gloomy fatalism: "The Landing's the only place for me."

Garth became hot under the collar, as he always did in dealing with the pessimistic skipper. "But we're only fifteen miles from the Warehouse!" he cried.

"Might as well be fifteen hundred," said Captain Jack. "For all I can get you there."

"Is there no house anywhere near?" The skipper looked at him with gloomy scorn. "Say, do you think you're in a rural neighborhood?" he inquired.

"I asked you a question," Garth repeated. "Is there any one living near here?"

Captain Jack shrugged. "Sometimes there's breeds at Bear Portage below," he said. "But not in the summer."

"Is there no road?"

"Not what you'd call a road. How would you carry your outfit?"

This was a poser, Garth could not deny. "Where are the breeds in the summer?" he demanded.

Captain Jack flung up his hands. "God knows!" he said. "Pitching somewhere about between the East and the West!"

Garth set his jaw. "Well, there's some way of reaching the Warehouse," he said, "and I'm going to find it. You stop at Bear Portage, as you call it, and I'll see what I can do."

"Sure!" said Captain Jack hopelessly. "As long as you like— But you'll never make it!" he added with an atrabilious eye. "Never in God's world! You better take my advice and get out of the country while you can!"

Garth turned on his heel, and Captain Jack revisited his stateroom for consolation. Here, two shelves at the foot of his berth contained his pharmaceutical stock in ancient, torn and fly-speckled wrappers. He bought every new variety of remedy he heard of with the ardor of a collector. One of his most serious occupations was to lie in bed in the morning, making up his mind what to begin the day on. Endless and ingenious were the combinations he made.

They tied up at Bear Portage and had supper. Afterward, three breed boys with their scent for happenings in the bush, as unerring and mysterious as the buzzard's scent for carrion, turned up from nowhere, and at the same time a fourth came nosing under the bank in a crazy dug-out filled with grass. So soft was the arrival of the last that Garth was not aware of it, until he happened to catch sight of Mary Co-que-wasa deep in a whispered consultation with the paddler. Finding Garth's eyes upon her, Mary, with a hasty word to the boy, embarked, and the canoe's nose was turned up-stream. As a possible means of transport later, Garth called after the boy; but he only paddled the faster. The incident caused Garth a vague uneasiness.

In the other three he found a means, such as it was, of extricating them from their dilemma. He learned through St. Paul, who interpreted, that there was a camp of Indians engaged in cutting wild hay, seven miles off, and that a waggon and team could be got there next morning, to carry them and their goods to the Warehouse. At the mention of seven miles, Garth looked dubiously at Natalie, but she stoutly averred her ability to do it twice if necessary and since nothing better offered, Garth hired the boys to show the way and carry the baggage.

The "Aurora Borealis" presently backed off, and blithely kicking up the water astern, disappeared down the river. Her going out severed their last bond with the world of civilization and henceforth they must fend for themselves in the wilderness. Natalie



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)



# What Happened to Ruth

By BEATRICE IMBODEN

Illustrated by WILL GREFÉ

It was Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly spread over the gray buildings and brown lawns a mystic net interwoven of green and gold, of fragrance and sunlight, of bird twitterings and happy young voices.

But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-cheeked maiden, slipping her arm in Ruth's. But there was no answering railery.

"Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. Dot looked startled.

"I'm going to give up—quit college! I'm young, alive—I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!" began Dorothy.

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study and go to poky lectures and slip into the back seats at concerts so no one will notice our clothes, and study some more and go to classes. And that's all. No, I'm going to stop! I'll go to the city next year and work. Maybe I can save some money."

"For what?" asked Dot, ready for any revelation now.

"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I'm haranguing about?" jerked out Ruth. "Did you think I meant for a cemetery lot? Though I might as well be d-dead!" She turned her head away quickly as Dot squeezed her arm in silence. "I wouldn't care if I could have just one new Spring suit—I wouldn't ask for many clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot, knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume. She greeted Ruth and Dorothy pleasantly, but a bit patronizingly.

"Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I—I haven't time now," Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all togged out?" demanded Ruth icily. "A lovely contrast!"

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was compliment-proof.

"Well, goodbye, I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this Spring together.

They were from the same little town and for years Alex had sent her wonderful valentines and deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather thread-bare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville it had been different! There every one knew and loved the Allison—clothes didn't count. At college they did, it seemed.

"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily. "It's just that I'm strange—they don't know me and my plain clothes make me awkward and shy."

And it certainly was not Alex's fault—he had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, when Ruth had suffered agonies in her plain white graduating frock, among butterfly girls in tulle and silk, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. And to prove it she flung herself on the couch and sobbed—

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved chic and fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes, and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she suggested. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream for you young folks."

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June," and Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth persistently declared she was not coming back.

"Dad and mother will be disappointed," she told Dot. "They have scraped and saved for years so I might go to college. But the college they remember was different—all plain living and high thinking. I want a little froth in my life, too. Isn't it funny? In Millersville I thought a hundred dollars a year would be an ample clothes allowance! But after I got a coat and this blue serge suit and a ready-made blue silk there was nothing left."

Dot heard little from her that Summer. A mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August, "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did eagerly one crisp Fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering as passengers filed off the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes, Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see you," he cried. He had been in the West all summer.

"How dar-er-dandy you look," he rushed on, a little confused. There was a little confident air about Ruth now that held him off! But it certainly was fascinating!

"Our frat gives a little reception tomorrow night," he hesitated. "May I come for you?" And Ruth smiled acceptance.

After lunch two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? I scent a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue paper wrappings a miracle of a visiting costume, soft chiffon velvet, a lovely taupe color, Frenchly set off by a tiny vest of gold and pink brocade. With this went a taupe georgette blouse, beaded in gold, pink and old blue.

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wide-eyed now. "It's too lovely to wear, almost!"

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours? Haven't you gotten Miss Vanderbilt's trunk by mistake?"

Not answering, Ruth took out another party dress, with panniers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored satin and silver lace. Dot gasped again. "Pinch me—am I still on earth?" she whispered. "Three party frocks! Surely there can be nothing more!"

But there was—a blue silk "for Sundays," exquisitely braided and faintly touched with scarlet; an intricately draped printed voile, all misty grays and lavenders with a violet girdle; a smart brown serge sailor suit and an even smarter checked woolen frock with clever flare pockets and tiny leather belt. Dot, lying on the couch in pretended exhaustion, sat up.

"Has a long-lost uncle returned from Klondike? Or did your father strike oil in the backyard?"

Still the mysterious, mischievous smile, as Ruth took out a crisp linen and a demure sashed gingham.

"Just one more, except for shirtwaists and such."

"One more" proved a wonderful evening coat, aero blue with white marabou collar. Then Ruth sat down and faced her friend.

"No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold," she began. "And I didn't ex-

ceed my clothes allowance of \$100." Dot turned frightened eyes on her—something had surely affected Ruth's brain!

"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expense account. Taupe velvet, brocade and georgette, \$28 (I plunged on that costume). Tulle for party gown \$6.50. The foundation (don't laugh!) was an old red silk cover for our square piano, laid away and forgotten."

"The evening coat was mother's long-ago party cape, aided by a few yards of marabou. The corn-color silk was an old dress of hers. And do you recognize the braided taffeta?"

"Not your last year's best dress!"

Ruth nodded. "The other party dress contains three and a half yards of crepe satin and three of silver lace, at a total cost of \$21.70."

"Don't dare analyze that compound of moonlight and mystery!" commanded Dot.

"The serge traveling dress was my last year's suit, the checked wool a made-over, too."

"But who made them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, I did!" came the astounding reply.

"You!" was all Dot could utter.

"Yes. You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could, too. And I did! Why, after only four lessons I made some dear 'undies,' two waists and this crepe kimona! Then I made over that checked wool horror Miss Simms, the Millersville dressmaker, had evolved. Don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful! But tell me, how did you learn all this at home. Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of course. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some models from a fashionable shop. Dad and mother were wild with delight. They had guessed my unhappiness. Soon I made some darling clothes for several kiddies at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my Spring suit!"

"Do you think I could learn to sew, too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now and Ruth knew that underneath her friend's saucy manner all the while had been the hurt a normal girl feels when wearing shabby clothes.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't help learning! The text books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!"

"It isn't necessary to know anything at all about sewing—the instruction is so complete! And the course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the

day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient."

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home!"

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away now," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, queening it among his frat friends, while he watched her jealously, or in the velvet one on the way to a sorority tea, dainty, aristocratic, every inch a lady of his own world. She saw herself in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurements, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story peep into a sorority house the following Spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the Fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a sign-post to one's character. What are you going to do this Summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery, too. Going to make us some bridesmaids' hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than 85,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, queening it among his frat friends.



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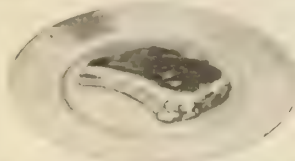
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## The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

The Finger of Ananda

By BERTHA E. GREEN

THOSE things that we call days and months and years went by unheeded. To Acwol, the Djinn, time counted for nothing. He had called, and as he now sat on the mountain top, his hand upon the great wheel, a breath stirred the clouds to the Southward, and through them a wind burst in a homing rush to its master. The wind swept toward the Djinn, whose calm eyes warmed as he noticed the traveller's eagerness. He knew that this home-coming wind bore to him a story which it was glad to tell.

On the great wheel of the winds, he wound it, fold on fold, Pictured upon the wind were mirrored scenes brought from a far-off land.

It was mid-summer in Burmah, and the Monsoon blew steadily, evenly, from the south. Clear days and clear suns began each morning, and the first to greet them was the pagoda of Ananda with its seven roofs of rich red-brown. Miles beyond Mandalay, the great city, it reared its spire; one

of Ananda, they played their games, while Mee Poo watched them, his mind full of honey-cakes.

All the time the wind was blowing, and here amongst the ruins the wind played too. Across the open spaces it swept the dust, curling it into spinning cones,—“the dancing ones,” the children called them. It was a mad wind, and full of pranks, and as they watched, Nyo exclaimed:

“It is a dance! It is the wind dancing! Never have I seen it so full of fun before.”

As he spoke, a swirling crowd of the dust-dancers swept past them, and Nyo and Sepaya followed, hand in hand, dancing and singing as they went. In and out between piles of stone and broken pillars danced the children; and as they came by what had once been a large gate, the wind swept up a scrap of tinselled gilt and kept it whirling, dancing, flashing, in the sunlight.

It was only a scrap of make-believe gold, a little piece of gilt paper, but



Behind his large head, they rode around the courtyard.

came to it along an avenue of toddy-palms, and there were elephants in its courtyard.

The roadway to the pagoda was red as tan-bark, and, above the two children who walked upon it, the palms waved fronded heads of green. And this road was always a wonderland to Nyo and his sister Sepaya, for was not this the road to the elephants? The freedom of a holiday had brought them again upon their favorite way, and they soon reached the great courtyard, and found there a friend, Mee Poo, who had two tusks, a trunk, two floppy ears, and a great kindness for the children.

To Mee Poo the children brought a large, flat cake, sweet with honey, and in return, he lifted them high behind his large head, and they rode 'round the courtyard, and even the most solemn priest of the pagoda smiled on them.

They rested at the feet of Mee Poo in the shadow of the great wall, and there from the keeper of the elephants, they heard of a lost treasure.

THE temple had lost the most precious of its jewels, the great ruby, the Heart of Ananda, had disappeared. None knew where it had gone. Day had followed day in fruitless search, and the priests of the temple were in despair.

It was a great loss, the children thought, soberly, but, being children, they soon forgot it in the delights of rambling beyond the courtyard. Amongst the ruins of a temple older than that

the children laughed and followed it as it fluttered ahead of them, like a butterfly.

Little Sepaya watched it eagerly.

“It is coming down there—there—there—down— It has it in the hollow beneath that great round stone.”

Nyo reached the make-believe butterfly first, and as he bent down to pick it up, the wind moved it slightly, and underneath the edge of the stone came a gleam of amber light. There lay a great topaz, a glowing, sparkling, yellow gem half buried in the dust. The children knew it at once, and Nyo's eager fingers picked it up and held it to the sunlight, while he and little Sepaya gazed in wonder.

“It is a lost jewel from the temple,” said Nyo to his sister, “a Nat has taken it and hidden it here. We will take it back to the priests. Then they will give us money for finding it, and—”

“And we can buy more honey-cakes for Mee Poo,” said Sepaya.

So Nyo put the great topaz safely in a fold of his clothing, and the children turned to go back to the pagoda. But all this time the wind was blowing, and dipping down beneath the stone, it caught up the scrap of gilt paper again and swept it fluttering in front of the children.

“It is flying again,” cried little Sepaya, “Let us follow it.”

FLASHING in front of them, the bit of tinsel was carried on the wind, the children following eagerly.

Between tall pillars it led their feet, on and up a few wide ruined steps of



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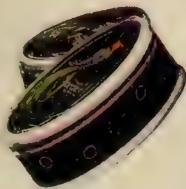
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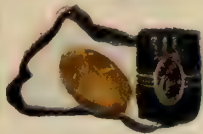
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AMONG the business transacted at the eighth annual convention of the New Brunswick Women's Institutes held in Moncton recently was the formation of a provincial advisory board with the officers as named below.

## Eighth Annual Convention of New Brunswick Institutes

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

### Miss McCain's Report.

The meeting opened with the singing of the ode "O Canada," followed by an address of welcome by His Worship Mayor Chapman, of Moncton, who assured the delegation of their hearty welcome to the city and pledged the co-operation of the city in making their convention a success, and he hoped that this might not be the last time that the Women's Institutes would confer the honor on Moncton as their place of meeting.

Mrs. R. W. L. Earle, President of the Perth Institute, replied, voicing the warm appreciation of Mayor Chapman's cordial welcome and also their grateful acknowledgment of what the opening of their busy city to the convention meant to the people of Moncton.

The work throughout the land accomplished by the Women's Institutes materially influenced the lives of women both in the rural and urban districts more than any other organization in Canada.

Miss McCain then read her report as supervisor of work accomplished since last convention, first welcoming the fellow Institute workers and visitors to this their eighth annual gathering, and hoped that each member would feel that the convention was hers and in extent to her own personal effort in its behalf would be its success. Six new Institutes had been organized since last convention and several places in Kings, Carleton, St. John and Northumberland were making enquiries and showing interest which argued well for others following.

Receipts from July, 1919, to July, 1920, from 79 Institutes, \$18,281.73, expenditures, \$11,293.78. Considerable increase over receipts of last year. One financial appeal had been made to them from the Department for the Salvation Army campaign fund, which they had generously responded to and for which they had received the heartfelt appreciation of Brigadier Moor, in charge of this campaign, in helping to put this work well over the top.

Miss McCain noted that the Institutes have considerable status throughout the land as in the furthering of any campaign they were among the first organizations called up to contribute their support.

### Short Courses Held.

Short courses had been held in Sussex, Chatham, Bathurst, Devon, Perth and St. Stephen during the winter months. Subjects taken up were cookery, millinery and nursing, the instructors being Miss Nutter, Miss Love and Miss Landry, all competent in their respective lines of work. Miss LeBlanc, at the time these courses were on, was visiting the French districts giving demonstrations of milk, its food value and practical uses.

At the conclusion of the English courses the same were put on in Buctouche, Tracadie, Kedgwick and St. Leonards by Miss LeBlanc and Miss Landry, who have command of both the French and English languages so necessary to these parts of the province. Following this Miss Landry, R. N., was secured for child welfare work throughout the western section of the province while at the same time Miss Nutter instructed on the food value of vegetables in the eastern section.

Miss McCain touched briefly on the Dominion convention which met in Toronto in November. All the provinces were represented except P.E.I. which has since come in. She read the greetings from Queen Mary brought to that convention by Mrs. Alfred Watt, the representative from England and Wales. Her Majesty is president of the Women's Institute of Sandringham and takes a keen interest in everything pertaining to the work.

An alliance was formed between Canadian and British Institutes of which Judge Murphy would tell in her address. Miss McCain spoke of the broadening influence of the work and urged the women of New Brunswick to realize that a glorious opportunity presents itself as never before, and to rise to the high ideal set before them.

### Resolutions Adopted Unanimously.

Resolutions to the following effects were unanimously adopted:

Resolution memorializing the Dominion Government to place referendum on the liquor question before the people at the earliest date possible.

Resolution asking that steps be taken to prohibit children unaccompanied by parents or guardians from roaming the streets at night.

Resolution recommending to the various Institutes the suggestion given by Miss Hayhurst re the sending of the names of blind or near blind in their respective localities to the branch of the National Institution for the Blind at Halifax.

### Reports of Institutes.

Reports from a number of Institutes were most encouraging and a few are as follows:

Kennebecasis Valley reports two members. They furnished a room for the Protestant Orphans' Home, St. John, made two quilts, garments for needy family.



### AN EASTERN OFFICER

Miss Della E. Saunders, of Charlottetown, is the superintendent of the Women's Institutes, Prince Edward Island.

Newtown and Smith's Creek reports 21 members and \$100.50 raised. Much community work was done and a contribution given to the Salvation Army drive.

Penobscis, 25 members, school work taken up and school house cleaned. Receipts \$116.74. Contributed to Salvation Army drive, \$10.00.

Sussex reports 45 members, an increase of 20 over last year. Receipts \$300, mostly from proceeds of Hallowe'en fair. Equipment was provided and hot school lunches started in the schools, but these had to be discontinued owing to the older girls being unwilling to wash the dishes. Many needy families were helped at Christmas and Christmas boxes were provided for 80 children. Sewing had been done for families needing help and nurses provided during the influenza for needy families.

Lower Millstream: \$64.30 raised; gave to Protestant Orphans' Home, St. John, \$25.00, Salvation Army drive, \$5.00. They have a circulating library and had purchased \$15.00 worth of books.

Mount Carmel, 70 members, reported social meetings and the making of a quilt.

Whitneyville, 30 members. Receipts, \$132.00. They reported much social activity. Each one of

their returned men they had presented with a tie pin, and to the nursing sister, a fountain pen; \$15.00 had been given to the Provincial Home. \$10.00 to the Salvation Army drive. Prizes had been given by them to the school children for good attendance.

Lower Jemseg—30 members. Receipts, \$355.79. Assistance had been given to a family burned out, clothing sent and made for them and \$318 collected for their new home.

Fredericton Junction—32 members; \$67.00 had been collected for the Salvation Army drive. Good work had been done in the schools, a committee of two visiting same each month. A flag had also been presented to them. Dishes had been bought, quilts made, and their Agricultural Society entertained. They now had \$117.82 towards the furnishing of the kitchen in the new agricultural hall being built.

Hoyt Station—Receipts \$158.84. Reported good work along various lines. A free supper had been given to the boys and girls of the pig and poultry clubs of their community.

Andover, the oldest Institute in New Brunswick, reported 40 members, 12 new this year. A gold medal had been given in their grammar school for highest marks and deportment; this in memory of their first honorary president, Mr. Baxter. They had now \$225.00 towards the erection of a fire alarm; \$389.33 receipts for the year.

South Tilley—24 members; receipts \$252.29; were saving for a community hall; visited the schools once a month and gave every assistance to the teacher. A drinking fountain and a stove had been provided for their school, and they of their own account, had supplied medical inspection for their school. They also have a good circulating library.

Petitcodiac—52 members; \$664.77 receipts for the year. This money was mostly raised toward a memorial hall. Armistice Day, a banquet had been given their returned men; they had also held basket suppers and an Easter sale, and had purchased dishes and table linen and cup towels. Altogether it had been a most satisfactory year.

### Fine Speeches.

Many good speakers contributed to the programme, among them being Judge Emily Murphy, otherwise known as "Janey Canuck," President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.

To hear such women as Judge Murphy speak is both an inspiration and an education. The speaker told of her long anticipated wish to visit the Maritime Provinces, and now that she was actually here, she felt somewhat as the old lady in the nursery rhyme must have felt—"This is surely none of I." Her trip had been a delight, especially through the Matapedia Valley, so beautiful in its autumn garb.

Coming to the real subject for the evening, that of work done in the juvenile and women's courts, of which she herself is the head, Judge Murphy briefly explained how she first took up that work. She had always been interested in law and five years ago had been appointed police magistrate of the city of Edmonton. She has the honor of being the first woman magistrate in the British Empire.

For some time she had been convener of laws for the Women's Council, and one time became much interested in some women who had been arrested in the city. She decided to send two women from the local council to the court house to see what was being done for them, but on their going down they were denied admittance on the plea that the evidence was not fit for a mixed audience.

That was all she needed. She accepted the ruling of the court and then made it a plea to the Attorney-General for a court for women.

This plea was granted and she was offered the position of stipendiary magistrate of this court, which she accepted.

Judge Murphy said there were many phases of work she would like to bring before them, one of the problems, that of the country girl who comes to the town to get a place. They were trying to teach the people to look after their own girls, not to leave them until seeing exactly how they were placed, for often these girls are led off in other directions.

Then the housing conditions, especially in the rural districts, being often too crowded for the existence of the best sanitary and moral conditions. The Women's Institutes are doing great work in this line.

There were also the many sad cases of insanity that she meets with in her work, especially in the war period. The foreigners, not hearing from home, all under suspicion, the strain they were

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

### OFFICERS ADVISORY BOARD

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## Through the Looking Glass by VAIN JANE



OCCASIONALLY a letter received from one of the junior readers of this department brings to light the fact that the first principles of beauty culture are somewhat vague in their minds and that they are groping along, somewhat blindly, without the knowledge that is essential if the best results are to be obtained. In the matter of the skin, for instance, and particularly the skin of the face, it is necessary to know, before we begin any method of treatment for its improvement, just the material we are working on. The skin, be it therefore understood, is a covering which lies upon the layer of fat which covers the muscles of the face; it is this fat which gives the face its contour, and when it is lacking, the face falls into hollows and the skin naturally becomes wrinkled and relaxed. As has been pointed out by a well-known authority on the subject, while the skin is more or less elastic, it has not the power to overcome entirely the loss or falling in of weakened muscles or loss of fat, and eventually loses its own vitality for want of proper blood supply and takes on a dry, shrivelled appearance. On the other hand, such fault may be in the skin itself, while the muscles are comparatively well formed; it may harbor infectious germs as a result of improper cleansing, causing eruptions or skin disease, or it may have been subjected to other irritants like sunburn, causing discoloration or reddening and chapping or scaling. Similar results follow the use of impure, rancid or irritating soaps, a very common cause of skin trouble.

The skin, it may be pointed out, has two layers, an outer or scarf skin for protection, and a true skin underneath. The outer skin has no blood vessels, but the true skin contains these and nerves, and the sweat and sebaceous glands. It is the blood vessels which supply the color to the face and the sweat sebaceous glands which carry off the superfluous water and oil from the skin. It will be seen that any interference or clogging of these glands would be destructive to the skin, affecting its color, texture and health.

Because the skin of the face is so constantly exposed to the dust of the air, it is most necessary to care for its cleanliness. No foreign matter must be allowed to stop the pores and interfere with the function of the skin. However, as we have pointed out many times before, the greatest care must be taken in cleansing the skin of the face and the use of irritating

or impure soaps or chemicals of a harmful nature, is quite disastrous to the natural beauty of a healthy skin.

It seems an exaggerated thing to say, but very few people know how to wash their faces properly. And as it is a function we perform at least (and I hope more often) three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, it is just as well to be carrying it out in a prescribed manner. The use of soap in washing is a disputed point; however, it is my opinion that unless the skin is especially sensitive, soap is the proper medium for cleansing. And I believe that it should be used at night. Therefore, to remove all the dust accumulations of the day, it is well before retiring to first bathe the face in warm water to soften the skin and then apply a light lather of pure soap, and with the use of the fingers massage this into the skin in

a gentle manner, using the correct upward massage stroke and having particular care for the creases about the nose and mouth and chin. Rinse the soap off first in tepid water and then cold, and then pat the skin dry with a soft towel, again using the upward motion. It is bad to rub the face in all directions and vigorously. This roughens the skin and undoes any massage results you may have been trying to obtain.

To prepare the skin finally for the night, a good skin food should be gently rubbed

**A MOVIE FAVORITE**  
Dorothy Dalton is seen here in attractive winter garb.



in and allowed to remain on while you sleep. If the skin is inclined to enlarged pores, then an astringent should be used after drying and before the application of the cream.

In the morning the face should be washed first in warm water to remove all traces of grease and finally in cold water and again bathed with an astringent if necessary. The next step is to apply a foundation cream for powder and this should be spread evenly over the skin and any superfluous cream wiped off with the soft towel or sanitary tissue. Powder, good powder of course, when applied on this foundation, will not be injurious to the skin.

Some other time we will go farther and take up the difficulties of caring for skins that are not quite normal and require special treatment. The regulations suggested here are intended for a perfectly healthy skin, which, if we were endowed with the prerogatives of a fairy, my dear ladies, is what each and every one of you would possess without any further to-do in the matter. However, it is a comforting thought that while

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

## THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.





## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

under a sufficient reason in many cases for their going insane.

As stipendiary magistrate, she has a doctor allowed her and she wished to mention here the great loss she sustained when Dr. Raymond Landry, of Moncton, who was associated with her in this line for some time, left the West and came back to his native home in the East.

She is a member of the committee on mental hygiene, and could state that there is not enough care taken in the careful examination of people coming into our country. But it's a mistake to examine here, after taking their money. Would it not be better policy, better business and fairly good Christianity to do this before we allow them to break up their homes and come here? She suggested the Women's Institutes take more interest in these foreigners in our midst.

Then there is the problem of social disease. Free clinics should be established where all can be treated. Sixty-five people in the jail in her own city were now receiving free treatment from the government.

In their juvenile courts all sixteen years and under came under the Delinquents Act, who otherwise would come under the criminal code. They are held as delinquents, not criminals.

The Children's Protective Act refers to what is called neglected children, the child imperiled of health and morals through bad surroundings. The object of the juvenile courts is protective. They always avoid taking the child from home if it can be prevented. There is never an appearance of arrest. Officers are in plain clothes; girls come with a woman, boys with a man.

Where adults are arrested for contributing to the neglect of the children, they are often made wards of the state, often also where the father is a criminal or they are without parents. Catholic children are put in a Catholic home; Protestant children in a Protestant home. Applications for these children are carefully investigated.

Judge Murphy asked the assistance of the Women's Institutes for the police of our towns and cities. Don't threaten the children with the police, they are our best friends, they warn us of danger. Who would want to lie down in their bed at night if not for our police? "As I see them closing in with the most desperate characters I am filled with admiration for our boys in blue."

Then there is the dope problem—a growing menace to our land. Since the coasts of the United States are so guarded against this smuggling in of drugs, Canada is becoming the dumping ground for this traffic. It is now estimated that one out of every twenty in the United States is addicted to drugs. This is appalling, and young people at that. The traffic is growing; do you know whether it is going on in your town or not? In one battalion in Canada 180 young men were rejected for being drug addicts. The danger to the young girl is grave; once started she can never be reformed and the dissolute people know this and she is their easy prey.

Prohibition is coming, but the fight is only starting. Dope is easily handled, the profits are enormous and the average people are ignorant of the existence of this vice.

Some discussion followed this stirring address.

Asked if the keeping out of Orientals from our land would remedy this

growing drug evil, Judge Murphy said she formerly thought it unnecessary, but she was changing her opinion. All suspected as peddlers of this vice should be at once deported at least. She felt that a mistake had been made when we first brought these Orientals to our country in not allowing them to bring their families, as in a lot of men segregated in close quarters vice was bound to breed. The Dominion government had recently taken strong measures requiring every grain of dope handled by druggists to be accounted for, but it was through the smuggling traffic that much was getting in.

An address on Marketing Eggs, was given by Mr. Curran, assistant to Mr. G. R. Wilson, Dominion Poultry Representative for this province.

Mr. Curran expressed his pleasure at being present, and appealed to the Institute to assist Mr. Wilson in the work he is carrying on in their province. There is wide scope for the egg industry to be improved in this province.

He told of the system of marketing, which is carried out in New Brunswick, the same system which they are endeavoring to carry out all over Canada.

It has been tried first in Prince Edward Island, and has proved good. What has been done there, can be done here.

An egg circle was organized there for the marketing of their eggs, the farmers electing their own officers. These eggs were collected, shipped to the candling station, a report sent back and the individual paid according to the quality of his eggs.

Eggs should be collected frequently, and kept in a cool, clean place, not in the pantry behind the kitchen stove, as so often happens. Eggs under those conditions are bound to deteriorate. Care on the part of the producer is essential.

Store keepers are also to blame for the poor quality of eggs; piling the egg crates on the sidewalks, they are bound to take the dampness.

Quality payment system will bring the market to you.

Co-operate with Mr. Wilson, get egg circles started in your community.

The marketing of poultry is another problem of great importance. At the present time the law does not allow the sale of a bird unless drawn. This is a mistake. By this system it is impossible to detect diseased birds, also broken skin invites germs.

He would ask that the Institute, while in session, would make a resolution asking the city councils to remove this by-law. They were now establishing a central marketing station in St. John for marketing poultry. This they expected to be opened in November. Poultry to be shipped live, ducks, turkeys and geese, killed and dressed at home.

Mr. J. C. Farthing, of Moncton, gave a very interesting and instructive talk on physical culture and with the help of several little girls, demonstrated the corrective principles of this physical training as given to the pupils of the public schools. Mr. Farthing himself having charge of this work in the public schools of Moncton.

Another address was given by Prof. F. H. Sexton, Head of the Technical Educational Branch of Halifax, N. S., on Vocational Education. Prof. Sexton said education has been defined as preparation for life; he thought vocational education must then be preparation for livelihood, and went on to

show how the farmer, plumber, machinist, etc., through these technical schools, received education along their several lines of work at which they wished to gain their livelihood. He then spoke of the interdependence of town and rural districts during the war and preceding it and of the increasing misunderstanding which seems to exist between them.

The Women's Institutes were particularly fitted to help this to fulfillment—the way the Women's Institutes had carried on work during the war had been a revelation of what can be done by the women of the rural districts. He hoped they would give all possible assistance. Much was being done but the great obstacle to accomplishment was largely financial.

Mr. L. J. Floyd, Provincial Apiarist, gave an interesting and instructive address on Bee Keeping.

He told of bee keeping by the early settlers when they were entirely dependent on the maple tree and the honey bee for their sweets. Sweets were rare before trading was started with the West Indies. Their methods of obtaining the honey were, of course, very different from the methods of the modern hive, the present day method being invented in 1865 by an American.

Bee keeping is a paying industry, there is always a good sale for honey, and also for surplus bees.

Rightly conducted, enough honey can be sold the first year to pay for the investment.

There are now 1000 bee keepers in New Brunswick, mostly in the counties of Carleton, Victoria and York, although a few in all the counties.

### INFORMATION FROM THE INSTITUTES OF B. C.

Armstrong Women's Institutes held regular monthly meeting. A very successful demonstration in millinery was given in September, by Mrs. Dawson. This Institute has been very successful in arrangements for serving hot soup or cocoa to the school children who bring their lunches. The Journal would very much appreciate an account of how this was done. Many, indeed all, of our rural schools should have facilities for providing children with something hot and appetizing to supplement the cold lunch, therefore a short story dealing with the difficulties and how they were overcome would be of assistance to many.

Kalamalka Women's Institutes held regular meetings. In September, Mrs. Smith of Naramata, gave a demonstration on "Dehydration of Fruit." The Secretary reports the meeting was open to the public in order that all might have the opportunity of hearing Mrs. Smith's most interesting and instructive lecture. There was an excellent attendance and great interest was manifested in the methods prescribed by Mrs. Smith.

Mount Ida Women's Institutes have been giving attention to such subjects as "Organized Play for School Children," "Medical Inspection of Schools," "Dental Treatment of School Children," "The School Nurse," and "Financial Support to Salmon Arm Hospital." The Secretary reports: "We have money on hand, so thought it would be a good thing to furnish a room at the Salmon Arm Hospital and have it called the Mount Ida Room. In September the Institute had a lecture demonstration by Mrs. P. R. Rich, on "Evaporation of Vegetables and Fruits." The lecturer very kindly promised two pillows towards the furnishing of the Mount Ida Room."

Naramata Women's Institute have been very busy. A fruit shower was planned for a sick member. The fall fair occupied a good deal of attention. This Institute has been very generous in raising funds for the Navy League and the Red Cross. The Secretary reports in November: "A hearty vote of thanks was extended to those who had helped in the fall fair. The fair was a great success, being well attended. The day being fine.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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### NATIONAL CONVENTION FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF CANADA.

The date of the National Convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada has been set for the week of June beginning with June 20th and ending June 25th, to be held in the City of Edmonton, Alberta. This will be preceded by the annual convention of the Alberta Women's Institutes and the A. W. I. Girls' Clubs. The sessions will be held in the Convocation Hall of the University of Alberta and the Board of Directors of the University have kindly consented to allow the delegates the use of the University residence at the rate of \$2.50 per day, this sum to include both board and room. The Alberta committee is arranging a very fine programme, when the leading problems of the day will be discussed, while the speakers will be most outstanding women of Canada.



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Comprehensive Plans Whereby Musical Taste Is  
Being Spread Through the Common Schools

## Putting Music Into Manitoba

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ON two or three occasions I have written of the practical legislative encouragement which has been given to the cause of musical education by Canada's Western provinces. In these comparatively new communities the importance of music as a factor in general culture is taken for granted in a much more definite sense than in the Eastern provinces. In fact in most of the Western provinces music is regarded as a definite public need; and administrators find it good policy to aid the diffusion of musical taste and effort by statutory enactments. The results are being shown in the great enthusiasm with which anything in the way of music of the better order is supported by the general public in the west.

I was recently talking with the organizer of a concert party, which spent the autumn months in Mani-

est town in almost the same spirit that the coming of a circus excites everywhere. For that reason legislative bodies find that they have a strong backing of public sentiment in any steps they take to encourage musical education. On the other hand these measures react on the community by improving the standards of public taste.

NEARLY two years ago the leaders of the "Music in the Home" movement in Eastern Canada proclaimed Saskatchewan's musical legislation as a model for emulation by all other Canadian provinces, and details thereof were given in these columns at the time. This month I propose to deal with Manitoba's musical education plan, which proved a success on its initiation last year, and of which even greater results are ex-



**A PROMINENT WESTERN MUSICIAN**

Miss Eva Clare, First President of the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association, is a native of Neepawa, and now resides in Winnipeg. Miss Clare is one of the most gifted and intellectual of Canadian pianists.

toba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, giving selections of the high-class ballad order, and without the assistance of the comic singers, whose antics used to be considered a necessary relief to such entertainments. In rural districts. In many towns they were forced to give three concerts in the course of a day, one in the afternoon and two in the evening. The townspeople would be asked to stay away from the first evening programme given at 7.30 p.m., in order that the out-of-town music lovers, some of whom had driven many miles over the prairie, might attend; and at 9.30, after the earlier audience had gone away to their homesteads, the final programme of the day would be sung for the townsfolk. The experience of this particular concert party has no doubt been duplicated by other organizations; and the situation illustrates not merely a wonderfully diffused enthusiasm for music, but a spirit of happy co-operation between town and country in rendering it available to all. It is clear that the farmers of the West view the announcement of a concert in the near-

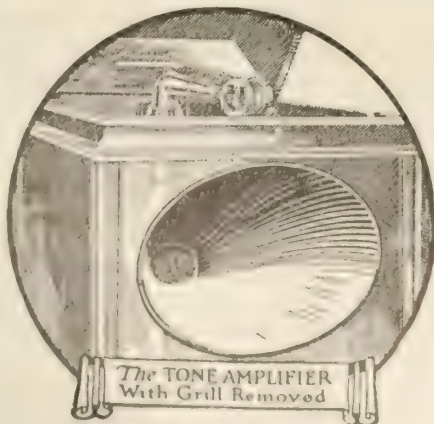
pected in 1921. At the outset it is necessary to say something of the general ideas that lie back of all these plans. It is unnecessary to argue the question of the value of musical culture as an asset in community life. All individuals and organizations which have given serious study to social problems are unanimous on that point. The real question that arises, and which has proven a stumbling block, especially in rural districts, is, how can it be diffused on a broad scale without involving too much effort and expense? The answer is: through the common schools. The public school teacher, urban or rural, with a working knowledge of music, is the real fountain head of music taste in his or her section, who, by influencing the children in the schools, spreads it to the home. But here the real obstacle arises. Where are school teachers with a true knowledge of the rudiments of music to be obtained, especially in a country where a shortage of teachers of any kind prevails? It is that problem with which the West is grappling, by endeavoring to create a body of

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# Putting Music Into Manitoba

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

primary teachers familiar with music in a specialized sense.

The majority of common school teachers in most parts of Canada is drawn from the high school graduates who have qualified for junior and senior leaving certificates. The curriculum of the high schools is already so filled with compulsory and optional subjects, that hitherto pupils of real musical talent on entering such institutions have as a rule been compelled to abandon musical studies. The only solution, obviously was to make music an option also, and to give marks for musical proficiency, which should count in the standing of candidates for teachers' certificates. Fixing the standards of proficiency (for it is clearly out of the question to add the teaching of music to the already heavily burdened high school course), involves another problem which will be dealt with presently.

The encouragement of prospective teachers to qualify in music, was the solution arrived at in Saskatchewan, two or three years ago; and a plan, adopted by the Manitoba Department of Education about a year ago is on similar lines. It is known as "a plan for crediting outside study in music under private instruction." In Manitoba all public instruction is co-ordinated in various grades ascending from grade one, for the little ones, to grades of higher numeration, until the graduation period is attained at the conclusion of grade eleven. Under this plan, credits for personal proficiency in music begin in grade nine with a bonus of 50 marks to the student who can show attainments in theory, and piano or violin. This bonus is credited in the student's total marks at the Departmental Examinations.

In grades ten and eleven the options begin. The student may select music in lieu of any one of the following subjects in the Teachers' Course; Algebra, Geometry, Household Science, Household Art, or Agriculture. The marks allowed for music in these higher grades are high; 70 for the practical test and 30 for theory; of which 42 in the one and 15 in the other represent pass marks. But the tests involved are by no means slipshod or light. To gain the initial bonus of 50 marks in Grade 9, the candidate is obliged to possess a knowledge of the reading of music, notation, expression marks, etc.; a working familiarity with musical history, especially as contained in the lives and works of Bach, Handel and Haydn and a grasp of the principles of harmony. Grades 10 and 11 in their demands carry the student forward into a full knowledge of music in its more complicated forms, later history and biography, acoustics, and many other details of the complex science. A very complete curriculum, involving a splendid range of compositions from which tests are made is included. Indeed, in looking over the lengthy syllabus it is quite obvious that in no way can a lazy student, who has managed to pick up by ear a superficial facility in music, use these options to shirk work. To qualify, he or she must show as careful preparation as in any other subject. Yet in Manitoba, last year, one hundred and eighty students wrote with re-

sults which were on the whole satisfactory and better showings are expected this year, now that the plan has passed out of the experimental phase.

THE initial experience showed that greater care must be exercised by students, and the teachers who advise them, in selecting the grade in which they enter as candidates for musical credits. In many instances, last June candidates were graded too high and suffered in examination thereby. Some latitude was shown in permitting candidates to play pieces not included in the list of the year; but this has now been made so comprehensive that it will hereafter be strictly adhered to. It was found also that in most instances the technical work had been poorly prepared and a much greater efficiency will be demanded in future; and the need of a more methodical education in sight-reading and ear-training was apparent.

Manitoba, however, started with adequate machinery for bettering results. It is quite obvious that if the educational authorities are to permit musical credits and place music on the list of options in the higher grades, private musical education must be standardized. Parents and children, ignorant of the subject, might, and in many instances, have been deluded into patronizing ignorant or slothful teachers without knowing that they were being imposed on. Governments cannot go to the length of providing detailed musical instruction for all, and must look to the musical profession itself to set up standards. Therefore, as a corollary step, the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association was formed last March for the purpose of raising the teaching standards in music, and to co-operate with the Department of Education in seeing that credits, options and examinations are properly administered. The tests of last June, showed that such an organization had come into the field none too soon. The association has other purposes which need not be dealt with; and is in reality a federation of several local associations which had already rendered service in promoting the recognition of music in teachers' courses. Within the past ten years a considerable number of musicians of very wide training and experience have taken up residence in Manitoba, and there is a growing coterie of able young musicians native to the province, who have enjoyed the advantages of musical education, not only in the Conservatories of Eastern Canada and the United States, but in Europe. Such a musician is Miss Eva Clare, a native of Neepawa, Manitoba, and now resident in Winnipeg, who was chosen as first President of the provincial body; and on the executive are well-known and efficient instructors like Mr. Rhys Thomas and Mr. James W. Matthews of Winnipeg, Principal Wright of Brandon College, Miss Pearl Tucker of Dauphin, and Mr. D. B. McHardy of Gladstone, the latter of whom serves as Secretary-treasurer. Viewed as a whole, Manitoba's plan for the diffusion of musical taste and knowledge seems to rest on well-laid foundations.



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The First Man to Fill Out the Mood Change Chart.

### WILLIAM J. BURNS

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From actual photograph taken at Edison Shop, New York City.

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**MOOD CHANGE CHART**  
An Analysis of Your Mental Reactions to Music, as Recorded by the New Edison, "The Phonograph with a Soul."

Date of Test: Nov. 16, 1910

1. Place Edison Shop (Home or Office)

2. Time: Morning, Noon, Evening

3. Weather: Clear, Cloudy, Rain, Windy

4. What kind of music did you feel like hearing? (Mark all which describe your mood, and X in square)

5. What was your mood immediately preceding test?

6. As a result of the test, what were your most noticeable mood changes?

7. Please comment on manner in which mood change occurred.

MOOD CHANGE: Serious, Nervous, Happy, Sad, etc.

Signed: W. J. Burns

## Will You Join Mr. Edison in an Experiment?

For many centuries, the power of music has been appreciated—but never has it been fully understood. For the purpose of ascertaining and classifying the effects of music on the minds and moods of mankind, Mr. Edison has associated with himself world-famed psychologists.

Will you assist by analyzing your own mental reactions to music, and those of as many friends as you can interest in the work?

Please examine the chart that is reproduced above. The Edison dealer in your locality will furnish you as many of these charts as you require.

If you do not own a New Edison, the Edison dealer in your locality will welcome your making the test in his store. Should you like to call in some of your friends, the Edison dealer will probably be willing to loan you an instrument and the necessary RE-CREATIONS so that you can make the test in your own home. Watch for his announcement in your local newspaper.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N.J.

## The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

## Through the Looking Glass

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

a perfect skin cannot be bestowed upon you magically, by earnest endeavor it can assuredly be acquired.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

DUNDAS.—Of course you cannot keep powder on your nose, my friend, if your skin is dry and you provide nothing to which it may adhere. This condition, as you doubtless know, is caused by a lack of good circulation and the absence of fat in the skin. Daily massage with a good skin-food is necessary—all lotions containing alcohol, borax, ammonia, zinc or similar chemicals are to be avoided. Eat nutritious foods and do not fail

to take daily out-door exercise. After bathing the face in warm water and pure soap at night, a lotion, the formula of which I shall send you, may be used for massage. You may find that this treatment will also clear up the pimples. As for the whiteheads, or milium, the proper treatment for these is to open each with a very fine lancet, which you must be sure is properly sterilized, press out the contents, and use a little peroxide on the part cut to prevent infection. I shall also send you the formula for a hair tonic when I write. I am glad to find my readers taking an increased interest in their appearance.



## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

visitors were present from Summerland and Penticton. Mr. J. W. Jones, M.L.A., of Kelowna, gave the opening address."

Okanagan Centre and Woods Lake Women's Institute held regular meetings. At the October meeting a resolution was unanimously passed requesting Government assistance to establish public health centres and maintain public health nurses. This resolution is to be submitted for discussion at the district conference to be held in Penticton. It is hoped that the resolution will receive the unanimous support not only of the Conference but of the Institutes throughout the Province.

Peachland Women's Institutes have held regular meetings. This Institute has been very active in improving the school grounds and by the expenditure of a generous sum of money have entitled the school board to the Government grant which is provided by the Department of Education for this purpose. The Secretary reports for October: The Peachland Annual Fair and Flower Show was held on October 14th. The entries were all good. The total receipts were \$58.15. A very successful baby clinic was held in connection with the fair. Seven small citizens were examined.

Rutland Women's Institutes has been active in public health efforts. In August a splendid demonstration on Canning, with a community canning plant, when 60 cans of pears, string beans and corn were put up in a scientific and expeditious manner.

Salmon Arm Women's Institutes have held meetings as usual. This Institute has done splendid work in their school fair, and has also been successful in making their last payment on a piano.

Salmon River Valley Women's Institutes have held regular meetings. The Secretary reports: "We held our flower show and exhibition of women's work and school children's work on August 19th. The total proceeds were \$23.00. Having \$15.00 to spare for an addition to our library, we discussed what books would be suitable to purchase. On November 11th, there was a discussion on vegetables in the diet. The roads were very bad which made the attendance small. Nineteen new books were added to the library."

Silver Creek Women's Institutes have held usual meetings. A very interesting account was sent in in the monthly report for October. The Secretary, Mrs. Elgood, read a paper on "The Uniform Certificate for Teachers in B. C." The discussion following was very interesting. The roll call was answered by each member reading an account of her experiences on first arriving in B. C. The Institute members planted perennials and trees in the school grounds this fall, and Mr. Wright ploughed a deep border all around the edge of the playground.

Similkameen Women's Institutes held regular meetings. On November 11th a very interesting meeting was held. Mrs. McCallum read a paper on "Madame Montessori's Teachings." Mrs. Wright gave a reading. The Secretary reports: "We had a sale of work on Nov. 5th, and after our expenses were paid our net proceeds amounted to \$151.50. As the town is badly in need of a good hall, the Institute decided to give \$210.00 towards the erection of a building which will be known as the Victory Hall."

West Summerland Women's Institute held regular meetings. Mrs. M. B. Smith, of Naramata, gave a lecture demonstration on "Dehydration of Fruit." on October 8th. The Secretary reports: "There was very little business at this meeting, most of the afternoon being taken up by Mrs. Smith's talk on 'Evaporating Fruit.' She went thoroughly into details, emphasizing the necessity of drying fruits to save waste in the orchards. Her little show boxes of the finished product were on exhibition so everyone had a chance of seeing the results. In November, the speakers were Dr. Andrew, Mr. William Kerr and Mrs. Fosberry. Dr. Andrew gave a splendid paper on 'Health' taking as his subjects, 'The proper food for growing children,' and 'Mouth Infection.' Mr. Kerr spoke of the Island of Iona, and Mrs. Fosberry spoke on the Canadian Women's Press Club."



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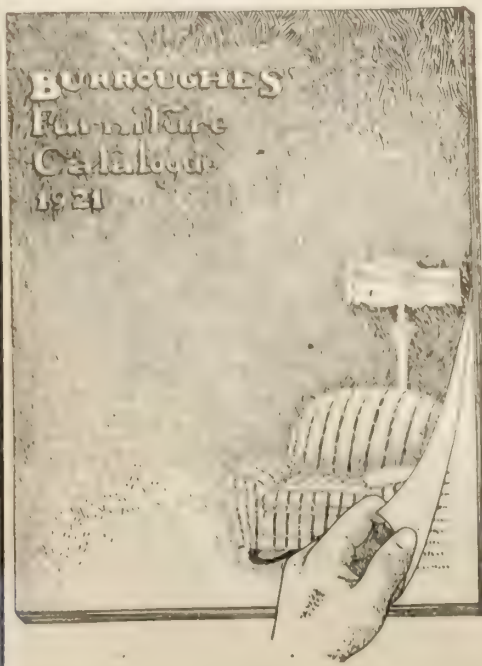
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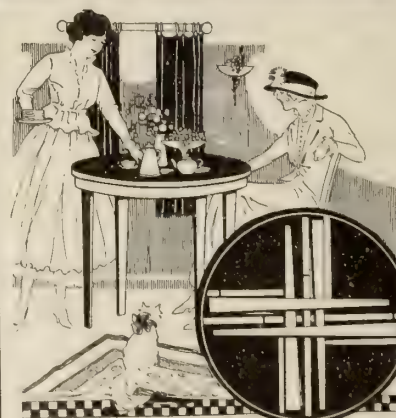
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# The Journal Puzzle for February

By TOM WOOD

If the eight pictures are guessed correctly and placed in proper order, the initials spell a certain month in the year, and the initials, the birthstone for the same. The row of young women at the bottom of the panel represent the twelve months of the year. Which one is February? How do you recognize her?



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by February 20th to be included.

### Correct Solution of the December Puzzle

The correct solution of the December puzzle is:—1, Sty; 2, Hindu; 3, Owl; 4, Rose; 5, Teapot; 6, Eli; 7, Seaweed; 8, Tree.

“Shortest” (Day).

“Yuletide.”

First prize: Master Berford Stayner, 21 James St. East, Brockville, Ont. Second prize: Master Walter F. Harris, Box 513, Red Deer, Alta.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



“Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment”

## The Royal Baking Service

from

### The Royal Educational Department

*Editor's Note*—Waffles! Griddle Cakes! Biscuits! There is nothing which requires so little time and trouble and yet returns so much in family health and happiness as these foods when baked at home with Royal Baking Powder!

Day in and day out, the Royal Educational Department is discovering new facts in baking. Thousands of women know the never-failing accuracy and delight of Royal Recipes. But there is more of a service in this department's work than just the publication of recipes. The department is really headquarters for all baking information, which it gives freely on request to every user of Royal Baking Powder.

### Prize Griddle Cakes and Waffles

#### To Get First Prize

TO make a perfect waffle—one that would capture first prize at a food show is easy if the Royal recipe given on this page is used. The waffle should be about half an inch thick, evenly browned, crisp outside—and soft and tender within. Sugar is never used in a perfect waffle batter, for the waffles are served with sugar or syrup.

#### To Prevent Hard Edged Griddle Cakes

GREASE the griddle only enough to keep the cakes from sticking if you want them light and fluffy on the edges as well as in the center. Too much grease causes the cakes to “draw” on the edges and to fry brittle and hard.

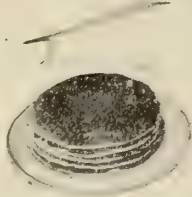
#### Greasing the Waffle Iron

JUST the opposite from greasing the griddle, the waffle iron should be greased very well indeed to prevent the waffle from sticking to the iron. The waffle iron should be very hot—almost smoking—when the batter is poured in.

#### How to Fill the Waffle Iron

WITH a tablespoon pour just enough batter into the iron to permit the grooves to be filled evenly but not covering the tops of the black squares; close the iron and count twenty slowly; then turn the iron and count fifteen slowly. If too much batter is put in, the waffle will be too thick, and will take so long to bake that it will become tough and leathery.

#### When to Turn Griddle Cakes



WHEN small light bubbles appear evenly covering the griddle cake, and by lifting the edge of the cake, a delicate brown shows underneath, it should be turned—but turned only once! Twice turning cakes will make them tough and soggy.

#### To Keep Pancakes Light

THE finest baked griddle cake will become soggy with steam if it is put on a cold plate. Slip it from the griddle to a hot plate, but do not flap it over again. Never pile more than four cakes on a plate as a larger number will be apt to steam upon standing, also making the cakes soggy.

#### Eggless Griddle Cakes and Waffles

IF you have a griddle cake or waffle recipe calling for two or three eggs, one or more of the eggs may be omitted by adding about a spoonful of Royal Baking Powder in place of each. Royal, however, is one of the very few baking powders that can be used in place of eggs in this way, as some baking powders leave a bitter taste in the food.

#### A New Way to Serve Pancakes

WITH a thinner pancake batter make large-sized pancakes—large as the pan will hold. Then place four together with butter and syrup or jelly between each cake, and cut in pie-shaped pieces for serving—making four servings from each plateful.

### The New Royal Cook Book Free

All of the recipes which you have liked so well on Royal pages together with many new recipes and discoveries, are given in our New Royal Cook Book. Write for your copy. It is free. If you send us the names and addresses of three friends interested in home baking we will supply them also free of charge.

#### ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Royal Baking Powder Co., St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

This is the first of the Royal Baking Service Watch for it

### Cut these out and Paste in Your Cook Book

#### Royal Hot Griddle Cakes

- |                                 |                         |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 3/4 cups flour                | 2 eggs                  |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt               | 1 1/2 cups milk         |
| 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder | 1 tablespoon shortening |

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening; mix well. Bake immediately on hot griddle. Serve with butter and maple syrup.

#### French Pancakes

- |                                 |                    |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 cup flour                     | 1 tablespoon sugar |
| 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder | 2 cups milk        |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt               | 1/2 cup cream      |
| 2 eggs                          | jam                |
|                                 | powdered sugar     |

Sift together flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt. Add eggs which have been beaten with the sugar and to which milk and cream have been added. Batter should be very thin. Heat small frying pan in which a little butter has been melted. Pour in just sufficient batter to cover bottom of pan. Cook over hot fire. Turn and brown other side. Spread with jam or preserves and roll up. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar and serve hot.

#### Royal Eggless Griddle Cakes

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups flour                    |  |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt               |  |
| 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |  |
| 1 1/2 cups milk                 |  |
| 2 tablespoons shortening        |  |

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well. Bake on slightly greased hot griddle. Serve hot with butter and syrup.

#### Waffles

- |                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cups flour                    | 1 3/4 cups milk                |
| 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder | 2 eggs                         |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt               | 1 tablespoon melted shortening |

Sift flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt together; add milk to yolks of eggs; mix thoroughly and add to dry ingredients; add melted shortening and mix in beaten whites of eggs. Bake in well greased hot waffle iron until brown. Serve hot with maple syrup. It should take about one minute to bake each waffle.

#### Buckwheat Cakes

- |                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups buckwheat flour            |  |
| 1 cup flour                       |  |
| 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder   |  |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt              |  |
| 2 1/2 cups milk or milk and water |  |
| 1 tablespoon molasses             |  |
| 1 tablespoon shortening           |  |

Sift together flours, Royal Baking Powder and salt; add liquid, molasses and melted shortening; beat three minutes. Bake on hot greased griddle.

#### Rice Griddle Cakes

- |                        |                                 |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup boiled rice      | 1 egg                           |
| 1 cup milk             | 1 cup flour                     |
| 2 teaspoons shortening | 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |
| 1 teaspoon salt        |                                 |

Mix rice, milk, melted shortening, salt and well-beaten egg; stir in flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle.

NOTE: Royal cans are always full weight. To avoid spilling the powder, shake down contents before opening and hold bottom of can firmly. Slowly twist off cover.

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## February Patterns and Prices

**9017—Ladies' Jacket.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at centre-back 36 inches. No. **8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. This suit in medium size requires 4½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3 yards 36-inch silk serge for lining jacket. The jacket has a becoming flaring collar, and both the collar and the huge patch pockets may be trimmed with heavy chain stitching. The narrow belt may be of the material or of leather.

**9039—Ladies' Jacket.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at centre-back 37¼ inches. No. **8943—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5½ yards 54-inch tricotine—3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining jacket. The collar of the jacket may be closed to the neck or rolled with the fronts to form revers. The huge patch pockets are set in under the plaits at the sides. The close-fitting sleeves flare open at the wrists.

**9220—Ladies' Tailored Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch Habutai.

**9274—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch China silk. This is one of the new Spring blouses, slipping on over the head, and with the modish semi-high collar that is so popular. The long sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs that are rolled back to form turnovers. Contrasting material such as striped silk, organdy, Georgette crepe, or eyelet embroidery may be used for the collar and cuffs, or they may be of self-material, the choice depending on individual taste.

**9023—Ladies' Jacket.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at centre-back 36 inches. No. **8943—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4½ yards 54-inch check worsted—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

**8792—Ladies' Jacket.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at centre-back 31 inches. No. **9020—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5½ yards 44-inch serge—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

**8798—Child's Single-breasted Coat.** Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tricotine—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining.

**9188—Child's Coat.** Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch velours—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining. The collar and cuffs are beaver.

**9136—Girls' Slip-on Long-waisted Dress.** Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch cotton poplin—1½ yard ribbon or cord for sash.

**9034—Girls' Box-plaited One-piece Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge.

**9029—Girls' Coat.** Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch check velours de laine—¼ yard 18-inch velvet for collar—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

**9091—Girls' Single-breasted Coat.** Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch duvet de laine—2 yards beaver banding to trim collar and cuffs—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

**9246—Juniors' Dress.** Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—¼ yard 27-inch flannel for vest and cuffs—2½ yards scallop trimming—1¾ yard ribbon for sash.

**8854—Girls' and Juniors' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 yard 44-inch serge for jacket—1½ yard 44-inch plaid serge for plaited skirt, collar, and cuffs—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The exposed part of the lining is faced with the serge and braided in design 12426.

**9272—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar—1 yard edging on collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The front of the waist is

cut in panel effect and extended at the sides to form a sash which ties in back. Embroidery in design 12600. The neckline is V shaped and finished with a rolled collar of white satin.

**9258—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. **8638—Ladies' Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 18-inch allover lace for vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress may be embroidered in chenille or soutache in design 12425. The fronts of the blouse are rolled to form revers and are gathered to the collar, which extends in stole effect at each side. Bias folds of satin or points or ribbon, trim the revers and the stole collar. A crushed girdle finishes with a loop at one side.

**9261—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velvetyne—¾ yard white satin for collar and cuffs—3 yards brocade ribbon for sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The skirt is embroidered in design 12558. The front of the dress is gathered at the underarm edges to give a draped effect in front. This is one of the features of the new princess models.

Dress 9183, 35 cents.  
Braiding 12300, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 9019, 35 cents.  
Blouse 9166, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8876, 30 cents.

Beading 12574, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 9067, 35 cents.  
Braiding 12426, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 9002, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Blouse 9218, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8295, 20 cents.

Jacket 9006, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8831, 25 cents.  
Jacket 9297, 35 cents.  
Skirt 9171, 30 cents.

Wrap 8948, small, medium and large, 35 cents.

Jacket 9297, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8760, 20 cents.  
Jacket 9017, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8760, 20 cents.

Jacket 9039, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8943, 25 cents.  
Blouse 9220, 25 cents.

Overblouse 9274, 30 cents.  
Jacket 9023, 35 cents.  
Skirt 8943, 25 cents.

Jacket 8792, 35 cents.  
Skirt 9020, 25 cents.  
Dress 9265, 35 cents.

Dress 9272, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12600, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Blouse 9258, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8638, 20 cents.

Braiding 12425, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 2961, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12558, blue or yellow, 50 cents.

Dress 9294, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12576, blue or yellow, 40 cents.

Dress 9286, 35 cents.  
Dress 9254, 35 cents.  
Braiding 12423, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Dress 9288, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12612, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 9257, 35 cents.  
Dress 9271, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12556, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Blouse 9252, 30 cents.  
Skirt 8962, 30 cents.

Coat 8798, 25 cents.  
Coat 9235, 30 cents.  
Coat 9188, 30 cents.

Dress 9136, 25 cents.  
Dress 9244, 30 cents.  
Braiding 11602, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 9034, 25 cents.  
Coat 9029, 25 cents.  
Coat 9091, 25 cents.

Dress 9222, 25 cents.  
Embroidery 12372, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 9246, 30 cents.  
Dress 8854, 25 cents.  
Braiding 12426, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

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# New Suits Have Box or Long Belted Jackets

9006—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 31 inches. No. 8831—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 7/8 yard. The suit in medium size requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch velours for jacket—3 1/8 yards 36-inch satin to line jacket—2 3/8 yards 44-inch plaid wool for skirt.

9297—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Length at center-back 29 inches. No. 9171—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The suit in medium size requires 3 1/2 yards 32-inch velvet for jacket—2 3/4 yards 36-inch satin for lining—2 3/8 yards 44-inch check worsted for skirt.

8948—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Length at center-back 47 inches. The wrap in small size requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch duvetyne—3 3/4 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

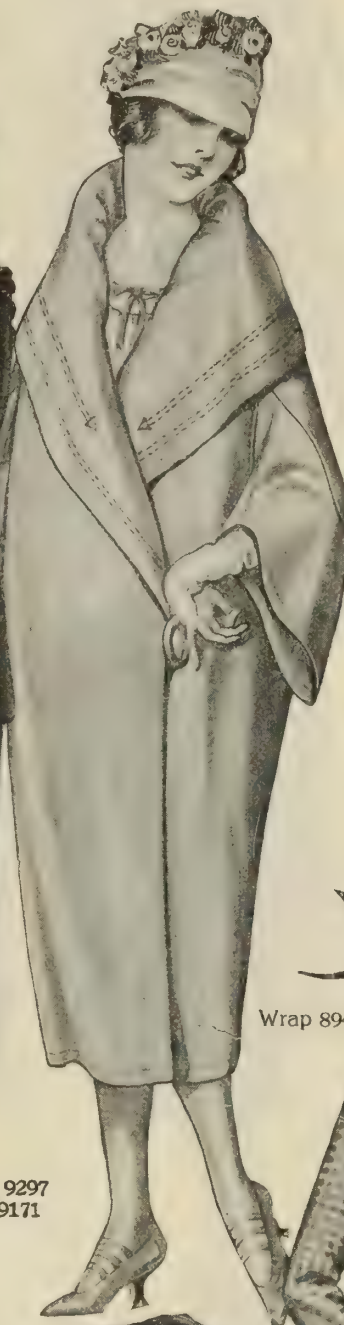
9297—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Length at center-back 29 inches. No. 8760—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The suit in medium size requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch tricotine—2 3/4 yards 36-inch taffeta to line jacket. The boxy lines and link fastening of this smart jacket give an up-to-the-minute air that has a distinct appeal for young women.



Jacket 9006  
Skirt 8831



Jacket 9297  
Skirt 9171



Wrap 8948



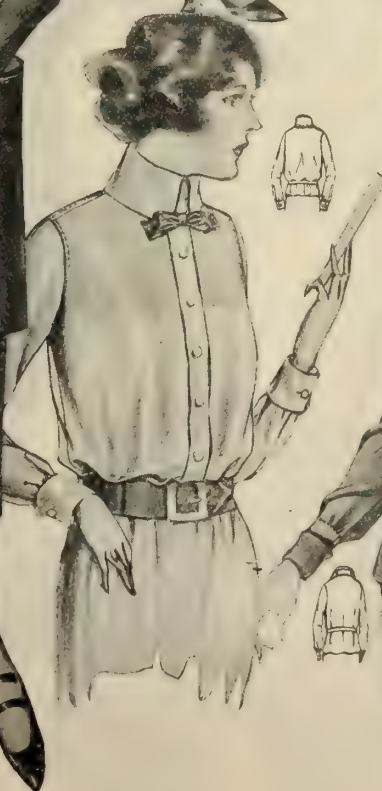
Jacket 9297  
Skirt 8760



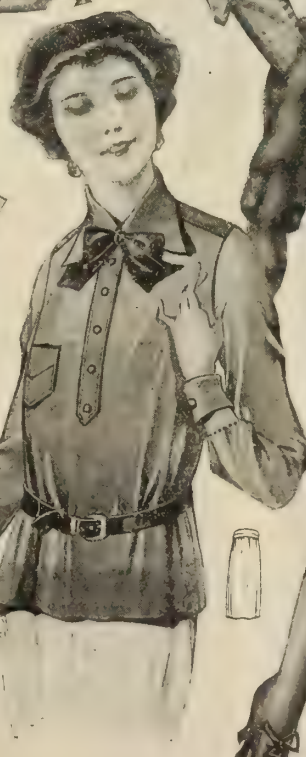
Jacket 9017  
Skirt 8760



Jacket 9039  
Skirt 8943



Blouse 9220



Overblouse 9274



Jacket 9023  
Skirt 8943

Jacket 8792  
Skirt 9020



# Delightful Frocks for Afternoon Wear

9265—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards 36-inch satin—1 7/8 yard lining for underbody and top of gores. This dress is a charming example of the new early Spring mode. It is made on the modified princess lines, with draping at the sides, giving the side fulness so prevalent in the new models. One of the greatest beauties of the frock is its simplicity, for it is untrimmed and depends for its effect on the richness of the satin and the perfection of line. Pippings of contrasting satin make an effective finish.



Dress 9265



Dress 9272  
Embroidery 12600



Blouse 9258  
Skirt 8638  
Braiding 12425



Dress 9261  
Embroidery 12558

9294—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch duvetyn—1 1/2 yard 36-inch satin for collar and waist—1 yard 36-inch lining. The dress is one of that most useful type appropriate for street wear when the weather permits the discarding of the coat, and dressy enough to look exceedingly smart at tea or in a restaurant. The lines are excellent, and the draping of the front tunic gives the required side fulness. The points of the drapery hang below the underskirt. The front is embroidered in silk floss and metal thread in design 12576. Tiny acorn buttons trim the edges of the three-quarter sleeves, the upper edges of the side openings, and the cloth belt.

Dress 9294  
Embroidery 12576



8638

9294



Dress 9286

9286—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 40-inch figured Georgette crêpe for overdress—2 3/4 yards 36-inch satin for underdress—1 1/8 yard 36-inch lining. This is a charmingly youthful model, and in its use of figured material it conforms to the latest dictates from Palm Beach. The sleeves are short and finished with tucks, the waist has long lines, a U-shaped neck, and a crushed sash of the material marking the low waist-line and tying at the side. The overdress is gathered to the long waist and is tucked to the hem, the tucks of even depth. The overdress is slit at the sides, transforming it into panels, and showing the satin under-skirt. Plain Georgette and satin, or plain and figured foulard would combine effectively in this charming model.



# THE ART OF DRESS

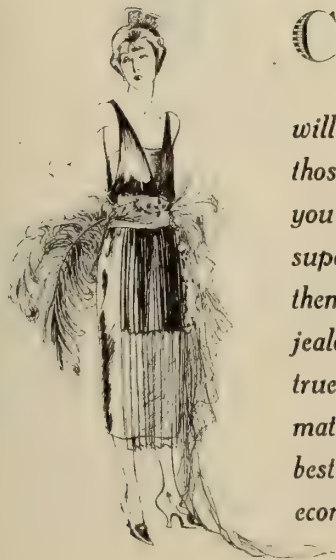


*Beautiful dress is chiefly beautiful in color  
—in harmony of parts—and in mode of  
putting on and wearing. Rightness of  
mind is in nothing more shown than in  
the mode of wearing simple dress.*

JOHN RUSKIN



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*The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited  
366-378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Can.*

The adoption of a mode of dressing that is genuinely artistic and becoming depends upon a woman's understanding of physical beauty. She must understand what it means to stand erect without conscious effort; that erect carriage is essential to dignity and grace of movement; that the appearance of proper height is largely a matter of suggestion. A woman will look ungainly tall or give the appearance of being "squatty" as her body is improperly proportioned by incorrect corsetry. The proper proportions of correct corsetry unfailingly give the impression of graceful height. She must know the necessity of absolute freedom for the muscles of respiration, and that any garment that handicaps free breathing, mars her speaking voice and undermines the entire system.

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Ideal Figure  
Tall Slender



Ideal Figure  
Short Slender



Ideal Figure  
Tall Heavy



Ideal Figure  
Short Heavy



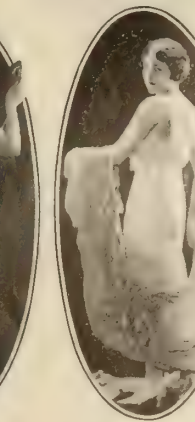
Ideal Average  
Figure



Ideal Figure  
Large Below Waist



Ideal Figure  
Large Above Waist



Ideal Figure  
Curved Back



Ideal Figure  
Short Waisted



# Princess Lines in New Spring Frocks

**9254—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch tricotine—1 yard ribbon for trimming—½ yard tucked net for chemise. The dress has the three-quarter length and is shown here with the flat-panel front and back, and is also shown in the side view. The dress is trimmed with a wide band of the low waist line at the waist. The deep V-neck collar is adorned with the V, is emphasized by a stitched trimming-band of contrasting fabric. A piece of ribbon join the V sides to net chemise.

**9288—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for trimming. The overdress is elaborately embroidered in heavy couching of wool in design 12612. The band of white trimming down the front of the underdress is marked at intervals of about an inch with tiny satin buttons. A deep Tuxedo collar on the overdress is made of the crêpe de Chine unembroidered. The U-neck-line is a very becoming feature. Elbow sleeves are set into a natural shoulder with cording, and cording marks the tiny yoke on the shoulders. This is a charming frock for semidress afternoon service, yet it is simple enough for street wear.

**9271—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch velveteen—½ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuff facing. The dress is simple in line and very smart. A panel, hanging from the shoulders almost to the hem, is pointed at the bottom and trimmed at the sides with flat buttons and corded buttonholes. The round neck is broken in the middle of the front, and the break is looped by tiny bands of braid.

**9271—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 36-inch satin for collar—¾ yard duvetyn for vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The skirt is embroidered in design 12556, and coarse silk, wool, chenille, or beads would be effective in working it out. This dress shows one especially interesting feature of the Spring mode—the fuller skirt. In this model the fulness is confined to the sides by means of inverted plaits. Gathers at the underarm edges give a draped effect front and back at the waist-line. The long rolling collar is widened at the back and over the shoulders by a narrow band of white satin, trimmed with buttons and tiny loops. This same form of trimming is used on the cuffs.



Dress 9271  
Embroidery 12556

Blouse 9252  
Skirt 8962



Dress 9288  
Embroidery 12612

Dress 9257

**9252—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 32 to 44 bust. No. 8962—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7 yards 36-inch foulard—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The very smartest frocks at Palm Beach are being made of foulard this season, and that is a sure sign of the times. Floral designs and polka dots are highest in favor, and the colors are very gay. As with this dress, the lines are simple, and there is little or no trimming. Here we see a cross-over bodice, and a three-tiered skirt. The long, close-fitting sleeves make this thoroughly appropriate for street wear, when the weather permits the discarding of top coats. This vogue for foulards is going to prove a boon to all who enjoy a dress of

Summer silk that combines smartness with comfort. The variety seen in colors and designs will give everyone a chance to satisfy the most fastidious taste. Lovely shades of green are popular, and there is the usual gamut of blues and tans. With such a dress silk stockings should be worn to match the frock, for Dame Fashion decrees that the stockings be of any color except that of the shoes.





# HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

## AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves — Right at Home — in this Easy Way.

By MARY WALDEN

ILLUSTRATION BY F. M. McANALLY

**M**Y dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it. There is nothing quite so depressing to a woman as an old hat and old clothes on a bright Sunday morning in Springtime.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry. My cup of bitterness had spilled over and I needed a few minutes to choke back the tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make Henry feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself, when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher, I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously. Henry was "old-fashioned" and proud. His wife should never have to "go to work"—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made-overs."

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse, he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking" duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. He sometimes shows

no more comprehension of a woman's pride than a care-free Airedale puppy. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of

course, in time—but while things are so expensive, and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it fine that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little pleasures and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Then I made my final attack upon Henry's old-fashioned idea that "my wife doesn't have to work."

"You know as well as I do," I said "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married

sometimes to make warm little knitted things for my little girl to wear.

A few evenings ago little Helen was riding on Henry's foot and she asked him to "sing a tune" for her, so he made this up, while he looked teasingly at me:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your income grow?  
By Auto Knitting hosiery,  
And woollen socks all in a row!"

Henry hasn't forgotten that I took up Auto Knitting without asking his advice, but he is glad now that I did, for it helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. I tell her why the Auto Knitter Company, an old, firmly established Canadian corporation, prefers socks of home manufacture to those produced in rushing, driving factories. I explain how their wide business connections give them an enormous market for the good, honest, old-time wool socks, made by hand on the Auto Knitters of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each of their workers, to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay check—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out employment agreement at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Company, Dept. 1352-K, 1870 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ont., at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit. The Auto Knitter does the work.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it that Sunday evening when I took the paper away from Henry, and opened it later at the Auto Knitter advertisement.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send us your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada)  
Co., Ltd.,  
Dept. 1352-K,  
1870 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Province .....



the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and began to idly turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank-check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. After a while I went out and made up with him, got dinner ready, and we had a happy afternoon together. That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitting outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

I kept the machine in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. While he was at the bank I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh joy! the thrill of the sight of that first check.

I was bubbling with happiness, and anxiety to tell Henry—but I waited until the next evening. Then, when he came home from the bank, I presented myself before him in the pretty new accordeon-pleated frock that I had seen advertised in Taylor and Parks' sale announcement in the paper.

Henry's mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say,

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently, but firmly, "don't you think it is perfectly ridiculous for us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now? You will, of

women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said,

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how easily it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pairs or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot. I didn't really need to buy any yarn to start work, for a generous amount was given free with the Auto Knitter."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how easy and pleasant the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitter Company, and getting my checks back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the Summer things I needed for myself or little Helen last Summer, and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Fall and Winter. All this without my being obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that Henry makes. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Toronto, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it; and



# Sartorial Success In Gowns for Stout Women

9183—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch tricotine— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yard metal ribbon— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards moire ribbon for girdle— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard embroidered batiste for collar— $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. This dress, which is especially fitted to the stout figure in its lines, has a deep open front with rolling collar, and a two-piece skirt laid in plaits at the top. The waist-line is marked with ovals of soutache braiding in design 12426, and the fulness is held in with a narrow sash. After a new fashion whim, narrow bands of metal ribbon provide the decorative note. The dress is in redingote style, the sleeveless redingote extending almost to the lower edge of the skirt. This is a two-piece model closing at the left only front and attached to the front-closing underbody. The sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the underbody.

9019—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{5}{8}$  yards 40-inch crepe de Chine— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch tuck net for collar and chemise— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard net lace for trimming— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard ribbon for lining— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch lining. Here is a good-looking afternoon dress for the stout woman, closing in front, and the open neck filled in with a long shawl collar, and an inset vest of net, trimmed with filet edging. The panels hang from the shoulders and may be trimmed with braiding or embroidery if desired. Three flounces are arranged on the two-piece skirt, which is joined to the front-closing underbody.



Dress 9067  
Braiding 12426

Dress 9002  
Embroidery 12510



Dress 9183  
Braiding 12426

Dress 9019

Blouse 9166  
Tunic Skirt 8876  
Braiding 12574

9166—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 8876—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette— $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch satin for skirt and underbody— $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard filet banding for flare collar and vest. An addition to the stout woman's wardrobe is a frock like this of Georgette crepe and satin. Beaded motifs in design 12574, and a collar and vest of filet lace contribute the trimming notes. Simple graceful lines mark the blouse with its smart rolling collar of filet lace joined to long, narrow revers which roll back from a vest of filet. The braiding forms a deep border on the tunic of the two-piece skirt which is dart-fitted at the top. Pumps of patent leather, suede, or kid complete the charming ensemble.

9218—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Dart-fitted Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crepe— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard filet lace,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard Georgette for vest— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards ribbon for girdle— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The fronts of the frock are rolled back in revers from a vest of Georgette which is marked off into a plaid effect by lines of drawn work. These long revers give smart slender lines to the full figure and the whole style of the dress is designed to add height and stateliness. The dress is worked out in Georgette crepe but it is equally suitable for satin, charmeuse, or crêpe de Chine; embroidered batiste, filet lace, or embroidered Georgette may be used for the trimming-band at the top of the vest.

9067—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch satin for waist, sleeves, and skirt— $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54-inch tricotine for tunic and flare collar—5 yards soutache braid to trim collar and revers— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard Georgette crepe for vest— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The low waist-line is very becoming to the full figure, and on this model it is emphasized with a braiding motif in design 12426. The fronts of the sleeveless, slip-on waist are crossed in surplice style and rolled back with the straight collar showing the vestee. The sleeves are the smart long, close-fitting ones of the present mode, and are trimmed with flat stitched cuffs, fitting snugly about the wrists.

9002—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch tricotine— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch satin for collar and vest— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A high Directoire collar of satin rolls over at the back of the redingote, and this with the comfortable opening in front forms a very smart neck finish. The redingote is caught together at the top, opening slightly below to show a narrow inserted vest of satin, and embroidered motifs in design 12510 may be worked in heavy rope silk or chenille on the front edges. One of the smart new cord girdles outlines the waist and a row of bone buttons trims the long plain, close-fitting sleeves. A frock like this would be a very useful addition to the wardrobe of the stout woman, as, tho cut on smart lines, it tends to slenderize the figure. With a fur neck-piece it would make a good-looking street costume for pleasant days in early Spring.

Tunic Blouse 9218  
Skirt 8295



# Dainty New Lingerie

## With a Word or Two About Corsets and Negligee

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY



A luxurious negligee of Nile green crepe de Chine embroidered with silver thread. The pointed cape back forms the sleeves, and the fringe is self colored. The boudoir cap is a scarf, bound around the head in true Eastern fashion.

**W**HEN the millennium shall have dawned, suffusing life with rose tints and all the things we have ever longed for shall be ours at last, then, every woman will have soft, clinging silk negligee, in which to rest, to be feminine and to be pretty. Whether she be a Judge of the Court, a magistrate, an alderman or just plain wife and mother, when the day's work is done, in the seclusion of her boudoir, each one will snuggle into the prettiest and cosiest negligee that ever was, to rest, to read, or perhaps plan the next day's work.

Negligees have been worn very much more the past five or six years than they were for a few years previous. Strange as it may seem, the war appears to have revived their vogue. A casual reflection of women's war time raiment recalls military and Nursing Sisters' uniforms, the garb of the farmerette, the munitionette and other substantial clothing far removed from the frivolity of a soft and clinging negligee. But the vogue of the negligee has been explained something like this: Women war-workers, weary of their masculine and near-masculine attire, as well as the hardships of the work that invoked it, bethought themselves of dainty negligees which are the epitome of all that is feminine in raiment, gathered its folds about them and relaxed. This may or may not be the correct explanation, but it sounds plausible.

The shops are displaying gorgeous creations in all the delicate pastel shades in Georgette crepe, satin, crepe de Chine, lace and net, and the two illustrations on this page depict two of the most alluring models.

Lingerie and corsets are very closely allied with negligee, and this season's vintage is both pretty and practical.

To begin with corsets, which dressmakers tell us should be the foundation of every costume, the new models which have been designed for next spring, have the same low tops of this season, but they are tighter around the lower edge of the skirt, and a new departure, one progressive firm is making, is the placing of the elastic suspender a couple of inches above the



The model for this sketch was a flesh-tinted crepe de Chine chemise. The top is filet lace, and the skirt, which is laid in wide tucks pressed, not stitched, has an edging of pointed filet lace.

edge instead of sewing it in with the binding. This is supposed to relieve the strain on both suspender and corset. There are some new athletic models, very soft and pliable with the minimum of boning, and cut away across the front so as to allow all the freedom possible when worn as a sports or negligee corset. And speaking of the negligee corset, there is a rather clever model, shown for the first time in the spring collection. It is a combination of corset and bandeau, the net top which hooks down the back being a bandeau to all intents and purposes, and the skirt, which dips in front and has a suspender attached to either side, is of satin—it is made in cou-til also—and has three bones, an upright one in the centre and on either side another leaning slightly away from the centre.

Just in case some bride-to-be is scanning this page for trousseau suggestions, one would like to mention a very exquisite front lace confection in the way of a lace corset, made over a heavy net foundation. Needless to say it was lightly boned and was all white, save the pink rosebuds (nestling in the corsage) and the pink suspenders.

It would be interesting to take up the relative merits of front and back lacing corsets, but that would take too much space; we shall just pause long enough to advise those who desire to have comfort in their corsets, to buy a good quality and to always have their corset, their brassiere and their bandeau fitted.

**L**OOKING back over a few years, one almost gasps at the transformation that has taken place in undergarments in the meantime. Some very wise and liberal-minded people are inclined to be captious over some of the lingerie displayed in the shop windows, and no one could help agreeing that some of it is horribly hectic. But, if the merchant were to take you into his confidence, he would probably tell you that some of it he never expected to sell; it was just made for window display and exaggerated like a poster, so don't take these extreme things too seriously. Think of the really good wearing satin, crepe de Chine, glove silk and habutai which the self-sustaining girl, at the risk of being accused of ex-



Grey satin panne, which is one of the new and lustrous weaves, was the choice of the designer who fashioned this very practical and really pretty negligee. Coral pipings lend harmonious contrast to the grey.

travagance, buys because the restrictions of her domestic arrangements, limit her laundry operations to the minimum, and none know better than she, that cleanliness is next to godliness. If she were to wear the substantial cotton undergarment that her grandmother before her did, and laundry prices what they are to-day—well, no wonder she buys silk.

We used to have only a bowing acquaintance with silk garments of any kind and they were kept for formal occasions. But while the war raged, we became better acquainted with it and were told that to wear silk was to be patriotic because we were saving wool and cotton for soldiers' uniforms and munitions, respectively. And silk is like some of the people we meet—the better we know them, the better we like them.



The tucked bolero yoke, edged with Valenciennes lace, and the coquettish fashioning of the shoulder are the new features of this robe de nuit, which is made of jersey crepe, also a new weave.

One was told by the head of a lingerie department that silk underwear sold better at Christmas than any other kind.

The "robe de nuit" which is shown, is one of the latest triumphs of the designer of garments of this kind. The fabric is crepe jersey in a dainty pink, trimmed with Val. lace. If you look at it closely, you will see that the deep yoke is tucked and fashioned like a bolero, and there are no sleeves, the edge of the arm's eye drooping over the curve of the shoulder. This seems to be a very popular substitute for a sleeve.

It is truly amazing how many versions of the envelope chemise one finds in the stores, and in spite of the length of time, they have been "in," there is no other garment as much liked. Next to camisoles, there were more envelope chemises sold at Christmas than any other type of undergarment. There are one or two new styles shown for spring. One of them is the rather wide skirted combination with elastic around the waist, and if it is to be worn with an evening dress, the top is straight and with elastic run through a casing and no shoulder straps. Most of the combinations as well as camisoles have ribbon straps instead of the built-up shoulder.

The panel envelope, which is the name given a new variety of this garment, may not quite suggest its nature. To be more explicit, it is made out of a piece of material

just double the length of the garment, which is sewn together at the sides, within six inches of the lower edge, and joined at the top to a yoke with a lace edging. The lower edge which is a fold, is cut across from either side, leaving a few inches in the centre, thus the panel front continues under the body and up the back. The edge and side slashes have a ruffle of narrow lace.

Two-faced ribbon, pink and blue, mauve and pink and other combinations are twisted into pretty cords with which flowers, scrolls and bows are outlined. Dainty little bows are also fashioned from it and tacked on envelopes, gowns, camisoles and other garments.



# Coats and Frocks for Little Folk



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Infants' Set 9231



Child's Coat 9188

Child's Coat 8798

Child's Coat 9235



Girls' and Juniors' Dress 9244 Braiding 11602

Girls' Dress 9034



Girls' Dress 9136

Child's Dress 9222 Embroidery 12372

Juniors' Dress 9246

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8854 Braiding 12426

9231—Infants' Set. Designed for one size only. The set includes dress, petticoat, pinning-blanket, shirt, band, nightgown or slip, kimono, sack, bib, and moccasins. The dress requires 1 1/2 yard 36-inch muslin. The nightgown or slip, 1 1/2 yard 36-inch longcloth; petticoat and bib, 1 1/2 yard 36-inch batiste; kimono, 1 1/2 yard 36-inch, pinning blanket, 1 1/2 yard, shirt and moccasins, 7/8 yard 27-inch, band, 1/4 yard 36-inch flannel.

9235—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1 1/2 yard 54-inch velours—3/8 yard seal banding for collar—2 1/4 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9222—Child's Long-waisted, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards ribbon. The skirt is embroidered in design 12372, and blanket stitch outlines the square neck and cuffs.

9244—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 44-inch serge—1 1/2 yard 44-inch Roman-striped serge for kilted skirt—1/2 yard white organdy for turn-back cuffs—3/8 yard 36-inch lining. The square neck and the wall of Troy line of the blouse are braided in design 11602. The natural waist-line is marked with a narrow leather belt.





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**A**LL the cuddly soft baby things—that tiny nightie, the little dress you have embroidered so carefully—can be popped into the gleaming copper tub of the 1900. Out they come, snowy white and fresh, to adorn baby's chubby, pink person!

In fact, everything can be washed in the 1900, even heavy sheets or blankets. The cleansing, soapy water rushes back and forth through the clothes in that magic figure 8 movement, swishing through them with every motion of the tub, and four times as often as in the ordinary washer! This figure 8 movement is the magic, exclusive feature that makes the 1900 the perfect washing machine. There are no parts in the tub to cause wear and tear, or to wrench off buttons either.

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Address .....

City and Province .....

## 1900 CATARACT WASHER

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368 Yonge Street TORONTO





# Recipes for Devilling

By MARY M. NEIL

**T**HE word devilling sounds startling, but in the cook's realm is simple enough. The word "to devil" means to make something hot with red pepper, mustard, chutney, etc. All sorts of things may be devilled, chops, toast, eggs, fish, cooked chicken, meat, and bones. As regards the latter, be sure there is something on the bones.

**Devilled Bones.**—The bones most used for devilling are from the shoulder or leg of lamb. Score the meat left on the bones with a sharp knife, and rub in the following mixture: Warm together one teaspoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, and red pepper and paprika to taste. Then grill the bones. They require a fierce, hot, and clear fire and cook until well browned. Serve hot.

**Devilled Kidneys.**—Four sheep's kidneys, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, red pepper, salt, one teaspoonful of chutney, a squeeze of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, one-half cupful of stock or water, two yolks of eggs and a few fine bread crumbs. Split the kidneys and cut them in small pieces, removing the white centre and the skin. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the onion and cook it a few minutes without allowing it to take color. Then add the kidneys with the seasonings; mix well over the fire and pour in the stock, cover and cook over a moderate fire for fifteen minutes. Draw the pan to the side of the range and stir in the yolks of eggs. Fill small fireproof dishes or scallop shells with this mixture, sprinkle with the bread crumbs, and pour over a little melted butter. Place in the oven and brown quickly. Serve very hot.

**Devilled Chicken Croustades.**—Make the croustades of pastry, and bake them until nicely browned. Cut one-half cupful of cooked chicken and two tablespoonfuls of cooked ham in fine shreds, or chop them. Heat them in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of stock or gravy, add one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one-half teaspoonful of curry powder or paste, seasoning to taste, and a little chopped chutney. Fill the pastry cases with this mixture, put a thin slice of pimento or tomato on the top of each, and place them in the oven until thoroughly hot. Garnish with small sprigs of parsley.

To make the croustades of pastry.—Take some plain pastry without sugar, roll it out thinly, and stamp out rounds with a cutter. Grease small round tins, and line them with the pastry. Prick the pastry at the bottom, line the tins with a little paper, fill them with dry rice, and bake in a moderate oven until brown and cooked. Remove the paper and the rice, and if necessary return the cases to the oven to dry the insides. The rice may be used over and over for the same purpose.

**Devilled Drumsticks.**—These are legs of fowl, turkey, or game. Peel and chop one small onion, and fry it in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one teaspoonful of curry powder, mustard to taste, and two cupfuls of brown stock, cook for a few minutes, then add one tablespoonful of flour moistened with a little water or stock. Cook until smooth, put in the drumsticks, and heat right through (about forty minutes), serve hot. Another method.—Marinate the legs of fowl, turkey, or game in made mustard and oil for fifteen minutes, then grill them until nicely browned, and pour melted butter over them before serving. Serve hot.

**Devilled Macaroni.**—Boil in boiling salted water for twenty minutes one-half package of macaroni, drain well, cut it in small pieces and put it in well buttered fireproof dishes. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour and when blended stir in one and one-half cupfuls of milk and cook until smooth, then add one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of onion juice, a saltspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and a few drops of tabasco sauce, cook for a few minutes and pour over the macaroni. Sprinkle the top with bread

crumbs, dot with small pieces of butter and bake in the oven until nicely browned. Serve hot in the dishes. Spaghetti may be served in the same way.

**Devils On Horseback.**—Prepare and fillet some sardines, and cut some very thin slices of fat bacon. Season the fillets with pepper, paprika and lemon juice, and wrap each one in a strip of bacon, enclosing a small piece of devil butter. Fix the rolls with a tiny wooden skewer, place them on oval-shaped pieces of hot buttered toast, which have been sprinkled with salt and pepper, and place in a hot oven until the bacon is ready. Serve very hot. Small pieces of cooked chicken or game liver are also very tasty done in this way.

To make the devil butter.—Pound one-half cupful of butter with a little curry powder or paste, one-half teaspoonful of chopped chutney, a squeeze of lemon juice and red pepper to taste.

Another method for Devils on Horseback.—Make in the same way as above, rolling a cooked and stoned prune inside of the bacon instead of the sardine. The prunes must be tender without being too soft, and they must be well drained from their liquid.

**Devilled Eggs.**—Boil the eggs for twenty minutes, then dip them into cold water, and shell them. Halve the eggs, and remove the yolks. Mash the yolks of eggs in a bowl, add one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of anchovy essence, a pinch of salt and a few grains of red pepper. Stuff the white halves of the eggs with this and cook gently till very hot. Serve hot on hot buttered or fried toast. This makes a good supper dish.

**Devilled Sardines.**—Scrape free from skin and oil, and wipe the sardines in a clean cloth. Then roll them in a mixture of made mustard, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, Worcestershire sauce and a few grains of red pepper. Lay each sardine on a slice of toast in the oven, and serve very hot. It should not take more than five minutes to cook them in a very quick oven.

**Devilled Duck.**—The remains of a cold roast duck are suitable for a most excellent "devil." To make it you must remove the bones and cut the meat into rather small pieces, but not too small. Put into a saucepan one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of red pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix these ingredients gradually and very thoroughly together, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and three tablespoonfuls of water. When this gets hot, put in the pieces of duck and one cupful of white stock. Place the saucepan over the fire and stir it carefully till smoking hot, then turn it on to a hot serving dish, and serve as hot as possible.

**Devilled Lobster.**—Devilled lobster is one of the things that can be made with canned lobster. You must first prepare a paste of salt, dry mustard, curry powder, black pepper, and salad oil. Spread it over with lobster, then melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a fireproof dish, put in the fish, and heat it well through, browning the top.

Another method.—For this, fry small squares or rounds of bread. Chop the lobster. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the lobster, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful each of chutney and bread crumbs, and one teaspoonful of vinegar. Make this mixture hot, and pile on the fried bread. Heat in the oven, and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

**Devilled Biscuits.**—These are done either dry or buttered. Dip soda crackers twice into warm water, then pepper them with red pepper, and bake till quite crisp in a moderate oven. Serve hot in a toast-rack.

In the other way, knead together three tablespoonfuls of butter, a saltspoonful of red pepper, and a saltspoonful of mustard. Dip the crackers twice into warm milk, spread them with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till crisp. Serve very hot on hot plates.



## "Just Look What's Coming!"

If you ask the children, "What do you think is nicest for dessert?" you will get the answer: "Ice cream and Jell-O," or "Jell-O and ice cream."

It doesn't matter that the two are not at all alike. Either satisfies the craving for something that "touches the spot."

Ask the mother upon whom devolves the work of preparing the dessert which of the two she would choose for the children, and she will say: "I prefer Jell-O for the children, for they like it as well as ice cream, and it is better for them as a general thing."

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## The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

stone, beside which were yellow temple flowers in blossom. Here in a crevice of a huge square block the wind dropped the bit of paper, and this time it was Sepaya who reached it first. She lifted it, but dropped it again at once. In the crevice of the stone lay a pearl, such a pearl as the children had never seen before, large and lustrous, with a faint flush of pink beneath its light cloud-grey.

"I am sure it was an evil spirit—I am sure it was a Nat," said Sepaya, "None other could have hidden the temple jewels away like this."

"It was a Nat," agreed Nyo, soberly, and he plucked a yellow temple-flower and placed it on the spot where the pearl had lain.

While Nyo was putting away the pearl in company with the topaz, Sepaya looked about in search of their tinsel butterfly. But the wind found it first, and as the bit of gilt fluttered high, Nyo called out excitedly:

"Come down, O, bright one, come down, thou finder of bright things, that we may follow thee again."

There was a little grove of tamarind trees not far ahead.

Here the wind let its golden traveller rest a while, and the children found it lying in the grasses. The children saw its golden-yellow, but they saw more, for beside the tinsel lay what seemed to be a bit from a rainbow. The colors changed each moment, as if what held them was a living flame.

"I will carry it," said Nyo, "We will bring the great opal back to the temple with the other jewels."

"I just knew it was a Nat," said Sepaya, shaking her head solemnly, and the two children hurried from the grove lest the evil spirit come back to where it had hidden the opal.

The wind hurried too, and, swooping down, parted the grasses, snatched the bit of tinsel, and bore it in front of Nyo and Sepaya. They did not need to follow far, for the piece of gilt fluttered down right in front of them.

THERE it lay in the full sunlight, a blaze of blood-red light.

It was Nyo who spoke first: "We have found it, Sepaya, we have found the greatest of the lost treasures. It is the Heart of Ananda. We must go back at once. We will not chase our tinsel butterfly longer."

But little Sepaya picked up the bit of gilt paper to add to her treasures, and the two children, Nyo carrying the ruby in his hand, went back to the temple.

As they came into sight, Mee Poo trumpeted loudly, but the children passed on and up to the entrance of the pagoda itself. There they came to priests of the temple, and with an eager hand Nyo spread the four lost jewels before astonished eyes. The topaz, the pearl, the opal and the ruby, had returned to their temple.

With strange chant and slow step, the priests bore the treasures into the temple, the ruby, Heart of Ananda, most reverently of all.

At the entrance the children waited, and one of the priests, returning, poured into Nyo's and Sepaya's hands both gold and silver until they could hold no more. And all the time Mee Poo watched from the courtyard gate, his mind still full of honey-eakes.

"It was the tinsel paper found them all," said little Sepaya as the two walked slowly homeward. At each side of the avenue the toddy-palms shook their feathered heads, and Nyo looked up at the waving fronds, and said:

"No, little one, it was the wind that found them all—the summer wind—The Finger of Ananda searching for his own."

High above their heads the wind stirred the palm trees, and to the children it was singing:

A sunbeam is a golden guide to glories of the day,  
The moon and stars will light for you the beauties of the night:  
But follow me a-dancing, at hide-and-seek we'll play,  
And I will find the treasures close hidden from your sight.

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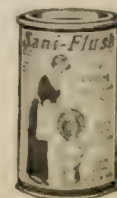


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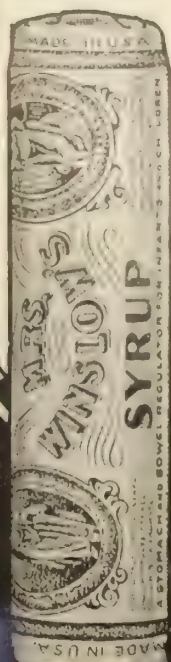
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

looked around at the grim, empty woods, and at the strange, alien boys who were to conduct them; and instinctively put out her hand to Garth.

The eldest and smartest of the breeds was a beady-eyed youth answering to the name Pake. When the "Aurora" passed out of sight his demeanor changed. It was not that he became openly insolent, but what was harder for Garth to deal with, he was blandly and blankly indifferent to the whites. Garth inwardly fumed, and there was a heavy weight of anxiety, too, for Natalie. Pake constructed packing harness out of rope, and divided all their goods into five lots, of which four were of about equal weight, and the fifth lighter. This one Garth supposed was for Natalie, though he thought it too heavy, but to his astonishment he learned Pake intended the light pack for himself, and one of the others for Natalie. Upon Garth's vigorous objections, Pake coolly added the greater part of Natalie's load to Garth's.

Hampered as he was by his augmented pack, Garth still managed to carry his rifle across his arm. And yet St. Paul, who interpreted for him, had assured him these were good boys and would treat him well. St. Paul was right, when Garth had been in the country longer he learned this was simply the breed way.

Whatever Natalie thought of their situation, she put on a bold air. As they started Indian file, under the great trees in the gathering dusk, the three swarthy youths in advance bowed under their packs: "Look!" she cried. "Isn't it like the frontispiece to a book of adventure!"

The breeds inherit from the red side of the house a shuffling half-trot, produced with heavy shoulders and rolling hips, that is a good deal faster than it looks. Natalie with her tiny bundle had much ado to keep up, and Garth under his, plodded doggedly behind, with breaking neck and shoulders.

After several miles of this, without warning, the breeds simultaneously cast their packs on the ground, and took a rest. Every move these strange creatures made was unexpected. Garth laboriously ridding himself of his burden, proceeded to read them a severe lecture on the necessity of accommodating their pace to the lady's for the rest of the way. It was received with stolid, uncomprehending stares.

Presently they set off again as fast as ever, whereupon Garth did as he should have done at first, lost his temper, and swore at them roundly. Pake looked around with a gleam of awakened intelligence, and slackened his pace. After a brief consultation, Pake and another set off in advance with their share of the goods, leaving the third boy to guide the feeble steps of the two moon-i-yas. Garth wondered if they would ever see Pake and the boxes again.

It was a long seven miles; and absolute darkness clothed the lofty aisles of the pine trees long before they finished passing through; and beyond there were interminable, misty meadows of wild grass to be crossed. Garth could no longer distinguish any sign of a trail; but the breed bent steadily ahead.

At last a bright light flared suddenly across the hay marsh; and from their guide's joyful exclamation, they gathered that it marked the end of their journey.

Five tepees, faintly phosphorescent with interior fires, stood in a line where the pine trees bounded the hay marsh. Garth's mind was relieved to find Pake waiting with the balance of the outfit intact. The fire they had seen was from an armful of brush lighted for a beacon to guide them. The people were all within. The three breed boys dived into the principal tepee without ceremony, leaving Garth and Natalie standing rather foolishly outside. They were evidently expected to follow; for presently a head was stuck inquiringly outside; and what they took for an invitation to enter was delivered in Cree.

"Let us go in," whispered Natalie. "I'm crazy to see what it's like!"

Without more ado, she lifted the flap which covered the entrance, and crawled, blinking, into the light Garth close at her heels.

A fire was built on the ground in the centre of the tepee; and the smoke, filling the apex, finally found itself out at the top. Around the fire was grouped a motley, gipsy crew of all ages; the elders in the place of honor above the fire; the children by the door. The firelight threw the copper-colored faces into strong relief; each wore an expression of stolid expectation. Like mongrels generally, their manners were bad; a grunt served for welcome, and places were coolly pointed out where they should sit.

With that the guests were forthwith yielded up to discussion, while the whole circle stared at them as if they were vegetables. In especial, the children sitting across the fire, transfixed them with eyes, under each mop of raven hair, as hard, bright and unwinking as the eyes of little birds of prey. Young Pake sat at the right hand of the principal man—a personage in frayed overalls and cotton shirt, with a scarlet handkerchief about his temples—and called attention to the points of the two moon-i-yas like their showman. After all the elders had partaken of tea, somebody recollected to thrust the battered pot at Garth and Natalie, with two more than doubtful tin cups. They declined to partake.

Garth was fuming. "Let's get out," he whispered.

"Just a minute," Natalie begged, with bright eyes. "Never mind their manners. It's all so strange and different!"

Presently the preparations for retiring, which their arrival had probably interrupted, were resumed. Hideously dirty and torn comforters with protruding cotton filling, were spread on the ground; and individuals began to roll up, feet to the fire. A woman indicated a place for Garth and Natalie, side by side. When her meaning became clear, they elaborately avoided each other's eyes, and Natalie beat a hasty retreat outside. She never again expressed a wish to enter a tepee. Garth, blushing to the roots of his hair, explained that they preferred to sleep outside.

Garth pitched the little tent he had for Natalie under the pine trees at a short distance, and spread her bed on balsam boughs inside, with tender hands. Natalie had suddenly half collapsed like a sleepy child. She disappeared with a murmured good-night, and was heard of no more until morning. Garth spread his own bed under the stars, athwart the door of the tent. He remembered before turning in, that they lacked water, and returned to the tepee to ask where it was to be procured. As he entered the second time, his attention was arrested by the sound of Mary Co-que-wasa's name on Pake's lips.

"Who is Mary Co-que-wasa?" he asked, recollecting his previous uneasiness.

It appeared they could understand English well enough when they had a mind to.

"Mary Co-que-wasa—one—bad—woman," said one, with the toneless enunciation of a parrot.

Another volunteered further information in Cree, in which the names of Mary and Nick Grylls were coupled.

"What's that?" demanded the startled Garth.

"Mary Co-que-wasa—Nick Grylls' woman," said his first informant.

That was all he could get out of them. It did not conduce to the ease of his first bed in the wilderness.

IN the morning Natalie issued forth radiant; and Garth marvelled afresh at the vision of urban perfection she made in the wilderness. He was blowing the fire at the time; a typical tenderfoot's fire, all tinder and no fuel, at which the breeds grinned askance. He soon learned better. The breeds haunted their camp, enjoying their struggles with that superior, insulting grin. Natalie, rolling up her sleeves, announced her intention of cooking the breakfast, while Garth

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)





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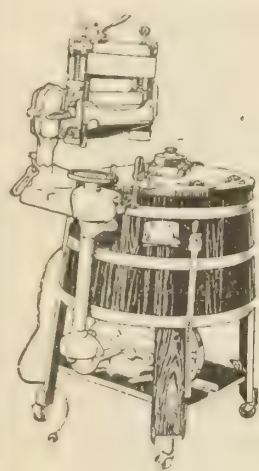
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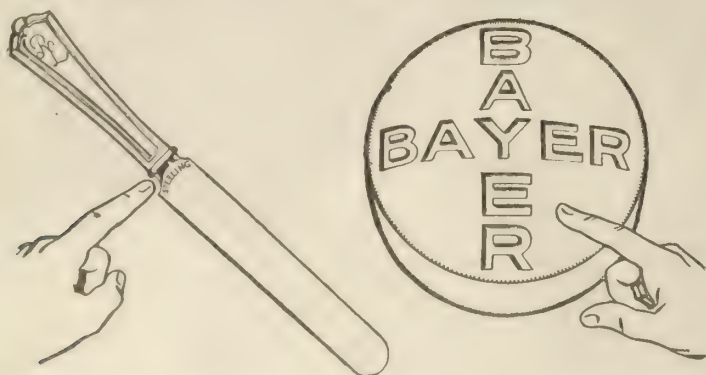
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

struck camp. She who had never cooked under the best of conditions, had a sad time of it balancing a frying pan on a fire of twigs, and keeping the water in the pot long enough for it to come to a boil. They were sad-looking lumps of bacon that she offered Garth, burnt withal, and she gravely informed him there was a small slice of her thumb cooked up with it. The cocoa, too, which obstinately refused to dissolve in a cold element, was watery and full of lumps. However, they still had civilized bread and butter and Garth would have eaten Paris green with gusto, if offered with the same appealing smile.

Afterward an ancient box wagon came rattling up, drawn by two champing cayuses, guided by Pake, the "wise guy" of the bush. The duffle was thrown in; Pake and one of his brethren coolly pre-empted the box, allowing Garth and Natalie to dispose themselves as they chose among the freight; and they set off at a smart pace across the gloriously sunny meadow.

It was rough enough in all conscience; and in spite of every effort to brace themselves in the body of the wagon, they were shaken about like corn in a hopper. But in the bush it was worse; there, though their pace necessarily slackened, what with the holes, roots, stumps and fallen trunks, they had seldom more than two wheels on the ground; and more than once all that stood between them and a total capsize was Pake's dexterous wrist. Progress was so slow, Garth decided they might venture to insure their necks by walking.

So he and Natalie strode on ahead, pausing here and there to pick the delicious acrid mooseberries, and discussing their problems. Their talk was chiefly of Nick Grylls. Natalie finally confessed what had happened at the Landing.

"You should have told me immediately," Garth said with a frown.

Natalie looked "poor," as she called it. "I was afraid you'd send me home," she said. "Now you can't," she added provokingly.

Garth in turn told her what he had learned the night before.

"Look here," said Natalie frankly; "what is the use of hiding these things from each other? Let us promise to tell everything that happens after this. You wanted me to take you for granted as if I were a man. You treat me like a man and I will."

Garth smiled; and promised to try—just as she had done on a similar occasion.

"I wish I had some men's clothes," said Natalie stoutly; frowning as girls always do, when they see themselves in that character. And in the very act of wishing it, she forgot; and drove home her femininity. Tipping a palmful of mooseberries into her mouth. "Wouldn't I look nice!" she said with a sidewise sparkle.

Garth, swallowing a sigh, smiled, and allowed that she would.

They speculated on what Mary Coque-wasa's errand might be; neither of them was experienced in villainy. There, in the matter-of-fact daylight, and, as Natalie said, on Sunday, August the fifth now, it was impossible for the thought of one silent old woman to cause them much uneasiness; besides, they presently expected to join forces with the Bishop's ample party. Nothing nearly so simple and devilish as the actual truth occurred to them; and it was brought home with the force of a blow, when they reached the Warehouse.

About eleven, a final descent brought them to the shore of a demure little river flowing softly between high banks—Musquasepi, that they were to know so well. Off to the left it merged into the muddier waters of the "big" river. On the further shore stood the Warehouse they had heard of so often.

"Oh!" said Natalie. "Only another little log shack! Why I imagined a—"

"Five-story stone front?" suggested Garth.

"Well, I don't know," she said, "but not that!"

On the hither side was a solitary

cabin; and in the doorway stood a breed, outwardly a different pattern from any they had seen—but after all not so different. He was clad in decent Sunday blacks minus the coat; and wore heavily-rimmed spectacles which he took off when he really wished to see. On the table within was ostentatiously spread an open Bible—the sharp-eyed Natalie took note that it was upside down. This young man had a heavy expression of conscious responsibility, before which the insouciant Pake visibly quailed. Pake indicated to Garth that Ancose Mackey stood before him.

"Where is the Bishop?" Garth demanded impatiently.

Ancose blandly ignored the question for the present. "How-do-you-do, sir," he said, like a mechanical doll, at the same time politely extending his hand.

Garth, shaking it hastily, repeated his question—but the young man was not to be hurried over any of his self-pleasing formalities.

"How-do-you-do, sir," he repeated to Natalie in precisely the same tone, gravely shaking hands with her.

Then they must needs come in and sit down, while their host made a remark on the weather, and informed them, with an air, that he was a very good reader. He wrapped his Bible in an end of comforter, and pulling a doll's trunk from under the bed, put it away. Natalie had a glimpse of the contents of the trunk; she said afterward, it was like the inside of his head; beside the Bible, there were sundry pieces of dried moose meat, a gaudy silk handkerchief, tobacco and a brass watch-chain of the size of a small cable. He took out the latter and put it on.

Finally he appeared to hear Garth's question. "Bishop gone up little river. Four days," he said.

"Some one was to meet me here," said Garth confidently.

An expression of genuine concern appeared under Ancose Mackey's solemn mugging. "You Garth Pevensy?" he asked.

Garth nodded.

Ancose's English was not equal to the situation. He turned quickly to Pake, squatting in the doorway, and exploded in Cree. Pake answered in kind. It takes a roundabout course to say anything of an abstract nature in Cree. Finally Garth heard the ominous name of Mary Coque-wasa enter into their discourse.

"What is it?" he demanded impatiently.

Ancose turned a long face to him. "Bad medicine here," he said. "Bishop send ol' Pierre Toma down from head of rapids with him team to get you," he went on, struggling manfully with his English. "Ol' Pierre stay to me three days of waiting. Las' night come boy up big river in canoe. Boy say to ol' Pierre, Cap'n Jack stuck at Caliper Island. Boy say, Cap'n Jack want tell to Bishop, Garth Pevensy no can come. Garth Pevensy him gone back outside."

Garth and Natalie looked at each other in dismay.

"Mary Coque-wasa do this," added Ancose. "Him no speak never true."

"Of course!" said Natalie. "She knew they wouldn't believe her, so she sent the boy up, while she waited below."

"Where's the boy?" Garth demanded.

Ancose shrugged. "Gone down," he said. "No can catch now."

"When did Pierre Toma go back?"

"Early," said Ancose. "Five hours. Him horses fresh."

"Maybe we can catch them yet!" cried Garth. "How much to the head of the rapids, Pake?"

Pake had ample English to make a good bargain. However, it was finally struck; and cutting Ancose Mackey's elaborate adieux very short, they took to the road again.

They had twenty-five miles to cover. This part of the trail is considerably used in freighting goods around the rapids, and in the North it is considered a good road, though the travellers' bones bore testimony to the contrary for several succeeding days.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)

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## The Journal Juniors' Club

Conducted by  
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**M**Y Dear Club Members:  
I opened a letter from Althea McLean of Westmount, Quebec, and, among other interesting things, she says:

"The splendid thing about our club is that it brings those who live so far away from each other into touch, and makes them feel that they have friends all over the Dominion."

This is one of the main objects of our club. Our club is purely Canadian, too, and our page is the medium by which our members can voice their hopes and ambitions. A contribution that is not a prize-winner is not a lost effort—not to our members—it only brings a realization that some other member has given a little more care to the subject. This friendly rivalry means essays of a higher standard and still greater enjoyment for those who read the winning ones when they are published.

A delightful Valentine story is this from our friend, Vera A. Johnson of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. The story within the story is told by a

I have a Valentine story from you, Andrew C. Johnson, but, Andrew, it was not nearly long enough. You could have told us far more about Saint Valentine, I know. Do not be afraid of taking up too much space next time.

Your essay is most interesting in that you tell us much about Saint Valentine himself, and why a day is set apart to keep his memory with us. I would like to hear from you again, in our next contest if you can compete.

Catherine M. MacKinnon, Truro, Nova Scotia, has sent us "My First Pair of Skates," a charming little story of kindly thoughts, and, what is more, of kindly deeds.

Please write me often, Catherine. I like to hear from you.

There is another "Valentine" here, this one from Elsie Lebreton. Kind thoughts and kind words always bring happiness, and in this story, the thought that prompted Alice to send a Valentine brought joy that she had never even dreamed of.



PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH

"A Bend in the Road," sent by Alannah Sutherland. This snap is a turn in the road that runs past Alannah's home. It is the entrance to the Switchback Road. Isn't it a fine place to coast? Congratulations from us all, Alannah.

charming old lady to her grandchildren, of a valentine which she received from "the Major," who became so much better known to the children as "grandfather."

Yours was a truly admirable story, Vera, and, though not the prize-winner, is certainly worthy of honorable mention.

"My Valentine Gift," is here from Stella Silverstein, a splendid name for a splendid story, a story which leaves the reader happy, because of the happy ending of the story itself.

You have improved greatly in your composition, Stella, and I look forward to receiving your next essay.

"How Mary Won a Friend," is told in Elsie Gee's "Valentine story." If every Valentine were a "good luck" one such as you tell us of, Elsie, how easy it would be to make people happy. But the true kindness that is the keynote of your story is ours to use for the happiness of others.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)

### CONTESTS FOR FEBRUARY

- 1—Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than 500 words; subject, "The Coming of the Summer Birds."
- 2—Boys and girls 8 to 12 years. Not more than 300 words; subject, "The First Flowers of Spring."
- 3—Camera Contest; subject, "An Old Tree."

### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry.

Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs. Prize photo we cannot guarantee to return.

Closing date, the 24th of February.

Those who have taken three prizes in the various contests will not be eligible for further competition.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.



Made with a No. 2A Brownie fitted with a seventy-five cent Kodak Portrait Attachment.

## When the Children out-grow Childhood

After all home pictures mean the most. Pictures of travel, of the week-end motor trip and of our sports—all these add to the fascination of the picture album. But the home pictures—for the most part pictures of the children, just every day pictures—these are the ones that never lose their appeal, that grow more and more in value as the children out-grow childhood.

And with a Kodak or Brownie such pictures are simple—and inexpensive. The No. 2A Brownie, with which our illustration was made, sells for four dollars and ninety-one cents. The Kodak Portrait Attachment, which is simply an extra lens that can be instantly attached or detached, provides for making "close ups." As its name implies it is for making portraits rather than views and it costs but seventy-five cents. A six exposure 2A Brownie film is thirty cents.

Ask your dealer or write us for a catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

## "Diamond Dye" any garment or drapery

**E**ACH package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so easy that any woman can dye all articles of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins your material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card

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RUST PROOF  
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## Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS

Nourishing,  
Digestible,  
No Cooking.



For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

INSIST ON BEING SHOWN THE GENUINE  
**CREX**  
GRASS RUGS  
THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND  
WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING









## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

at every interruption of her progress took the occasion, in spite of Natalie's paddle, to turn about and stick her nose stupidly into the mud of the bank. Every bush in turn offered a different and more complicated obstacle than the last; in three hours they made perhaps twice three hundred yards. Natalie, alarmed by the spectacle of Garth's set lips, and the swollen veins of his temples, besought him for goodness' sake to swear and not mind her.

He finally decided to change his mode of going; and contriving a second little paddle, he embarked with Natalie. They progressed but slowly against the current; for the short paddles had about the same effectiveness as two of those little instruments for making butter pats, which they strongly resembled. Garth figured they would be making a mile an hour—but this way was easier on his temper.

To-day, the delicate, heady air of the Northern summer inspired their veins like wine. As Olympians, they lunched on the greensward carpeting the bank of a little inlet; while their shallop floated among tiny white lilies at their feet.

They loved; their happy eyes confessed it freely, though their tongues were tied. Nothing needed to be explained, for they were perfectly attuned to each other; and everything was clear in an exchange of eyes. The tough old world, with all its tiresome, grimy businesses was thrust out of sight and out of mind, and they seemed to tread a brand-new sphere, created as they would have it, empty of all save their two selfish selves.

As long as the sun shone they maintained their light-hearted gaiety, neither remembering nor desiring anything more—

"I say, Nat!" it would be, "toss me over the hatchet like a good chap. Hey, there! not at my head!"

"What's for supper, Nat? I'm hungry as an ogre!"

"Bacon *aux tomates a la Bland* and bannock *Musquasepi avec* ashes!"

"Bully! If you taste it so much there won't be any left, to go on the table."

"Where's the bag of hard-tack, Garth?"

"Grub-box number two; port side by the rail."

"Idiot! You put them on the bottom of the box! The water's leaked through, and they're all mush underneath!"

"What's the diff? Stick the soft ones in the lob-scouse!"

But after supper, when the sun had gone down, and the great stillness crept over them again, Natalie's arms dropped at her sides, Garth's pipe went out, and an unaccountable sadness fell on both. Then, their sporadic attempts to keep up the old, friendly rattle rang so false that both fell silent. Their camp of itself had a gloomy aspect. It was pitched in an elbow of the river, where a section of the cut-bank had sunk down, making a little terrace of grass a few feet above the water. Above, there had been a small grove of trees, through which a fire had some time swept, leaving only a few slender, charred trunks pointing askew against the slow, dusky crimson of the west. On the nearest and tallest of these wrecked monuments, immediately above their camp, as on a slender pedestal, sat a great owl, the only visible living thing in all the wide expanse, besides themselves. As long as there was light enough to see him, he crouched there, motionless.

Natalie sat huddled on a box, with Garth's coat thrown about her shoulders. Her chin was in her palm, and her lashes veiled rebellious, miserable eyes. There are moments when the most aerial spirits sink to earth; and just now Natalie could make no pretense at a flight. It was clear he loved her, as she loved him; what then were a few words five years old, to keep them apart? She tried honestly to arm her breast by thinking of the laws that separated them; but the insidious part of it was, they were worldly laws; and here the world was thrust out of sight. And Garth—seeing her sitting there

so small under his coat, and all relaxed and appealing, her mouth like an unhappy child's, and her eyes big with unshed tears—his arms ached to enfold her; his brain reeled with the intensity of his desire to take her as she trembled to be taken. But her helplessness, which tortured him, nerved him to endure the torture. In the turmoil of his blood he could not think coherently; but he could repeat to himself, dully, over and over: "I must take care of her! I must take care of her!"

Natalie disappeared within her tent—and cried herself to sleep. Garth, lying outside the door, though she attempted to smother the sound in her pillow, heard; and it was like little knives hacking in his breast. Sleep for him was out of the question; he was denied the relief of tears. He rose, when Natalie's quiet breathing told him she was asleep at last, and undressing, waded into the river, and swam back and forth until the cold water chilled him through. Erisk, silent exercise restored his circulation, and a pipe and communion with the stars quieted his nerves. In the end he toppled over all standing, and slept on the grass until daylight.

Natalie reappeared with the sun, brave and rosy again, and with little sign of the night's tumult, save in an added sense of gratitude toward Garth, which appeared in the pleasure she took in doing little things for him.

To-day the character of the river changed little; only that the bends multiplied and sharpened; and where they were horseshoe curves yesterday, to-day they were hair-pin curves. Sometimes, just over the bank, they would catch sight again of a peculiarly marked tree they had passed a whole laborious hour before. Endless and futile were the calculations they made as to how far they had gone, and had yet to go.

They cut across from point to point, keeping under the bank out of the strength of the current as far as possible, and rounding the inside of each bend. In this manner they were ascending close under a willow bush, when suddenly and silently a huge, brown wing, like the wing of Sinbad's auk, sailed athwart the sky. They caught their breaths in astonishment. A great gray galley swept around the bend, no more than two oars' length from them. With her swarthy crew standing about the deck, their brows bound with bright silk handkerchiefs, and at the tiller, a great, bearded figure, she was the very picture of a pirate craft. It would be impossible to state which crew was the more surprised at the unexpected encounter; the seeming pirates likewise stared open-mouthed at the "Flat-iron." Just as the galley was disappearing, Garth collected presence of mind sufficient to hail, and inquire the distance to the lake.

The answer came back: "Twenty-five miles!"

The wind had changed; and puffy, white clouds came rolling up from the west, passing beneath the serene and silky streamers of the upper air. Gradually the invaders thickened and spread over the field; their underbodies took on a grayish tint; and the blue openings narrowed. Finally a sharp shower descended; and the voyageurs sought shelter under a bush, where they hung, watching the millions of drops plopping roundly into the surface of the river; each drop with its attendant sprite leaping at its approach. One shower followed another, with intervals of hot and sticky sunshine between. It was more uncomfortable under the streamy, dripping bushes than in the thick of it; and they finally decided to paddle ahead, let it rain as it would. Luncheon, consisting of soaked bannock and cold cocoa, was a sorry affair.

Garth was glum. He had long apprehended that bad weather would treble their difficulties. "How can I keep her warm and dry throughout the night?" was his ever-present thought. Natalie, on the other hand, was as happy as a lark; and she made a very attractive picture in the rain. Her dress had altered little by little during the last few days; and now comprised a blue sweater, short skirt and moccasins. The hat with the green wings was safely

## The Proper Care of Children's Hair

### How to keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant



Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just



### Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger-tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

### Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



WATKINS  
**MULSIFIED**  
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.





## The nursing mother

**H**EALTH weaves a fairy charm about babyhood. It touches the starlike eyes with fresh beauty; it is the essence of that whiff of baby-sweetness that rises from the warm little bundle; it is the sole inspiration of those gurgly little noises born in the tiny throat.

With a keen yearning for baby's welfare, the wise mother watches her own health. She knows that her physical condition registers its effect upon baby through the milk.

Particularly is she careful to secure regular and thorough elimination of intestinal contents. Such waste, accumulating and allowed to remain in the body, creates dangerous and irritating poisons. These poisons are absorbed by the blood, carried through the body, and infect those cells which provide milk for baby's nourishment.

Leading medical authorities prescribe Nujol for constipation, particularly for the nursing mother, as it cannot be absorbed by the system, and, therefore, can not affect the milk. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Nujol can also be given to the infant with perfect safety and effectiveness.

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Instead of forcing or irritating the system, it simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

# Nujol

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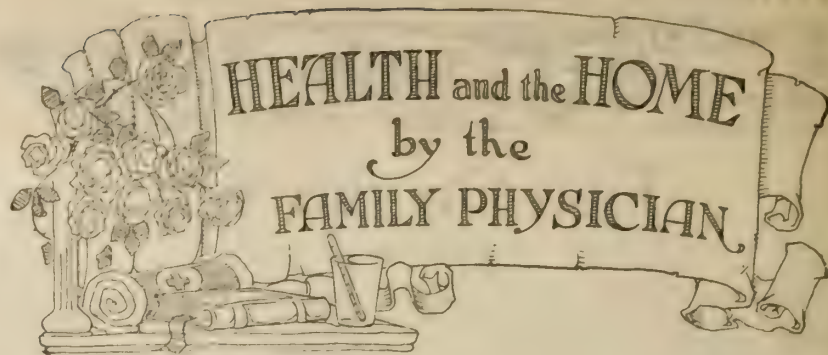
## For Constipation



Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. Nujol booklets, "Constipation in Infancy and Childhood," and "Constipation in Pregnancy and Nursing Period," contain much helpful advice and information for mothers. Send coupon for them, today, to Nujol, Room 708, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, P. Q.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

### INFORMATION ABOUT NERVES.

Ontario, December 2, 1920.

"Dear Family Physician,—

"I was very interested in your page, so I thought it would be all right to tell you what I think about it. I was glad to read your very interesting page as one needs a little real English talk on the subject of health in the home, and one is not apt to have five cents for unneccessaries these days and so it is real nice to get free what one needs in any way."

Thank you. That is just what the Family Physician was going to say next, namely, that no "Information About Nerves" would be complete without pointing out how much people need encouragement. We all need encouragement from others, and therefore the kind reader who wrote the above letter to the Family Physician has not only helped, but has furnished us all with a good example of

human. It is one of the attributes of humanity to be kind. So let us all encourage each other and say a kind word, even when you find it hard to say anything, or when you feel like saying something sharp.

### Be Kind.

It is wonderful how much better it makes you feel right away just to have said something kind. And let us produce a smile even when it costs us something, and don't ever sit at the table two minutes without saying something pleasant. It assists digestion. I mean your own digestion, as well as the digestion of the other people at the table.

### Encourage Yourself.

What's more, you must be able to encourage yourself. "Brethren, don't let's be too hard on ourselves," said



### MODERN CHINESE WOMAN DOCTOR

Dr. Yamei Kin, who recently went to Washington, D.C., to present China's side of the Shantung question, is one of the leading reformers of the Chinese Empire. She is keenly interested in all the forward movements of the day, and especially the feminist advancement. Dr. Kin is a practicing physician in China, where she was one of the first women physicians.

the next point in regard to "Nerves." Cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart and Sunshine in the home—shining all the time from Mother's face and Mother's heart.

### Sunshine.

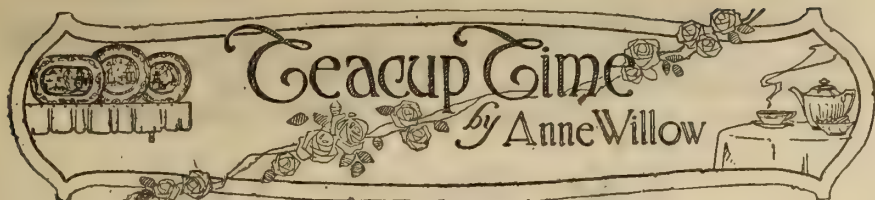
Sunshine in the home, brought in every time the husband returns, and Sunshine in the home, from the nice baby who pats the Mother's cheek and says "Never mind" in his baby way, when he thinks something must be wrong, is one of the best preventives of nerves.

People who are not kind, and especially people who are unkind in their own homes, are rather less than

a clergyman once at a meeting. It was good advice. There are people who never have a good word for anybody, not even for themselves, and while no one admires the boaster, that is quite a different thing from the encourager. Quietly make up your mind what's right for you to do and do it, and then don't allow yourself to be depressed by the events of life. You are doing your best, and if you can do better, then the minute you see how to do better you will do it. So cheer up, and remember that as people get older they are more easily depressed; therefore always have the younger generation about you. Julius Caesar said: "Let me have fat men about me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)





WE were speaking of women's organizations and what they are doing when someone said: "It's curious how seldom you hear any complaint now-a-days, about the woman who belongs to a club. Years ago, it seemed to be taken for granted that a woman who joined any kind of club or society was straightway going to let her house and her family go to ruin. Now, a woman may join two or three organizations, in addition to her church societies and no one seems to think that her actions are out of the way."

"Just the same," said a judicious-looking matron, "I think we are trying to belong to a greater variety of societies than we are equal to. I believe we should do better work if we concentrated our efforts. It's trying to the nervous system, too, to keep up interest in half-a-dozen clubs. I am more convinced of this than ever since I dropped two clubs and have given all the time I could spare from home and church to the Woman's Canadian Club and the Women's Historical Society."

"And I find that the Women's Institute takes up all my outside energies," said a woman from Northern Ontario.

"My husband is a believer in clubs," said a quiet little woman in a grey gown. "You see, I joined a 'Current Events' Club two years ago and have enjoyed it ever so much. We took up Forest Conservation at one meeting and I became so interested in finding out about how we neglected our own

more than we did ten years ago—and we hope that the old English comedies such as "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The School for Scandal," will not be utterly forgotten.

Of course, there are the movies, which we have always with us. They, however, do not take the place of local effort to produce well-trying plays and operas, and we believe that we shall gain infinitely by an attempt to keep in mind and eye the productions which delighted another generation.

IT is to be noticed that no one of the once-Allied countries seems to feel towards Vienna the animosity that is naturally aroused by the mention of Berlin. Austria, according to the impressions of most of us, was the tool of Prussia and was not willingly the foe of the British Empire. Consequently, now that the war is over and the pitiful plight of the city, for many years the medical capital of Europe, is revealed, the heart of the world is touched to a show of practical sympathy. Hundreds of Canadian medical students had regarded a tour of Europe incomplete without a course at Vienna,—and many doctors throughout the Dominion recall their student days in the Austrian capital as a busy and bright period in their professional training. A Canadian doctor who had received many kindnesses during his sojourn in the Austrian city years ago, recalling a certain officer who had been foremost among his friends, wrote to him twelve months since, to



CANADIAN GIRL THE BRIDE OF A SCOTTISH EARL

Miss Marion Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, was married on January 19th to the Earl of Minto, whose father was Governor-General of Canada twenty years ago.

wonderful woods, that I realized, for the first time, just how great our heritage is and how little some of us prize it."

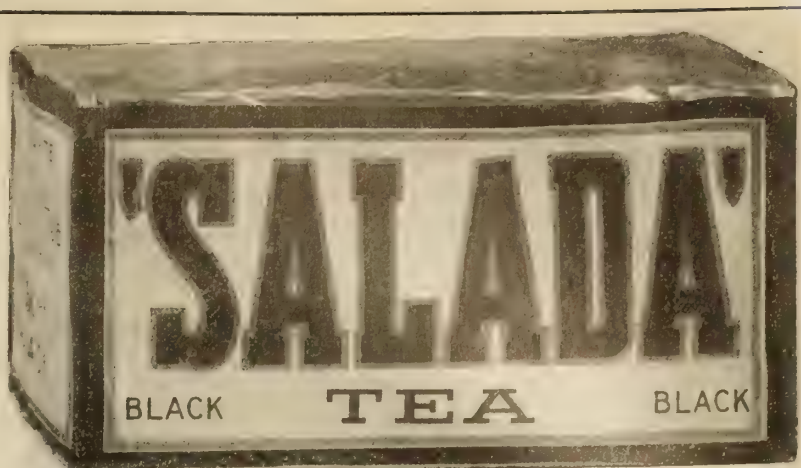
As we looked at the face of the little woman in grey, we remembered that her youngest boy was one of those who fell at St. Julien in 1915, and we understood why it was important that she should become "interested" in many things.

"I'm a believer in the club," she continued, "it helps to broaden us—and to make us sympathize with the lives of others—and their work."

NOW that the winter sports and parties are upon us, some of us would like to ask if the old-time private theatricals or the production of well-known operas by local companies could not be revived? They mean so much in the social and artistic life of the community and afford an exhibition such as few other forms of entertainment can give. There is, for instance, the town of Strathroy in Western Ontario, where for some years a local organization has given productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, or similar works. Who ever grows tired of "The Mikado," or "The Pirates of Penzance"? The brilliant melodies and sparkling humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions are more welcome than ever in these years of after-the-war discomfort. We need music and really buoyant humor

find out the true conditions in Vienna. So deplorable was the state of his old friend that the Canadian hastened to send aid, both in dollars and food. The gratitude of the stricken household was pathetic and the relief was great. However, the strain was so severe that the father of the household died, leaving his wife with three young daughters, to face the further horrors of "After-the-War."

Further aid has recently been sent and the letter of the eldest daughter reveals a condition of affairs truly lamentable. Vienna, in common with other capitals, has a class of "new rich," those who in various ways made money during the war. These citizens are utterly selfish and are busy supplying themselves with luxuries, while the true Viennese are on the verge of starvation. Even one tin of condensed milk is received with joy by the family of the middle class, which finds modern prices beyond its reach. The bread is most inferior and is extremely high in price, while meat is an undreamed-of luxury for most of the citizens. Truly, the aftermath of war means desolation for the women and children, those who are poorly equipped for the struggle. This young girl, Valerie—of Vienna—is teaching English, Latin and French while she pursues her own studies. May a brighter day come for sorrow-laden Vienna.



## Far-famed for Quality

Every packet of "Salada" is good alike. For 30 years a household word in Canada and the United States because of its genuine value and unequalled flavour.

Black, Green and Mixed

In sealed packets only



## My Dear, I Made Every Stitch of It Myself—

"I'm so proud of my success that I just have to tell everybody about it," said Mrs. Ramsey, displaying the charmingly dainty frock to her neighbor. "Isn't it a dear?"

"But how did you manage the fitting?" asked the friendly neighbor with sudden interest. "That always prevents me from even the attempt to make any of my own clothes."

"Well, it was this way," continued Mrs. Ramsey. "With both the boys and their father in service and little money coming in, the question of clothes was a serious one. When I could afford money for dress material I could not afford a dressmaker, and vice versa. Both Helen and I needed new clothes. Her school dresses were so shabby I was ashamed. One day I had a letter from my sister in Regina, telling about 'Susy'—that's what the family named her Queen Adjustable Form, she said she and 'Susy' had made all the clothes for herself and the girls, and what a wonderful saving it had been. She actually saved enough to buy her winter's coal. I knew Jessie would never write me about the saving value of an Adjustable Form if it wasn't true, because she is the most economical person in the world. So I decided right then to send for one, and my dear, I've been so glad I did. I made Helen a lovely warm school dress and several house dresses, all our aprons, and even our petticoats."

"You know Helen is so hard to fit because of her bad hip. Poor child, she is so sensitive about it, too—"

"But how could you fit both yourself and Helen on the same form?" interrupted Mrs. Neighbour.

"That's the splendid part of it—I simply adjusted the form to the measurement of Helen's hip and then changed it to fit my own. We think it quite a wonderful invention. And if you only knew the blessed relief of not standing for hours to be fitted—The Queen Adjustable does all the torturous standing. I wouldn't part with it for anything. It's paid for itself a dozen times over."

## YES! The Collapso "QUEEN"

is all that could be desired in an Adjustable Dress Form.

Your NEW Spring Clothes—are they to be: —Ready-made, Tailor-made, Expensive and Probably Unsatisfactory? or

## "Queen-Made"

with exclusive materials—individual style—complete satisfaction—and

## At a Fraction of the Cost?

It is useless to think that you can accomplish the same results without a form or with a cheap non-adjustable form—the result will be failure—The Queen assures success in Home Dress-making.

If you have not already received your copy of "How Mary Kept Up With the Joneses," clip the attached coupon or mail it to us to-day. Don't delay.

The Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited

(Dept. C) 14 Millstone Lane, Toronto

Please send me your booklet, "How Mary Kept Up With the Joneses," and full particulars of the "Queen" Form.



"QUEEN" No. 155 (Patented) Showing Skirt extended and Form covered with Grey Jersey Cloth.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....





## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.)

wrapped in the duffle-bag; and hither-to she had gone bareheaded on the river. When it began to rain she pulled a man's cap close over her head to keep her hair dry. As she industriously plied her paddle in the bow, ever and anon turning a rosy, streaming face to him, with a joke on her lips, in her rough get-up poor Garth thought her lovelier than ever. He was continually having to call himself down, as he would have said, for presuming to think he had measured the extent of her charm.

"Isn't it bully, Garth?" once she cried. "Ever since I was a baby I have longed to be allowed to play in the rain for just once, and get as wet as I possibly could—just to see how it felt! And now I shall! Isn't it funny just to sit and let it come down, without running anywhere? Women are babies, anyway. I mean never to put up an umbrella again as long as I live. The rain feels good in my face!"

Nevertheless, Garth, occupied as he was with the problems of how to find a dry place to put up the tent, and how to build a fire in a downpour, was anxious. Little by little the showers merged into each other; and before the end of the afternoon, it had settled down to rain steadily all night.

He learned in the end never to trust the distances given in an unmeasured land. Rounding one of the endless bends toward five o'clock, they became aware of a new indefinable, fresher smell on the air and they increased their pace with an eager sense of a discovery awaiting them in the next vista. The next point proved to be the last: looking around it, the wind buffeted their faces fresh and cool; the river stretched away for half a mile, straight as a canal and there, away beyond, leapt the waves of Caribou Lake on the bar.

Natalie cheered. "Hooray for the crew of the 'Flat-iron!'" she cried. "We've actually done it!" She reached back. "Shake, partner!"

Near the head of the river, in the wild waste of sand on the lake shore, squatted a weather-beaten little log cabin, almost eave-deep behind the dunes. Smoke arose from the chimney. "Good!" cried Garth in high satisfaction. "You can dry your clothes here, anyway."

A glance up and down the shore of the river revealed no trace of the canoes or the outfit of the expedition they were in pursuit of.

"We've missed him again," said Garth grimly.

They landed, dripping and stiff; and plodded through the sand to the tiny door. The outlook was desolate in the extreme; there was no sign of life anywhere, save only the wisp of smoke from the chimney. At their left hand, the lake spread bleakly to the horizon, torn and white under the west wind, and with great billows tumbling on the beach.

"The 'Flat-iron' could never negotiate that," remarked Garth.

He knocked on the little door.

"Come in!" rang instantly from within.

"An English voice!" she whispered. "A white man! Thank God!" said he.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE HEART OF A BOY.

IT was a youth who presently faced them on the threshold of the hut: an apple-cheeked boy of seventeen, who bared two rows of shining white teeth; and whose blue eyes, at the sight of them, sparkled with the purest enthusiasm of welcome.

"Come right in, and dry out!" he cried. "I certainly am glad to see you!" The haunting reed of boyhood still vibrated faintly in the manlier notes of his voice.

Here was a greeting from a stranger to warm the hearts of the wet and weary wayfarers! It presented the North in a new aspect. Natalie in especial, beamed on their young host; he was wholly a boy after her own heart.

Looking at Natalie more particularly, the boy blushed and faltered a little. "It isn't much of a place to receive a lady in," he said apologetically. "I haven't been on my own long enough to get anything much together."

It was a characteristically boyish abode. The furniture was limited to the cook-stove in the centre of the room; and a home-made table and a bench. His bed was spread on straw in one corner; and another corner was given up to the heterogeneous assortment of his belongings and his grub. Apparently the cabin had long served as a casual storehouse to the boatmen of the river; for pieces of mouldy sails were hung over the rafters; oars and a mast crossed from beam to beam; and in a third corner were a pile of chain and an anchor, slowly mouldering into rust. In wet weather, the present tenant evidently did his chopping within doors, the floor was littered with chips and broken wood. As they came in, a yellow and white kitten, retreating to the darkest corner of the cabin, elevated his back and growled threateningly.

"That's my partner, Musq'oosis," explained the boy. "He'll make friends directly. He plays with me by the hour; you'd laugh yourself sick to see the comical way he carries on. He's great company when you're batching alone!"

Natalie liked this boy more and more.

"Say, I'm having no end of company these days," he went on, with his happy-go-lucky air. "The Bishop's outfit was here all day yesterday; they went up on the last of the east wind, this morning. The old woman—that's what we call Mrs. Bishop, you know; no disrespect—she baked me a batch of her bread before she went. Real outside bread with a crackly crust to it! Oh my! Oh my!—with brown sugar! Say, we'll have a loaf of it for supper!"

Natalie in the meantime sat on the bench; and taking off her moccasins, put her feet on the oven sill to dry. Garth sat on a box; and their host squatted on the floor between.

"By the way," said this youth; "I'm Charley Landrum."

Garth introduced himself and Natalie.

"Hope you'll stay a couple of days," said Charley anxiously—"or longer. There's great duck-shooting on the sloughs; and we might get a goose or a wavy around the lake shore. It would be a pleasant change of meat for the lady."

Charley addressed all his remarks to Garth, without ever once looking at Natalie; it was clear, nevertheless, that he was acutely conscious of her presence for he blushed whenever she spoke; and his eyes were continually drawn to her, though he dared not raise them quite to her face. To Garth and Natalie the nicest thing about this boy was the way he took her presence for granted. Of all the males they had met in the North, he alone had not gaped at her in vulgar wonder; and to his honest heart there was nothing out-of-the-way in the fact that she was Miss Bland, and Garth, Mr. Pevensey.

"We're obliged to get on as soon as we can," said Garth. "We've been chasing the Bishop all the way from the Landing."

"How did you come up the little river?" asked Charley.

"I bought a boat from Pierre Toma." "I know her," he said with a chuckle; "cranky as a bath-tub! You couldn't go up the lake in her!"

"Not while it blows like this," said Garth.

"Then I hope it hits it up for a week!" said Charley, apparently addressing the hem of Natalie's skirt.

"I was told one Wall-eye Macgregor had a strong boat," Garth said.

"Nothing doing!" returned the boy. "He's got it up at the head of the lake."

"Then I must try to strengthen the bath-tub and coast around the shore," said Garth.

"I'll help you!" said Charley. "We'll pitch in first thing to-morrow."

"How long have you been in the country, Mr. Landrum?" asked Natalie softly.

The boy blushed for pure pleasure; and his voice deepened as he replied: "Two years next March, Miss. I came in over the ice with a freighter. I ran away from school. What was the use?—I've got a head like a hickory nut; and I couldn't keep out of trouble. They gave me a bad name; and everything that happened was put on to me. So I cleared out and came North."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)

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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

Gradually the whole naive, boyish tale came out.

"I had a lot of fool ideas about the country then; but they were soon knocked out of me. All the kids that run away soon come sneaking home and have to eat their brags; and I wasn't going to do that. So I stuck it out. At first I admit I pretty near caved in with home-sickness; but I'm hardened now. The first year I worked for a trader up at Ostachegan creek; and this spring I bought this cabin on credit. Frank Shefford up at Nine-Mile-Point is going to lend me his team and mower when his hay is put up; and I'll put up hay myself."

The boy's eyes glowed, as he announced his brave plans for the future.

"Next winter I'm going to keep a stopping-house for freighters. I've got a good location here, and stable room already for eight teams. I'll build it later. There's money in that; and it's a pleasant life for a man—plenty of company. And when I get a little money ahead, I'll trade; there's good chances for a free trader that knows the ropes; and in a few years I'll branch out and have a whole string of trading posts, like Nick Grylls. There's a smart one! They say he could sell out for a hundred thousand any day!"

"I hope you won't be like Nick Grylls," said Natalie gently.

"Don't you like him?" asked Charley in concern. "I always thought he was a pretty smart one. No!" he added suddenly. "I don't like him either. He's coarse!"

Supper was an affair of joint contributions; Garth's jam for Charley's bread. In the meantime Charley had surreptitiously swept up the chips; and had then slipped away to the river bank, for a wash and a tidy-up. He reappeared with his hair well "slicked," his tip-tilted nose as pink as his shiny cheeks, and a smile that extended to the furthest confines of his face. But he was distressed that he had no white collar to honor the board; and his gratitude was silent and boundless, when Garth produced one for him from his duffle-bag.

It was a jovial meal that followed; the spirit of youth presided; and wisdom and grave speech were thrust under the table. Charley recovered of his bashfulness so far that he could occasionally nerve himself to look at Natalie. For all the boy's giddy jollity, his blue eyes had a kind of stricken look when they rested on her face. But his appetite did not suffer appreciably; and it did Garth's and Natalie's hearts good to see the bread and jam disappear between Charley's business-like jaws. Jam, they agreed, had surely never before been so successful in tickling the human palate. "Just do without it for a couple of years and see for yourself," Charley rejoined.

Afterward the cabin was further swept and garnished for Natalie's use; and a heap of fragrant hay brought from the stable on which to spread her blankets. The house was to be yielded up to her for the night. Garth and Charley shared the little tent outside. Garth, with his simplicity, and his air of quiet understanding, was above all one to win a boy's confidence; and by bedtime they were as friendly as brothers—or perhaps more like a very young father and his oldest son.

When they rolled up side by side in their blankets Charley seemed to put off several years. He hunched closer to his bedfellow; and pressed his shoulder warmly against Garth's.

"Are you sleepy?" he asked diffidently. Garth's heart warmed to the act and the speech. "Why, no!" he said. "Believe I'll have another smoke before dropping off. Fire away, old boy!"

"Say, it's simply great to have somebody young to talk to," said poor Charley. "Somebody that understands; and that you can let yourself go with, and say whatever comes into your head to. Say, I never had such a good time in all my life as to night. All the fellows up here—they're a good sort all right—but they're a rough, cursing, lot. And of course, a fellow has to curse too; and talk big just to keep his end up—chuck a bluff, you know, or they'll think you're a molly. And I just love to laugh, and get foolish and I always have to hold myself in. Sometimes I near bust!"

"I get like that myself," said Garth encouragingly.

There was something else on Charley's mind but for a long time his tongue sheered off at every approach to it. Finally, rolling over, he hid a hot cheek on Garth's shoulder and it came out with a rush.

"Say! I think she's the prettiest girl I ever laid eyes on!"

Garth's arm tightened about the boy's shoulders.

"She's the first white girl I've seen in nearly two years," he floundered on; "and girls meant nothing to me then. But I know darned well she's no ordinary white girl. Isn't it wonderful, the different ways she looks; and all that her voice seems to mean besides the words she says; and the way she walks and sits down; and the way she lifts her arm? Isn't it a pretty arm? And the finest thing about her is, she deals plain with you like a fellow; no silly fuss and make-believe, and hanging-back about her!"

If Garth liked the boy before, he was prepared to love him for this.

"Did you mark how she called me Mr. Landrum?" continued Charley eagerly. "She just did that to please me, I know. Didn't it sound funny? My chest expanded two inches, I swear it did. Wasn't she kind to me? She had no call to be so kind to me. It just makes me want to do something terrific! Oh, if I could only do something for her!—wouldn't I just be glad of the chance!"

He was silent for a while, tossing uneasily in his blanket. "Say, there's something I want to tell you," he blurted out at last. "I'm certainly good and ashamed of myself! There's a girl down the shore, her name is Julia; she's not a bad-looker for a breed. She came around my cabin sometimes. I was kind of lonesome, you see; and she was young, like me—"

Garth let him see that he understood—and he did understand, both the pitiful little tale, and the boy's reason for wishing to tell him.

"And to think of her asleep in there now!" he continued remorsefully. "It makes me sick and disgusted with myself. I'd give anything if it hadn't happened! You bet I'll have no truck with them in future!"

"Every man makes mistakes, old boy," said Garth.

Charley, his mind relieved by confession, in the midst of further rhapsodies, suddenly fell asleep.

In the morning he awoke all of a piece, as boys do, and rolling over, said instantly:

"Natalie is sure the prettiest name there is!"

LATER in the day in the middle of their somewhat hopeless deliberations upon the repairing of the half-submerged "Flat-iron"—her flimsily hung planks had been started even by her gentle journey on the river—there was a hail from down-stream. Looking, they saw four swart figures bending one after another in a tracking-harness, crawling around the edge of the cut-bank below. Presently a sharp prow nosed around the bend; and a long, low, double-ended galley swung into view, floating lazily on the current like a gigantic duck.

"A York boat!" cried Charley in surprise. "Didn't know any was due! Here's your chance to cross the lake!"

"H'm!" said Garth doubtfully. "We'll find out, first, what news she brings from below."

At the sight of the open water ahead, the breeds redoubled their shouting, and hit up their pace. It was interesting to see how, once having got her under way, they could allow nothing to stop them; but needs must crash through obstructions regardless; slipping, scrambling, literally clawing their way along. Whenever the rope caught, it was the part of the fourth man to slip out of his collar, and disengage it, without stopping the others. It was racking work on the frame of a man; but the leather-headed breeds ceaselessly chattered and shouted, like boys out of school; roaring with laughter when one of the four came down. In the stern stood the helmsman, pulling her head around, with a mighty sweep, extending astern; and the other four of the crew, resting from their spell of tracking, fended her off the bank with poles. The York boat, pointed bow and stern,

low amidships, and undecked, reminded Garth of the pictures he had seen of ancient Norse galleys.

Arriving opposite the cabin, they all leaped aboard; and poling across, landed in front of where Garth and Charley stood. Natalie, not caring to run the gauntlet of another battery of stupid stares, had retired to the cabin. On the prow of the boat, which had a dingy, weather-beaten look, very different from the smart green and white craft of the "Company," was crookedly painted the name "Loseis." Making her fast, the breeds, with furtive stares at Garth, threw themselves on the ground like tired dogs. It was not long, however, before a "stick-kettle," the invariable tom-tom, was produced, the ear-splitting chant raised, and a game of *met-o-wan*, a sort of Cree equivalent for Billy-Billy-who's-got-the-button, started on the shore.

The steersman, pausing only to put on a gold-embroidered waistcoat, approached Garth with a disposition to be friendly—too friendly by half, Garth thought. He was an undersized man of not more than thirty, but already somewhat withered; a specimen of the unwholesome, weedy breed of the settlements.

"Well, Charley," he said affably.

They shook hands with the touch of impressiveness that always marks this ceremony in the North; and then Hooliam, with a shifty glance, extended his hand to Garth. At the same time he said something in Cree.

"He says: 'You want to go up the lake,'" translated Charley.

"How does he know that?" asked Garth quickly.

Hooliam answered in Cree without waiting for Charley to translate. Evidently, like most of the breeds, he understood more English than he cared to confess.

"He says that Pierre Toma told him," said Charley.

"Ask him how it is he comes up with such a small load," suggested Garth.

Charley repeated the question in Cree. Hooliam's answer was prompt and glib. "He says that the water was too low to bring a full load," translated Charley.

"Ask him when he means to go on," said Garth.

Hooliam gave a glance at the still tossing lake. "As soon as the wind dies or changes. This wind would blow him right back on the shore," such the gist of his answer by way of Charley.

"Tell him to let me know before he starts; and I'll tell him if we wish to go along," said Garth coolly.

"I want to have a talk with you," he added in a lower tone for Charley's benefit.

They sat down apart on the sand.

"What do you think of this outfit, Charley?" asked Garth.

The boy was surprised at the question. "Well," he said, "it does look a bit queer, their coming all this way with half a load. But you never can tell about these crazy niggers; they may have dumped out half their stuff on the bank somewhere, and left it to rot. A French range for the inspector has been lying on the point across the river for two months."

"Who is this Hooliam?" Garth asked. "He boats back and forth pretty regular. He's a footless kind of breed—but straight, as far as I know. What do you care?" the boy asked curiously. "If he takes you on board, he's got to put you across."

Garth looked at Charley estimatingly. But there could be no doubt of the boy's straight-eyed, whole-souled devotion to Natalie; and he quickly made up his mind. He told him briefly what had occurred on the way in.

Charley whistled in astonishment. "So that's the kind Nick Grylls is!" he exclaimed. "He sure must have gone clean daft!"

"This Hooliam," Garth continued, "is too anxious, judging by others of his kind to get out on board. I suspect Nick Grylls has a share in this outfit. On the other hand we have less than a week's grub left. What have you got, Charley?"

"Nothing but sow losom and beans," said the boy disconsolately; "and damn little of that! It isn't good enough for *her*!"

"Any chance of another boat?" asked Garth.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### A Winter Fruit Season

I WONDER how many of us, when we are trying to think of something different to serve, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots, and even our old friend, the prune.

When fresh fruit is scarce, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome surprise desserts may easily be made at small cost, with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two tempting recipes.



#### APRICOT CREAM PUDDING

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water 1/4 cup sugar  
1 cup cooked apricots and juice  
1 table-spoon lemon juice 1 egg white

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and strain into this the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved set bowl in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; add egg white beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold or ordinary dish, garnished if desired with cut apricots and chill. Any dried or canned fruit may be used in place of the apricots.

To make a "twice-as-high" more creamy, won't dry out being add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water to your favorite icing recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.

#### PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water 1/3 cup chopped nuts  
1/4 cup scalded milk or toasted cake  
1/2 cup sugar crumbs  
2/3 cup cooked prunes 2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in scalded milk and add sugar. Strain into bowl containing ice water and beat constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add prunes, chopped nuts or toasted cake crumbs, and egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a cold mold the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes; then chill. Serve cold, with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

Evaporated milk may be whipped up into a delicious whipped cream if a teaspoonful of Knox Gelatine softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water is added, whipping the milk in a bowl surrounded by ice or ice water.

There are many other winter desserts as well as salads, meat and fish molds or relishes given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts," and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps, to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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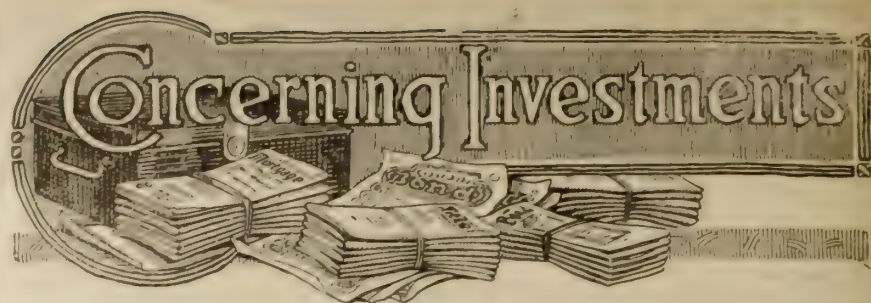
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By NORMAN HARRIS

#### French Ivory Products.

A. F., Jordan, Ontario:—For some reason which we are unable to explain the proprietors of French Ivory Products, Limited, of Toronto, have failed to reply to inquiries sent them as to what position their business might be in. We have, therefore, gone into the matter from a different angle. It appears that Mrs. O. G. Smith is president of the company. The company was incorporated with an original share capital of \$40,000 in 1919. The original name, which was The Smith D'Entremont Company, Limited, was changed to that of French Ivory Products, Limited, and the capital increased from \$40,000 to \$150,000. The concern seems to be regarded more or less as a close corporation. That is to say, that very little stock has found its way into the hands of the general public. A statement as of October 5, 1920, shows that the company has on its books assets to the extent of \$79,478, and liabilities totalling \$42,620. This shows a surplus of \$23,320. I understand that the company manufactures a high-grade celluloid goods for a special class of customers. The company appears to be in good standing, but as to what earnings are being made we are unable to speak. Perhaps if you write the company they may be able to tell you. At any rate, each Ontario company is supposed to hold an annual meeting, and to give a statement to shareholders, and you might ask the company for such a report.

Coleman, Alta.

#### Editor Concerning Investments:

Would you kindly give me your opinion in regard to Sterling Exchange from the following points:

(a) Do you think it will ever go back to \$4.86 and be stationary as in pre-war days?

(b) Do you think that this will come about within the next two years?

J. J. F.

In answer to your first point, I do not see how one is warranted in assuming that as time passes the financial and commercial recovery of England will not bring the currency of that country back to its parity. As to the time element, that is quite another matter. I would think that two years is all too short a time in which to encompass the very desirable result indicated, supposing that from now on there are no fresh complications of any kind, arising either within the country, or from without, to cause further embarrassment. If any power or combination of powers sought to embroil England in another conflict, and forced the nation to take up arms once more, either to uphold a principle or to retain her present footing, the strain on her finances would be very great, and sterling exchange would weaken to a point probably lower than it has been. When we consider the prodigious waste of capital to which England has been obliged to submit during war, it is rather surprising that her currency is now in as high regard as it is. The position over there is that the nation has been obliged to issue paper money to finance war, to an extent which took her off the gold basis altogether, as one might say. She now has to crawl back. England has to compete with the other nations, in the process of accomplishing a production which must be very much greater than in pre-war days. In no other way can

she put the necessary value behind her issued currency. One of the first indications, perhaps, that will mark the appreciation of the people of England of the fact that war prices and war wages are of the past, will be when the workers consent to work longer hours, and to have their pay shortened. The extraordinary productivity which is preached in England as being vital to her re-establishment, cannot very well ensue so long as the workers are trying to hold salaries and wages up to anything like the pre-war scale. I think it would be a very optimistic view indeed, that would suggest that sterling will rank at parity within two years from now.

#### Editor Concerning Investments:

Can you give me any information about a certain motion picture company in which I invested? The name of the company is the Canadian Photo Play Productions, Limited, and it was organized in 1919, with headquarters in Toronto. Since I invested I have heard several rumors that the company was on the rocks, as it were, and that the President, Harold J. Binney, had resigned. As I can find out nothing about them here in Montreal, as the company who handled the stock here, Roberts & Co., have gone out of business, I thought you might give me some information. The company who handled the stock in Toronto, when it first was issued, was the Photo Play Underwriters' Association, 413-414 C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto, but having written them and received no reply, I presume they either have moved or else gone out of business.

E. H.

Harold J. Binney was simply a motion-picture adventurer, who should never have been allowed to sell stock of any kind in Canada. He left Toronto suddenly after the foundation had been built for a so-called motion picture studio on the Toronto-to-Hamilton Highway. My impression is that your money is as good as gone because, while the company is still in existence, I doubt that they can continue to hold the property, paying out interest and taxes, for any extended period. I believe also that the studio itself is not well adapted for the kind of work for which it was to be erected. There is a mass of ruins on the site at the present time. I would advise you to write to the directors of the company for information as to what the financial condition of the company may be from the standpoint of the shareholder. There were a number of judgments filed against the company.

Troy, Ont.

#### Editor Concerning Investments:

Noticing in the "Home Journal" that you would assist anyone to the best and safest investments you know, would you kindly send me information at your earliest convenience along these lines?

H. A.

If you will give us more particulars, as to (1) about how much money you desire to invest, (2) What rate of income you need, (3) The source of the funds, that is, did it come from salary, saving, insurance fund, sale of property, etc., (4) The amount roughly of liabilities you have or may have, (5) The class of investments you now possess: I will be very glad to submit some kind of safe and sane investment scheme for your consideration.

#### Information Coupon

February, 1921.

If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

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## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.)

"A Valentine Party," was given this month by Grace Swayze: it is a real story of real boys and girls, of real fun, and real happiness. Let me hear from you again, Grace.

"How Mary Was Repaid," is a very pleasing Valentine story sent to me by Ivy Walker. Valentines often mean the keeping of friends, but this story tells of a Valentine which began friendship for more than one.

I like your stories, Ivy, and I think I can see your name among the prize-winners before long. Be clear and careful, that is quite as important as having a good subject about which to write.

Ellen Magnusson has sent me a story, "Dave's Valentine Dream." It is told with much interesting detail, and has a happy ending, brought by a Valentine.

One of our best stories is here in front of me. Velma Swick has sent it, and I wish to thank her personally for the quaint legend of Saint Valentine. And it ends: "So we hold Saint Valentine's Day as a day to be kind and gentle to everyone."

I am looking forward to your next contribution.

"Violet's Dream," a Valentine story by Kathleen Dawes, is the prize-winner. Congratulations, Kathleen, from us all.

Your story is a delight, and I am sure all the members will enjoy it.

I would like to review each story sent in, but this is hardly possible. But each month, from different contributions, I will try and publish extracts, so that the club may enjoy and benefit by reading each other's bright thoughts and ideas.

The "snap" you sent me, Diana de Ribcowsky, was a very pretty one, and I am wondering if you were the little girl standing at the crossing of the paths.

Your letter, and the snapshot of Duck's Bay, were both delightful, Daisy Bennett. I almost envy you your home on Manitoulin Island, for I, too, know and love the North country.

There will be many "indoor" days during the next month or two, good days to write those stored-up stories that are in your minds. Won't you write them to me? I feel sure you will.

Your sincere friend,

BERTHA E. GREEN.

### List of New Members.

The members of the Journal Juniors' Club and myself, welcome as members the following:

Diana de Ribcowsky, age 12 years, 670 Francis Street, Woodstock, Ont.

Daisy J. Bennett, age 14 years, South Bay Mouth, Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Elsie Lebreton, age 13 years, 139 Frederick Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

Andrew C. Johnson, age 13 years, Long River, P. E. I.

Jessie Swayze, age 13 years, 25 Albany Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

Ida Chapman, age 12 years, 209 Beach Road, Hamilton, Ont.

Grace Swayze, age 13 years, 25 Albany Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

Ellen Magnusson, age 16 years, P. O. Box 4123, Yorkton, Sask.

Flora M. Sproule, age 12 years, Westbrook, Ont.

Catherine M. MacKinnon, 795 Prince Street, Truro, N. S.

Alannah Sutherland, age 12 years, R.R. No. 1, Summerland, B. C.

### Prize List for December.

1. "A Valentine Story," awarded to Kathleen Dawes, age 13, 934 6th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

2. "My First Pair of Skates," awarded to Flora M. Sproule, age 12 years, Westbrook, Ont.

3. Camera contest: "A turn in a road or street," awarded to Alannah Sutherland, age 12 years, Summerland, B. C.

### VIOLET'S DREAM (A Valentine Story.)

"Oh, dear," grumbled Violet Redfurn, "I do wish we didn't live in this out-of-the-way place. I don't suppose I'll get a single Valentine today," and she flopped disconsolately into the hammock.

"Why, my dear," replied mother, "Why don't you take a walk in the woods, and see if you can't discover some of the birds mating?"

"Huh," came a half inaudible reply from the depths of the hammock cushions, "that's just a story, about birds mating on St. Valentine's Day."

Violet's father was a naturalist, which fact compelled him to live in the country; to which he brought his family.

The surroundings were very beautiful, and an early spring made February a warm month.

Violet soon fell asleep, in the hammock; and as she slept, she dreamt that a fairy came, and, taking her by the hand, led the way to the woods.

And such a twittering as you never heard, came from every tree. The place was alive with the music of the birds. On every branch was a row of birds, in twos or threes. With their heads to one side, they looked so sweet, that Violet wished she could pick them up, and hold them for a moment.

Two fat young robins were quarrelling over a cute little brown wren. In the thick of the argument, she flew away, to join one of her own kind, who was calling from a nearby tree. Violet nearly burst out laughing, to see the look of surprise on the robins' faces, when they turned to find their lady love gone.

Over all, sat the parent birds, watching the scenes, and wishing they could be so foolish again.

When Violet awoke, she remembered her dream, and never again called the "Legend of St. Valentine's," just a story.

Kathleen Dawes, age 13, 934 6th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

### MY FIRST PAIR OF SKATES.

ONE day in December, a cousin of my grandfather, came to visit us when I was six years old. He brought his skates because he was a fancy skater and could do all kinds of fancy "stunts." He stayed with us about a week and on Christmas Day my father gave my sister and me, each a pair of skates and boots our good old cousin had left us. They were hockey skates, for he knew, of course, that it was not so easy to learn on "spring skates."

The very next day I went skating. I took a broom to help me stand up, but "Tanks" (our dog) would chase me and nip my legs so that in my hurry to get away I would fall down and when I did manage to get up again, he would chase me and if I stopped to look around, he would bump into me with such force, it would send me sprawling on the ice. Of course, he was only a pup and was very playful. Other times, when I had just watched other people skating, it looked to me very difficult to stand up on skates and I found it even harder than it looked. I think about every two strokes I took, I fell down. And the broom would go flying from me so I would fall down three or four times getting to it, or I would crawl to it.

Then the second time I went out it was down in the swamp. This was, of course, in the afternoon, as I was too young to go out at night. This afternoon it was quite stormy and a fearful gale was blowing. My two sisters and some girls from the village were out, I could not stand up no matter how I tried, so I spent the remainder of the afternoon in being drawn around on a sleigh. I sometimes went out at night as I got older, to skate with the others and sometimes there would be forty or fifty people skating on a natural rink, in and out among the trees. Sometimes we would skate nine or more miles back in the swamp. There were some places, of course, that we were rather afraid to go for there were a number of quagmires in it. Then there was another swamp about a mile up the road that sometimes we went to. But we usually went down to the one near by.

Now I am twelve years old and it seems easier to skate than to walk.

Flora M. Sproule, age 12, Westbrook, Ont.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



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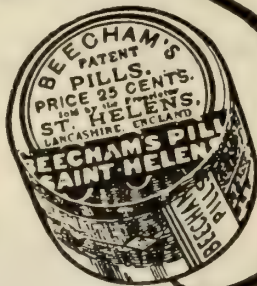
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51.)

Charley shook his head. "No Company boat due for three weeks," he said.

Garth set his jaw. "Then there's no help for it," he said firmly. "We'll have to go with Hooliam. I'll make him take our little boat along, so we won't be entirely at his mercy; and I'll watch him close."

Charley leaned toward Garth. The boy unconsciously clenched his hands; and in the intensity of his eagerness, his eyes actually filled. "I say, Garth, take me along with you," he pleaded.

Garth, looking at him gratefully, thought none but a boy could be so generous. "But I can't take you away from your own work," he objected.

Charley brushed it impatiently out of sight. "What does that matter!" he exclaimed. "It can wait." He redoubled his pleadings. "This was what I wanted so badly, Garth! To be a little use to her! I could help—you think I'm just a crazy kid, and maybe I am, but I could think like a man, and plan like a man for her! You and I could stand watch and watch. Say, after what you've told me, I'd go near out of my head to see you two sail away, and me left behind, not knowing what was happening!"

Garth was more moved than he cared to show. "You're true blue, Charley," he said in a low tone. "You come along!"

### CHAPTER X.

ON CARIBOU LAKE.

FROM sundown until daybreak, the Fki-yi-ing and the beating of the stick-kettle on the shore desecrated the stillness of the night with scarcely any intermission. Shortly after daybreak, the wind having gone down, Hooliam sent word to Garth that he would like to start.

They were ready in a few minutes. At the sight of Charley's bundle with the others, Hooliam scowled and muttered in Cree.

"Says he can't take me," said Charley. Garth flushed angrily. "This was all it needed," he burst out. "What reason does he give?"

"No reason," said Charley coolly. "Just talks foolish."

Hooliam added something with a great show of plausibility.

"Says he hasn't got room," said Charley with a laugh.

"Rubbish!" said Garth. "You tell him he takes the three of us or none! Give it to him strong!"

Upon receipt of this ultimatum, Hooliam, shrugging, turned away; and the three of them boarded the "Loseis."

Running out two pairs of clumsy sweeps, which were no more than good-sized trees a little flattened at one end, they laboriously pulled out of the river. Before them the lake stretched to the horizon as smooth and colorless as a lightly frosted pane. Loons, herons and a little kind of gull; ducks in pairs and squadrons; flocks of brown geese and shining white swans, wheeled, sailed and swam about them in countless numbers.

When they had rowed upward of a mile into the lake a mighty discussion suddenly arose amongst the crew. The oarsmen ceased their labors to take part in it. Eight wetted brown forefingers were held aloft.

"They're scrapping about whether there is any wind," Charley explained.

To a white man's senses there was no sign of wind; nevertheless the oars were run in, the cargo shifted, and the heavy mast, with infinite labor, stepped amidship and guyed. Hooliam looked on indifferently from the stern, idly swinging his great sweep back and forth. Finally a dirty square sail was raised. It declined to belly or flap in the slightest degree; but the breeds, satisfied with what they had done, lay around the boat, preparing to enjoy themselves in luxurious ease. They amused themselves by tempting the water-fowl close with imitations of their cries; and popping at them ineffectively with their twenty-two "trade-guns."

Garth stood it as long as he could. "Look here!" he said at length to Charley. "Ask him how long this is going to last."

Charley translated. Hooliam looked sagely astern, spat, and answered in Cree.

"He says there'll be a breeze by and by," said Charley.

The scarcely veiled insolence of this reply caused Garth inwardly to fume. However, reflecting that, after all, Hooliam ought to know more about navigation than he, he possessed his soul in patience for another half-hour. There was still no sign of wind; and it was growing very hot in the sun. Garth, setting his jaw, drew out his watch.

"Tell him I'll give him just fifteen minutes longer," he said quietly. "If we're not under way by that time, there's going to be trouble."

Hooliam received the message with apparent indifference. Garth held his watch in his hand. Three minutes before the expiration of the time, he had Charley convey a final warning to the breed. Hooliam suddenly became voluble and expostulatory.

"He says the boys won't work when there's a breeze coming up," said Charley.

"You tell him, then, that I will take command of this boat, and run her myself," said Garth.

At the last moment the orders were hastily given. The mast was reluctantly taken down, and hung over the side; the cargo was shifted back, and the sweeps run out. The breeds rowed half-heartedly, with furtive scowls for the moon-i-yas who made them work.

After a couple of hours during which they covered a scant three miles, a breeze *did* spring up from astern; whereupon the whole business of raising the mast was gone through with again. Little by little it freshened, and the "Loseis" began to forge ahead, making a pleasant little murmur under her forefoot. The hearts of the three passengers rose in unison.

But they had not sailed two miles more, when the exasperated Garth discovered that Hooliam was slyly edging his craft inside a point of the shore. At first the breed unblushingly denied any intention of stopping; but when it became apparent that he could not round the point without hauling down the sail, he coolly admitted that he was going to land.

"What for?" Garth demanded.

"They're going ashore to spell—to cook and eat," Charley explained. "Hooliam says there is no other place to land in fifteen miles."

Garth was obliged to be content.

With the characteristic prodigality of the breeds, an enormous fire was built on the shore, over which their tea was furiously boiled in an iron pail, and their dried moose meat stewed a little less tough than moccasins. At a little distance the three passengers made their own preparations for lunch.

Natalie, serenely trusting in Garth, put aside all anxiety about the outcome of their journey; and was frankly interested and amused.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "They'll all die of tannic poisoning! And look what they eat! The bacon is as green as arsenic!"

She proved to be using her eyes and ears to good advantage on the way.

"The tall boy," she said, "the one that looks like an actor; he's the humorist of the party. He keeps them in fits of laughter by giving moon-i-yas imitations. He mimics us to our very faces. Their idea of us is too funny! The good-looking little one is his inseparable friend; they hold hands when they're not working. The one with the whitey-blue eyes is called by a very blasphemous name. I watched him turning over the pages of some stove catalogues that dropped out of a crate, with such a serious air. And they were all exactly alike, but he didn't know it, because he held some of them upside down! What do you suppose he made of a picture of a self-feeder standing on its head?"

To Garth it seemed as if they took an interminable time to prepare and eat their simple meal; and afterward there could no longer be any doubt, from the way they loafed about, that they were soldiering, as a result of Hooliam's low-voiced encouragement. They grinned with childish impudence at the scowling moon-i-yas. At last Hooliam produced a pack of cards and a game of "jack-pot" was started on the shore.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)





## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

This constituted frank defiance; and Garth took instant action.

"Put up those cards!" he commanded. The boys laughed and looked at Hooliam.

"Get on board the boat," Garth ordered, through Charley.

Hooliam's eyes bolted; but he made no move. With the sheer perversity of a child or a savage, he insisted there was no wind, even while the ripples were washing the stones at his feet.

Garth, thoroughly exasperated, picked up his rifle. His eyes glinted dangerously. "There's something behind this nonsense!" he cried. "And I'm going to stop it! You let him understand that if he opposes me any further I have eleven cartridges in the magazine of this rifle, and I would think as little of bringing him down as that wavy up there!"

A wild swan, most difficult of marks, was sailing high overhead. Garth, as he spoke, took aim and fired; and the great bird dropped like a plummet in the shallow water off shore.

Loud exclamations of admiration broke from the boys. Three of them dashed enthusiastically into the water to contend for the honor of bringing back the prize. Garth builded better than he knew. The boys, while scarcely understanding the threat, were instantly impressed with the successful shot; and with it Garth established himself once and for all in their eyes. They instinctively began to carry the things on board as he had ordered; and in the end the scowling Hooliam was obliged to follow them on board, or be left behind.

As they were getting under way again, Garth observed Hooliam busy with the sail. When it was hoisted, it appeared he had taken a reef in it.

"Shake it out!" Garth commanded.

Hooliam shrugged and protested.

"He says the mast is not strong," Charley translated. "This heavy wind will carry it away," he says.

"Just now he said there was no wind," Garth said. "Let her go; and if anything breaks we'll mend it."

Hooliam in a long harangue, demanded to know through Charley, if Garth would pay for the damage.

For answer Garth merely picked up his rifle; and the reef was let out in a hurry.

In all this there was something more than mere savage perversity; Hooliam, it was clear, had an urgent private reason for wishing to delay the journey. He had not sufficient command of his features to hide his chagrin at the failure of his several attempts. He sulked all afternoon. Garth sat with his weapon across his knees; and his steady gaze never wandered far from the steersman. Willy-nilly, Hooliam was compelled to hold the "Loseis" to her course; and by four o'clock, the wind holding light and steady, they had covered about thirty miles of their journey.

About this time the mast of another boat was discovered sticking above the bank of a creek on shore. The usual excited discussion arose—this time as to the identity of the craft. Finally the "Loseis's" prow was turned toward the shore. Garth demanded an explanation. Hooliam, more obsequious now, said that it was Phillippe's boat on the way out; and he had messages to deliver him from their common employers at the Landing. Garth suspected another excuse; but he was very reluctant to interfere with the real business of the North; and since it was almost time to spell for another meal, he decided to make no objections.

With true half-breed impetuosity they chose the worst place in miles on which to beach the "Loseis." Her forefoot was run on a bar fully two hundred yards off shore; and communications were carried on by means of laborious wading, waist-deep, to and fro. The moment she touched, the entire crew and the skipper, dropping everything, dashed pell mell for the beach and across the intervening sand to the camp of the other boatmen on the shore of the creek. The passengers ferried themselves ashore in the "Flat-iron," which had been stowed, much against Hooliam's will, on board the "Loseis."

After supper, as time passed and there was no sign of the returning crew, Garth sent Charley after Hooliam with a peremptory message. Hooliam returned, cap in hand, his whole attitude changed. He expressed a willingness to start immediately; but deprecatingly pointed out that a storm threatened; and apologized for the unseaworthy condition of the "Loseis." This time he had reason on his side; for angry clouds were heaped about the setting sun; and the orb itself was peering luridly between parted curtains of crimson rain. Garth, still suspecting him, was yet taken at a disadvantage. He thought of Natalie on board the shelterless "Loseis" in a rainstorm and finally announced his wish to remain where they were for the night. Hooliam smirked demurely, in ill-concealed satisfaction.

All returned to the "Loseis" for what was needed during the night. The preparations to secure the York boat against the threatening storm were highly characteristic of her hit-or-miss crew. A stake was driven in the sand of the lake bottom, at either side of the stern, and the rudder-post lashed between. This flimsy apparatus was designed to keep the boat from being driven broadside on the bar. The practical Garth frowned impatiently at its utter insufficiency; but the breeds could scarcely contain their impatience to resume their gambling with the other crew; and presently they dashed off, leaving the "Loseis" to her fate.

Garth pitched his camp under the shelter of a line of willows, marking the edge of higher ground along the wide waste of sand. The two crews with their ceaseless tom-tom on the shore of the creek, were upward of half a mile away. Natalie was made comfortable in her tent; and Garth and Charley, collecting a pile of firewood, covered it with a tarpaulin, against the coming rain. Charley, who had slept during the afternoon, was to watch until two o'clock; and Garth, covering himself with a piece of sail-cloth, lay down at the door of the tent.

It seemed to him he had no more than fallen asleep, when Charley shook his shoulder to awaken him.

"It's one o'clock," the boy said. "I think something has happened in the camp over there. They quieted down; but now they have started up again, and have built up their fire. Looks to me as if somebody had arrived. Thought I'd better wake you, while I sneaked over and took a look."

Charley was gone more than an hour. Returning, as soon as he had entered the circle of the firelight, Garth saw by his face that something important was in the wind.

"I was right," the boy said. "Nick Grylls has come. He arrived in a canoe with a breed; and sent him back. Nick and Hooliam went outside the camp, and talked by themselves. I listened from behind a willow bush. Nick Grylls knows a lot more Cree than I do, and I couldn't understand everything; but I got the gist of it. Nick was giving Hooliam hell all around—first for making him paddle all night—it seems Hooliam ought to have waited for him at that point where we spelled this morning—and then for bringing me. That was the sorest touch; for Nick knows I understand Cree. He said it upset all his plans."

"It was a mighty good thing for Natalie and me that we had you today!" Garth put in.

The boy blushed with pleasure.

"Go on," Garth said.

"Grylls was pretty mum about these plans of his," Charley continued. "I guess he only lets Hooliam know part. I caught just a word or two. One thing was clear; you are his mark. I made out there was to have been a row at the point, and you were to have been put out of business, so you couldn't keep on with this journey. Then Nick was to happen along as if by accident; you were to be sent to the half-breeds at Swan river to be taken care of, and Nick was going to do the friendly act, and help Natalie on her way. I bet she never would have got there! In some way Nick has learned all about Natalie; for he seems to know where she's going; and what for. Anyway, you put

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)

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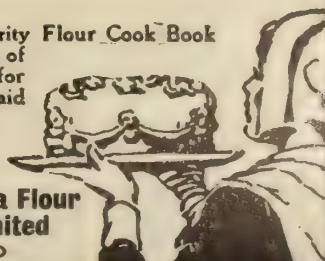
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Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but medical science proves that its germs invade the body and cause many of the ills of middle age. These germs may deplete vitality, or impair the functions of the heart and other organs, and often result in such ailments as rheumatism and anaemia.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums, then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in little pockets about them.

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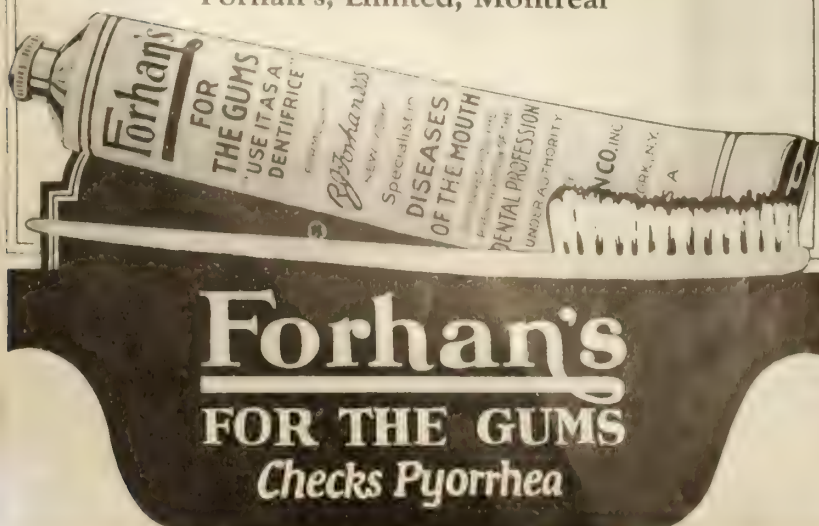
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in Canada and the United States. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

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Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.)

### IN SNOWTIME.

By BERTHA E. GREEN.

IF it had been the summertime, you would have seen children playing on the broad stretches of green under the shading trees. But it was in the winter, in February, in the middle of the morning of a blowy, snowy day so there were no children in the park.

There was someone there, however; and that one was a little cottontail rabbit, and his snuffly pink nose was cold.

He had left the shelter of the brush-piles and thickets of the ravine nearby, for he was on friendly terms with the squirrels who made their homes in the oak-trees throughout the park. But this morning Snuffler, the cottontail, was unlucky, either the squirrels' overcoats were not warm enough, or they had chores to do at home, for there was not a whisking grey or black tail to be seen.

He hopped cheerfully over to the oak-tree nearest him, and called loudly; but the wind scattered his words so that not one of them reached the squirrels' house.

So Snuffler brushed the snow off his nose, closed his eyes, and thought hard for a moment. Where was there any fun to be had?

He opened his eyes again, and, if you had been there right afterwards, you would have seen him bobbing across the park to where, on a little knoll, a flower-bed was set out each summer. From here he could see all over the park, and beyond it.

Again he was disappointed. Not even a sleigh, or a man, or even a dog, was inside the park gates. He wanted company, and was getting so lonesome that he had just about decided to go home and have a snooze, when a skiff of fine snow was swept into his face, and a chorus of mischievous, though cheery, voices sang all around him:

"Bye Baby Bunting,  
Daddy's gone a-hunting,  
To get a little rabbit-skin,  
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

Snuffler wasn't lonesome any more. When he had rubbed his eyes clear of snow, he saw just whom he expected to see—the whole flock of Snow Buntings, skipping, flying, and dancing around him as they sang.

"Serves you right, Snuffler, for coming out on such a blowy day. You might have known that we would catch you if you left your brush-pile."

Snuffler laughed, as he replied:

"You caught me, but it's such a cold, cold day that I can't let you have the little rabbit-skin to wrap the Baby Buntings in. There aren't any Baby Buntings in the winter, anyway, and, besides, you aren't all Daddy Buntings."

"But we really came a-hunting," chirruped the snow-birds. "Hunting for you, to tell you that, right by the little fir-tree near the park-gate, is a carrot."

"A what?" exclaimed Snuffler.

"An ever-so-big carrot, a really-truly-to-goodness carrot," they chor-

used. "You'd better hurry, Snuffler, before it flies away."

Did Snuffler hurry? All you could have seen of him would have been a bobbing, snowy whirl, above which circled and darted a flock of snow birds.

It was a beautiful big carrot, just the sort of a carrot he wanted; but how was he going to get it home to his brush pile?

"Why don't you roll it, Snuffler?" suggested the Snowbirds.

The Bunny tried, but it was very hard work.

But the little Buntings were not through helping Snuffler. If the wind could sweep the snow, so could they.

Up hill and down, across the park Snuffler rolled that carrot, leaving behind him a smooth path, which even the boisterous wind of February had some trouble in covering up again.

But Snuffler and the Snowbirds had been so busy working, that they had not noticed that their road led them to the foot of a short, though quite steep, hill. Half way up this hill Snuffler managed to roll his precious carrot, only to have it roll back again ten times as fast, with Snuffler himself sliding madly after it. Three times this happened; and at last Snuffler sat down on the carrot at the foot of the hill, wiped his forehead with the back of his paw, and grunted:

"I might as well not have had the carrot at all."

"Not a bit of it," chirruped the Buntings. "While there is a wiggle left, there is a way out. Come on, Snuffler. Over the hill to the brush-pile."

In a few minutes a strange sight might have been seen in the park. From the ravine thicket, a long, leafless, brown, grape-vine came sailing through the air, one end trailing on the snow. The Snowbirds were towing it. They fastened one end to the carrot, and, bringing the other end of their grape-vine rope around the trunk of a small tree on the hill-top, they told Snuffler to "haul away."

Everything went splendidly until the carrot was almost at the top of the slope. Then Snuffler's feet slipped from under him, and Snuffler, still hanging to the grape-vine, went up the slope on his back, passing the carrot on the way as it slid down again.

This did not happen any more, for all the Snowbirds clung to Snuffler's end of the grape-vine. The carrot was at the top of the hill, and was soon being rolled smoothly and easily down the slope, right to Snuffler's very own brush-pile.

When after much tugging, the carrot was safely stowed away, Snuffler came to the door of his brush-pile, and, calling to the Buntings, who were flying near, he said:

"I am sorry that I haven't got a nice, warm rabbit-skin to wrap up each and every one of you, but, if you'll only come around in the summertime, you'll find a place, right here, to build the nests for Baby Buntings, and their Daddies too."



General Sir Robert Baden-Powell at Review of Boy Scouts in England.





## We Will Come Back

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

used to tell), but never up that long trail came John Ainslie McNair. And the time came when my father found the farm over small for his growing lads, and so he pulled up stakes and moved us all to Ontario—moving to Canada, we called it, as if "the Island" were a land by itself.

"And the very day we left, the boat put off at our old landing-place, a stranger—a man of city clothes and speech; and he hailed an ancient man who knew him not, and him he asked, "Does old Malcolm McNair live here still?" And in his solemn way the ancient man did answer make:—

"They've all sailed for Canada." "And o'er that stranger's face a grey shade crept; "And Kitty McCrea?" he asked in choking voice.

"And when young Malcolm went, what for would Kitty McCrea no go?" the ancient said. "Old Malcolm, and the Missis, and the youngers, and Young Malcolm and Kitty McCrea, all sailed for Canada, the day's morn."

"And John Ainslie McNair, for it was he, turned on his heel and went away and was never heard of more."

As Catharine paused, her husband took up the tale; "And then," he said; "I stepped dramatically forward from my place behind your chair (for though I had met you but once or twice, I was already by way of keeping as close to you as propriety would allow), 'Never heard of more,' I repeated—'till now—Madam, behold John Ainslie McNair,' and I made what I flattered myself was a graceful bow. And the old lady's eyes almost popped out of her head. 'And if it isn't,' she cried—'his living image. And do look at Kitty, how like she grows to her Grandmother—my dear adopted sister, Kitty McCrea—and you, young man, must be the grandson of our long-lost brother—John Ainslie McNair.'"

The fire had dwindled to a mass of glowing coals; around the house the wind still howled.

"Oh, Jack, do you hear that shutter bang?—and the branch at the window, sounds like phantom fingers writing on a slate. 'The hand-writing on the wall,'" suddenly Catharine sat up straight and her eyes glittered with excitement.

"Jack, could it be? Did you feel it, too? A message for us from the soul of the old house—calling us back—or perhaps—perhaps from the spirit of

John Ainslie McNair and Kitty McCrea, wandering disconsolate through space."

Her husband, tense at her side (for the mystic Highland strain was strong in him too), removed not his gaze from the fire, where strange visions came and went.

"Perhaps," he whispered, as one forced to speak, but fearing to break a spell—"Perhaps we are Kitty McCrea and John Ainslie come again to earth, and the message is from the spirit that guards the house of McNair, bidding us to come back, back to the old home, back to the simple life, ere our souls become atrophied by the sordid sound of money-getting, of social rivalry; our bodies worn out before their time by the hurry and rush of the West."

Suddenly, the wind fell and all the eerie sounds which had filled the house were stilled as if by magic—then a late sun beam glancing through the branches at the west window, came to rest on the couple before the fire; and Kitty McCrea McNair had her head on her husband's shoulder; and John Ainslie McNair had his arm around his wife's waist; while something of the love of their youth—perhaps of their many youths—came back to them there in the twilight of the old room—and—

"We will come back," she murmured, "our girl is a product of the west—western—she will stay, and the man she has chosen will carry on your work; and her children will follow the chimera of 'Furthest West.' But our boy—he is younger, he will be educated here, in the East, amid the old traditions (for we have traditions, we of Canada), and perhaps we can teach him some of the real truths of life—the things that are worth striving for; not money, not social supremacy; not power, not even happiness (for that comes seldom for the striving); but a quiet mind; to treat every man, and particularly every woman, well; to earn a living decently; to cultivate his mind, that always within himself shall he find companionship unailing; to follow the traditions of his Scottish ancestors (except in that one particular of roving); to do all this, that his soul may be at rest."

"We teach him all this that later on, 'he may depart from it,'" her husband added with a return to his usual cynicism. "Well, in any case," he went on, "we shall have done our part and earned our quiet minds; but assuredly, come what may—we will come back."

## Health and the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.)

and such as sleep o' nights. I like not lean and hungry Cassius." Very true, O Caesar! But chubby children are the best of all fat men and a sure cure for depression. Children are great encouragers. They have such confidence in us that it gives us strength to live up to their expectations.

Now don't forget that the six things that make the most difference to nerves are: Sleep, food, fresh air, exercise, useful work and encouragement.

### Mind Your Meals.

Everything that affects the general health affects nerves. Constipation, for example, or indigestion would depress anybody. When people are hungry they are usually either irritable or depressed. Haven't you noticed how much better people feel after dinner. People who never eat enough or don't have the right kind of food are sure to have "nerves." Buy a good, sensible cook-book and study the menus and see if you cannot get some good hints about this. Are your family eating enough vegetables, for example? You don't serve potatoes at every meal, do you? Is the teapot always on the back of the stove, or do you drink tea at the pro-

per time, not more than three minutes after it has been made? Tea that stews an hour or more on the back of the stove is poison for nerves, and strong tea is not good for anybody. Give the frying pan a rest. Don't have it on the stove in preparing every meal.

How many hours' sleep should you have? Nine.

### They Win.

Do you need a walk every day in the fresh air? Of course you do. You must have it.

Remember that more people have been cured by the "Call of the Job" than were ever cured by thinking about themselves and their illnesses. Are you smiling? You ought to be. Did you smile at breakfast? I am glad you did.

Now "Get into the Game"—I hope you do not work too hard, but I do hope you have enough to do. Do not let yourself get too tired. Go to bed early. The game of life is such a good game that those who play it and keep the rules always win. What do they win? It would take a wiser man than the Family Physician to tell you that. But they win.



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## Stories for March

"The Afterthought,"

a delightful story, by Miss Pickthall, is one of our most attractive features for March. A new writer from the West, Sara Galbraith Mosher, contributes a graphic sketch of Albertan life as the new-comer finds it. May L. Armitage (also from Alberta), tells an interesting story of a domestic crisis in "Margaret Takes Some Time Off."



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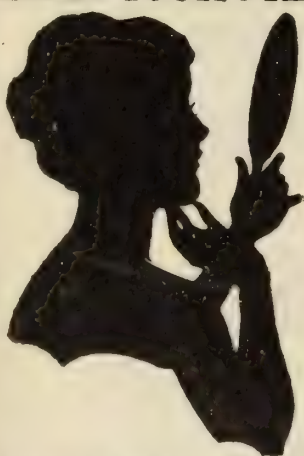
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

his scheme to the bad by winning over the boys; and he is hot.

He acted queer, too," Charley went on. "The first thing he asked was, if Natalie was well; and his voice sounded crying-like. Say, he's changed altogether from the hearty old sport, that used to travel through the country like a lord, handing out cigars. He's losing flesh. I think he's a bit touched."

When the boy finished, Garth took a turn, breathing deeply; and finally returning to the fire, sought that trusty counsellor, his pipe. "I'm glad he turned up," he said coolly. "This is more like fighting in the open. And thanks to you, I'm well warned."

He smoked a while in silence. "I suspect I'll have my work cut out for me to-morrow," he resumed reflectively. Presently he gripped Charley's shoulder, and searched the boy's face. "I'll be damn thankful to have you along, old fellow," he said. "But I don't think I have any right to let you in for this. This man is very powerful in the country; and he can spoil all your chances. You had better go back with Philippe. Neither Natalie nor I would ever blame you."

The boy turned away his head. "I—I can't talk about it," he faltered. "If you go on that way you'll have me crying like a girl! You could talk all night, and it wouldn't do any good! What do you think I am? I'm not going to miss the fun!"

Garth laughed. "Turn in," he said briefly. "You'll need all the sleep you can get."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE FIGHT IN THE STORM.

GARTH and Natalie were wondering next morning with what kind of a face Nick Grylls would greet them. He was the last to come off to the boat. Hooliam took possession of the punt as a matter of course, to bring him aboard; but Garth, determined not to allow the slightest act of insolence to pass unchallenged to-day, curtly ordered it back; and the fat trader was obliged to wade out like the breeds, and scrambled over the side of the "Loseis"—a very undignified re-entrance upon the scene.

His demeanor was remarkable. All the way out from the shore he had probably been shaping the character in which he meant to make his bow. He threw a leg over the side of the boat, affecting all his old, blustering heartiness; but the sight of Natalie and Garth awaiting him, wholly self-possessed and unconcerned—they had determined in advance not to stoop to the pretense of any surprise at seeing him—pricked him like a blown bladder. His eyes bolted; he nodded at them askance; and he mumbled the words he had been intending to shout. Catching sight of Charley directly, he attempted to carry off his discomfiture by assuming an added boisterousness.

"Hello, Charley!" he cried. "What's the good word, boy?"

"Hello, Mr. Grylls," returned Charley with a demure grin, that was highly creditable to his powers of dissimulation. "Where did you drop from?"

Grylls guffawed with an overdone assumption of a man at his ease. "Oh, I got a sudden call up to the Settlement," he said, in a tone meant to reach Garth's ears. "Got a big deal on to sell out my posts on the Spirit. I overtook you folks last night; and sent my canoe back. Thought I might as well save money. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks," said Charley. The boy lighted it elaborately, and commended the quality with the air of a connoisseur.

"You're all right, kid!" cried Nick, clapping him on the back. "I tell you I'm blamed glad to have a white man to talk to on the way up"—this with a side glance at Garth. "What are you doing away from home at this season?"

"Grub running low," said Charley readily. "Had to go to the Settlement for a fresh supply."

"Well you go to Jonesy of the French outfit," bellowed Nick; "and tell him to give you my prices!"

Nick kept the boy at his side all day, flattering and cajoling him with an immense patronage, that, coming from the great man of the country, was meant to turn the head of this, the youngest of its settlers. In this Nick had a double purpose: he wished, of course, to secure the boy's interest to himself; but he also wished Garth and Natalie to see what a fine, generous fellow he could be when he got half a chance. There was a great deal of the child in the self-indulgent trader; and he had not lived among the breeds for twenty-five years without imbibing many of their characteristics. As to the boy, Garth and Natalie felt not a moment's uneasiness; Charley met Nick's advances with a kind of imitative bluster, that was a source of great secret delight to Natalie.

The day's journey was uneventful. Grylls kept himself forward of the mast, and made no attempt to address either Garth or Natalie. Indeed, he appeared to ignore their presence on the boat altogether; which, considering the shortness of the distance separating them, was not without its ridiculous side. Garth, refusing to be deceived by this apparent indifference, kept himself quietly on the alert. The breeze continued favorable but very light; and the day waxed hotter and hotter. By nightfall they had covered perhaps another thirty miles of the way. There had been one "spell" on shore, during which Garth and Natalie elected to remain on board, satisfied with a cold lunch.

A lovely night succeeded. The velvety floor of heaven was strewn lavishly with bright stars; and later, the moon, just past the full, rose out of the lake astern and hung, a lovely pale globe, in the eastern sky. The breeds fell asleep one by one, and for the first time the jabbering, the *ki-yi-ing* and the maddening stick-kettle were all stilled. The "Loseis" hovered over the lake with her gigantic wing spread, like some great bird of the night. The only evidences that she moved at all were the flecks of foam that drifted slowly astern under the counter.

Charley had constructed a little niche for Natalie among the freight astern—a bale of blankets serving for a seat, with a tall box inclined behind it for a back to lean against. She had insisted that Charley share it with her, and the boy had sat beside her too blissful to speak. In the end they both fell asleep, and Natalie's head dropped on his shoulder. In his dreams the boy smiled seraphically.

Garth watched them kindly and very enviously; and for the moment wished that he, too, were a boy, whom she need not take seriously. There was no sleep for him. He sat on the narrow seat encircling the stern, with his back against the gunwale, where, on the one hand he could watch the steersman elevated on his little platform, while on the other side he was prepared for any demonstration from the bow. The steersman

was Natalie's humorous breed; his name was Aleck. Nick Grylls and Hooliam were together somewhere forward of the mast; in the darkness Garth could not place them.

Garth's rifle lay across his knees—he would have given it, with much to boot, for the quicker and handier revolver. He was painfully aware that nothing would suit Nick Grylls's purpose so well as to knock him swiftly on the head, and heave his body overboard. He shrewdly suspected that some such intention was the reason for this night sail. It is easy to seek danger, to ride at it with a shout, the pulses leaping—but to wait for it, to wait motionless in the still dark for an attack that may be delivered one knows not when nor from whence—that is the great ordeal. Garth clenched the stem of his pipe hard between his teeth; and with a resolute effort of his will, put down the hysteria that will at such a time constrict the stoutest throat.

The first interruption of the awful stillness came, not from man, but from the elements. All around the western horizon clouds mounted so swiftly and imperceptibly that neither Garth nor the helmsman was aware of what was preparing, until they had reached the zenith. Caribou Lake is known for its swift and terrible summer storms. A sharp crack of thunder was their first warning. Aleck shouted; and dark forms arose here and there from their resting places. Garth swallowed a sob of relief for the diversion. The storm might be playing right into Nick Grylls's hand; but one could face the bustle and uproar with renewed courage.

The sail was brought clattering to the deck; a couple of sweeps were hastily run out; and the "Loseis" was pulled for the nearest point of the shore. With true breed seamanship she was beached on a steep and stony incline on the lee side of a point. Garth tried his best to make their folly clear to them; but none of the crew, and least of all Hooliam, retained presence of mind to comprehend. With united strength the breeds dragged her up as far as they could, which was but little, and went through the same business of driving stakes into the bottom of the lake, and lashing the sternpost between. Garth threw up his hands in helpless exasperation. Tarpaulins and sails were spread over the cargo and lashed down. Charley made Natalie snug with a tarpaulin roof over her seat. Garth commanded him, no matter what might happen, not to leave her side.

The storm came roaring down the lake like a vast animate being; and there, in their exposed position, smote them hip and thigh. Each crash of thunder fell forth right upon the echo of the last; and the lightning played like wicked laughter on the face of the destroying heavens. Then came the rain, with pitiless, whistling whips that lashed the water, and bit cruelly into exposed flesh. Every man on board, save one, instantly dived under the sail-cloths; and Hooliam was the first to seek shelter.

Only Garth dared not relax his watch in the open. He maintained his place with his back against the stern, a piece of tarpaulin across his knees to keep his gun dry, and his eyes bent forward in the boat whence any move must be made on him. So sure was he that Grylls would attack him, he was scarcely conscious of the tumult that roared about his ears. The wind tore his hat off and the cold rain drenched him to the skin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "Kia Pono Tonu"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

hands at the tables. How acrid was the smoke of Red Cross tobacco!

What were they singing at the piano?

"Till it seems the world is full of dreams,

Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long Trail"—but there was no long Trail any more, not even in dreams.

LATER in that Paris he would have loved, came his Captain by chance to the hotel where Sister was staying.

To this Canadian girl with the interest in her eyes for the Southern Cross, he spoke of the dead man:

"Rode like the devil—his men loved him—lived straight, too." Lived straight! In that France of a thousand loves! Words came to her ears:

"Honor has come back as a king to earth.

And nobleness walks in our ways again,

And we have come into our heritage."





## The Thirteenth Sonnet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

my surprise, "this is one of Carres' sonnets."

He sat down without speaking and looked at me unflinchingly. At length he said slowly, almost painfully I thought.

"What meaning can it have for you?"

"Only one," I said, "you have held it back for reasons of your own. It is definitely dishonest."

"What reasons?" he said.

I paused for a moment, but my feeling of pity for the man was almost swept away by this discovery.

"What reasons," I said, "except jealousy?"

He looked for a moment as though I had struck him, but then he recovered himself.

"As good a reason as any other," he responded, and I saw that there was a smile of satisfaction beginning to show in his face.

"Yes, but it doesn't end here," I said, irritated by his complacency. "This sonnet must be included with the rest."

At that an instant alarm overspread his face. He rose and came and stood before me, leaning on the desk while he scanned my face with his deep-set eyes.

"You intend to let this be known?" he interrogated me.

"What else?" I said, growing more and more impatient with his absurd attitude.

He continued to look at me, his eyes narrowing, his expression changing until finally he said with a tremendous effort:

"That sonnet was written after Carres was dead."

"You mean?" I said, and paused regarding him still with perplexity. He turned back and faced me with an expression of extreme weariness.

"If you will pry into what does not concern you in the least," he said, "I wrote the sonnets."

He saw the expression that spread over my face, and taking a step towards the desk, he dived into a drawer and brought out a sheaf of papers, flinging them down before me.

"If you do not believe, you can see for yourself," he said, and walked away again in the direction of the window.

It took only one glance at the papers to see that he spoke the truth. Here were verses innumerable, all written in the same hand-writing, all showing the same beauty as the sonnets. There could be no doubt that he spoke the truth. This man was the author of the sonnets. But with this realization came the amazing fact that he had deliberately concealed it. He had given to Carres the fame of authorship. Why, in Heaven's name, why should he have been so casual to the fame that belonged to the author of the sonnets?

THE fact that he had written the sonnets was not in itself such a tremendous surprise. Instinctively I had begun to feel the truth of what he had just revealed. The surprise lay in the fact that he had not acknowledged the authorship of the sonnets. Poor, obscure, as he was, I could not understand why he should have pushed Carres farther into the limelight while he retreated farther into the shadows. That was where I was mystified.

"Will you tell me," I said at length, "why you have concealed this? Why did you allow this deception to go on? That is what I fall to understand."

He turned and came back slowly into the room.

"Isn't it clear to you," he inquired, "what would have been said if I should have claimed the authorship of the sonnets? Cannot you imagine the calumny? Is not the world always greedy to snatch away a beautiful woman's reputation? The sonnets were found among her papers. Would not that be enough to give scope for any amount of scandal?"

"But I don't understand"—I began stupidly.

"But I loved her," he said briefly. "No, she did not return my love. It was Carres whom she loved, but he . . . he was nothing but a machine . . . he cared for nothing but the making of endless books. He had no eyes even for her beauty. He chilled her love until she hid it away, she tried to keep it out of sight. She was continually upon her knees to him in spirit . . . but he did not even care to know that she was there. Oh, she suffered. She who could have been all warmth and light and affection. She seemed to me always a lonely figure in a chill chapel, adoring a figure of stone."

He paused, lapsing into a deep silence.

"It is curious," I said, "how life mocks at simplicity. It follows such devious ways."

But he was lost in his reflections.

"She was kind to me," he said at last turning his glance upon me, "she was kind to me because she knew what suffering was. She knew what it was to love without response, so she did not scoff at my sonnets. She said she loved them for the magic of the words, for the beauty of the thought. But they meant no more to her than that. A poet must love a star," he went on dreamily, "and if it but shines it is all that he can ask."

"But," I said sharply, to recall his wandering thoughts, "it is quixotic and absurd to allow the public to think that Carres wrote the sonnets. The sonnets are famous. Why should the fame not be yours? I don't imagine that you ever had any particular fondness for Carres."

He turned on me an uneasy glance.

"Carres . . . Carres does not matter one way or the other. You are

thinking of how I hated him at college. That was all over years ago. A great passion sweeps little things like that aside. But no one must ever know about the sonnets. I trust to your honor never to reveal what you have found out. Can you not think what would be said . . . what odious fabrications would be built up around her name? You have come upon this by accident and you will forget it. You will only remember that Carres wrote the sonnets. The world must never know anything else."

"And you have counted the cost?" I said, looking at him curiously. He appeared such a strange figure, sitting there in his shabby coat, the glow of an inner light still upon his thin face. The author of the sonnets. "You are content," I said, "that the fame, the recognition, the applause shall go to Carres . . . while for you . . ."

"Obscurity," he said, "what else? I only ask that the name of Madeleine Carres be held as pure as she was herself."

"The book has had an enormous sale," I said thoughtfully.

"It is nothing to me to be poor," he said, "I have never been anything else."

Somehow it exasperated one. The man was immovable as a rock. What he said was true enough. If it were discovered that he had written the sonnets what scope for a scandal! How it would be seized upon, what a history built up, what a fabrication of lies! But the woman was dead! For the sake of a memory this man was sacrificing, was open handedly giving away all that could make life worth the living. At least, that was how it appeared to me.

"It is not only the sonnets," I said, "but any more verses that you may write . . . they would be easily recognized."

"Naturally," he said, "but I shall not write any more. If the sonnets were as fine as they are said to be, it is only because she inspired me. I could not have done it of myself. There was nothing in me that alone could have produced anything great. Madeleine Carres was the tinder from which I struck out fire."

I looked down at the sonnet lying on the desk.

"And this?" I hazarded.

Before I realized what he was doing he had struck a match and was holding the paper in the flame. It blackened and shrivelled like something alive. I watched it fascinated, until it crumbled down to a little heap of black ash. In those ashes I saw the death of ambition, of wealth, of fame, of everlasting recognition from the world. I looked at the curious figure in the crumpled shabby coat. He was laying those ashes at the altar of his ideal . . . at the altar of his love for Madeleine Carres.

## Geography and How It Is Written

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

is a pyrrhotite, containing twenty-five per cent. sulphur. Naturally the sulphur fumes are liberated, and when the air is heavy and damp, and the wind in the wrong direction, they drift over the little town.

The drooping lilac tree that I saw, whose outer leaves were yellow and burnt, had not been assailed by grub or worm or frost.

It was "sulphured," "She must have forgotten to cover it when the wind blew this way," said the lady who pointed it out to me.

The people of Copper Cliff, notwithstanding the fumes, are able, with great care, to raise flowers, and I do not think the Victoria people, with their wonderful climbing roses, or Winnipeg with their twelve foot hedges of sweet peas, get any more delight from their free bloomers, than the Copper Cliff people get from their carefully nurtured blossoms. To raise a flower, in any country is a matter of pride, but in Copper Cliff it is an achievement!

The manager's wife took me to see her lilac bush, which had "fifty-three blossoms" on it. She knew them all by name. So would any of us if we

had to run and cover the bush when the wind changed. I am here to testify that the bush was healthy and luxuriant in leaf and blossom.

The sulphur fumes are not nearly so bad since the roast-ovens were removed to a distance of twenty miles. But they still blow where they list, on occasions striking the town and leaving the grass sere and brown. They tarnish the silver, put holes in rubber goods, and strangers find them quite distressing.

The company admit that there are fumes! And they admit that they are destructive! I hardly expected that. Unlike the Vancouver people with their rain, or Winnipeg with its cold, they cheerfully own up to the fumes.

If you are a farmer, living near Copper Cliff, and your crop is attacked by the fumes, all you have to do is to invite the company's inspector to come down and view the ruins. He estimates what the crop was worth, and the company signs the cheque. On a bad year, when the rain has been delayed, or there has been too much, it is said the farmers in the Copper Cliff community turn longing eyes to-

ward the roast-oven and wonder why the fumes have failed them. Sometimes rust comes on the crop, or it is attacked by an insect and for this, Nature gives no rebate! So no wonder the thrifty farmer prays for a good crop—or fumes!

COPPER CLIFF, although it is a bare spot, so far as herbage is concerned, is a hopeful indication of the good days to come, when employers and employees will recognize that they are not enemies but partners. It is also encouraging to see that the care, ingenuity and humane instincts of a company can overcome natural disadvantages and make life comfortable and happy for their people, and that it all pays in cold dollars and cents. While other companies find themselves unable to fill their contracts, on account of their men being on strike, the mines at Copper Cliff go gaily on, every one working, and every one happy. They prevent strikes before they take place, and every one is the gainer. It all bears out the contention that health and happiness are cheap at any price!

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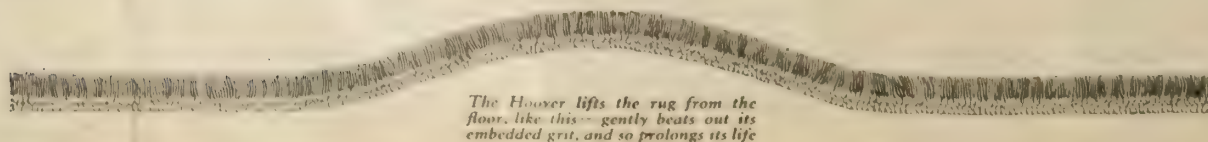
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SPARE THE TUBE AND SPOIL THE CHILD

*A Good Teeth  
Editorial by an  
Eminent Dentist\**

\*Name of writer furnished on request.

## "Safety First" in the Prevention of Dental Decay

How Oral Prophylaxis,  
Properly Taught and  
Practiced by Individ-  
uals, will Save 80% of  
Common Tooth Ills.

RECENT discoveries trac-  
ing the cause of so many  
diseases to the teeth, make  
mouth hygiene and the pre-  
vention of dental caries  
(decay) one of the most  
vital subjects for thought be-  
fore human-  
ity today.

The author of this  
editorial is a dentist of  
national reputation.  
The article is presented  
in the hope that it will  
inspire parents to cor-  
rect any mouth de-  
formities which may  
exist, and to anticipate  
the evil effects of tooth  
neglect by instilling in  
their children early in  
life the habit of daily  
care of the teeth.

If Oral  
Prophylaxis  
is efficiently  
taught and  
practiced by  
individuals,  
80% of den-  
tal decay  
can be pre-  
vented.

Dentifrices, the bases of  
which are prepared chalk,  
can be used lavishly, and  
should be used in this way to  
net the best results.

The time for perfunctory  
cleansing is past when we  
know the danger of neglect-  
ful methods.

Neglected teeth may mean  
very soon decayed teeth.  
Dead teeth may result in a  
focus of infection leading to  
many diseases that are the  
distress of mankind.

"Safety First" should be  
the motto of everyone re-  
garding teeth.

So frequent examinations  
by dentists should be made.  
Many a conscientious and  
painstaking dentist has been  
surprised and painfully cha-  
grined at finding a large new  
cavity in a tooth of a patient  
that he has seen six months  
previously.

Cavities start between  
teeth where even an expert  
cannot always detect them  
often until the cavity has  
grown so large that the pulp  
has been exposed.

To avoid this experience,  
have your teeth examined  
every three months.

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### What Should a Safe, Efficient Dentifrice Be?

A SAFE, efficient dentifrice should  
be a cleanser—and that alone.  
Its sole object should be to clean the  
teeth—without injury.  
It should contain neither harmful acids  
nor harsh grit to scratch the enamel  
and injure the gums.

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It should be mildly alkaline because saliva in a healthy,  
clean mouth is mildly alkaline. It should make no pre-  
tense to medical properties.

And lastly, to encourage twice-a-day brushing, it should be  
delicious in flavor—free from objectionable "druggy" taste.

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mildly alkaline dentifrice. It cleans the teeth as they  
*should* be cleaned—thoroughly, pleasantly, *safely*.

Dentists favor it for what it does, and does well—and  
for what it does not do and makes no claim to do.

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families.

It is the safe, normal dentifrice for you and so delicious  
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Guarantee and Trust Co. of New York. They may be exam-  
ined by accredited committee on application to Colgate & Co.

THE EARLY BRUSH CATCHES THE GERM



# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. 17. NO. 11.

MARCH 1921

TORONTO



MARCH 1921

PRICE 20 CENTS





### Whipped Cream Cocoanut Cake

4 oz. butter; rind of one-half orange (grated); 3 eggs; 1 small cup milk; 1 large cup flour; 1/2 cup cornstarch; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder; flavorings (vanilla and rose); 3/4 pint cream; 1 small fresh cocoanut (grated.).

Cream butter, adding grated rind of orange; then the sugar, working well in; then the well beaten yolks of eggs, and milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cornstarch and stir in gradually, then the well beaten whites of eggs, and lastly one teaspoon each of vanilla and rose flavorings. Bake in well buttered jelly tins in quick oven. When baked turn out and allow to cool.

Whip cream stiff, adding three tablespoons confectioners sugar and one-half teaspoon each vanilla and rose flavoring.

Cover top and side of each layer with the whipped cream and sprinkle over the grated cocoanut. If unable to obtain fresh cocoanut use Baker's canned cocoanut.

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# Canadian Home Journal

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Volume Seventeen

Number Eleven



## March Winds and Ways

BY THE EDITOR

THE month of March can hardly be called popular—either with poets or with lesser folk. Even Tennyson can find nothing kinder to say about its prevailing weather than to write breezily of “all in the wild March morning.” Of course, someone will come along and tell us that if it were not for the blustering winds of March we should have no delicate spring flowers in April and May. That is all true, but it does not make us like the gales any better, nor regard the slush under foot with kindlier eye. March, in fact, is a very shrew of a month, and yet we are rather glad that an artist has come along and given us a new March—a gay young girl with a breeziness all her own—who appears to have a frisky hare in captivity as a companion for her walk. The cover for this month is a picture which truly mirrors the March sky and woodland. The snow is almost gone, the flowers have not yet come—and it is a youthful, defiant March that blows across the land—a March which sets the blood in your veins a-tingle and makes you realize that the Northland is the home of sturdy and vigorous citizens, equal to the day's work and ready for the day's fun. This cover is the work of a Toronto artist—Mary Wrinch, A.R.C.A.

The picture of our May cover is one of the happiest efforts by Herbert S. Palmer, A.R.C.A., who has chosen a bright and spring-like scene and treated it with originality in color and grouping. We hope to have other covers by this artist, whose work is unusually vivid.

ONE of our most interesting features this month is an article from Janey Canuck (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), who is president of the Federated Women's Institutes, a magistrate of the Women's Court in Edmonton, and an officer in nearly every philanthropic organization of the Albertan capital. Mrs. Murphy is a writer of books, also, and has a familiarity with the literary classics which comes only from “browsing in an old library.” In her article in this issue, “Out of the North,” Mrs. Murphy, in a whimsical vein, tells of setting forth from Edmonton last autumn for two conventions to be held in Montreal—one of them the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Federated Women's Institutes; the other, the meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club—which had not held a Dominion gathering since 1913, when Mrs. Murphy was elected president, retaining that office for seven years.

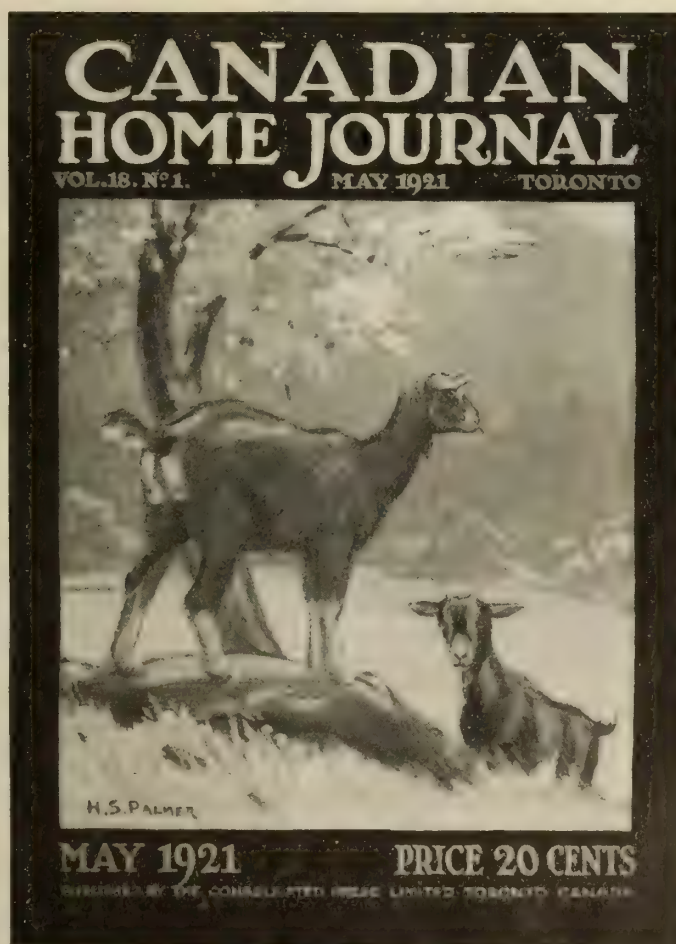
Those who know Mrs. Murphy best are well aware that she has a refreshing sense of humor which makes bearable life's little ironies and which gives a smiling aspect to many a hard problem. That her manifold official positions and heavy responsibilities have not diminished Mrs. Murphy's sense of the occasional absurdity of things is

evident in the buoyancy of this article which sets forth the early experiences of her journey towards her old home in the East.

MARCH is none too early to begin to consider the garden. In fact, away out in Victoria by the Pacific and off near Lunenburg by the Atlantic, March is really a spring month, and the man with the hoe is considering the matter of seeds and sprouts. Ever since the days of our First Parents, who made such a poor thing of gardening, humanity has found that occupation a difficult but certain way back to Eden. Most of you, then, will be interested in this article on “preparedness” which Mr. A. B. Cutting has written for the benefit of all who would have their own vine and fig tree in flourishing condition. Mr. Cutting knows whereof he writes, and has been for years Editor of “The Canadian Horticulturist,” being thoroughly at home among the flower beds and in the remotest recesses of the vegetable garden. Of course, all of you who hope to have prize gardens will read with interest Mr. Cutting's article and will straightway profit by his excellent advice. There will be other “garden stuff” in April and May, and our “door-yards will be brighter blooming,” as the poet has sung, because we have undertaken the making of a garden.

IN the spring a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love—or baseball; but the feminine fancy is concerned chiefly with new furnishings for the household and new clothes for the season of earth's renewal. The new fabrics of autumn are interesting enough in their way, no doubt; but tweed, Bolivia cloth and even kitten's-ear broadcloth will not bear comparison with the fabrics which come in the spring.

There are such alluring voiles and silks and crepes that, if you do not wish to go home with lightened pocket-book, you must hurry past the windows and avoid the counters where the latest products of Fashion's looms are spread to catch Milady's eye. In our March issue, you will find some of the suits and many of the blouses which help to make the springtime a rejuvenation of nature and human nature. From the Pictorial Review come the fashion pages which bring gladness to the heart of the woman reader who wishes to combine the smart and the serviceable in her new spring raiment. There is a most attractive page this month, written by Charlotte M. Storey, which gives us pictures and descriptions of the new hats—and if there is anything more interesting than a spring gown, it is the hat which blooms on Easter Day.



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# FELS-NAPTHA



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It means the perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha.

## *What is Naptha?*

A wonderful dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen dainty fabrics and restore delicate colors. *Naptha makes dirt let go*, and carries away all odors from clothes. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer.

## *Why combine Naptha with Soap?*

Because when combined the Fels-Naptha way, the cleansing quality of naptha is added to that of good soap, and *together* they do the work quicker and better than either naptha or soap alone.

## *Why not use Soap alone and pour Naptha into the Wash-water?*

Naptha of itself will not mix with water. But it *does* mix when carried into the water by Fels-Naptha, because of the individual Fels-Naptha process which makes naptha soluble in water. Therefore every bubble of Fels-Naptha suds contains naptha. It works through every fibre of the clothes loosening *all* the dirt.

## *Aren't all "Naptha" Soaps alike?*

No. The word "naptha" has been misused. Fels-Naptha is the *original* naptha soap. It contains *real* naptha. The exclusive Fels-Naptha method of combining good soap and real naptha has never been duplicated. Fels-Naptha *holds* its naptha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

## *What Color for Soap?*

Color has little to do with the purity or cleansing-value of soap. Some good soaps are black; others white, green, brown, yellow and golden. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the good materials that help to *hold* its naptha. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

## *Why isn't Fels-Naptha hard as a Brick?*

Hard soaps mean hard rubbing. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes, and a backache. Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves in the wash water. The cleansing work is done by soap, naptha and water all thoroughly *mixed*.

## *What Soap for Washing-machines?*

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for the washer because its naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds churn through and through the clothes, quickly flushing all dirt away. And the inside of the machine will not be sticky.

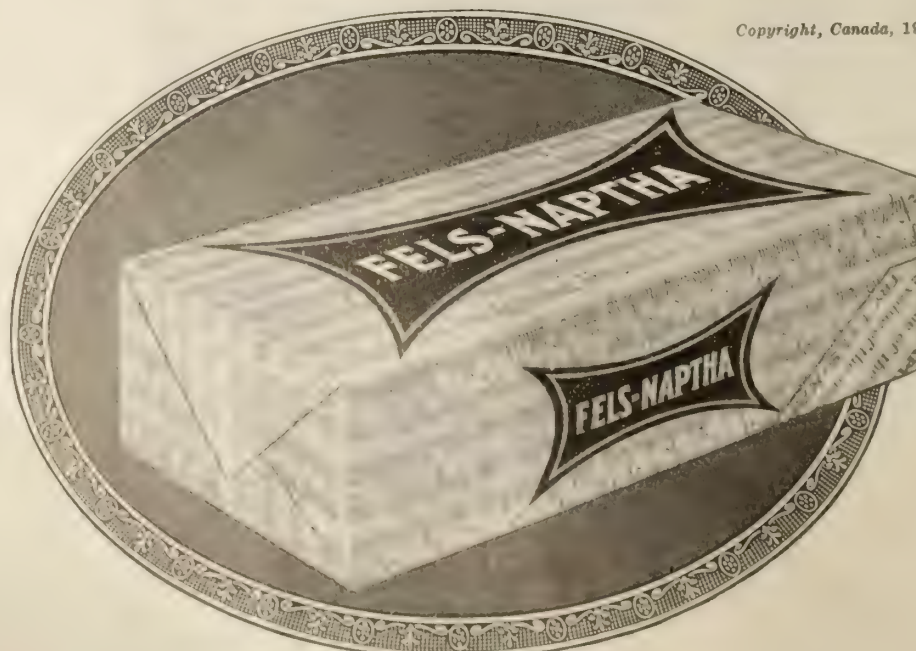
## *Are there Fels-Naptha Flakes?*

No, but it is a simple matter to make your own—and more economical. Just shave off into the water the chips or flakes of Fels-Naptha *as you need them*. This gives you the added cleansing value of naptha in washing woolens, dainty lingerie and all fine things.

## *How many other Uses has Fels-Naptha?*

The housewife constantly finds new uses for Fels-Naptha. Besides laundry-work, Fels-Naptha is wonderful for taking spots from rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Always keep a cake in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for enamel of bathtub and washstand. Give your home and yourself the benefit of the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

Three things identify Fels-Naptha—the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, the clean naptha odor.



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Fels-Naptha *safely* cleans anything cleanable and washes anything washable.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# A Letter On Our National Life

A writer in Our Pacific Province considers  
our expression of pride in national affairs

THE discussion regarding schools, public and private, which arose out of an "O Canada" letter, published on this page some months ago, has taken a new direction. Mrs. Rosewarne's letter in the January issue has evoked some correspondence from Vancouver, which is of more than passing interest. We are pleased to publish the following communication from Miss Isabel B. Macdonald, who has clear-cut convictions, with the courage to maintain them. This correspondent reflects upon that part of Mrs. Rosewarne's letter which referred to our "Canadianism" as a subject of vital importance to every one of us.

MRS. ROSEWARNE'S letter has emphasized what to my mind is the thing most needed in Canada to-day—a more definite expression of our national life. It is not, as some think, mere twaddle to speak of "pride in our own country," nor is it a silly sentimentality to applaud the flag now and then; there is both a moral and material advantage in so doing. In all new countries a "spoken patriotism" is essential to knit together the national fabric, to enthuse, to win people to and encourage them to remain in the country. Indeed the Dominion loses to her southern neighbor many valuable citizens for no other reason than this.

Recently I returned to Canada hungry for the gratification of "reading Canadian thoughts and seeing Canadian scenes extolled." I asked one man why he did not "boost" the city in which he was living. He replied with a superior smile: "What is the use of talking about—a lily?"

"But in this busy world," I said, "many people fail to see the lily till you tell them of it."

On another occasion, looking out across the water, to where the sunset tinged the snow-capped peaks of a wonderful range of mountains, I remarked to a friend upon the beauty of the scene.

"I never notice the mountains much," she answered. I am aware that sentiment itself has much to do with the beauty we see, even in a landscape; but had my friend picked up a folder in a railway station with a miniature reproduction of what she was then looking upon, and some one had added a few words to fire her imagination, she would have been ready to "save up her pennies" to get there. We have no great and famous art galleries in this new country of ours, but we have scenes such as these that no artist can paint and no treasure house in Europe possesses.

I do not think that the Canadian people are phlegmatic; they are simply unduly conservative. There are two reasons for this. They do not wish to copy the Americans in what seems an egotistical self-expression and they have long been under that British influence which, so far as the Dominions are concerned, has ever had a tendency to "keep the child modest." Although of British birth myself, I strongly disapprove of the "residential" element in

Canada which would put a damper on native enthusiasm. Indeed only too often the British immigrant to this country offers a peculiar problem. He is of course not a foreigner and no suggestion to that effect should be made. No man from any part of the Empire should be classed as a "foreigner" in Canada, or permitted to feel that he is, and this regardless of whether or not he is a worthy specimen of his race. But if any man thinks that being under his own flag gives him "the right to grumble," he should be quickly disabused of this idea. He should be reminded of the fact that we cannot demand loyalty of foreigners if it is not forthcoming in our own people; that he should bring the same sentiment, imagination and valiant spirit to this new land that men of an earlier generation did when they looked out across the sea and said: "Yonder we will make our home."

Canadians are not all of British origin, which is in itself another reason why the British immigrant should be amenable to the same laws as other "new-comers" in Canada. In mentioning this I would minimize the part which the British people have played in the making of Canada. I sometimes wonder if some of our Eastern Canadians, whose parents and grandparents were native born, and who

have themselves grown somewhat insular in the matter of nationality, realize that it was the British immigrant who made Western Canada from the borders of Manitoba to the Pacific Coast. I never think without emotion of my own childhood on the prairies; of the indomitable courage and oftentimes poignant suffering of those English and Scottish people to whom, quite apart from racial affiliation, Canada owes a great debt.

My early acquaintance with the life of the immigrant under such conditions has given me a great sympathy for him. To be homesick in a far-away land—a land that in no way reminds you of the one you left—is a very real grief. Often I have heard women from Ontario speak with a pathetic longing in their voices, of "the apple-blossoms down home," as they looked out on the tawny plains of Saskatchewan. If the Ontario woman, relatively near the "old home" had such a longing, what of those who were dreaming of the "green sward, the soft mist and the purple hills" far beyond the ocean?

In the land to the south of us they have a big task as regards immigrants and—perhaps because it is big—they handle it roughly. They have a Big Melting Pot into which they plunge the hapless immigrant regardless of his own sensibilities. The

system of amalgamating various races into one, though it be asking the lamb to lie down with the lion, is more or less effective in creating a uniform sentiment of loyalty. Under no other flag but the Union Jack have we a system which permits the various families and races of people to remain distinct and teach their traditions.

The Melting Pot is well as far as it goes, but I think that Canada might do better. I hope she will never go "slumming" among her immigrants, nor remind them that they are "eating her bread," when in truth they are earning an honest living.

In so far as our loyalty is of a dual nature, it means a genuine reciprocity between ourselves and all other people throughout the Empire. A girl friend of mine told me the other day that she had seen "a big bunch of foreigners" get off one of the Trans-Pacific boats.

"Foreigners!" I answered. "Where did they come from?"

"Looked like Australians," she replied.

"But my dear, the Australians are not foreigners," I responded.

And this reminds me of an amusing incident that happened a few months ago in a little town in Manitoba, where the Imperial Press Delegates were being entertained. On seeking their places at the table it was found that there were places set for the Australian and Tasmanian delegates, but none for New Zealand. Much mystified the New Zealand delegate inquired of the committee to discover that his country was supposed to be "part of Australia." New Zealand, I am told, remembers her mortification at that Manitoba luncheon, and when Canada goes to visit her she may find that "plates are laid for Great Britain, the United States and—Cuba."



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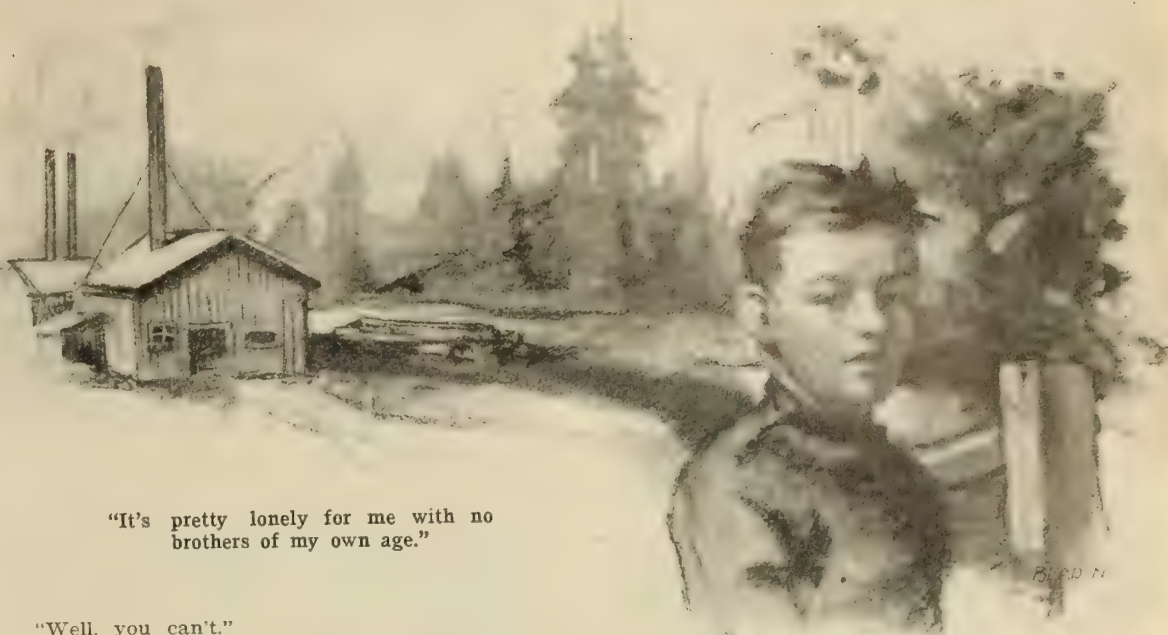


# A Story of a Boy's Adventure and a Man's Discovery

## The Afterthought

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. L. BLADEN



THE Mother's voice followed them down the trail. "And if you see my Afterthought round the shingle-mill, send him home."

The big Quincey twins answered simultaneously, as they often did. Only one roared,

"He's at the store, Sweetest," and the other, "He's round the orchard, Honey-Mum." Then they looked at each other doubtfully.

"Well," said Rod, wearily, "how about it this time?"

"I told him to get me some stamps at the store," explained Ned.

"And I told him he wasn't to dare quit the orchard."

"Of course, I didn't know you'd said. . . ."

"Nor did I." Rod's handsome face was harassed. "If he's gone to the store, I ought to hit him for it."

"And I ought to hit him if he hasn't gone."

"Which ever it is —"

"Don't you worry," said Ned darkly, "it won't be! That kid will have fixed it all right! He'll have fixed it by ignoring both of us and going to the shingle-mill."

They looked at each other uneasily. Rod said, "What will we do?"

"On second thoughts—I guess we'd better not do anything."

They strode on together. Presently Rod remarked with bitterness, "That kid was just born to break up the family."

"Mother must have been mad," assented Ned gloomily.

They walked in silence down the pleasant forest-scented trail until the high drone of a power saw whined through the trees, and they came out in the clearing where the little mill stood. There was no need to ask if the Afterthought was here.

On the edge of the clearing stood a section of an old and tottering flume, dating from the days when bigger lumber than shingle-bolts had been supplied by that part of the country. The flume had long been dry. But as the twins looked they saw a small figure starting from the higher end, toboggan down it on a shingle with a velocity suggesting grease, hurtle from the lower end, which was some eight feet above the ground, and subside in a heap of rotted sawdust and dead boughs.

They ran in grim silence, and plucked the Afterthought from the old dump. He appeared to be unhurt, though his nose had suffered. They set him on his feet and began to brush him clean.

He was a small, plain child, with those wise, tender, faithful brown eyes one sees in a cocker spaniel. He now stood looking softly at his brothers over a large gray handkerchief which he held to his nose.

"What are you doing?" demanded Rod sternly.

"Can't you see?" asked the Afterthought. "Bleedin'." He surveyed the handkerchief, and added in a satisfied tone, "Pints. . . ."

"Well, Mother wants you. You're to go home right away."

"Where are you fellers goin'?" asked the Afterthought gently.

"Over to the Inlet. . . . You can't come. Mother wants you."

Said the Afterthought complacently, "It never hurts a woman to be kep' waitin' for you."

"Well," breathed the scandalized Rod, "this woman is not to be kept waiting. You go home this minute, George."

The Afterthought, from a safe distance, lifted dog-like eyes of faith and pleading. "I'd sooner go with you, brother."

"It's pretty lonely for me with no brothers of my own age."

"Well, you can't."

"It's—it's pretty lonely for me with no brothers of my own age. I—I guess I'd be a better boy if you took me around with you more."

"You—go—home."

"I'll bet you're not going to the cabin," said George clearly. "You're goin' to see Miss Hallett."

The twins, avoiding each other's eyes, stood as if they'd been stung. Their faces were queer, as if the child's words had uncovered some strange unhappy thing they feared. And the Afterthought wondered if he'd gone too far. "Anyway," he declared hastily, "if it's Miss Hallett, I won't come, thanks."

"You—don't approve of her?" inquired Rod rather strangely.

The Afterthought, teetering on wide-stretched toes as if he wore high heels, and slapping an imaginary boot with an imaginary quirt, drawled slowly. "She's sure a good-looker, but I wouldn't go to the trouble of branding her with a Double O. She's a quitter. She's the kind that'll hawg the range all summer and lay down on you first time you rope a dogie. She—"

Rod said gently, "How far back was it that you quit?" And, as he spoke, he just touched his hand on Ned's shoulder.



The phrases that followed, though inoffensive, were of such unparalleled technical pungency that Rod's hand met Ned's in one impassioned clap across the Afterthought's mouth. Rod said quietly, "That'll do, George. Now you go."

THE Afterthought went swiftly.

He went with the more willingness in that he knew his brothers would not see Miss Hallett round the little hotel which they would pass, going to the Inlet. She was spending the day at the house of some friends, back near the store. He trotted back along the trail contentedly. Once he looked behind him. His brothers were walking heavily, heads bent, broad shoulders uneasily hunched, the width of the trail between them. As he looked, they suddenly stopped, and swung to face each other. They stood very still. The Afterthought hesitated a minute, then went resolutely on, and a turning hid them. He was breathing heavily; now and then he paused and spat accurately at a stump.

"Our family," he meditated aloud after one of these interludes, "has run with some queer bunches. But quitters and Quinceys, though they start the same, don't end together. I got to get busy or there'll be trouble. I can't have the family broken up for her."

An hour later, Miss Doris Hallett, sitting and swinging luxuriously in a chair on the porch of her friend's house, was aware of a small and homely boy who stood at the foot of the steps, watching her unwinkingly. She smiled at him from under lazy eyelids, and the sun gleamed in her bronze hair. Beautiful eyes, beautiful hair, a beautiful figure, yet not a beautiful woman. But she could not be in any town a week without every man knowing it, or walk down a street without every man being aware of her.

"Hello!" said the little boy. "There's a dead Indian in the woods."

"Is there?" Miss Hallett smiled again, recognizing him for little Georgie Quincey. "Then I suppose he's a good Indian. How long has he been there, Georgie?"

"Oh, twenty years, I guess," said the Afterthought reluctantly. He eyed her with hope, but Miss Hallett did not respond. He guessed the Indian was too dead. He said, "Henry Peters has his thigh-bone."

"Oh?" Miss Hallett still sounded lazy. The Afterthought came up one step. His soft eyes were lambent, eager lamps. He said guardedly, "Yes, he has it in the chicken house. He uses it to pound sheep. I could show it to you if you like."

"Oh, I don't think I want to see a bone."

There was no accounting for women, Georgie concluded. He came up another step. He said, "My brothers have gone to see if the cabin on the Inlet wants a new roof."

"Have they, Georgie?"

"Yes, they wouldn't take me."

"Too bad," she yawned.

"Oh, I dunno. I guess they wanted to be alone. You see,



I think they were going to fight."

"To fight?" She sat up suddenly, a queer glow in her eyes.

"They'd pretty near started at it when I left them."

"Fighting?" The girl's breath came short, there was a strange little greedy twitch of her red lips. She said in a careless voice, "I thought they were such a model pair of brothers. What were they going to fight about?"

"I dunno." The Afterthought pondered her wistfully. "It makes me feel bad. But I dunno. Do you?"

"I could guess, perhaps," answered Doris Hallett, with a strange excited little laugh. "I could—guess."

Georgie quivered and did not seem to hear. He was gazing pathetically into the forest. "It makes me feel bad," he repeated. "They may be at it right now. Or they may have quit, and one of 'em may be layin' there in the cabin, all bloody. Quarts," he added with brief ecstasy, "all over the place. . . I wish I dare go and see."

There was a silence in which came no sound but the sound of Doris Hallett's fingers, beating on the arms of her chair. Then she said, in the same, queer, excited little voice, "Is it very far to the cabin?"

"It's a good way by the trail. But there's a short cut through the woods."

Silence again, and the beating of two hearts. Then, with a fierce movement, the girl stood up.

"Let's go," she said, "and see!"

"Oh, Miss Hallett," answered the rider of the flame, "I'd be scared. I wouldn't dare!"

She stood up royally, laughing, bright-eyed; not averse even to the awe in this child's eyes. She moved down the steps splendidly enough, then turned. "Come," she said, "come and show me the way! I dare!"

"Roped, by the Great Brass Spurs!" said the Afterthought to himself; and took her hand shyly, and led her into the forest.

After an hour, a certain dubiousness began to show like a shadow in the flame of her vanity. She said, "Are you sure this is the way?"

"The Inlet's over there, Miss Hallett," Georgie's arm described a generous sweep.

"It's a very rough trail."

It was not a trail. It was a deer path. The Afterthought was silent, glancing anxiously at the sun. It was certainly lower. They climbed on without speaking; to himself the Afterthought was saying, "When 'll be the right time to do it?" Miss Hallett was saying to herself, "Two brothers, fighting—for me!" The words were rich and heady in her mouth as wine.

She never noticed when the deer path died out. She never noticed when Georgie turned from its direction and led her up a long hillside. A light fire must once have cleared the ground of small stuff, leaving the great timber untouched; for they moved without much difficulty through fern and salal-berry; while two hundred feet overhead the evergreen branches roofed them from the sky. Later, much later, they gained the crest of the range. And there Miss Hallett cried out in keen alarm.

"Why!" she said. "The sun's setting!"

It was. It was almost down. Level gold lances cleared the opposite range. Miss Hallett's face took on a curious hard look. All the fire died out of her. She looked round at the forest. Then she turned to the child. "What have you done?" she asked.

"I guess I've got a little lost," confessed the Afterthought. "I guess we better not go on to the cabin."

"Go on?" cried Doris Hallett unsteadily. She stared again at the silent trees. They seemed to close round her implacably, which ever way she looked; trees, silent, huge, impenetrable; merciless, and each moment, to her fancy, darker. She shook a little under the strange chill of her nerves, the old panic of forest places, Pan's terror. Suddenly she caught the Afterthought by his thin shoulders and gave him a little hard shake. "Go on?" she said unsteadily. "I—I wouldn't go on for the world. Find the way home. We must get home before it's dark. Before it's dark, do you hear?"

"Yes, Miss Hallett," said Georgie dutifully.

They turned and hurried down the side of the hill. The ground seemed to have become inexplicably rougher since they went up. Miss Hallett suffered in transit. Again and again Georgie said confidently, "There's the path we came by, Miss Hallett." But it never was. And each time Georgie murmured timidly, "I guess I'm still a little lost, Miss Hallett."

The sky was bright; but the trees seemed each to be the nucleus of a store of winced shadows, bodiless darknesses. Miss Hallett was hurrying blindly. She had, it was obvious, no sense of direction. She would go on thus until she dropped, the human mind in her utterly overwhelmed by the spirit of the trees. There was something a little dreadful in this senseless concentration on haste. For an instant, the Afterthought was dismayed. Then he set his teeth. It was time, he concluded, to finish his design.

He lingered behind Miss Hallett on the descent. When she was almost out of sight he set his left toe behind his right heel, in the manner known to every low-class comedian, and tripped himself artistically. As he fell he gave a cry.

The youth of our age owes much to the cinematograph. Georgie was aware that the picture he presented, east helpless among the ferns, lacked little of pathos. But he was vaguely disturbed. Something had gone wrong. He felt shaken. That fall had not turned out just what he expected.

"Oh! Miss Hallett!" cried Georgie pitifully into the shadows. "Oh! Miss Hallett!"

He lay quite still while she returned to him. She came in little irregular bursts and starts of speed. As she leaned over him he could see that her face was quite hard and white, and that her hair was untidy and her sleeve torn. She said with a curious impatience, "What is it? What have you done now?"

"I'm afraid I've hurt my leg, Miss Hallett."

"Which one?"

Georgie decided rapidly which one was to be hurt, and said, "The right one."

"Can you stand on it?"

"I will try," said Georgie patiently, "if you will help me up."

She set her hands under his arms and lifted him. She held him so a moment, without gentleness. "Now," she said quickly, "try. See if you can walk."

Georgie calculated with lightning rapidity, which was his right foot, and lowered it gingerly. He gasped. An expression of amazement, outrage, and pain held his small face rigid. Miss Hallett removed her hands.

"Oh!" yelled Georgie, in a shaking voice. "The blame thing's really bust, by heck!" and he slipped down in a small heap at Miss Hallett's feet.

It is to be supposed that he fainted. He knew nothing more until he found himself resting on the slope, propped against a log. Miss Hallett was standing in front of him. And it was nearly dark. Yes, the Afterthought concluded, with an unexpected twinge, it was nearly quite dark. . .

"M-M-Miss H-H-Hallett," whispered the Afterthought.

She was moving up and down in front of the log with the jerky restlessness of latent hysteria. She said sharply, "Well, what are we to do now?"

"I g-g-guess we better wait till someone comes to look for us."

"Wait here? In the forest? In the dark? . . . I couldn't. . . He could hear the sharp sound of her indrawn breath. "I—I'd go mad with fear. . ."

Georgie, you see, had let himself in for a good deal. A sight of the naked, black, primitive terror that hides in civilized souls like a criminal in a town is never a pleasant sight. He shivered as he watched and listened to the woman who paced up and down in front of the log; he paid for all his sins. And it grew quite dark.

Later she said, "Not to know where we are. . . it's horrible, horrible. . . He could hear the beating of her hands. He looked up at the darkness overhead, which was the forest, the great ceiling of the boughs; and in it he saw, leading from where he lay, a narrow lane of stars. . .

"Miss Hallett," said Georgie in a grave voice like a man's, "we're right at the head of the path. The path's there."

"The path. . . ?"

"Yes, Miss Hallett. We're not lost."

"Oh, my God," whispered the woman. And Georgie shut his eyes. She was suddenly very still. Her eyes, too, had found that narrow channel of stars. Under it was the path. At the end of the path were houses, faces, voices, and above all, light! She took a little run towards it.

"Miss Hallett," said Georgie gently.

She moved slowly back to the log. Presently she said in a strange dead-level voice, "But there's the boy. I can't carry him in the dark. And I can't leave him."

She was not addressing the Afterthought, who lay quite motionless, his arm covering his eyes, as if he were ashamed. She sat down on the end of the logs.

"I can't leave him. . ."

"When," wondered a small detached voice in Georgie's mind, "is she going to quit?"

"I can't leave him."

The forest was dark, immeasurably still, roofing them from all but that little ribbon of stars.

"I mustn't leave him. . ."

That was all the Afterthought heard, that dry, monotonous whispering repetition. Later, he did not hear even that. More knowledge, unfit for little boys, came to him; he knew what it was to feel forsaken.

But not for very long. For at the coming of the dark, an anxious Mother had sought out a strange, grim, and tight-lipped Ned, who was holding one hand surreptitiously in a pail of water in the back kitchen. And in a minute that changed Ned had come upon an equally altered Rod, with troubled eyes, who was trying, with the aid of a flashlight and a mirror behind the woodpile, to comb his hair so it would hide a cut over his eye.

Two hours back, that implacable alien Ned had sworn never to speak to his brother again. Yet now he said, "That kid's lost!"

"Our Afterthought?"

"Yes. And she. . . Miss Hallett, too. They were seen this afternoon, going up the deer track to Baldhead. Come on."

"Wait till I get the lantern," said Rod quietly, and came.

That deer track had taken Miss Hallett and the Afterthought some time to travel. The two big Quinceys had not been following it an hour when a woman beat into the circle of lantern-light that travelled with them, like a moth.

Doris Hallett had never looked so beautiful as when she broke suddenly from the dark and the silence that had betrayed her; for now her lovely soulless coloring had a spirit, even if it was only the spirit of fear. Her bright hair was loose, her pale fine silks torn to whispering ribbons. Ned was in the lead. She fluttered to him and clung. His arm went round her, he stood very still, looking down at the fair head on his shoulder. For one immeasurable and perfect instant the forest seemed to hold a perfect thing.

Presently Rod said quietly, "Here's one of 'em, anyway. The other can't be far off."

The girl's eyes were fixed on the lantern in Rod's hand. Wide, shallow eyes, drugged with fear. "Oh!" she breathed. "The light. . . I was afraid. . ."

Ned's voice was deep, with a little quiver in it, when he said, "You're all right. You've had a bad scare, I'm afraid. It's not safe for strangers alone to go off the trails. . ."

She said blankly, "But I wasn't alone—"

THERE was an odd little stillness. She and Ned had been close together. Now, something born of the forest, the merciless revealing forest, slipped between them. And Rod said, "Then where is Georgie?"

In some fibre of her soul, never awakened before, she was aware of something new in the faces, in the voices, of the two men she had played with for a summer's amusement. She could not speak. She pointed back along the trail. And suddenly, she knew that she would have got off cheaply if she could have given a year of her life in exchange for the necessity of that gesture.

But those simple young woodsmen who had fought for her sake were still silent. And words were forced from her at last, confusedly. "He fell, just when we'd found the track again. . . No, he's not hurt badly. I couldn't carry him in the dark. I—I didn't know what to do. I—I left him—to get help."

They said nothing. She repeated once more, eagerly, "To get help. . ." She was strangely confused. The foundations of her self-esteem crumbled. She was shaking, burning with—yes, with shame.

She had left Georgie because she was afraid. The other was a lie, to which she suddenly clung as if it was the last rag of her clothing. And the men knew it was a lie.

Rod said gently, "How far back was it that you quit?" And as he spoke, he just touched his hand on Ned's shoulder. And Ned, with a queer hurt breath, stepped back from Doris Hallett. Just one step, but he stepped a long way; right out of her life. Rod shoved the lantern into his hand, saying, "Go on. I'll wait here with—her. . ."

Ned took the light and went without a word.

He went on a long way. The forest was very still, and that stillness was salve to a young heart suffering its first disillusionment. Once he stopped and laid his hand half-lovingly on the stone-gray bole of a fir, where in the lantern light the Spanish moss gleamed like veils of dew. "She was scared," he muttered. "It was too big for her. She couldn't measure up to it. She went off and quit a hurt kid. . . Poor little thing. . ."

It was not the Afterthought he pitied.

Presently he said, "What in thunder's that?"

He listened. Then he knew. It was the Afterthought, keeping his courage up with indomitable song.

It came to Ned's ears, an odd reedy sound, drawled through innumerable silences.

"Sal Lou come down to the lil' corral,  
And she sez to me, sez she,  
'I guess fer you there's another gal  
And another feller fer me.  
Fer I ain't no use at a round-up dance  
Nor cuddlin' a bench in the park,  
Fer the feller,' she sez, 'as won't take a chance  
On kissin' a gal in the d-d-d-dark.'"

The last word faltered. A dismayed grin drove from Ned's face the grim yet pitiful look which had been there since he left Doris Hallett. "Whew!" he said. "Mother 'd have a fit if she heard him singing 'Sal Lou.' I hope he don't know the chorus!"

He pressed on, listening so anxiously he forgot to shout.

"Sal Lou, Sal Lou,  
I'm far away from you—"

"Georgie!" yelled Ned anxiously. "You there? Hold on, I'm coming to you, kid. You all right?"

"Sure!" replied the Afterthought from the darkness. . . "I'm far away from you, B-but I always k-keep your k-k-kind advice in m-mind—"

"Georgie!" yelled Ned again. "Don't you sing! Don't! Shout, so's I can hear where you are. . ."

When Ned reached the log against which the Afterthought sat, he was tactful enough not to turn the light on his small brother's face. Nor did he make a single remark nor ask one question, which was unusual. He just said, "Mother's waiting supper," and gathered the Afterthought into his arms, hurt leg and all. And the Afterthought found it kind of nice to be carried that way. Big brothers had their uses after all.

Presently, when the Afterthought had stopped making a queer little sniffing sound of which Ned took no notice, he said gravely, "Say, Ned."

"Well, youngster?"

"It was kind of Miss Hallett to go and fetch you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Ned, in the same careful, grave voice, "it was." A little later, he said suddenly, "Say, Georgie, you're white all through. You're a gentleman. . ."

A little later yet, he whispered stealthily, "Say, Georgie. . ."

"Yes?"

"Were you honest-to-goodness lost?"

There was a long silence. Then the Afterthought coughed. "Things," he said cautiously, "didn't turn out just as I 'spected. But there's some things one gentleman never asks another." To himself he said drowsily, "Quitters and Quinceys, they start right, but they ain't in the same finish. I wonder if he's goin' to take her out in the canoe to-morrow like he'd thought of, or if I k'n have it. . ."

Well, no, Ned Quincey didn't take her out in the canoe, though he'd thought of it. But afterthoughts are sometimes best.



# A Story of How a Wife Achieved Her Independence

## Mrs. Baucher's Sheep

By Sara Galbraith Mosher

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE MacLAREN

WITH a satisfied sigh, Mrs. Baucher dropped her shears, and allowed the bleating, terrified ewe to join its shorn fellows.

"Good wool we got it this year," she remarked to her daughter, Domka, a girl of sixteen, who had been helping her mother to shear the five sheep. "Enough it is to buy for you white hat with flowers, and maybe white dress like teacher lady wears. A proud day it will be when I see you stand in church dressed so fine in the English way."

"But, mother, the sheep are yours," Domka remonstrated. "You should buy a dress for yourself."

"In the fall, will be five fat lambs to sell; but the wool money is for thee. Nu, the milking must we do, and then to bed, since to-morrow we go to wash in the river."

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Baucher announced that she and Domka were going to the river to do a three weeks' wash, and would be away most of the day. "So your own dinner must you get, Ivan," she ended. "Cold pork there is, and much bread, and you can boil for yourself the tea."

"What for a dinner is that for a hungry man?" Ivan Baucher grumbled. "Grafina or Tatiana must to stay home from the school this day, and cook for me the hot dinner."

The two girls looked unhappily at their mother. The teacher had offered prizes to all who attended regularly that term, and so far neither girl had missed a day.

"Nu, to school must the girls go, and little Stefan also," Mrs. Baucher declared. "In this country it is the law. If hot dinner you must to have, is not the cellar full of potatoes? Not a great cook need a man be to boil the potatoes."

Still grumbling, Ivan went to harness the horses to the big farm wagon, and Domka and her mother started just as the clock was striking six. Early as it was, the sun was already high in the sky, and there was every indication that the day would be very hot. But Mrs. Baucher knew that along the Saskatchewan there was sure to be a pleasant breeze. When they reached the ferry landing, where there was a shallow place suitable for laundry work, she unharnessed the horses, tied them to the tongue of the wagon, and gave them some hay which she had brought with her. Domka meantime waded out into the swift brown current with an armful of clothes, and the wooden bench and bat which took the place of tub and washboard.

The ferry barge, with two teams on board, was nearing from the opposite side of the Saskatchewan. With the usual bump the barge grounded and the teams went on their way. But the driver of the second, on seeing Mrs. Baucher, stopped his horses and called out:

"Dobra den, Natasia Nicolaievna. Yet you must to wash in such an old-world way? A well-to-do farmer like Ivan should to buy for his wife one of the new machines that makes clothes clean in no time at all. With such a machine, mine wife has the wash done very early, and no longer must I to eat a cold dinner every other week."

Mrs. Baucher replied with dignity, that when she marketed her lambs in the fall, she would perhaps buy such a machine as he described, which might prove useful during the winter months. "And good it is to hear, Tonassi, that your wife has now so many clothes that a machine she must to have to wash them," she added. "Not so was it in the days before you get to be cattle buyer. No work at all you do, yet more money you make it than the farmer, who must to work hard all the year."

Tonassi Stranatka changed the subject abruptly by asking if Ivan were at home. "I hear he wants now to buy hogs, and I have in mine wagon two good sows with small pigs."

Mrs. Baucher replied that her husband was at home, but that he had no money for pigs, having just expended all his ready cash in the purchase of a seeder.

"All same, I stop by your place and see him," Tonassi remarked, as he gathered up the reins. "Always there is chance that we make trade."

"Oi, an easy life them cattle buyers they got it," Mrs. Baucher exclaimed, as she gazed after Tonassi. Then she raised her bat high in air and began to pound the dripping garment spread over her washing stool.

Tonassi made various detours to look at cattle, so that it was somewhat after noon when he reached the Baucher farm. Ivan was just sitting down to his mid-day meal.

"Art just in time to eat," he said, as Tonassi, having tied his horses to the fence, entered the house. "Nothing is there but bread and boiled eggs, and some cold pork. No time I got it to cook for mineself the potatoes, and the women they go to wash clothes. Always must the women be washing and cleaning."

"Eggs and pork are always good, cold or hot," Tonassi rejoined, as he pulled a bench up to the table. "But a washing machine you ought to have it, same as I buy for mine wife. Then would the women wash at home in no time at all, and a hot dinner you get it every day."

"Sure, like rich man," Ivan rejoined sarcastically. "Hard enough it was yet to get the money to pay for mine seeder."

Tonassi clucked sympathetically, and inquired if his friend had no more grain to sell.

"Sure, I got yet plenty oats, but now are oats too cheap. I think I keep him short time yet."

"Them oats you should feed to pigs," Tonassi advised, as he broke the shell of a fourth egg. "When a man got a bunch of good pigs, quick he makes money."

Ivan nodded, as he poured another cup of scalding black tea for his guest. "Sure, a man can make money that way, but he must to have the pigs."

"In mine wagon are two fine sows with twelve little ones," Tonassi said, judging that the time had come to talk business. "In trade I get them from Moisey Shimka. Very cheap I sell—only a hundred and fifteen dollars for whole thing."

"And for me would fifteen cents be too much, since no money I got it," Ivan rejoined. "Once yet I told you that."

"Other things you got yet," Tonassi replied. "I show you pigs, and we make trade."

HASTILY finishing his fifth cup of tea, he led the way to his wagon. Ivan

saw at once that the little pigs and their mother were good stock, and that the price asked was reasonable. But he only said that he would have been willing to offer eighty dollars for the pigs, except for the fact that he had no money.

"To-day I got no time for fooling," Tonassi said with dignity. "You not want buy, so I think I go now by Kosten Boicjuk's place."

"If a man no have money, what he can do?" demanded Ivan, spreading out his hands, palms upwards.

"Other things you got it. I see by the stable there some sheep with lambs. One man at Chernenowicz will buy from me sheep, so I make the trade. Twenty dollar I give you yet for one sheep with lamb."

"Five sheep I got it," Ivan said doubtfully. "That makes—twenty and twenty and twenty—"

"One hundred dollars it is," broke in Tonassi impatiently. "Not enough yet, but maybe you have something else—"

"The wool there is, that mine wife cut off but yesterday," Ivan said slowly. "But that money she want for her own self. The sheep, too, are mine wife's, so—"

"Nu, a man and his wife are all same one person," Tonassi argued. "Let me see that wool, and maybe we make deal."

The chaffering continued for the better part of an hour, but in the end Tonassi departed with the sheep, their lambs, and the wool, while the sows and their families remained behind in an



"In the fall will be five fat lambs to sell; but the wool money is for thee."

Maude MacLaren



improvised pen. When Mrs. Baucher returned with a wagon full of clean clothes, she took the news more quietly than her husband had hoped. But she had been brought in to believe that the man was the head of the house, and that though his decisions might sometimes appear unfair to his women folk, yet one must respect the world as it was. Life went easier that day.

Only to her mother-in-law, Domka, dare to express her indignation.

"People say they live in Russia in a free country, but it seems to me that there are the same as in Russia. What right had father to sell the sheep and have money?"

"No, no, my mother, it is not like a sheep. Much would I like to see my man sold from me, my property," Mrs. Lopatka rejoined.

It is a pity, with all her coming to Canada, twenty years before she had exposed several cases of corruption, and even noticed her own husband, during all the time of the war. By working early and late, and denying herself some of the necessities of life, she had lived through the first years of discouragement, with their crop failures due to drought and early frosts. Then the tide turned, and she found herself independent.

Although she continued to wear the peasant costume of her native land, Mrs. Lopatka was subjected of radical opinions on many subjects. She now lived alone in a small but modern bungalow, leaving her original log house, with its mud floor and thatched roof, to be occupied by her nephew, who now worked her farm on shares.

"No longer shall they go about looking like a 'proshok,' (beggar), the old lady continued. "Tomorrow then shall go with me to the town, and we will buy everything new, so that thou shalt look like other people when the Bishop stands in our church on Peter's Day. Nu, to me it will be nothing. Much money did I put in the bank last harvest, and none have I taken out again. No husband have I to spend for me mine money."

There are no seats in Russian churches, and at Varsovie it was the custom for the men to crowd together at the front, where they could hear well and have the advantage of being near the stove in winter, while the women, relegated to the space under the gallery, at the back of the building, were jostled by those going in and out, and had difficulty in catching more than the general drift of the sermon, since the acoustic properties of the church left much to be desired. On St. Peter's day, Mrs. Baucher, standing in the front rank of the matrons, had difficulty in keeping her mind on the service, so strong was the temptation to turn for another look at her Domka, standing modestly among the other girls at the very back.

"Like a school teacher lady she looks yet," thought the mother proudly. Then another distraction presented itself. At the end of the row, just behind her, Mrs. Baucher had spied her neighbor, Mrs. Olga Menzak, in a blue silk dress, with a stylish hat and high-heeled shoes. She even carried a pair of kid gloves in her hand, so that her neighbors might know that she had them, since it was too hot to put them on. Mrs. Baucher strove valiantly to attend to what she could hear of the Bishop's address, but in spite of her it would break away to wrestle with the problem of how Mrs. Menzak had been able to afford such finery.

Like a pastor's wife she looks, and she but a poor widow with a bushy farm," she remarked bitterly to Domka, as they waited after service for Ivan to get the team. "Nu, there goes her girl Katrina also, in a dress more pretty yet as yours, Domka."

"Katrina tells me her mother has found a way to make money," Domka explained. "Already she is secretary for five schools, and they each pay her fifty dollars a year."

"And only last week did the councillors make her secretary of the municipality, and she is to get six hundred dollars a year for nothing but writing a few letters and collecting the taxes," added Mrs. Lopatka, who was driving home with them.

"On or what a thing is an education," exclaimed Mrs. Baucher. "But will the government let a woman have good job like that?"

"In this country is a woman all same as a man yet," declared the old lady. "Look at me, with mine own bank book. But much I wish I had got the education when young. Much trouble it is to go to the bank and make money, mark if I wish to draw out the money. Olga Menzak can make money on a fine paper that she calls cheque, and in which one can get money for that paper. But maybe yet I learn to write, since here the government will not let me school this winter. You also, Nastasia, might learn."

"Never would Ivan listen to such a thing," exclaimed Mrs. Baucher, looking reproachfully at her husband, who had just come up with the team to see if he had overheard.

"Nu, if I wish to go to school, then I go," declared Mrs. Lopatka, as she climbed into the heavy farm wagon. "Good it is that no man I must to ask, each time that I wish to leave mine house."

SHE glanced belligerently at her son-in-law, but Ivan only said "Ged ab, you," to his horses. Talk of going to school, on the part of an old woman, seemed to him insanity, but he knew better than to argue with his mother-in-law. It was the teacher's place to tell her that the school was only for small children. Ivan had himself often regretted that he could neither read nor write, but one could not put back the hands of the clock.

The horses followed the oft-travelled trail of their own accord, and Ivan was able to give his whole attention to estimating the probable yield of each field of grain as they passed it. He thought he had never seen promise of a better crop, but of course there was always the danger of an early frost. He himself had sixty acres in wheat, and when they reached his farm he stopped the horses to admire the sturdy grain.

"I think more as thirty bushels to the acre I got it," he said. "After harvest I buy for thee the fine machine to wash clothes, Nastasia."

Mrs. Baucher looked pleased, but her mother exclaimed, "More as one washer can you buy for a hundred and fifteen dollars, Ivan." She had not forgotten the sheep.

Ivan pretended not to hear her; better let a woman have the last word than be forever bickering.

A month went by rapidly, and every time Ivan fed his plump, rapidly-growing pigs, or looked appraisingly at his wheat, just beginning to ripen, he told himself that Alberta was a good place. "Never in the old country could I get rich, like here," he thought. "Maybe even I build mine own new house next year, or buy the automobile, like Tonassi."

When, two nights later, an unseasonable frost blighted all the wheat, and seriously damaged the oats, Ivan's air castle was only one of the many that tumbled about the dreamer's ears. With Russian stoicism he and his neighbors resigned themselves to another year of saving and plain living, and began almost at once to plan for the bumper crop that would surely come next season.

So that Ivan had a note for machinery coming due, so that, much against his will, he had to face the question of marketing some of his pigs before they had attained their full growth.

"A pity it is," he remarked to a neighbor in the post office, "for Stranatka says that for a month are pigs going up yet."

Mrs. Menzak, who was now post mistress in addition to her other activities, said bluntly that Stranatka was a fool. "For what do pigs go up, when all the grain it is frosted? In such years every man wants to sell and none to buy."

"Nothing at all does a woman understand about business," said Ivan good naturedly, as he took up the mail order catalogue and the dunning letter from the machinery dealers which were his share of the weekly mail.

Mrs. Menzak shrugged and changed the subject. "There is here the petition for the night school," she said, laying a paper in front of Ivan. "Your name I write it here, and you must to make the cross beside it. And for the money you can to give your note."

"What for a foolishness is this?" Ivan demanded.

Mrs. Menzak, rather taken aback for once, explained that she had seen his mother-in-law the day before, and that the old lady had said that she herself, as well as her son and his wife, would attend the night school.

"Five nights a week it will be, and the pastor and his wife are to help the teacher. And only ten dollars must each one pay for the whole winter. But twenty people must sign, or the government will not start the school."

"Nu, grey-haired men should to pay ten dollars to go to school yet—not in Varsovie will you find twenty such fools," exclaimed Ivan, as he strode to the door. His friend, nodding approval, followed him.

When Mrs. Lopatka came in later, the post mistress said she was afraid the project would fall through. "Only sixteen names I got it, though I talk till my tongue hurts," she ended.

Mrs. Lopatka directed that her name should be written down, and then she carefully made her cross. "Now you got it seventeen names," she said. "To-night I talk to Ivan mine own self yet. With one hundred and fifteen dollars more as two people he can to pay for."

The post mistress did not understand the allusion, but she asked no questions. As she handed Mrs. Lopatka her mail order catalogue, she remarked that this year the mail order house was not likely to get as many orders as usual from Varsovie.

"Though that Stranatka is telling people to hold their cattle and pigs for a rise," she said. "I think he is one fool."

"Nu, what for a fool? Always Tonassi trade, so now he have much oats, much hay. So he say to all the neighbors, 'Wait yet for the big price.' Then when wee small price come, Tonassi say 'That too bad,' but he take them stock off other man, because he good neighbor. Then he feed them stock all winter, on that hay, and sell in spring for big money."

"A good head you got it, Mrs. Lopatka," exclaimed Mrs. Menzak admiringly. "Too bad it is that you have not the education, like me."

"Soon I get him," the other rejoined. "Ivan, he says always, 'Never can you put back the hands of a clock.' Better it is to say, 'Never too late to mend.'"

MRS. LOPATKA had to feed her stock when she got home, since her nephew was away, so that it was nearly nine o'clock before she found time to go over to her son-in-law's farm, to argue the matter of the evening school. When she reached there, she found that Ivan had left for town with a load of pigs. Mrs. Baucher explained that the dunning letter from the machinery people had made him uneasy, and he had decided to sell half his pigs, and settle the overdue account at once.

Mrs. Lopatka demanded a lantern, and when she had lighted it she went out to inspect the ten pigs that were left. At last she said that the old

sow was somewhat thin, but that she estimated the total weight of the ten at about fifteen hundred pounds. "At seventeen dollars the hundred weight, how much?" she asked.

Domka, after a moment's calculation, gave the sum as two hundred and fifty dollars, but said she could not be certain until she had figured it out on a piece of paper.

"Enough it is," Mrs. Lopatka declared. Then she unfolded a plan whose sheer audacity took away the breath of her hearers. "Me, I keep the house and the children till you come back," she ended. "At once you must start. As soon as Ivan thou canst be home, seeing he went to Melton, while Borwick is five miles nearer."

"But—but Ivan would kill me, if I sold his pigs like that," Mrs. Baucher stammered.

"In Canada are such things not done," her mother rejoined calmly.

"Also, there is here nobody to load the pigs," Mrs. Baucher continued, catching at any straw that was likely to block her mother's daring scheme.

"O! oi, art thou and Domka fine ladies? Often have I loaded pigs, mine own self, and not yet am I too old for such work."

Under the spur of the old woman's will the pigs were soon loaded, and Domka and her mother, hardly as yet realizing the enormity of what they were doing, had started for Borwick. A fuller realization came with each mile that the horses trudged, but Mrs. Baucher dreaded her mother's anger as much as that of her husband, so she continued along the line of least resistance. Only the next day, coming home with two hundred and seventy-five dollars pinned inside her blouse—for the pigs had proved heavier than Mrs. Lopatka's estimate—did she begin to go over the arguments for the defence.

"Nothing did your father say to me before he sold mine sheep to that good for nothing Stranatka," she remarked several times.

When they reached home they found that Ivan had not yet returned. Mrs. Lopatka said that a neighbor had called to say that Ivan had not been able to finish his business, and would not be home until the following day. Mrs. Baucher hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry for the respite. It was after dark next night before Ivan came home; he was very tired, and after eating the supper which Domka had kept hot for him, he went to bed. His wife did not venture to ask how the pigs had sold.

Next morning, when he had finished a hearty breakfast, Ivan said he must go out and feed his remaining pigs. Mrs. Baucher, who had turned pale sought to put off the moment of discovery by asking how his load had sold.

"Two hundred and sixty dollars I got it," said Ivan complacently. "I said to mine self, for them pigs I get it maybe two hundred and fifty. So that is ten dollars more. You take him and go to school if you want, Nastasia."

As he spoke he unfastened two safety pins which had decorated the front of his overalls, and drew from its place of concealment a crumpled bill, which he handed to his wife. Then, before she could speak, he went on.

"One man, he say that machine company has now much trouble getting money from farmers, for that this frost come. That man say, if I pay all at once, I must to get the discount. So much I talk, and at last machine company give twenty dollar discount. Then in town I meet Stranatka, and bought from him that clothes machine, for eighteen dollars. This morning already Stranatka brings him, maybe."

Mrs. Baucher could restrain her feelings no longer. With a groan she buried her head in her arms.

"Nu, Nastasia, what has come to thee? Art ill?" her husband demanded anxiously. "Domka, find quickly that medicine left from last winter, when the children had measles."

"Only in mine heart do I feel bad," exclaimed Mrs. Baucher, motioning the frightened Domka to desist from rummaging among the countless bottles on the shelf over the window. "I feel bad for that I have been such a good-for-nothing. It is that I—I—"

Here there was a knock at the door, which opened to admit Tonassi. He looked somewhat disappointed when he noticed that breakfast was over, for he had the reputation of always arriving at a neighbor's house while a meal was in progress.

"Already is the washing machine outside," he said. "I say to mine wife, perhaps yet Nastasia has not done the washing, and if I take the machine now it may save her going to the river. Without mine breakfast did I start."

"Sit down, sit down, Tonassi, and Domka will get you something," said Ivan absent-mindedly. "Mine missis, she don't feel so good yet."

Mrs. Baucher, saying that she was all right, sat up and tried to compose herself.

"Nu, that is too bad," murmured Tonassi sympathetically. "As they say, the bad news she comes always together. This morning I hear by telephone that pig market blow up yesterday. Eleven dollars a hundred only, but that dealer he not want to buy now. He think they go lower maybe already."

Ivan's jaw dropped; he scratched his head the better to understand this appalling news.

"But—but only two days ago I sell half mine pigs at seventeen," he stammered.

"Like that the world goes," agreed Tonassi sympathetically. "But maybe I can help you out. I get some feed for trade, so I can to pay you ten dollars a hundred for them pigs; that saves hauling them to town."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)





ILLUSTRATION BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Garth Pevensey, a young New York journalist, meets, in the North Country, Natalie Mabyn, whose mother-in-law asks him to conduct her safely to the Bishop of Miwasa. Garth undertakes the journey and Natalie informs him that she had been married years before to Herbert Mabyn, who had immediately vanished on a western journey and whose course, since then, has been an evil one. She, however, has promised his mother to find him. They meet Nick Grylls, a villainous character who falls in love with Natalie and contrives that they always miss the Bishop. They find a friend in the boy settler, Charley Landrum, and secure the boat, "Loseis," only to find Grylls on board. Finally a heavy storm overtakes them.

## CHAPTER XI.

(CONTINUED.)

**B**EFORE him, the lightning luridly showed up the trees on the shore, writhing horribly; and the wet mast and the guy ropes were often wreathed in faint, bluish flames. The "Loseis" forward, with her irregularly piled cargo, and the crouching forms under the sail-cloths, presented a thousand shifting, fantastic shapes in the playing flashes; and Garth had a score of false alarms. In the end, his enemy crept almost upon him undiscovered.

By the light of a great blaze, which held all the earth and the heavens suspended in flames for a moment, Garth suddenly saw revealed a crouching figure, and a hideous, distorted face no more than six feet from his own. In the blinding glare it was outlined with a horrid clearness; in its grossness and bestial hatred, less human than demoniacal.

Garth, snatching up his rifle, sprang to his feet, but before he could point it, Grylls had flung himself upon him, and his mighty arms were squeezing Garth's ribs into his lungs. The useless weapon dropped to the deck. Grylls, trusting to his enormous strength, was unarmed; he wished to crush his adversary without leaving obvious traces of violence. No word was spoken by either.

They swayed on the narrow seat encircling the stern; and all sound of the little human struggle was swallowed up in the dreadful uproar of the elements. Natalie and Charlie, but three yards away, heard nothing. Grylls was the stronger; Garth contented himself with a dogged resistance, trusting to his better will to save him in the end. Meanwhile the "Loseis" was continually heaved under their feet, and dropped heavily on the stones by the mounting breakers; and they maintained a footing with difficulty. Nick ceaselessly strained to force Garth to his knees. Failing, he lifted him clear of the deck. At the same instant the boat lurched drunkenly; and they pitched overboard together.

Somehow, they gained their feet, and stood, still locked together, while the tumbling waves boiled around their waists, and sucked at their knees. But Garth had struck his head on the gunwale in falling; his senses were slipping away and nausea overcame him. He tried to cry out; but the feeble sound was lost at his lips. Nick forced him slowly down until the water broke over his head. Garth was dimly conscious of hearing him laugh—no one knew; and the explanation next day would be so simple! But the wholesome chill of the water rolling over his head revived the swooning Garth. He collected his forces for a last effort; and, suddenly wrenching his shoulders from under the hands that pressed them down, he gained his feet, and his hands seized upon Grylls's throat.

It was the big man's vulnerable point; and a subtle sweetness flooded Garth's breast as he felt him begin to fail. The smith's arms of him little by little softened of their steely strength; he strove in vain now to lift Garth off his feet. Garth, cool and strong again, and always waiting, let him tire himself. He disdained to call for help now; he even relaxed his grip.

Meanwhile the waves broke with ever-increasing violence on the frail bulwark the two bodies offered to their impetuous course, and it was only a question of moments when they would both be beaten down. Grylls's knees weakening under him first, down they went, Garth uppermost; and, the water seizing them, still gripped together, they were rolled over and over, and finally flung up on the stones.

Stunned, bruised and breathless as he was, Garth was still able to free himself from the automatic grip of the other man's arms; but Grylls lay motionless. Briefly satisfying himself that the man still lived, Garth dragged him out of reach of the waves, and letting him lie in the driving rain, turned his attention to the boat.

The "Loseis" was in a bad way. The waves under her stern had lifted the driven stakes as easily as pins are drawn from a cushion. She had immediately swung broadside on the beach; and the waves, crashing under her counter, were driving over her in clouds of spray while her bottom heaved, and gave, and pounded sickeningly on the stones. No one on board required to be told that a very little of this would separate every plank of her from her aged ribs. The breed boys appeared one by one from under the coverings; and standing about, dazed and careless of the downpour, waited to be told what to do. There was no sign of Hooliam.

Garth climbed painfully on board. Searching for the degenerate captain he stepped on something soft, and a hollow groan issued from beneath the sail-cloth. He threw it back, and dislodged the palpitating Hooliam. The breed struggled to his knees, supporting himself by a guy rope. Just then there was a blinding flash, and the mast and the wet ropes were wreathed again for an instant in bluish flame. Partly shocked, but more from abject fear, Hooliam collapsed with a brutish moan.

"Throw him ashore!" Garth commanded with strong disgust.

The breeds, understanding his gestures, instinctively obeyed; and Hooliam was dragged over the side, and dropped on the beach, not very far from the body of his unconscious employer.

"We'll have to save her ourselves!" shouted Garth to Charley. "Translate my orders!"

The storm had a revolving tendency; and the wind had now hauled to the south, whence it came shrieking across the lake with unabated fury. A little way ahead around the shallow crescent of the exposed bay in which they lay, they could see by the light of the frequent flashes a point on which the waves were beating wildly; and beyond there was a promise of smooth water and safety. It was only a little way, scarcely an eighth of a mile; but the way was beset with heart-breaking difficulties.

"All hands ashore to push her off!" cried Garth.

The breed boys, welcoming a voice of authority in that bewildering chaos, sprang to do his bidding. Garth and Charley set the example, and the ten backs were braced under the lee gunwale of the "Loseis," measuring their sinews against the crashing blows of the waves on the other side. They bulged her inch by inch, often thrown back again; but at last she floated, and there they managed to hold her for a moment, rising and falling. Only one who has measured the strength of the surf against the smallest craft, may comprehend the magnitude of their labor.

"Aleck's crew ahead with the tracking-line," shouted Garth.

The line is always kept coiled and ready, hanging on the bow. Aleck seized it, and followed by three others, ran ahead along the beach, paying it out. The four of them slipped into the harness; and digging their moccasined toes into the beach, painfully straightened their legs under the pull. When the "Loseis," answering, began to move inch by inch along the shore, Garth put the remaining men on board one at a time, where, armed with their poles, and braced almost horizontally, they held her off the stones.

Natalie had long since deserted her sheltered nook, and, heedless of the drenching downpour, watched them with eager eyes. Garth, his bruises forgotten, seemed everywhere at once; he had even time to shout a word of encouragement to her, and she longed mightily to do something to help. Looking around, she saw her chance. The steersman's long sweep lay along the deck; running it aft through its ring in the sternpost, and pushing with all her strength against the stones astern, she added her mite to keep the boat headed off. Garth observing, shouted his approval; and Natalie's heart waxed big in her breast.

Inch by inch, then foot by foot, they won their painful way along the lee shore. Over and over in spite of the six poles, she was thrown back on the stones, whereupon they all leaped overboard and put their backs under her lee. There was once when Garth's pole snapping short, he pitched headlong overboard. He climbed back and found another pole. Again, approaching the point, the four men on the end of the tracking-line crawling slowly around the edge of a steepish bank, were by a sudden heave of the "Loseis" all four jerked into the water. Instantly picking themselves up, they scrambled ahead with their line through the breakers. Garth's heart warmed over the half-fed, half-clad boys. Not one of the eight faltered for an instant, and in the midst of their superhuman labors they could still be shouting to each other.

A reef ran out beyond the point; and how they ever got over this, or how long it took, none could have told. By that time they were merely insensate machines striving automatically against a mighty inhuman adversary. The "Loseis's" ribs yielded and trembled under the renewed blows on the stones. Dizzy and blind with fatigue they struggled ahead; but they would never have made it, had not the wind hauled still further around. Finally a wave greater than any preceding lifted them clear of the stones, and dropped them into smooth water inside. For a while, unable to realize they had rounded the point, they continued to struggle; then the "Loseis" gently beached herself. The tracking crew scrambled aboard, and all hands dropped where they stood for a breathing spell.

Soon after the storm showed signs of abating. In the end it ceased almost as abruptly as it had begun; and the moon looked wanly forth, as if ashamed for the recent disturbances aloft. Garth, thinking of Grylls and Hooliam lying on the beach around the point, consulted with Charley what had better be done. It took them about three seconds to arrive at a decision.

"It is between eight and ten miles to the head of the lake," Charley said.

"Let them walk it then," said Garth coolly.

Presently the same breeze resumed its gentle course up the lake as if there had been no such thing as a storm. Tired as they were, it was too good to lose; and with hoisted sail, the "Loseis" forged through the rapidly subsiding waters, with Charley at the helm. The breed boys asked no questions. Having raised the sail, they promptly fell asleep. Hooliam they had little regard for anyway; and Grylls they may have supposed was still somewhere under the sail-cloths. In three hours they had reached Grier's point, the navigable head of the lake; and all hands slept until long after sunrise.

Garth and Natalie, meeting in the daylight, exchanged each at the appearance of the other: Natalie, with remorseful sympathy, that she had not sooner learnt the extent of Garth's bruises; and Garth with delighted wonder at the freshness of her. Natalie was like the lake in the early sunshine; neither showed the slightest trace of a storm overnight.

While they were at their breakfast on the shore, a deplorable figure, ashen-cheeked and shamed, came shuffling out of the bush. The eight breeds, as one, instantly set up a merciless, derisive jeering. It was Hooliam. He bore in his hands a little bottle and a bank-bill. Wretched



as he was his own ally with satisfaction at the sight of the boat and second on the shore. He went to Garth.

"Nick Grylls in the bush," he said, dully pointing back. "Him and his. Makes him die. Him give five dollar for drink of whisky."

Garth filled the bottle from his flask. "Put up your money," he said softly.

## CHAPTER XII

THE SHIPPERD NIGHT

THE Settlement lay about of three miles from Grylls point. Avoiding the houses for the present, Garth picked his camp outside, well off the trail. The first thing they learned was that the Bishop had gone on. This time they were not surprised, there seemed to be a fatality in it. The old problem confronted Garth anew.

"I think you should wait here," he suggested to Natalie, "and let me ride on for you."

Natalie, as she always did when this question was brought up, merely looked obstinate.

"It is likely we will miss him again at the Crossing," Garth went on; "and I have learned there are only one or two cabins there, and no white woman. It would be difficult for you."

Natalie's silence gave him no encouragement.

"But here," he urged, "you could stay with the wife of the inspector of the mounted police; while I go on and bring Mabyn back to you. I do not think you should put yourself in his hands."

"He would not come with you," she said evasively.

"I promise to bring him," said Garth determinedly; "if he is alive."

"No!" she said with manifest agitation. "That is another reason!"

"What is?" he asked mystified.

"I—I could not have any trouble between you," she said in a low tone.

"But I promise to bring him safely," he said doggedly.

She still shook her head.

"I will go to the wife of the inspector," said Garth—"a woman in such a position is sure to be the right sort—and I will explain our position frankly. She will be glad to take you in!"

Natalie shot an odd glance at him. "I will not let you," she said quickly.

"But why?"

"The risk of the humiliation of a refusal is too great," she said. "I do not doubt she is a good woman; I'm sure she rises splendidly to all the demands of her position here. But she has a position to maintain, you see; no doubt she is bringing up girls. And me!"—Natalie turned away her head—"consider how extraordinary the story sounds! Only one woman in a thousand would believe."

Garth turned a distressed face to her. "I have not taken care of you properly," he cried remorsefully.

Natalie veiled her eyes; and her hand stole to her breast. "Let us not talk about that!" she murmured unevenly.

Natalie recovered herself presently; and looked at him with a misty shine in her eyes. "Why do you worry?" she asked. "We're a thousand times better off than we were yesterday; for you have laid our enemy by the heels! Why mayn't I go on with you just the same as before? I cannot trust any one but you!"

How was Garth to resist such an appeal? Besides, there was nothing else to do.

Garth might have lodged a complaint against Nick Grylls at the barracks; but any investigation would have seriously delayed their journey; and a greater reason against it was his care for Natalie's good name. It was intolerable to him that the dear circumstances of their journey together should be made the subject of the common gossip of the North. It was better to let those who saw Natalie on the trail speculate as they chose, rather than give them an opportunity to put their own coarse construction upon the truth. He was well assured Nick Grylls would say nothing.

For the same reason, he decided to avoid the Settlement altogether. The two of them remained close in camp; and Charley was dispatched to purchase ponies and saddles, and what was needed to replenish their stores. He returned with all they required; and during the afternoon instructed Garth how to pack the ponies and "throw" the unmovable diamond hitch. Natalie in the meantime, constructed a divided skirt for herself, since side-saddles are unknown in the North.

Their route now lay over the ninety-mile portage to Spirit River Crossing. The road, Garth learned, was straight and for the North well-travelled. There were no forks or cross-roads; hence no possibility of their missing the way. They set off before daylight next morning. The parting with Charley was a wrench all around; but Garth was firm in insisting that the boy must go back, and put up his bay. In the early going North it is only too easy to drop one's toes and start off on a jaunt. Charley bade them an abrupt good-bye, and hustled away to bid his tears.

In the mystical gloom which, in northern latitudes, precedes the summer dawn, Garth and Natalie, each leading a pack pony, rode through the Settlement, which straggled for several miles around the shore of Moose Bay, a wide, shallow arm of the lake, once navigable, but now given over to the wild-fowl. The shacks were infinitely various; for in a land where every man builds for himself, a house quaintly expresses the character of its owner. But one thing was common to all; no one wastes any ornament on his dwelling; and in the luxuriant greenness of the northern summer, the grim, solid little houses were a reminder of the coming cold.

Later in the day they passed the long, gradual cliffs over the height of land separating the great watersheds of the Miwasa and the Spirit. On the other side they came to a flat country and of the same general character all the way. It was a sunny day, and, being young, they forgot their cares and rode gaily. For the most part the trail lay in a straight and lofty nave of aspen trees, rearing their slender, snowy pillars sixty, eighty—even a hundred feet aloft; and mingling their clusters of nimble, chattering leaves high overhead in the sun. There was nothing gloomy about this cathedral; the sun found a thousand apertures through which to launch his rays against the white pillars; while the green and mossy roof was bathed in almost intolerable radiance—it was a temple in green and white, Flora's colors.

Occasionally there were cloistered openings; sunny little meadows inclining to a spring, where the wild pea-vine, plant beloved of horses, and infallible sign of a rich soil, grew knee-deep. Such an opening they learned, however small, was quaintly dignified by the natives with the name of prairie.

Their ponies, each exhibiting a distinct individuality, afforded the excuse for their amusement on the way. Garth's mount, that a previous owner had christened "Cyclops," and who was tall

## The Shepherding Night

By JAMES MABON.

The Shepherding Night came over the hill;  
The wandering breeze grew fitfully still;  
Till down the valley, and over the wheat  
It hid in the meadow of silent retreat;  
And a tender good-bye came floating to me  
From the little bird up in the sleepy, old, tree.

The Shepherding Night is wistfully wise  
And carries sweet balm for the sorrowing eyes;  
The lingering touch of her soft finger tips  
Makes a smile of the plaint on the murmuring lips,  
And hearts that are broken, and spirits distressed,  
Find calm in the fields of her sheltering breast.

The Shepherding Night has a wonderful way,  
And comforts as only the motherly may;  
She stoops to the valley, down, down from the peak,  
Restoring the strong, as she strengthens the weak;  
There ne'er was a bliss had a sweeter delight  
Than the gift from the heart of the Shepherding Night.

The Shepherding Night comes down from the hill,  
The lily cups close and the singers are still;  
And over the river, companion of time,  
She whispers a message that deepens the rhyme,  
And the weary, in sleep steal away from the day  
To peace in the shepherding shadows of gray.

enough and bony enough to be called a horse, was, like themselves, a stranger in the bush, and his face offered a comical study in anxiety, willingness and stupidity, under these new conditions. Natalie rode a young sorrel rejoicing in the name of Caspar. He had a dull eye, a long, sheeplike nose and a wagging under lip; and Natalie vowed he was half-witted. He would not ride abreast; but insisted on following; and he screamed with terror, if for an instant he lost sight of the other horses.

But it was the two pack horses that offered the most diverting study of character. When they left the Settlement behind, Garth cast off their leaders. In Emmy, a rotund little mare, they had secured a treasure. Emmy had an indifferent air toward them, worthy of a breed; but unlike a breed, she was thoroughly business-like. Where the great mudholes of unknown depth blocked the trail, and they must strike into the bush, she required no guidance. They laughed and admired, to see her stop, looking this way and that, and deliberately pick her way through, always with due regard to the height and breadth of the pack on her back. Emmy declined to be hurried; she had an air that said as plainly as words, if they didn't like her pace, they could leave her behind, and be hanged to them!

The remaining animal was Emmy's son, a half-broken colt, whose only virtue was that he would not stray far from his mother. Mistatimosis was his mouthful of a name. He forgot his pack sometimes, and striking it full tilt against a tree, would be knocked endwise in the trail, blinking and dismayed, as who should say, "Who hit me?" The thing that caused them the heartiest laughter was to see Mistatimosis's endless attempts to steal the leadership of the caravan from his

mother. It was the only thing that could tempt Emmy out of her sedate pace. On a fair piece of road the two of them would race at top speed for half a mile; and the colt was continually making sly detours into the bush to get around his mother. But she kept him in his place behind.

The riders finding they could safely leave the pack-horses to follow, had ridden ahead to spy out grass and water for the noon spell. They were walking their horses over the turf bordering the trail, when suddenly from among the trees came with startling distinctness the sound of a voice. They reined up, astonished. It was the gentle, ambling voice of a loquacious old man; and his conversation there in the wilderness was as quiet and intimate as chimney-corner talk.

"I should say half-past eleven," they heard. "When Mr. Sun sits down on yonder spruce tree we'll make a break. So work your jaws good, Mother, old girl; and you Buck, my dear, stop looking around like a fool and get busy! Meanwhile, we'll pack up the grub-box."

Garth and Natalie smiled at each other. There was nothing very alarming about this.

"Will you have a pipe of baccy now, Tom Lillywhite?" the same voice resumed. "Thanks, old man, don't mind if I do! Is there any cut? No? Well, shave it close."

There was a pause here, while the speaker presumably filled his pipe. Then some one drew an audible sigh of content; and a kind of dialogue took place—though there was but the one voice full of quaint lifts and falls. Garth and Natalie, smiling broadly, listened without shame.

"Ah! a fine day, a bellyful of bacon, and a pipeful of tobacco!—would you change with a moneyed man, Tom Lillywhite?"

"Well, I don't know, sir! Mebbe he don't enjoy his grub as much as us, havin' gen'ally the dyspepsy; but how about the winter, old sport, when we don't fetch up no stoppin' house; and has to make a bed in the snow, hey? It's then a flannel bed-gown looks good to old bones; let alone woolly slippers and a feather bed! Seems I wouldn't kick agin the job of takin' care o' money in the winter time!"

"Ah! g'long with you, Tom Lillywhite! You'd a been dead long ago if you had money! Swore up and bust with good eatin', y'old epicoor! You'd be havin' a pig killed fresh every week if you had money!"

"Say, b'lieve I would cut some dash if I had money! I'd build me a house of lumber clear through, and I'd paint it all over, paint it blue! And I'd have sawdust on the settin'-room floor and a brass spittoon in every corner! 'Have a chair,' I'd say to stoppers, not lettin' on I was puffed up at all. 'Have a ten-cent seegar. Don't mention it! Don't mention it! I get a case full in every Fall!'"

Here there was a jolly chuckle.

Their packhorses joining them noisily, the dialogue was cut short.

"Some one comin'," said the voice.

Rounding the clump of bushes, Garth and Natalie found themselves in a grassy opening in the bush. An untraced wagon stood in the centre; and two horses browsed. Immediately under the bushes, an old man sat on the ground. They instinctively looked around for the other persons brought into his conversation; but, save for the horses, he was alone.

At the sight of them his face lighted up with the pleased naivete of a child. "How do! How do!" he said immediately, without getting up or raising his voice at all. "My horses are quiet. They won't tech yours. The spring is down there at the foot of the spruce. Just blow up my fire a little and it will do for you." He seemed to take them entirely for granted; and he spoke as if resuming a dropped conversation.

THERE was something very troll-like in the old figure, squatting on the ground; in his bright, glancing eyes, in his incessant, matter-of-fact loquacity, and the slight, peculiar gesticulation, with which he illustrated his talk. He was all of a color; high moccasins, breeches, shirt and cap were weathered to the same grayish-brown shade—and that much the color of his skin. Against a background of withered grass, only his white hair would have been visible. He was like some good-tempered, little familiar of the forest.

He stared hard at Natalie in his bright-eyed, impersonal way; and as soon as Garth, having made his horses comfortable, came to build up the fire, he started in with his questions.

"Where are you going?"

"Spirit River Crossing," said Garth.

"Thinking of settling?"

Garth shook his head.

"No, you don't look like settlers. Company business, maybe?"

"No," said Garth.

"Police? Gov'tment survey?"

"Private business," said Garth—his usual answer to the question direct.

Baffled inquisitiveness, vice of the kindest natures, made the old man's face ugly; and for a moment he looked like a wicked troll. For a little while he preserved an offended silence; but then, probably recollecting that he would hear the whole story at the Settlement, or simply because he could not keep still any longer, his face cleared, and he resumed his engaging, inconsequential babble.

"See that horse over there, the buckskin? Best horse I ever had! True buckskin! Mark the zebra stripes round his legs, Miss; and the black stripe on his backbone. You can't kill a buck; he's got more lives than a cat. I call the old one Mother; she's good-natured, she is!"

"You're a freighter, I see," remarked Garth as a leader.



"Sure thing, stranger! Tom Lillywhite and his team is known to every settler in the country! Been here thirty-five year; and always on the move! Never sleep in the same place two nights going! That wagon there, and the grub-box is my home. It's a variegated life!"

Garth bethought himself the old man would likely prove a valuable source of information. "You must know everybody in the country!" he said, feeling his way.

"None better!" said Tom Lillywhite, bridling with pride.

"Are there many white men at the Crossing?" asked Garth.

"Quite a crowd," said the old man; "eight or nine at the least. There's the two traders, and Mert Haywood, the farmer, and old Turner, the J. P., and the priest, and the English missionary, and the school-master; that's seven. Then there's old man Mackensie, but you wouldn't hardly call him a white man—smoked too deep, and squaw-ridden."

"Is that all?" said Garth, disappointed of his quest.

"Well, there's a sort of another. He doesn't regularly belong to the Crossing, but he comes in to the store for his goods once or twice a year. I forgot him—most everybody's forgot him now. It's Bert Mabyn."

Garth and Natalie pricked up their ears; and their hearts began to beat.

"I got good cause to know Bert Mabyn, too," continued old Tom innocently; while the other two listened still as mice, and apprehensive of disclosures to be made. "But that's all past. I don't bear him no ill-will now. He's a cur-us chap, a little teched I guess; but as pleasant a spoken and amosin' a feller as another feller could want to have with him on the road! Want to hear about him?"

Garth looked at Natalie dubiously.

"Yes," she said boldly.

"Well, it was three years ago," began Tom Lillywhite, with the zest of the true story-teller. "The Gov'ment sent four surveyin' parties in; and I had more'n I could do freightin' from the Settlement to the different camps. It was rough haulin', you understand, over the lines they cut through the bush, straight as a string over muskeg and coulee. You couldn't load over twenty hundred-weight, and sometimes you had to dump half of that, and go back for it. But right good pay, Gov'ment pay is."

"I needed another team bad, and I see a good chance to get one on credit from Dick Staley, with the wagon and all; but I couldn't get no white man to drive it for me. A breed, you understand, soon kills your horses on you!"

"Well, it might be I was settin' outside the French outfit, talkin' it over," he went on tranquilly, little suspecting with what meaning his story was charged for the two strangers; "when along comes a feller and asts for me. Say, he was a sight! He was wearin' black clothes, though it were a workin'-day; and all muddled and tore, showin' the skin under; and his coat was pinned across the neck, with a safety-pin 'cause he hadn't no shirt. He had a Sunday hat on, too—all busted. At the best he weren't no beauty; his teeth was out."

Natalie shuddered.

Garth, suffering for her, could not bear to meet her eyes. "Perhaps you'd rather hear another story," he suggested.

She braced herself. "No! Go on!" she said.

"Soon as I see him, I knew who he was," continued old Tom; "for I hear the fellers talk about a white man that took passage up from the Landing on Phillippe's boat. He let them pull him all the way; and when they got to Grier's point, he hadn't no money. They took it out of his skin; and say, when a white man is beat by a breed it's good-day to him up here! In a hundred years he couldn't live it down."

"Do you want to hire a man?" says he mumbling-like; he was too far down to meet your eye.

"Hum!" says I thoughtful, 'I want a man,' I says.

"You should have heard the fellers laugh at that! They still talk about it! 'Tom Lillywhite, he wants a man,' they say. It's quite a word in the country. 'Tom Lillywhite wants a man!'"

The old freighter went off into an interminable chuckling over the antique jest.

It was inexpressibly painful to Natalie to have Garth there, a witness to her humiliation; but she would not stop the story-teller, nor let Garth stop him.

"However, thinks I, you can sometimes make a man out of unpromisin' mater'al," he resumed. "And in the end I took him for his grub. That was Bert Mabyn. For three months I didn't regret it; he was used to horses, and was first-rate company on the trail. I didn't give him no money—said he didn't want none—but I fed him up good, and he soon got fat and sassy. I give him other things too. I couldn't stand for the poor wretch a shiverin' by my fire in his buttoned-up coat, so I give him blankets; and afterwards an outfit of clothes."

"What do you think was the first thing he ever ast me for?—a razor and a glass! And every day after that he used to shave himself—every day, mind you, if he was in the thickest part of the bush! And forever trimmin' of his nails, and polishin' 'em to make 'em shine! Wasn't that remarkable?"

"He was a great talker. Nights around the fire he used to tell me all about himself. Seems he comes of real high-toned folks outside; but went to the bad young. Said he come West three years before that again, full of good resolutions, which lasted just so long as his money. Since then he'd been a grub-rider 'round the ranches, and dish-washer in hotels, and, 'scusin' your presence, Miss, worse than that—but he hadn't no shame about it!"

"I liked the feller. He wasn't no good, but he had that persuasive way with him. And he knew so much more than me! You'd think a man 'ud feel shame to tell such stories on himself; but no! he'd make out as you ought to like him for bein' such a good-for-nothing waster; and by Gum! in the end you did! Never see such a feller!"

"Well, all summer we travelled, me and him; him always behind me on the trail; and I hadn't any fault to find. But come September I had a rush lot up to Whitefish Lake; and at the same time there was stuff wanted in a hurry in Pentland's camp, over on the Great Smoky. So for the first time we divided. I sent him to Pentland's over this very trail!"

"I got back long before he did. After a while word come from Pentland, where in thunder were the goods?" It was after the first snow before Mabyn come back. He was a wreck and the horses were just alive, and no more. He told a story how his wagon capsized in the river, and he lost everything; but the whiskey gave the lie to that. By and by we found he'd buried a keg of it, outside the Settlement. In the spring when it was too late to do anything, it all come out through a breed. Seems away up by Fort St. Pierre, he met one of them crooked traders, that sometimes sneaks across the mountains; and he



At the same instant the boat lurched drunkenly, and they pitched overboard together.

sold him the stuff for a keg of rot-gut. When I hear that I was thankful he brought back the horses at all. The business near busted me; for I had to make good three hundred worth of groceries to Pentland; and sacrificed the second team, 'count of the shape they were in. That was what Bert Mabyn cost me!"

"Didn't you have him arrested?" asked Garth indignantly.

Tom shrugged. "What were the use of that? The inspector was after me to prosecute; but it was too late to get my money back, and put flesh on the horses—besides, I was too busy. Of course, it weren't just the same as robbin' me in cold blood," he added in the tone of one who must be fair; "for it were the whiskey, you see."

Natalie kept her face averted from the old man. "And what has become of this man since?" she asked, steadily controlling her voice.

"Oh, he hung around the Settlement, sponging on one and another till he were kicked out; then he come down to the breeds. It was a great honor for them to have a white man of any kind runnin' after them, you see, so they put up with him. Then he drifted West, up Ostachegan way; and lately, I understand, he's taken up a deserted shack he found on Clearwater Lake, away up on the bench there, northwest of the Spirit. There they tell me he lives all alone, but no one's seen him in a dog's age."

Garth and Natalie avoided everything beyond the merest commonplaces to each other until they were alone; and even after Tom Lillywhite, bidding them farewell, had driven off, chirping to his horses, it was a long time before either had the courage to make a move toward overcoming

the ghastly constraint his story had caused between them.

"Haven't we heard enough?" said Garth quietly at last. "Need you go any further?"

Natalie in the interim had had time to pass her emotional crisis. She was very pale, and her eyes were big; but she was now calmer than he. "I have heard enough, surely," she said; "but after coming all this way it would seem cowardly, wouldn't it, to be satisfied with hearsay evidence?—and there is still my promise to his mother."

Her tone impressed Garth with the utter hopelessness of trying to dissuade her. "But how can I let you expose yourself to—to what we may find!" he groaned.

"I am not a child," said Natalie quietly. "And I shall not quail at the mere sight of ugliness." She turned away from him. "Besides," she added in a lower tone, "you know the worst now; and that was the hardest thing to bear—your hearing it I mean. No," she went on, facing him again, wistfully and valorously; "it promises to be very ugly, but then I undertook it, you see. I am going on."

They could not bear to meet each other's eyes; and miserably turning their backs, affected to busy themselves with small tasks. Natalie, quivering with the shame of the lash all unwittingly applied by old Tom, longed with an inexpressible longing to have Garth with a hint or a look assure her that he loved her, and so, thrusting the wretch Mabyn out of their charmed circle, restate her in self-respect. But poor Garth in his clumsy, masculine delicacy thought that to obtrude himself at such a moment would only hurt her more. He kept silent, and he averted his eyes, and Natalie, misunderstanding, tasted the very dregs of shame.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR.

**B**UT on the bosom of that infinite prairie, which rolls its unmeasured miles north and west of the Spirit River, a last place of mystery and dreams, still unharnessed by the geographers, and reluctantly written down "unexplored" on their maps, two human figures were riding slowly, with their horses' heads turned away from the last habitations of men. The prairie undulated about them like a sea congealed in motion—but seemingly vaster than the sea; for at sea the horizon is ever near at hand; while here the very unevenness of the ground marked, and fixed, and opened up the awful distances. The grass was short, rich and browned by the summer sun; and it mantled the distant rounds and hollows with the changing lights of beaver fur. The only breaks in its expanse were here and there, springing in the sheltered hollows, coppices or bluffs of slender poplar saplings, with crowding stems, as close and even as hair. The leaves were yellowed by the first frosts.

The man rode ahead, slouching on, the back of his wretched cayuse, with eyes blank alike of inward thought or outward observation. He was not yet forty years old, but bore the cast of premature decay, more aged than age. What showed of his hair beneath his hat was sparse and faded; and of his visible teeth he had no more than a perishing stump or two left in his jaws. His discontented, satiated, exhausted mien, had a strange look there in the fresh and potent wilderness.

The girl who followed with a travoise dragging at her pony's heels, was, on the other hand, in harmony with the land. Of the extremes to which the breeds run in looks, she was of the rare beauties of that strange race. Her features were moulded in a delicate, definite harmony that would have marked her out in any assemblage of beauty; and the spirit of beauty was there too. There were actually pride and dignity under the arched brows—so capricious is Nature in shaping her wilder daughters—and in the deep soft eyes brooded, even when she was happiest, a heart-disquieting quality of wistfulness. She was happy now; and ever and anon she raised her eyes to the slouching back of the man riding ahead with a look of passionate abandon in which there was nothing civilized at all. She was slenderer than the run of brown maidens, and her clumsy print dress could not hide the girlish, perfect contour of her shoulders. In her dusky cheeks there glowed a tinge of deep rose; testimony to the lingering influence of the white blood in her veins.

Topping a rise, the man paused for her to overtake him.

"Here we are, Rina," he said indifferently. His voice was oddly cracked. His manner toward her expressed a good-humored tolerance.

The girl apparently was sensible of no lack—but the breeds do not bring up their daughters to expect tenderness. Her eyes sparkled. "How pretty it is, 'Erbe!' she breathed. "Ver' moch good land!" She spoke the pretty, clipped English of the convent school.

At their feet lay a shallow valley, hidden close until the very moment of stumbling upon it. In it was a sparkling slough but large enough to be dignified with the name of lake. It was something the shape of a gourd, with a long end that curved out of sight below, a very girdle of blue velvet binding the waists of the brown hills. At their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



# A Story of Snatching a Holiday to Gain Health and Happiness

MARGARET SUMMERS

stood in the middle of her sunny kitchen, tired almost to the breaking point. Dinner was at the irritating stage where the potatoes should be drained, the gravy thickened, the turnips mashed and the dessert given a final stir, and moreover how our good housekeeper will if one is to eat a piping hot, well-cooked meal, those things come so at once, and in the last minute. When one reads of the housewife jumping into her post-horn and looking her best to serve said dinner, she probably has not, like Margaret, a two-year-old Bobby on hand who had just left a shattering pile of pot lids across the kitchen floor and gone after them.

So Margaret stood, feeling uncommonly like spanking Bobby and throwing the dinner out the window. She did neither of course; she picked up Bobby and the lids, finding a less messy amusement for him, and proceeded with the dinner operations, not finishing though before the front door banged and Robert Summers appeared.

She turned her head to give him a rather absent kiss, and his salute seemed perfunctory too. Margaret glanced up from the stove. "Headache?" she queried.

"No—just tired; think I'll sit down for a minute or two since you're not ready."

Margaret said nothing. Tired—she supposed he was tired, but hadn't he been out all morning running the car in that splendid air, keen on business of course; but wasn't he a man, a big strong man, pursuing an interesting occupation that appealed to his brain?

Tired—supposing he had been washing dishes, cleaning potatoes and turnips, sizzling over a hot stove, with a run at the beds and floors thrown in, inside all morning except when Bobby bumped himself in the back yard occasionally. Why couldn't he see how tired she was? He was deep in his paper this minute. Margaret did slam things a bit, and Robert's brows drew together automatically. He hated racket.

Dinner—served at noon for convenience—was not a particularly enlivening meal. Bobby had his special menu in his high chair in the kitchen and required his mother's presence every now and then. Plates were changed of course, so Margaret spent about half the meal on her feet. Nevertheless, she felt better after dinner; she had been hungry as well as tired. With Bobby on his kiddy-car at peace with all the world, and Robert smoking blissfully in the pleasant sun parlor, she sank into a comfy chair and felt less cross than she had an hour ago.

She looked at Robert, once more deep in his paper. Was he more selfish than the usual male? He apparently took her and the housework as a matter of course, and yet Robert was a good sort, and he had tried as hard as any man could to get someone to help her. If only—only—she was not so tired, if there wasn't so much to do!

If she could just get away from both Bobs for awhile. Of course she loved them, but aching feet, and a protesting back did not tend to make the torch flame any higher.

Robert straightened up.

"Time to be off, old girl!"

The "old girl" touched a spark. Why couldn't he remember that she hated to be called that?

"Yes, and time for me to wash that beastly pile of dishes, sweep up the everlasting kitchen, undress Bobby, bathe him and put him in bed, get salad, fruit, and scones in shape for supper, and then have my own bath if I can manage to fall in to it. I'm due at a committee meeting too, and then you come in and say you're tired!"

Margaret had worked up to a real climax which would have been quite dramatic if the tears hadn't bubbled over at this point.

Robert Summers stood as though a cyclone had been let loose.

"But, Meg, I didn't know you felt this way—are you sick?"

Yes, sick of this every-day grind with a grump for a husband! and before he could catch her, Margaret had flown up the stairs and checked the lock of her door. Bobby still gaily rode up and down the garden path.

Robert Summers was rather an old-fashioned man for the 1920 standard, too old-fashioned possibly to have grasped the fact that women's nerves had speeded up with the speeding up of other world machinery. Pies, cakes, and cookies, washing, ironing and scrubbing had all threaded their way along quite smoothly in his mother's home, and it had never entered his ken as to how they had been evolved. Of course he had lost his mother in his early young manhood, and yes, when he thought of it she had always seemed tired.

## MARGARET TAKES SOME TIME OFF

By MAY L. ARMITAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LONG

His brow knitted. Was Margaret hysterical, worn out, or was she really tired of him? To-day was certainly unlike her.

He had an appointment for one o'clock; so, he made no attempt at a reconciliation, just gave Bobby a hug and went thoughtfully out to the car. He had a business trip in mind for the next day. He pondered. His grip was at the office, unpacked since the last trip. He could stock up with extra collars, etc., go to-day instead of to-morrow and not bother Margaret for awhile. Would he, or wouldn't he?



So Margaret stood, feeling uncommonly like spanking Bobby and throwing the dinner out of the window.

Four o'clock found him at his desk with the decision made. He would. He wrote a special delivery: "Margaret, dear, you are tired I know, but not tired of your Bobbies. You just think so. You do need a rest though. I am off on Route A, at 5 p.m., will be gone three weeks. Here is a little check; I wish it were more. Pack Bobby off to Aunt Martha, and holiday, my darling, where and how you like. We'll pack up and go and board when I get home if you say so."

IN the meantime Margaret Summers had had time to stop the flood gates, wash her face, put Bobby to bed, and be thoroughly ashamed of herself. It was not often that she let go like that. The "old girl" and Robert's apparent indifference had tipped the balance, but she didn't mean a word of it, and as she kissed Bobby's rumpled curls, she reflected that he was worth all the tired nerves and sinews in the world.

And Robert was a good old thing, provokingly silent of course, but he was always there when it came to real things.

She was mean, cross, nasty, everything—what would she have for supper that would be a real peace offering, and just here Robert's special delivery arrived.

That opened the flood gates once more for the cheque was quite a generous one, and business had not been too good of late either. The "my darling" was such a comfort; why couldn't he have said that instead of the detestable "old girl" at noon? Good old Bob, he always found it hard to express himself except on paper. He would be boarding his train now, she couldn't even phone him, and suppose—just suppose that anything should happen to him!

Margaret took a grip on herself. No more tears or she would really be ill. She and Bobby had milk toast for supper, and then she ruminated.

What could she best do with her three weeks?

Bobby thought it great sport to have Mother all to himself and insisted on drying his mug and plate, and "helping" all he could.

Still Margaret pondered. She was continually rushing—what she needed was rest. Committees and social affairs claimed her. She was not the type of woman to live in the community and not take part in its welfare. She knew that she overdid, but if her home alone bounded her interests, how should she ever keep up with her husband and son? A lecturer once left something with Margaret that she never forgot, he had said that to be a good mother one must first of all be a good citizen.

Still she thought, how best to use this time that was absolutely her own? She glanced out at her high-boarded shady back yard. Her neighbor on either side was away, and a commons ran back of her. She gave a little sigh. Here would be rest and seclusion in her own back yard if she could only stay in it.

Her breath almost stopped—why not?

Gradually the plan outlined itself. She would play that she was two years old for three weeks. She and Bobby would fare and fare alike. She would forget the house, darning, mending, cooking, canning, telephone, letters, meetings, teas, everything, positively everything that made up the routine of her busy life.

There was the sun-parlor opening on the high fenced yard; this, and the hammock under the big tree would be her retreat. The milk-man and the bread-man called early, she would leave out the tickets. Her half dozen hens would not be taking a holiday, so there would be fresh eggs, and in her garden there were young vegetables. She and Bobby would wear their bathing suits, and she would rest, rest, rest, sun herself, make mud pies, read, relax, sleep when Bobby did—what a heavenly idea! It was actually bed time now, Bobby was getting heavy eyed.

She danced the small boy up and down. "Muvver and you, Bobby—a real holiday! Muvver's going to be a little boy too!" Bobby whooped with delight, at what he hardly knew. He made the rounds with Margaret as she pulled all the front shades, plugged the door bell, put up a notice for the postman, which would also be a hint for callers—"Please hold all mail till the 30th inst.," called Central and asked to have the phone disconnected temporarily, and chuckling, wondered how her various friends would take it.

"Not that I'll even exert myself to wonder," she murmured as she let herself into a tepid bath, a slow delightful affair that rested every tired nerve.

Morning, with its brilliant sunshine brought Margaret up with a start. Robert would be late, and then she sunk blissfully down again in recollection. The oatmeal was in the fireless

cooker, the cream was on the doorstep. She and Bobby would eat it, put their bowls under the tap and then the garden. When Bobby began to make little chuckling and gurgling noises intimating that he was awake she hunted out her bathing suit, re-braided her hair in a smooth plait down her back and went running in to him in her sandals. "Bathing suit, Son; you can turn the hose on Muvver after breakfast if you want to!"

They flew down stairs. The darkened house showed no dust and Margaret was not looking for any anyway. The morning sped in one lazy delicious dream. There were real mud pies, soakings with the hose, drying at full length by the mignonette bed and when Bobby said "Din-din time," Margaret pulled some young carrots, turned the hose on them and put them to simmer over the gas. Creamed carrots, soft poached eggs, bread and butter and milk were ready in no time, and when Mother and Bobby both gave a sleepy little sigh, the plates were once more put under the tap and off for the afternoon nap.

"I wonder how many days I can do this," thought Margaret, as she dozed off. "It seems as though forever would not be too long now. Someone's trying to ring the front door bell," she chuckled as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.)



# A Breezy Description of An Expedition from Edmonton Eastward OUT OF THE NORTH

By JANEY CANUCK

IT is September of a morning, when we pull out of Edmonton—throned Edmonton of Alberta—for a run down and across the seven Provinces of Canada, to stop here and there for a conference or two, but notably for the Canadian Women's Press Club and the Directors' meeting of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.

Sirs, what a morning it is—almost like a chime of laughter. If these things were communicable through the medium of paper we would tell about the shine of the sun on the river, of the super-subtle air, and of how the trees stand closely on the fields like herds of tawny horses.

Besides, if we tried to set this down, we are afraid you might laugh at us. To understand the delights of an ever-widening world, with never a telephone between earth and sky, one must have been shut up in an office for months upon months. Ah, well! you can laugh if you care to. We are Cocks of the North, and we don't care who knows it.

At the edges of the city, the people are gathering in their potato crops, the children helping for awhile before going to school. Anyone can see that the trouble with picking potatoes lies in the fact that you are too close to your work.

We have fourteen thousand plantations of potatoes this year in our city, which must be pretty nearly a plantation for every householder.

But Edmonton has always been famous for its tubers. As far back as we know, the first garden was planted a hundred and sixteen years ago, that is to say, in 1804, by Henry Harmon, a factor of the North-West Fur Company. He tells in his diary that he planted potatoes and garden seeds on May 23rd, a month after the ice passed out of "the Sissicatchwin River." In October, he reports that his nine bushels of seed had given a yield of one hundred and fifty bushels, and that he is now assured of a comfortable subsistence.

It is well he planted those potatoes, for, that winter, food was so scarce in the district an Indian woman—in spite of popular prejudice against the habit—killed and ate fourteen of her friends and relatives.

Indeed, it is set down in the reports of "the Gentlemen Adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company," that two Indian women devoured two white men from the fort, having accompanied them on a winter's journey.

The women told afterwards that one man's flesh was pleasant to the palate, but that the flesh of the red-haired Scotsman tasted of tobacco.

Out by the potato-patches, men are at work demolishing the penitentiary and have exposed row after row of cells to the air. These are joined together like the cells of a honeycomb, which is the only particular in which they approximate the yield of the hive.

Once, I went to see a woman in this jail, who was condemned to be executed, but whose sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. She was here for shooting a young woman who had won her husband's affections so that he turned her, (the old wife), out of the home.

I went to tell her that her husband had died the day before—that he had been caught in a belt of a

machine and whirled and whirled around until all his life was beaten out—to ask her wishes about the estate; and how she wanted his personal effects disposed of.

One falls a-marvelling that Fate should trip up a woman with so wry a joke as this, and it is no wonder she could not understand aright, for you see this woman had never really owned a thing before. She could not comprehend what it meant to be the heir, and I could not explain because she had lost her rights as a citizen of Canada. We are foolish poor things, we women, and all we could do was to cry together. Sing woe, woe, and alas!

This was years ago, and now the woman has grown very old. Just awhile back, in the folly of my heart, I wrote to the Lords of the Council, that they let her go free, and to that farm where her adopted daughter awaits her coming.

Maybe, some day, a practical person will pray about this thing, and then we will see what happens.

THERE are other things to be seen on the edge of the city, where the yellow Saskatchewan loiters along with not so much as a wheel to turn.

Among these is a coal-mine, for Edmonton is encircled by mines. For that matter, if you care to sink your cellar deep enough in any part of the city, you will come upon several seams of coal.

It is passing strange to read concerning the household and industrial tragedies that threaten the southern provinces of Canada when an embargo has been placed upon coal from the United States, or when a strike has occurred in the American collieries, in view of the fact that the Province of Alberta possesses one-seventeenth of the coal of the world and that our mines are frequently shut down for want of orders.

Or if orders come with a rush in the autumn or early winter, when the railways are hauling our grain to the head of navigation, the miners must, perforce, be left off because no freight cars are available.

Or if freight cars are available, and orders have piled up in a manner wholly satisfactory to the Company, then do the miners drop their tools and ask for a dollar a minute extra. In this event, there is nothing left for the manager but to "use language," or to go out and graze like Nebuchadnezzar, the King. Managers do not like grass.

This is why, up to the present time, coal-mining has been more or less precarious in this Province. Some people have invested in coal mines and escape in the nick of time. Among those who did not escape was my own family. I lay my hand on my heart and assert that we did not.

When everything else had been conquered, the Saskatchewan River found an opening and flooded out the whole works. Bread may be cast on the waters, or almost anything else, and be found again after many days, but with coal it is wholly different.

Dr. Macphail pointed out that the main concern of the race is to keep itself warm, and that for our very existence Canadians are dependent upon coal. This is why it is highly important that Railway Corporations and Boards of Arbitration should give the closest possible attention to the coal resources of Alberta which, in view of their enormous extent, must ultimately become our basic industry.

Another industry carried on in the city is that of sheep-herding. The herder is a tall man of perfect strength, in no wise comparable with those "woeful shepherds" whom the poet bids to "Weep no more! Weep no more!" Shepherds nowadays receive handsome pay cheques, which probably accounts for their dry eyes and upstanding physiques.

This man is herding sheep for the packing plants nearby, and consequently has a change of flock every day or two, so that all the similes concerning shepherds fail here.

Once I stood by the chute of the packing plant and watched Old Billy, an Angora Goat, who decoyed the sheep up the incline, at the head of which they would be slaughtered.

Up and up they went—each of them a poor woolly idiot—terrified by the smell of blood but still following on after the leader, all the while "bleating blindly towards the knife of death." I might easily moralize about this if the readers had not already forestalled me, by framing their own deductions.

At any rate, after seeing this, one quite understands why goats could only be tolerated on the left hand, although it is questionable whether the sheep are not too stupid to appreciate the honor of being delegated to the right.

Once there was a Greek philosopher who wrote a good deal about goats, and he said that they breathed through their ears instead of their nostrils. And maybe they do, seeing that wasps sting with their tails, and men think with their digestive organs.

... But they were the sights we were talking about when led to talk of sheep and shepherds.

Having left the city, our train passed through fields of fallow with their fat black soil; fields where the "green feed" has become yellow; past lakelets aflush with teal and mallards; and through white forest of poplars in which any white-skinned nymph might escape from Pan if she had a mind to. Once, we pass a new steading where the house clings to the soil, like a grey barnacle by the sides of which half a hundred sunflowers lift their royal, loyal heads.

A man may feel lonely in a cabin like this, and hate his companion, but it is treachery to the laws of the North to say so.

Sometimes, we come to a firesmitten area where the flames have eaten the life out of the country. A camper or careless smoker, has left a cancerous patch in the grass that smouldered and grew into flame, leaving in its wake these weird tormented trees that seem to hold wild hands to the sky. Someone has computed that twenty-nine trees are destroyed by fire for every one that is cut by the axe, in view of which fact men should not be allowed to carry matches at all, even in the face of their possible starvation.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



Photograph showing a section of Edmonton in the Summertime.



# The Importance of Wall Paper in the Decorative Scheme of the Home

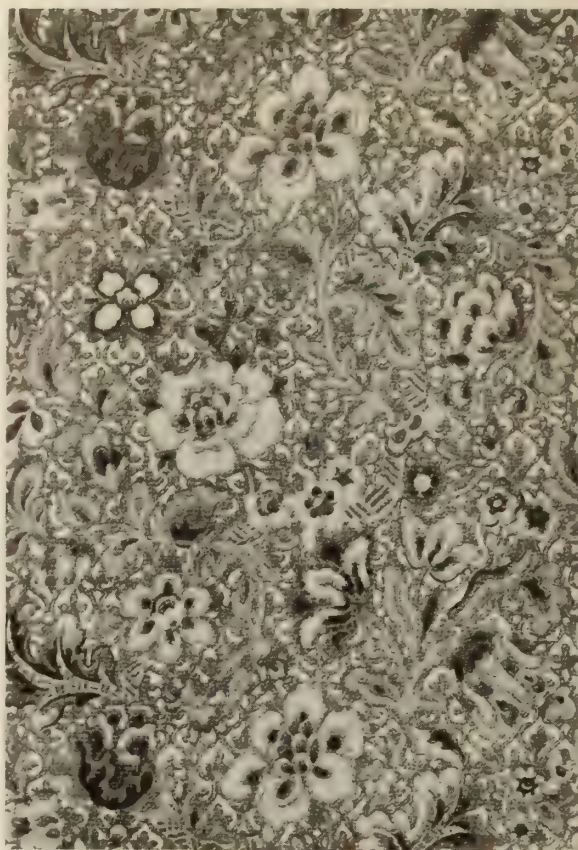


An excellent example of Chinese Chippendale design showing the Chinese influence on the French art of the period. The design which combines old rose and delicate shades of tan is printed on a royal blue ground. In five yard rolls, 30" wide, this paper is sold for three dollars and a half a roll.

## Seriously Considering the Four Walls of a Room

By MONA H. COXWELL

Photographs by Courtesy of Empire Wall Paper Company.

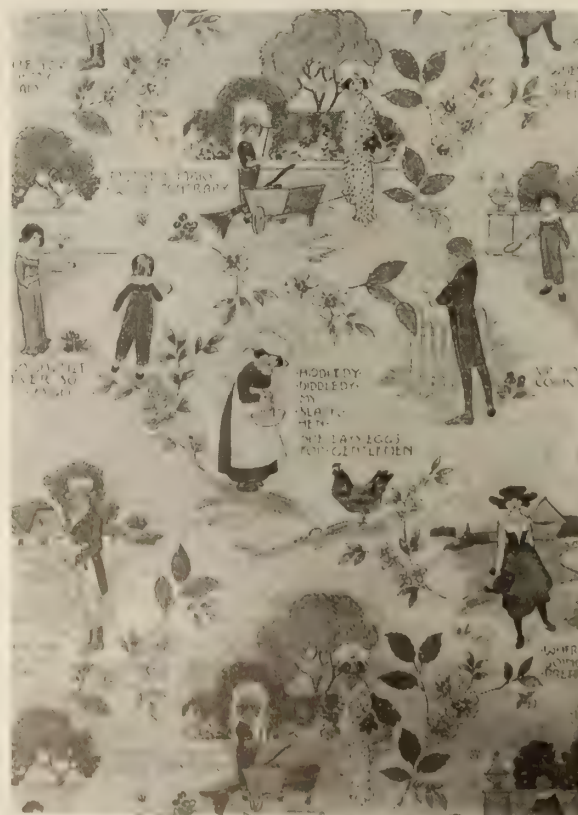


A tapestry design of Flemish origin. It has a very "cloth" appearance and a delightful iridescent effect is obtained by a metallic thread overprint, which is hardly discernible in reproduction. The colors combine blue, gold and shades of terracotta, suitable for halls or lower floor rooms. The price is one dollar and a half a roll.

IN tracing the history of wall-decoration and wall-covering back to the early centuries, an interesting comparison is brought forcibly to the mind, and that is the difference in the modern mental attitude and that of the Greeks and Romans in approaching this form of elaboration of the home. Wall-decoration was not to them an ephemeral matter, to be made to-day and destroyed to-morrow—they produced for permanency, to withstand the centuries, and created beautiful masterpieces of art for their walls to be enjoyed by generations to come. It is amusing to imagine the horror of a Roman citizen of the Fourteenth Century could he contemplate the work of the modern paper-hanger as he carelessly drops a sheet of paper from ceiling to base and nonchalantly proceeds to affix it to the wall.

In remarkable contrast to this was the manner of decoration employed five or six centuries past, when it was thought time well spent to devote months and even years on the elaboration of the

(Below) A "Queen Anne" chintz paper of great beauty showing the highly decorative East Indian influence. The vogue for black in the modern wall-coverings makes this paper particularly desirable as the design shows birds of beautiful plumage and flowers in exquisite coloring against an effectively striped black and white ground. One dollar and a quarter a roll.



A charming paper for a child's nursery or bedroom in a quaint design drawn by the well-known originator of child subjects, Kate Greenaway. This paper has the additional value of being sanitary and practical for it is possible to wash it, the colors being printed in oil. One dollar and a quarter a roll.



An exact reproduction in the original colors of a French hand-painted wall-paper of very ancient origin taken from the old Stanwood Mansfield Colonial home near Salem, Massachusetts, where it has hung for a hundred years. The Chinese influence of the period may be observed. The cost is two dollars and a half a twenty-one inch roll.

walls of rooms. One of the interesting mediums used in those days was a hard stucco, of the making of which the Greeks and Romans possessed the secret. This was creamy in color and was capable of receiving a bright polish like that of marble. It was used both on interior and exterior walls, and in the former case was made rarely decorative by the modelling of figures, groups and ornaments in delicate relief before the composition had time to set. Stucco was also used for interior decoration to some extent in England, and a few examples of Sixteenth Century houses thus treated still exist.

Stamped leather, made from skins of goats and calves, was the magnificent form of wall-hanging used during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, the skins being tanned and cut in rectangular shapes and covered with silver leaf, this latter being varnished with a transparent yellow lacquer making the silver look like gold. The leather was then embossed and hand-painted in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)

(Below) A modernized "Queen Anne" chintz, the great depth of design making it a wonderful reproduction of the material when it is hung. It makes a suitable and delightful wall-covering for boudoir or bedroom and an occasional living-room and is one of the season's most popular designs. The price is three dollars and a half a roll.







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# A Policy of "Preparedness" Ensures a Garden of Spring Satisfaction



A Corner of Farm Vegetable Garden Containing a Little of Everything from Corn to Summer Squash.

Different people has different opinions  
Some like horchids; some like hinions."

THIS quaint old English saying aptly illustrates the title and the theme of this article. To speak of orchids and onions in the same breath may not be considered good taste in some society, but what else should one do when addressing a cosmopolitan gardening audience? Some persons think of gardening only in terms of flowers; some consider only vegetables; some prefer fruits; others combine all these in little or great variety. There are commercial gardeners, professional gardeners, amateur gardeners and beginners. There are indoor gardeners and outdoor gardeners, public gardeners and private gardeners, farm gardeners and city gardeners—all sorts of gardeners. To write in one article something on gardening that will appeal to each and every one, a medley of thoughts necessarily is required. So, there you are! As the gardening season is again in the air, suggestions at random on work and preparation in March may be useful.

Foresightedness in gardening is a virtue supreme. The best gardens of summer are planned long in advance of the season. The best results are secured by ordering supplies ahead of time for use. Even the greatest pleasure to some folks is this planning and preparing in winter and early spring.

Seed and nursery catalogues should be secured and marked for selections. The reading of these is in itself an education. By ordering early, one is reasonably assured of getting the best in plants and trees and seeds of the kinds desired. And these things will be on hand when wanted. The gardener thus has a better chance to see that the right things are planted in the right way and at the right time. Order also tools, fertilizers and spraying materials.

### Preparing for Vegetables.

THE beginner often asks "How early in the spring can I safely make my garden?" The question is founded upon the supposition that along in spring there comes a day when it is best for gardens to be planted, irrespective of the species of plants that grow in them. Not infrequently it is customary to take a day off to make the garden. In the country, the idea is that, once this troublesome job is out of the way, it will no

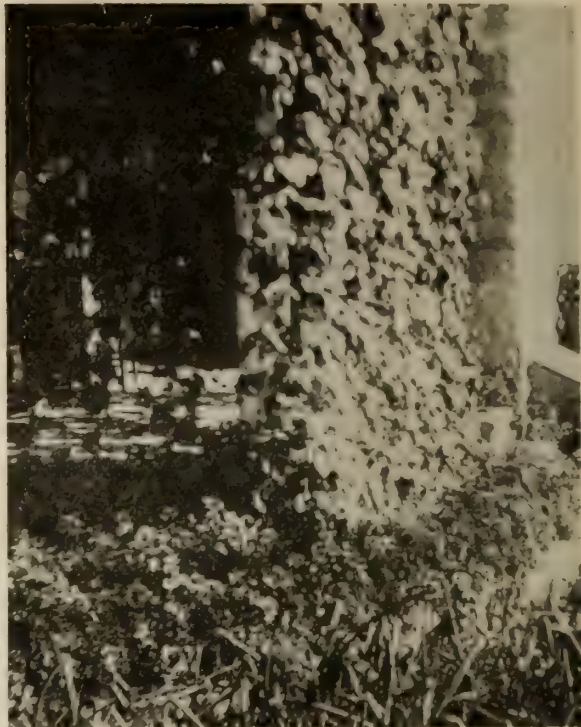
## A Medley of Thoughts on Gardening

By A. B. CUTTING

longer interfere with farm work. The fact is, that there is no best day on which to make a garden, but there is a proper time for the planting of each kind of vegetable or flower to be grown. In most parts of Eastern Canada, vegetable gardens often are started too early. There is nothing gained by planting during a warm spell in March, for instance, which may be followed by cold damp weather in April. Gardens sown and planted in the open in May, usually do better than those started earlier. The one way to get quick results and early maturity in crops is to start the seed in a hotbed. Where only a few plants are wanted, seeds may be started in boxes or pots in a warm place in the house.

A hotbed may be started any time this month. Where a pit has not been prepared beforehand, a simple method is to make the hotbed over manure placed on the surface of the ground. Collect unheated manure from a horse stable and see that the manure has mixed with it an equal amount of straw that has been used for bedding. Fork this over well, pile in a heap and let stand for a couple of days. When it starts to heat, turn it over every day or so until well heated throughout. Then place it outside for the bed, taking care to tramp it down evenly in layers as put on. Use plenty of manure, so that the bed will extend a foot or so farther on every side than the dimensions of the frame, and have the bed about two feet deep. Put the frame on the bed and cover with sash or heavy canvas. When the manure is again well heated, cover inside the frame with four or five inches of good garden soil. After standing for two or three days, rake the surface of the soil and the bed will be ready for seeding. Among the vegetables to start in this way are tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, celery, pepper, egg plant and melon. After the seeds are sown, proper attention must be given to watering and ventilation.

Cold frames are used in much the same way as hotbeds, but they have limitations due to lack of bottom heat. They are used, among other things, for "hardening-off" plants that have first been grown in a hotbed.



A Back-door Verandah Draped with Morning Glories and Banked with Parsley.

### To Have Good Seed.

IT is not necessary nowadays as it was some years ago for the gardener to watch for impurities in garden seeds or to test for germination. Reputable seed houses exercise great care in cleaning their seeds and in testing for quality. But the need is important in the case of seed on hand from last year or longer. Some kinds of seed usually will not grow when over two years old; these include sweet corn, onions, parsnips and salsify. Some kinds, such as endive and cucumber, are good for ten years or more. All the other kinds of vegetable seeds range in longevity for various periods of years between these extremes. It is always well to test old seed for germination. There are a number of ways. Essentials are a steady and sufficiently high degree of temperature and a proper amount of moisture. Ordinarily the work can be done in the kitchen or in some room where the temperature is kept from 60 to 70 degrees without interruption.

The simplest method of testing is to place blotting paper on an ordinary plate and sprinkle on it a definite number of seeds from the package to be tested. Place one or two sheets of blotting paper on this and apply water to keep the paper and seeds nicely moistened. A second plate or pane of glass can be laid over all, to keep the moisture from evaporating. Do not permit the seeds to dry out. And be careful that too much water is not added. After from four to twenty

days, depending upon the kind of seeds being tested, count the sprouted ones and determine the percentage of seeds that have life. Under good conditions, the average time for garden seeds to germinate is as follows:

| Kind of Seed. | No. of Days. |
|---------------|--------------|
| Bean          | 5 to 10      |
| Beet          | 7 to 10      |
| Cabbage       | 5 to 10      |
| Carrot        | 12 to 18     |
| Cauliflower   | 5 to 10      |
| Celery        | 10 to 20     |
| Corn          | 5 to 8       |
| Cucumber      | 6 to 8       |
| Endive        | 5 to 10      |
| Lettuce       | 6 to 8       |
| Onion         | 7 to 10      |
| Pea           | 6 to 10      |
| Parsnip       | 10 to 20     |
| Pepper        | 9 to 14      |
| Radish        | 3 to 6       |
| Salsify       | 7 to 12      |
| Tomato        | 6 to 12      |
| Turnip        | 4 to 8       |

The sprouting test is not always the last word respecting whether or not a certain lot of seed will produce plants, but it is a good guide. Many times seed will sprout and not have enough vitality to develop strong, healthy plants. Gardeners who desire a further test must grow the seeds in a

### A Planting Guide for the Vegetable Garden

| Kind of Vegetable  | Time to sow or plant in open ground * | Amt. per 100 feet of row | Distance †        |                  | Depth to plant | Ready for use after planting |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------|------------------------------|
|                    |                                       |                          | Horse Cultivation | Hand Cultivation |                |                              |
| Artichoke, Jer'm   | Early Spring                          | 2 qts.                   | 3-4 ft.           | 2 ft.            | 2 in.          | 6-7 months                   |
| Asparagus          | Early Spring                          | 50 pbs.                  | 4-5 ft.           | 3 ft.            | 6 in.          | 2-3 years                    |
| Beans, bush        | May to July                           | 1 pt.                    | 3 ft.             | 18-24 in.        | 3 in.          | 45-65 days                   |
| Beans, pole        | May and June                          | 1/2 pt.                  | 3-4 ft.           | 2-3 ft.          | 2-3 in.        | 50-80 days                   |
| Beets              | Early Spring                          | 2 oz.                    | 30-36 in.         | 18 in.           | 3 in.          | 60-80 days                   |
| Brussels Sprouts † | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 2 ft.            | 24 in.         | 90-120 days                  |
| Cabbage, early †   | April and May                         | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 2 ft.            | 24 in.         | 90-100 days                  |
| Cabbage, medium †  | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 24-30 in.        | 2 ft.          | 100-120 days                 |
| Cabbage, late †    | June and July                         | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 30-36 in.        | 30 in.         | 100-130 days                 |
| Carrots            | Early Spring                          | 1 oz.                    | 30-36 in.         | 18 in.           | 2-4 in.        | 75-110 days                  |
| Cauliflower †      | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 24-30 in.        | 18 in.         | 100-130 days                 |
| Celery, early †    | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 4-6 ft.           | 3-5 ft.          | 4-6 in.        | 120-130 days                 |
| Celery, late †     | May to July                           | 1/4 oz.                  | 6 ft.             | 4-6 ft.          | 6-8 in.        | 130-150 days                 |
| Corn, Sweet        | May and June                          | 1 oz.                    | 30-36 in.         | 18 in.           | 9-12 in.       | 60-100 days                  |
| Cucumber           | May to July                           | 1/2 oz.                  | 4-6 ft.           | 4 ft.            | 4 in.          | 60-80 days                   |
| Egg Plant          | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 21-30 in.        | 18 in.         | 100-140 days                 |
| Endive             | May to July                           | 1 oz.                    | 30 in.            | 18 in.           | 8-12 in.       | 90-130 days                  |
| Horseradish        | Early Spring                          | 70 rts.                  | 3 ft.             | 2 ft.            | 18 in.         | 1-2 years                    |
| Kale               | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 18-24 in.        | 18 in.         | 90-120 days                  |
| Kohl-rabi          | Early Spring                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 30-36 in.         | 18 in.           | 6 in.          | 60-80 days                   |
| Leek               | Early Spring                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 30-36 in.         | 18 in.           | 6 in.          | 120-180 days                 |
| Let-tuce           | Early Spring                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 30-36 in.         | 12 in.           | 6-8 in.        | 60-90 days                   |
| Melon, Black       | May and June                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 6-8 ft.           | 6 ft.            | 6 ft.          | 120-150 days                 |
| Melon, water       | May and June                          | 1 oz.                    | 8-10 ft.          | 6-8 ft.          | 6-8 ft.        | 100-120 days                 |
| Onion, seed        | Early Spring                          | 1 oz.                    | 3 ft.             | 18 in.           | 2-6 in.        | 130-150 days                 |
| Onion, sets        | Early Spring                          | 1 qt.                    | 3 ft.             | 12 in.           | 2-3 in.        | 40-60 days                   |
| Parsley            | Early Spring                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 30-36 in.         | 18 in.           | 6 in.          | 90-120 days                  |
| Parsnip            | Early Spring                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 18 in.           | 3-4 in.        | 120-160 days                 |
| Peas, early        | Early Spring                          | 1 qt.                    | 3 ft.             | 2 ft.            | 1 in.          | 40-80 days                   |
| Peas, late         | May and June                          | 1 qt.                    | 4 ft.             | 30-36 in.        | 1 in.          | 65-90 days                   |
| Pepper †           | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 18 in.           | 18 in.         | 100-140 days                 |
| Potato, early      | Early Spring                          | 6 lbs.                   | 3 ft.             | 30 in.           | 18 in.         | 80-100 days                  |
| Pumpkin            | May and June                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 8-10 ft.          | 6-8 ft.          | 8 ft.          | 100-140 days                 |
| Radish             | Early Spring                          | 1 oz.                    | 30-36 in.         | 12 in.           | 1 in.          | 20-40 days                   |
| Radish, long       | Early Spring                          | 23 pbs.                  | 4 ft.             | 4 ft.            | 3 in.          | 2-3 years                    |
| Salsify            | Early Spring                          | 1 oz.                    | 3 ft.             | 18 in.           | 4 in.          | 120-180 days                 |
| Squash             | May and June                          | 1 oz.                    | 3 ft.             | 18 in.           | 2-3 in.        | 30-60 days                   |
| Squash, bush       | May and June                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 3-4 ft.           | 3-4 ft.          | 3-4 ft.        | 60-80 days                   |
| Squash, vine       | May and June                          | 1/2 oz.                  | 7-10 ft.          | 6-8 ft.          | 6-8 ft.        | 120-160 days                 |
| Swiss Chard        | Early Spring                          | 2 oz.                    | 3 ft.             | 2 ft.            | 6 in.          | 65-80 days                   |
| Tomato             | May and June                          | 1/4 oz.                  | 5 ft.             | 2-3 ft.          | 2-5 ft.        | 100-140 days                 |
| Turnip, white      | Early Spring                          | 1 oz.                    | 3 ft.             | 12-18 in.        | 3 in.          | 60-80 days                   |
| Turnip, Swede      | May to August                         | 1/2 oz.                  | 3 ft.             | 18 in.           | 6-8 in.        | 60-90 days                   |

\* The dates mentioned for planting give much latitude. The actual time depends upon climate and seasonal conditions in part of country located. "Early Spring" means as soon as the ground is ready, and indicates time for first planting, with some vegetables successional plantings should follow.

† The variations in distances and in time required for maturity allow for differences in varieties and in methods of culture.

‡ Should be started earlier in hotbeds or in boxes in the house. Amount of seed suggested for sowing is for this purpose in these cases. For number of plants to set outdoors, divide length of row by distance required between plants in the row.





# Have a beautiful skin

## *Follow these simple directions*

You must give Nature the aid she needs in keeping the skin pores active. This means washing your face and washing it thoroughly, regularly, every day.

Cold cream alone won't do—you mustn't depend upon it entirely for cleanliness. It catches dust and helps fill up the tiny pores instead of cleansing them.

You needn't be afraid of the effect of soap on the skin—not if your soap is right. Use Palmolive and make washing a daily beauty treatment.

Palmolive is the mildest of soaps and the gentlest of cleansers. Palm and Olive oils—ingredients of Palmolive—were ancient Egyptian cosmetics. Cleopatra used them as beautifiers as well as cleansers.

## *Use your two hands*

This mild, gentle soap produces a profuse creamy lather which you should apply to your face with your two hands.

Massage it softly into your skin, so as not to roughen its delicate, sensitive texture. Then just as gently rinse it away.

It carries with it all dangerous, clogging accumulations—the dust and oil secretions, the remains of the day's rouge and powder. It leaves your skin healthfully, thoroughly clean.

*Keep that school-girl complexion*

## *A fine and fresh complexion*

The gentle washing and rinsing stimulates minute glands and capillaries to beneficial action. This keeps your complexion fine and fresh and encourages natural, becoming color.

Be liberal with Palmolive Cold Cream if your skin is dry. Apply it before washing and again after, and your skin will be beautifully smooth.

## *Why Palmolive isn't 50 cents a cake*

If made in small quantity it would be. We can't make it better.

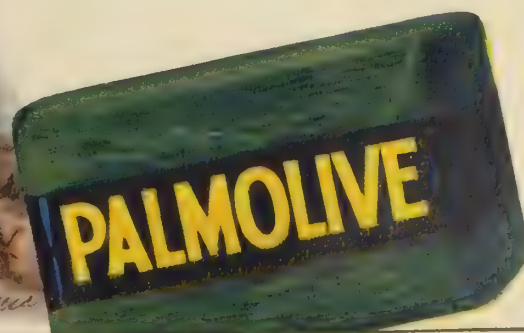
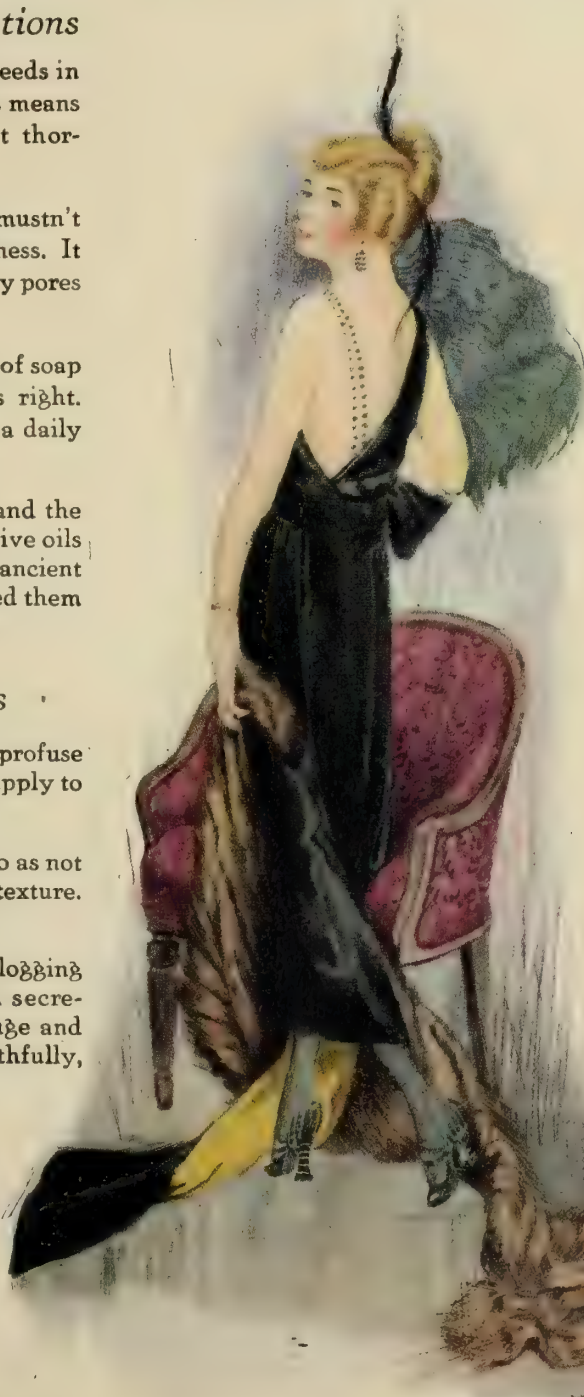
The gigantic demand for Palmolive keeps the price moderate. It keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, which reduces manufacturing cost.

It permits the purchase of the costly oils, imported from overseas, in such vast volume that the price is much reduced.

Thus Palmolive is popular priced—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

It is for sale by leading dealers everywhere and supplied in guest-room size by America's popular hotels.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
OF CANADA, LIMITED  
Toronto, Ontario  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
Milwaukee, U.S.A.





PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK



# MAVIS

## FACE POWDER

THIS delightful Face Powder contains no harmful ingredients. Women tell us that it "agrees" with their complexions better than other powders. It is amazingly fine and its fragrance is unusually lasting. Insist upon Mavis Face Powder. The difference will show in your complexion.

Talc--Perfume--Toilet Water--Rouge--Soap.

*Irresistible!*



# Flowers, Lace and Glistening Fabrics Make Fascinating Headwear

## EASTER MILLINERY

### Reflecting the Beauty and Freshness of Springtime

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

CLOSE your eyes, give to your imagination the wings of an aeroplane, soar away and arrive at a tropical garden at noonday, drink in its brilliant beauty, then transfer the gorgeous scene to a millinery parlor, and you have some conception of what you will see at the spring millinery openings, at least what those will see who are privileged to visit millinery parlors in fashionable centres. The shapes aren't exactly what you might call rational—not all of them. But then, nothing is quite rational now-a-days, if we judge by pre-war standards, so, no matter how extreme they may be, they will not be out of harmony with the general disorder of mind and matter. If a turban with a balloon-shaped crown in a state of semi-collapse spills loops of ribbon out over one ear, the thing to do is to accept its eccentricities with any complimentary superlatives you may have handy and never mind tracing its ancestry, although some do say it is Egyptian and others contend that it is Spanish.

The high coronets we heard so much about last year never really came to pass in this conservative land of ours, which just shows what an important place we do occupy on the map, for Fashion has stopped her train and is waiting for us to take them up this year. Shapes that are short from back to front and quite broad across have high coronets, draped with ribbon, fabric, some fancy straw or substitute for straw or gaily colored blooms in massed formation from ear to ear, dripping ribbons, bangles, beads or perhaps a trailing tassel made of ostrich flues tied together and grouped in strands, caught at the bottom and weighted down with a glass or composition pendant.

BUT according to that celebrated Celt, Pat, (or was it Mike?) everything has its compensation, and if we have bright and trying colors in our headgear, beautiful as we must acknowledge they are, for never has millinery worked with more beautiful shades than are used this year, there is the subduing influence of the veil that falls over the edge of the hat, half revealing and half concealing what nature or the beauty doctor has done for the wearer. Also, there are the long chiffon or Georgette scarfs with one end safely attached and the other wandering vagrant-like, at will. The hat that hasn't a veil or a scarf, simply isn't to be considered for spring, by the ultra-fashionable person, be she young or old.

Having gone thus far without mentioning the status of feathers in spring millinery, it will be as well to rectify the omission without further delay. It is predicted that they will be almost on a par with flowers. In fact, some hint that they will be above par. Coq feathers are given a chemical treatment which sends them out into the world masquerading as paradise, the sale of which we all know is prohibited in Canada as well as the United States, and ostrich feathers are made up into pretty fancy mounts, limp plumes that spread themselves over the brim of a poke bonnet and glycerined and burnt ostrich that are used in many different ways to enhance the beauty of Easter models.

IT does not look now as if we should see many really voguish hats made entirely of straw until summer, if one except the sport sailors which will be worn with street suits for early spring, and even in summer, Fashion announces she will continue to employ fabrics in all sorts of unusual ways. Just now hats are composed mostly of taffeta, satin, crepe de Chine, Georgette crepe and ribbon, either alone or with some of the fancy straws and braids already mentioned. Anything with a shiny surface goes this spring. Ribbons are waxed and cellophane is woven into braids and many of the fancy straws glisten like water in the sunshine. But, fortunately, these are seldom used alone. They are combined with some of the aforesaid fabrics. For instance you stand over a hat and look at it from the top and conclude it is all-satin, but just peep under the brim and you will find it has a facing of some kind of straw

or braid, or just for a change it may be faced with alternate sections of ribbon ruffles and colored sipper straws arranged in geometrical design. One of the hats in the picture, the sailor, is a good illustration, a Georgette covered shape with fancy straw draped around it—there you see is another demonstration of the sweet inconsistency of this season's styles, instead of a straw hat draped with Georgette, it is the other way around. But then why not? Isn't the one way just as rational as the other if we only think so?

Except the pokes and some of the sailor shapes, the obvious function of the hats this season is to frame the face instead of shading it. One would almost suspect the millinery and beauty parlors of forming an alliance for mutual benefit, because it will certainly be necessary to requisition the magic of the beauty doctor if we are to be presentable in some of these off-the-face shapes banked with bright colored flowers or draped with equally bright fabrics or lustrous cellophane, the latter coming back again this year with a much better character for durability and service than it left with last spring.

Now, I have written of the more extreme modes of millinery, such as we shall see at the millinery

fact that it was made of lace, and for summer there'll be nothing more acceptable for garden parties than a chapeau made of lace. Even now there are quantities of lace being fashioned into the most alluring millinery, especially black and brown for early wear.

And speaking of color, while we find flowers and drapery of brilliant hue, the fashionable shade of the moment is grey—a light silvery grey that throws out glints of light. Other quiet tones that are found in spring millinery are caramel, beige, black and navy. The high tones are rusty reds and coral pinks, peacock, turquoise, ocean and jade, Chinese orange and royal blue.

THE psychology of veils is well worth the study of every woman, even her who proudly boasts indifference to personal appearance. The veil has marvellous potentialities. Many an acknowledged leader of fashion owes much to the veil that drifts over her hat or the one she films across her face and ties neatly around her turban, confining would-be excursive locks to their appointed place.

According to present ideals, face veils are a little difficult with large hats. They do not look well tied over the brim, which is usually too supple to support them, but a large hat offers wonderful opportunities for the large drape veil with its spotted chenille border or embroidered motifs. And one might say as much for turbans or hats with narrow brims. In fact, the rather severe silhouette of many of the small hats almost demands a softening background such as a filmy veil affords, and prettily draped, it adds at least fifty per cent. to the chic of the costume as a whole. Large flowing veils of all kinds are among the spring offerings, and for face veils, there is something delightfully new and pretty. Small chenille spots are placed at regular and rather close intervals on a foundation of veiling so sheer that it is scarcely perceptible. The spot is one color; the foundation another. Thus: rust spots on taupe or brown; green or royal blue on black or dark blue; flamingo on brown, and so forth. The same idea is also carried out in larger spots farther apart.

Accessory to the Easter hat, is the hat pin, no longer with a plebeian black or white china ball for a head, but a large mother-of-pearl with antique silver filigree, horn shapes made of genuine horn or more likely composition, and by the way, I saw a hat in a city show room with a pair of these horns in Coral shade placed in the front of a red Mephisto-like turban full of Satanic suggestion. But they may be used otherwise with more pleasing effect. There are jet daggers and many other devices, and it might be observed that hat pins are used for ornamentation rather than utility.

AS Easter is so near at hand, and neckwear is such an important consideration in connection with the Easter costume, perhaps I may throw in a few hints concerning the new things which the shops will be showing in the preceding days. Of course, the fur neckpiece of some kind will be pre-eminent. With Easter coming in March, a fur neckpiece will certainly be necessary with the spring suit, but it is of the lingerie neckwear that I would write. At first, one looked and looked and found nothing new, and then, suddenly like the plant that bursts into bloom over night, I came across a wealth of new neckwear, made of sheer organdie, batiste and lace.

With many of the suit jackets, a vestee will be essential, and one of the newest of these is in the form of a sleeveless blouse, made of ecru organdie with Czecho-Slovak embroidery. Another was a simple front of pleated net which looked like chipped crystal, with a narrow frill of the same at the top. There are sets, collars and vestees of ecru organdie or batiste, beautiful with *broderie anglaise* and at one place I found some beautiful pure white linen suit collars and sets with the same form of decoration which is perhaps more familiar to us as eyelet embroidery.



Photographs by Joel Feder.

#### HATS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

The camera has left the pen little to do in describing these Spring models composed of ribbon and lace, flowers and fabrics, fancy straw and braid.

openings next month, and I have not said anything about the larger models, a few of which will be shown at the same time, but which we are not expected to take up till a little later. It is one of the traditions that we begin the season with small hats and wear the larger ones when the trees are in leaf. With one exception the illustrations on this page are quite conservative. The Editor doesn't like the way the lace falls over the brim and hides the face, but it wasn't really selected because any one who had anything to say about it, feally liked it in its entirety, but because of the



# Attractive Gowns That Enhance the Charm of the Wearer

9167—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9339—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6½ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—9½ yards grosgrain ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The uneven hem line which is such a striking feature of the new fashions is achieved in this foulard frock by the side panels on the skirt which are longer than the skirt itself and are looped under. Topping this is one of the smart new tie-back blouses. Grosgrain ribbon finishes the edges of the blouse, the flowing sleeves, and the skirt panel.

9341—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8670—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—2⅞ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation gores. Beading in design 12601 is used in large circular motifs on the skirt, and in border effect on the blouse. Below the beaded belt which is applied to the sides, the blouse descends in points. The skirt is in harem style gathered to a two-piece foundation skirt.

9302—Ladies' Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch charmeuse—1½ yard 11-inch lace for camisole band—¾ yard 36-inch lining. There is nothing more charming for evening wear than this draped model that suggests the princess effect. The front and back are cut in one piece and draped and while one side is brought up in a point to the shoulder, the other side is open disclosing a deep camisole-like band of heavy Venise lace. The back panel may extend to form a train if desired, lined with silver tissue or brocade.

9141—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9221—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Georgette—1½ yard 10-inch silver lace for band—2¾ yards 36-inch satin lining. Most unusual in style is the blouse of this evening gown with its three narrow looped-under panels at the back. In front the blouse crosses surplice-wise over a deep band of heavily embroidered silver lace. There is just a suggestion of drapery to the skirt which is made with a tunic in four sections. The front section is slightly draped toward the side panels.

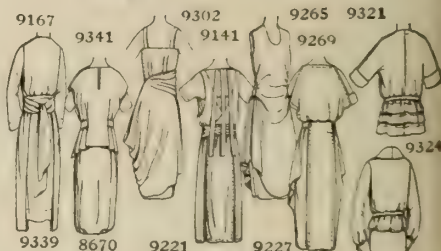
9265—Ladies' Draped Princess Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. Tho there is a two-piece foundation skirt, the over-dress is really in princess effect dipping to the bottom of the skirt at the center-front and back and draped at the sides. This makes a very attractive dinner gown as the décolletage is very moderate.

9269—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 9227—Ladies' Draped Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—1½ yard 9-inch lace flouncing to trim underskirt—3½ yards 36-inch lining. The draped tunic is elaborated with beaded motifs in design 12574. These may be carried out in small beads or bugles in self or contrasting color beads. White or gray taffeta beaded in silver, or turquoise blue or shell pink radium silk beaded in gold, would make charming evening gowns. The lace that shows in front below the tunic may be Chantilly, silver or gold, to match the beading.



Blouse 9167  
Skirt 9339

Overblouse  
9341  
Skirt 8670  
Beading 12601



Evening Dress  
9302

Evening Blouse  
9141  
Skirt 9221

Princess Dress  
9265

Blouse 9269  
Draped Skirt 9227  
Beading 12574

Overblouse 9321  
Beading 12574

Blouse  
9324



# THE CHARM OF MYSTERY



*Lady Duff Gordon, the world-famed Lucile, recently wrote, "Essential to woman's allure and charm is the veil that half hides her from the world, stimulating the imagination to fancy for itself the harmonies that it may hide."*

Reflect but a moment upon this truth and its relation to becoming dress—particularly becoming corsetry.

The art authority, Millet, has said that "Technique should hide itself modestly behind the thing to be expressed." The chief danger nowadays lies not so much in our failing to appropriate art's little aids but in being too lavish with them. After all, we live in a very subtle and sophisticated world, and the corset that through one fault or another obtrudes itself upon the observer, defeats its purpose and quite spoils the illusion of desirableness.

The mystery of the modern corset lies in its skillful adaptation to the natural lines of the figure. Its self-effacing artistry enhances a woman's points of beauty, hides her disharmonies, and creates the impression of a gracefully poised body faultlessly proportioned by nature. So Gossard technique hides itself discreetly behind the beauty it expresses.

Individual solution of the problem of corsetry is the only method that promises success. Study yourself and be mindful that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

And this alluring mystery of beauty is for every woman, for Gossard artistry has made a study of every figure need from the little lady of slightest figure to the matron of full proportions. You will be delighted with the self-effacing Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone.

Because of the naturalness of its healthful support, your Gossard is relieved of all undue strain and so will wear far beyond the life of the average corset. Its original grace and shapeliness will remain unchanged to the last day you put it on. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone, these original front lacing corsets are worth their cost.



## G O S S A R D Front Lacing C O R S E T S

are to be found at those stores distinguished by a corset department that offers a real service.

Trained corsetieres who will make your satisfaction a matter of personal pride, assure you the models best suited to your needs. When you buy a Gossard, you buy a **SERVICE**: a style service, a comfort service and a wearing service that must be unquestionably satisfactory to you.

Gossard Corsets are fairly priced within the reach of every woman; and their superior quality which for years has been consistently maintained above imitation, assures the economical buyer a thrifty and lasting pride in ownership.

*The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited  
366-378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Can.*





# Embroidered Linens of Distinct Charm for the Spring Bride

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12529, blue, 20 cents, supplying one centerpiece 24 inches in diameter. The design includes scalloped edge.

12406—Centerpiece 20 inches in diameter

12196—Centerpiece 36 inches in diameter

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12406, blue, 20 cents. This small centerpiece is shown at the top of the page (right) and is embroidered in raised satin and buttonhole stitches.

11706—Centerpiece 23 inches square

12555—Luncheon Cloth 52 inches in diameter

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12555, blue, 50 cents. Shown above is a good-looking 52-inch luncheon cloth embroidered in cross-stitch and a color diagram is included.

12297—Grape Design

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12196, blue, 30 cents. Wreaths and garlands of daisies form the design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12293, blue, 15 cents. A novelty in serving table sets is shown below consisting of an oddly shaped scarf and two doilies.

12297—Hot Plate Holder of Ecru Linen

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12297, blue, 20 cents. The design provides four each of three hot plate holders and 18 other motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11706, blue, 20 cents.

12294—Doily 14½ inches in diameter. 12294—Scarf 16¼ by 25¼ inches for Serving Table

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12541, blue, 20 cents. The design provides one centerpiece 25 inches in diameter

12293—Serving Table Set

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12534, blue, 25 cents. Below is illustrated a handsome centerpiece 21 inches in diameter embroidered in satin and stem stitches.

12292—Buffet Scarf

12527—Centerpiece 23 inches in diameter

12541—Centerpiece 25 inches in diameter

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12294, blue, 20 cents. This attractive set consists of a scarf 16¼ by 25¼ inches, and two doilies 14½ inches in diameter.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12292, blue, 20 cents. A most unusual-looking buffet scarf 15¼ inches wide by 38 inches long.

12534—Centerpiece 21 inches in diameter

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12527, blue, 20 cents. This supplies one 23-inch centerpiece including scalloped edge, altho in this view the scallops are omitted.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12533, blue, 20 cents. Daisies worked in eyelet and raised satin stitches form this attractive design.

12533—Simple Daisy Design for 21-inch Centerpiece

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



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# CONGOLEUM

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ART-RUGS

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*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs meet perfectly the nation-wide necessity for economy in the home. At the same time, they have all the style of expensive woven rugs, but are made of a durable material, with a smooth, waterproof, printed surface that does not collect dirt and moisture to menace your health.

A few moments with a damp mop brings back their charm and beauty. Besides, they have the remarkable feature of requiring no fastening to the floor and will not curl or "kick up" at the edges.

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|                     |         |
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| 9 feet x 3 feet..   | \$ 5.50 |
| 9 feet x 4½ feet..  | 8.25    |
| 9 feet x 6 feet..   | 11.30   |
| 9 feet x 7½ feet..  | 13.90   |
| 9 feet x 9 feet..   | 16.45   |
| 9 feet x 10½ feet.. | 19.20   |
| 9 feet x 12 feet..  | 22.00   |

*Prices to points in the West, such as Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, etc., are slightly higher to cover extra freight. All prices are subject to change without notice.*

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in the House**

*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs come in a wonderful array of patterns designed by some of the leading rug designers with studios in London, Paris and New York. You will find at your dealer's just the pattern and size to fit those rooms which now cause you so much work to keep clean.

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There is only one grade of Congoleum, and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. It is identified by the Gold Seal, facsimile of which is shown below.

The market is full of imitations, and you must be careful to see that you get the genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum.

All genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We will positively make good if you are not perfectly satisfied.

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We will gladly send you a copy of our latest Rug Chart showing the full assortment of patterns in all their lovely rich colorings.

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The design on the floor is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug No. 363. The 9x6 foot size retails at \$11.30







*"The Magic Touch"*

**RAMCO**

**COLORS STRAW HATS OLD & NEW**  
**SATIN, SILK & CANVAS SLIPPERS ALSO BASKETRY**





# Blouses and Skirts in Their Newest and Smartest Phases



Overblouse 9312  
Braiding 11664

Overblouse 9321  
Beading 12508

9312—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch blue linen— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. At the center-front the blouse is slashed and wool embroidery in design 11664 gives a smart note of color.

9321—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A tucked peplum is an attractive feature of this kimono blouse which fastens at the back. Beaded motifs in design 12508 are applied to the front, and the motifs may be carried out in small beads or in a combination of beads and bugles.

9327 — Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards ribbon. Beading in design 12320 outlines the U-shaped opening in front and forms a border at the bottom of the overblouse.

9316—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch radium silk— $\frac{5}{8}$  yard white crêpe de Chine for inset vest. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, and the blouse may button at center-front or it may be cut away and a vest of contrasting material inserted.

8699—Ladies' Long-waisted Kimono Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch Canton crêpe. The blouse is beaded in design 12508. No. 8964—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 48-inch plaid— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch lining for bodice top. The combination of a good-looking overblouse with a plaited skirt of one of the new smart plaids, makes a practical utility costume for Spring days.

9220—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen. No. 9308—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44-inch cheviot. This is the type of skirt that will be worn this Spring.



Overblouse 9327  
Beading 12320

Blouse 9316



Overblouse 8699  
Skirt 8964  
Beading 12508

Tailored Blouse  
9220  
Skirt 9308



Overblouse 9291

Blouse 9291

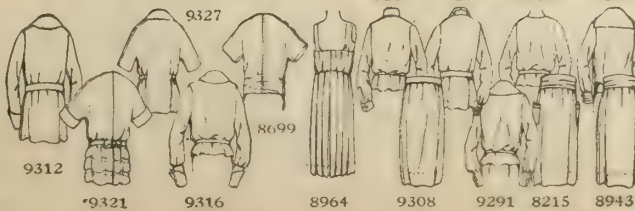


Blouse 8773  
Skirt 8215  
Embroidery 12569

Middy Blouse 9296  
Skirt 8943

9291—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The collar may be worn open as illustrated or it may be rolled high to the neck. The fronts of the blouse are gathered on the shoulders.

8773—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch French voile.



Grape motifs in design 12569 are worked out in silk on the front of the blouse. It slips on over the head and is slashed at center-front. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch tricotine. The skirt is made with a two-inch raised waist-line and is closed at left side seam.



## Long, Straight Lines Give a Slender Effect

9318—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch serge— $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 50-inch white broadcloth for collar— $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The collar is stitched in black, and the bottom of the skirt is embroidered in design 12606. The waist has a paneled front and three-quarter sleeves.



Dress 9318  
Embroidery  
12606



Dress 9329



Dress 9282



Dress 9304  
Embroidery 12469



Dress 9288  
Embroidery  
12613



Dress 9315

Dress 9322



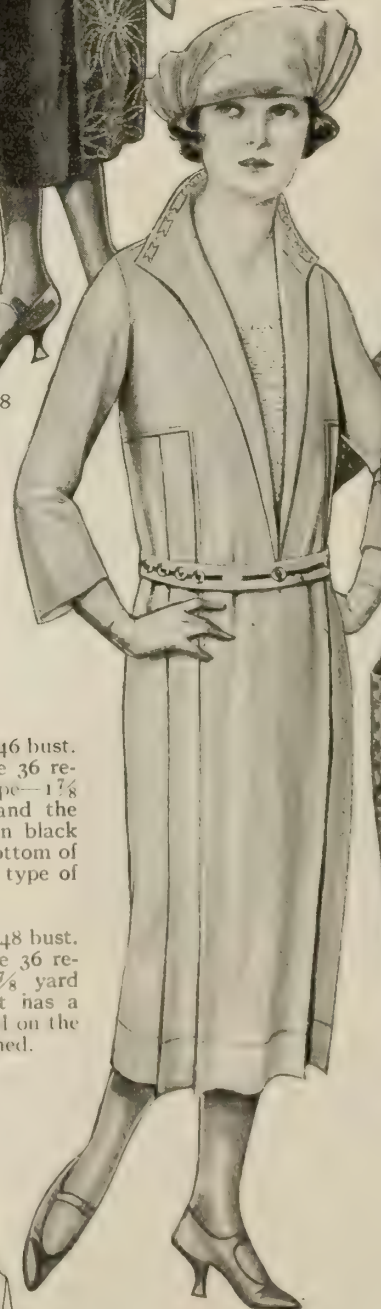
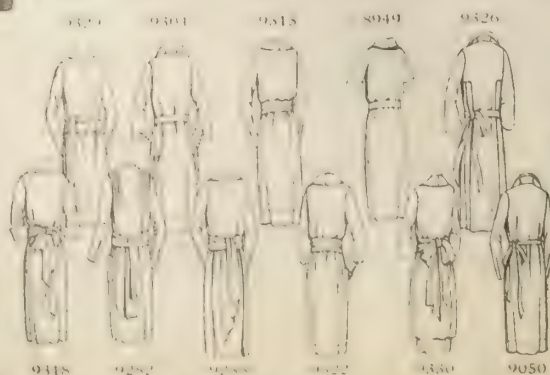
Dress 8949



Dress 9330  
Embroidery 12608

9329—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch white Canton crepe— $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining. The Medici collar and the revers are embroidered in darning stitch in black silk floss, and this is repeated around the bottom of the skirt. This is a particularly becoming type of dress for stout figures.

9282—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The waist has a square neck, and is laid in plaits and cuffed on the shoulders. The patch pockets are hemstitched.



Dress 9326  
Embroidery 12596



Dress 9050



# How I Turned Pleasant Hours at Home Into Dollars

A Narrative by EDNA L. RIVERS

**L**AURA COMSTOCK came over to my house one hot morning last May and threw herself down despondently in the morris chair.

She is my next door neighbor and my closest friend, so it isn't surprising that we share a good many confidences. I saw from her face and red eyes that Laura wanted to get something off her mind, so I said:

"Tell me the worst at once. Has Frank lost his job? Or has your Bobby put a button up his nose? Or have you spilled ink on the one and only Turkish rug? Or is it a *real* catastrophe?"

Laura smiled a little, in spite of herself, and replied:

"No, I wish it *was* a real catastrophe; then it would be over sooner—but I just can't stand the continual skimping and scraping of money. It's just economize, economize, economize—and with all that Frank and I can do, we never do more than make ends meet. Frank ought to get a good vacation this Summer and we can't afford it. I need some new Summer clothes, and I've got to make over my last year's organdie and retrim my old hat. And Bobby—well, Bobby goes through a pair of shoes in almost no time, and they cost more now than his father's used to. And, to cap the climax, Frank got a letter this morning saying that our rent is going to be raised ten dollars. Isn't it awful? I think I have a right to cry!"

I agreed with Laura about that, for I was having similar worries myself, but I wanted to cheer her up a little, so I said:

"Well, if our husbands can't make more money for us, let's go into business for ourselves. You and I would make fine partners. All that's lacking is the business. What can we make, or do, that will sell?"

Laura shook her head sadly.

"My dear," she said, "there's nothing I haven't thought of—getting subscriptions for magazines, embroidering, making fine cakes to sell, stenography, and a lot of other things. But the things I think of either cost too much to start, or they would take me away from the children just when they need me most. There are objections to all of them. It's no use."

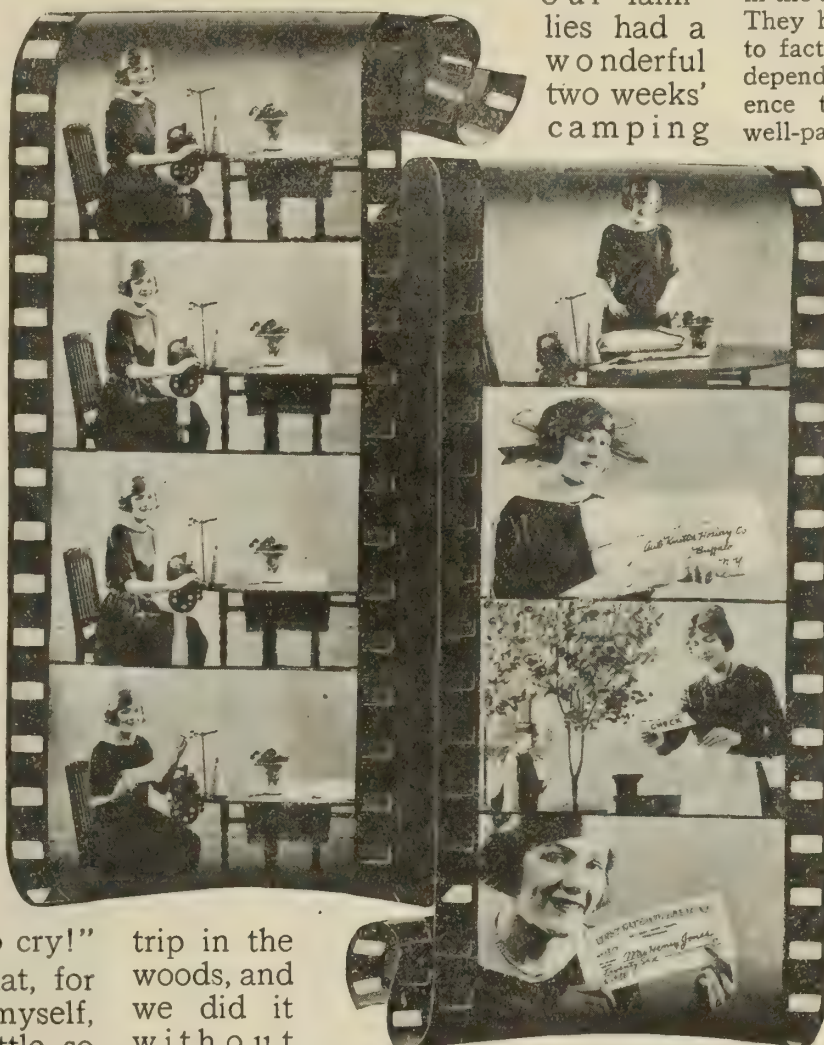
She reached over to the table, picked up a magazine and began to turn the pages idly, while she tried to keep the tears back. Suddenly she sat up straight and began to read intently. I glanced over her shoulder and saw the words, "Make Money in Your Own Home." We both read the page through without stopping. Then I said:

"Let's send to Toronto and find out all

about it. It sounds good. I really believe we've found that business we were trying to think of."

Well, we did send, and when the booklet and circulars arrived we found that we really had found just the kind of business we wanted.

Now, after only a few months, the money situation is entirely changed in both Laura's home and mine. She didn't have to put up with her last year's dress and hat, and neither did I. We stopped worrying about money. In August both our families had a wonderful two weeks' camping



trip in the woods, and we did it without

Laura and I having to give up our "business." In fact, we took it with us, and it paid for our fun while we were having it.

And it didn't take any more time than we have often spent on "fancy work," that didn't bring a cent. Besides, the work was so simple that Laura's Bobby and my little girl learned to help in the "business," too.

When my husband and Laura's both began to take a hand at using the machines, we named our camp "The Make Money at Home Club," and the name has stuck. Since we have been back in town, several of our neighbors, women who had also been battling with the high cost of living, have joined our club, and have begun to make money with the Auto Knitter.

That is the name of the wonderful little machine that has enabled all the members of our club to escape from the worry and heartache of making ends meet. How did we do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow, old process of hand-knitting, which took about a day for one sock, but by using the Auto Knitter.

This marvelous but very simple, easily-worked machine turns out fine, seamless, wool socks with almost magical speed. Now that Laura and I have gained practice with the Auto Knitter, we often make a sock in only ten minutes.

And the best part of it is that we have a guaranteed, constant market for every pair of socks we make at a guaranteed price. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Toronto has contracted to take every sock our club turns out. Every member has a machine, and as soon as we have a shipment of ten dozen pairs finished we send it right off, and back comes the pay check by return mail, together with a new supply of wool to replace that used in the socks sent to the company. We wait until we have ten dozen pairs because the company pays the shipping charge on ten dozen or over.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly-established Canadian corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They believe in the independent employee, and know from experience that the best work is that done by well-paid, contented people, working in happy homes.

The Company's wide business connections give them an enormous market for socks—everybody, everywhere, needs them—and the Company will gladly take all the socks you can supply them with.

When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as Laura and I did, The Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, guaranteed wage on a piece-work basis. This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay-check—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out employment offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

No matter where you live, I feel sure that you want to know all about

the machine that has meant so much to Laura and me, and all the others in our "Make Money at Home Club." By all means write to The Auto Knitter Company at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a small part of your spare time will earn for you.

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit. The Auto Knitter does the work.

I can never be thankful enough that Laura and I didn't put off writing for information about it on that May morning when we were both so discouraged.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 1353-K, 1870 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ont.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY (CANADA) CO., LTD.

Dept. 1353-K, 1870 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with an Auto Knitter. I enclose three one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Address .....

City .....

Province.....Can. H. J. 3-21



# Charming Uses for New Gingham and Voiles

9318—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch gingham—1 yard 36-inch voile for collar, cuffs, bands, and pockets—1 yard ribbon for bow. The collar, cuffs, and pocket flaps are made of voile and trimmed with narrow bands of the voile caught down with wide stitches in mercerized floss. The waist is cut with paneled front extended to make the sash, and the front is trimmed with bound buttonholes and crochet buttons on loops.

9314—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards 32-inch gingham. The dress is almost severe in its simplicity. The yoke, cuffs, and pockets are cut from bias material, and so in themselves form a trimming. The yoke is stitched down, giving a pointed effect. The dress opens at the side. Buttons trim the opening and the I-shaped pockets.

9327—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe— $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards grosgrain ribbon—2 yards soutache braid. The overblouse has elbow-length sleeves and a high rolling collar trimmed with braid and faced at the edge in front with ribbon, which also outlines the U-shaped opening. The fulness is drawn to the sides by the ribbon inserted in casings.

9334—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch cotton poplin— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch white linen for collar, cuffs, and piping of belt—2 yards rick-rack braid for trimming collar and cuffs— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The waist opens down the center-front. The skirt has a very deep tuck and a deep hem the same width as the tuck. The belt fastens with a buckle covered with linen. Rick-rack braid, which has been revived this season, finishes the collar and cuffs.

9337—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch voile— $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards plaiting to trim. The round collar, deep turn-back cuffs, and box plait in front are trimmed with narrow plaiting. The back of the blouse extends over the shoulders to give a yoke effect in front, and the fronts are gathered below the yoke throwing a slight fulness over the bust. The blouse closes in front through the box plait.

9218—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8835—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch flowered voile— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 40-inch white organdy for vest and collar, and for piping cuffs and fronts of blouse— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The collar and vest are trimmed with blanket stitch in colored silk floss.

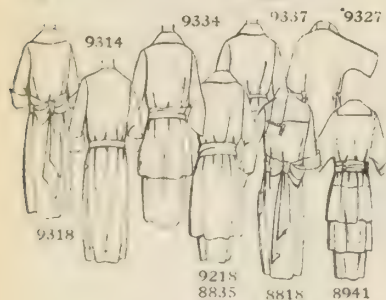
8818—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch voile for collar, cuffs, vest, and pipings— $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards lace for trimming. The paneled front widens at the waist-line and at the underarm seams is joined to the sash. The front gore of the skirt is laid in inverted plaits to give a panel effect, as well as additional fulness.

8941—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch white voile for collar and bands on sleeves— $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard lace to trim collar. The skirt is trimmed with two wide bands of gingham cut on the bias. The waist closes under the applied panel in front, and the panel is joined to the girde under the arms. The kimono sleeves are elbow length. The tie-back blouse is increasing in popular favor and it is in vogue for frocks of every type, from the inexpensive tub frock to the fussy afternoon gown.



Dress 9318

Dress 9314



Dress 9334

Tunic Blouse 9218  
Skirt 8835

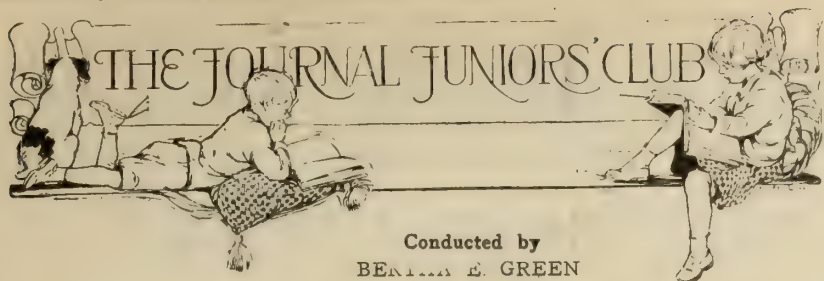
Dress 8818

Dress 8941

Overblouse 9327

Blouse 9337





Conducted by  
BERNARD E. GREEN

**M**Y Dear Club Members:  
It is splendid to have a real live club such as ours. We are well started on another year, a bit larger, a bit better, and a bit better acquainted. Your letters have been so full of good wishes for the Journal Juniors' Club, and your stories continue to improve in interest and construction.

We have quite a number of new members this month, and from their stories I am sure there is not one who will not prove to be an active, progressive member.

Ours is a club of Canadians, with Canadian ideas and ideals. Loyalty to our country, to each other, and to ourselves, will develop the best in each of us and in our club.

Gladys Cullum has sent "A Farm Breakfast," in a most attractive setting. A story, particularly one in which there is not rapid action, depends largely on care in scene-placing and description.

I am glad, Marjorie Hennessey, that you have decided to join us. There are no rules other than those printed on the club page, but interest in our contests, and competing yourself, en-

"Bert's Pet." A dear little story it is, Kathleen La Pointe, both fresh and bright. I should like to hear from you again soon.

A most welcome letter, and a splendid story, came from Hope Cushing. In "Jim's Holiday" she tells us of the enjoyment the city boy found in the freedom of the country.

A quaint and very pretty story, "Biddy's Breakfast Hour," you sent us, Mary E. Jackson. I always expect something good from you, Mary, and you never disappoint me.

"Jack's Pets," by Hilda Allen, is a story with "lots of fun" in it, interestingly told, and cleverly developed.

"Willie's Visit to the Farm," by Lyl Morris Blake. This is a splendid story, and, though not the prize-winner, is most worthy of mention. Neatness and punctuation show especial care. I like your story, Lyl. Be sure and enter our competition next month.

"The Priceless Treasure," by Evaline R. Gass, is a prize-winner, and I am sure all the club members will enjoy it. Our congratulations, Evaline.

I was so glad to get another story,



PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH

"A Winter Country Scene." Awarded to Iris G. Kempton, age 14 years, Kempt, Queen's County, Nova Scotia.

courages others to take an active part. I liked your story, "A Visit to the Farm," for its freshness and clearness. Write me again, telling me of your progress in music.

"A Visit to the Country"—the story of a good time. This was yours, Iris Kempton, and very close to being a prize-winner. It was a delight to read, and I know I shall not be satisfied until I receive your next essay.

A letter and a very pretty story were sent by Estelle Bonneville. I am glad you like our club, Estelle. I am pleased with the way you show in your story, "Danie's Hens," the value of encouragement.

Evelyn Grant tells us of "Fred's Day in the Country." Imagine the turkey-gobbler after Fred!

"Rusty's Friend," by Ellen Grey, tells a bright story of true kindness.

Leah Nadeau sends us a story, "On the Farm." There is much good description, careful and pleasing. Yes, I am sure, Leah, you have regretted leaving the farm. Life in the country has a charm that one does not find in the city, and that one never forgets. Write me again, won't you?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

#### CONTESTS FOR MARCH

- 1—Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than 500 words; subject, "Bees."
- 2—Boys and girls 8 to 12 years. Not more than 300 words; subject, "Planting My Garden."
- 3—Camera Contest; subject, a calf, a colt, a lamb, a puppy, or a kitten.

#### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry. Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

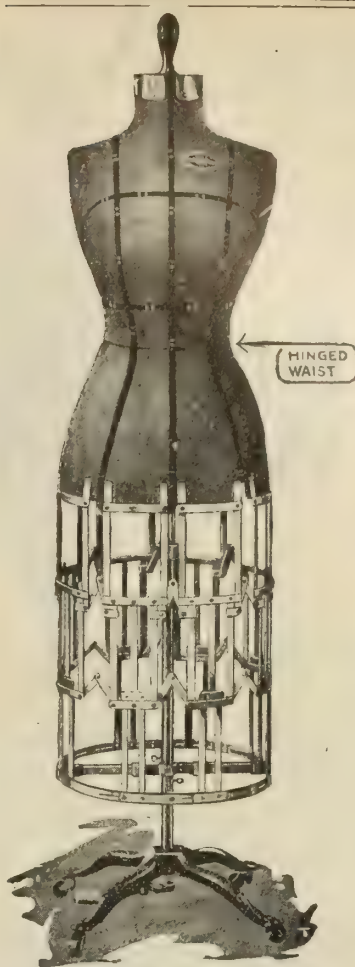
Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs. Prize photo we cannot guarantee to return.

Snapshots sent in for camera contests must have been taken by contributors themselves.

Closing date, the 24th of March.

Those who have taken three prizes in the various contests will not be eligible for further competition.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.



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## Fiction for March

Read the interesting stories in our first Spring number and you will find that the Canadian field affords romance. Sara Galbraith Mosher, Marjorie Pickthall and May Armitage Smith contribute entertaining stories.



# CANADIAN WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

## PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

ALBERTA . . . . . Mrs. M. MacIsaac . . . . . Edmonton, Alta.  
 BRITISH COLUMBIA . . . . . Mrs. J. H. MacIsaac . . . . . Victoria, B.C.  
 MANITOBA . . . . . Mrs. J. H. MacIsaac . . . . . Winnipeg, Man.  
 NEW BRUNSWICK . . . . . Mrs. J. H. MacIsaac . . . . . Fredericton, N.B.  
 NOVA SCOTIA . . . . . Mrs. J. H. MacIsaac . . . . . Truro, N.S.

## PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

ONTARIO . . . . . Mr. George A. Putnam . . . . . Toronto, Ont.  
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND . . . . . Parliament Buildings.  
 QUEBEC . . . . . Miss Della Saunders, Macdonald College, Que.  
 SASKATCHEWAN . . . . . Miss Abbie Delury . . . . . Saskatoon, Sask.

Arrow Park Women's Institute, which has always been interested in supplying the needs of the neighborhood, has been making an effort to have a ferry service for the accommodation of the residents on both sides of the lake. Although nothing definite can be accomplished this year the members are hopeful that before another year rolls around the ferry service will be an accomplished fact.

**Bonington and South Slocan.**—This Institute was one of many to put an exhibit in the Nelson Fruit Fair.

**Burton City Women's Institute** is supporting the Public Health Nurse. They have taken up the question of Night School or continuation classes and altogether this Institute, although not the largest membership, ranks well to the front in active Institute work. The Secretary states in the last monthly report: "I am very pleased to say that almost every resident in Burton and district is going to contribute something towards the upkeep of the public health nurse, Miss Murray, stationed at East Arrow Park.

**Cranbrook Women's Institute** listened to Mrs. Miles, school trustee, in October. The subject of her paper was "Education of our Children." In December the Institute had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Grevette of Calgary.

**Crawford Bay** held regular meeting. The matter receiving attention was that of Night School classes of instruction provided by the Department of Education. It was decided to ask for a course of lectures during the winter months. The secretary reports: "The Institute had a stall at the Nelson Fall Fair, but unfortunately did not secure a prize. The classes in which this Institute received lowest marks were "Dairy Produce" and "Needlework." They received the highest points as home cooks, and intend to do better next year if they compete again."

**Creston Women's Institute** has rendered signal service in national welfare. Through the indefatigable efforts of its members a health committee was formed and the residents of the district canvassed for financial support, and a Public Health Nurse engaged. The field of service will include the Soldier Settlement at Lister and with the splendid lead which the Institute has given it is expected that the nurse will have a sympathetic and enlightened community to assist in carrying out the Public Health work.

**Harrop Institute** has been very active in the Child Welfare work in connection with the school children of the district. A demonstration on dress making was given on November 10th, by the President, Mrs. Ogilvie, which was very much appreciated by all present.

**Kaslo.** This Institute is another of the Kootenay Women's Institutes which is making strong efforts to establish the Public Health Nurse. The report for the November meeting is very interesting: "An Apple Packing School was discussed and several members enlisted to take a course. Correspondence on Night School was read and discussed. A proposed tour of lecturers from the University of British Columbia was discussed and a committee of two appointed to meet the principals of the Kaslo Public and High Schools to select subjects of general public interest and invite said lecturers to visit Kaslo."

**Kootenay Valley Women's Institute** has discussed such important matters as "Laws affecting women and children in British Columbia," "Public Health Nursing," and "Care of School Children."

**Nelson and District Women's Institute** has been giving special attention to the weaving industry.

## British Columbia Women's Institutes

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

The secretary reports: "Two rugs were on display at the meeting on Friday, woven on a hand loom the property of one of the members. The work had been done by Mrs. Garland Foster. Quite a spirit of enthusiasm prevailed during the discussion." Mrs. Garland Foster, member of this Institute, Alderwoman for the city, has been most enthusiastic and tireless in her efforts to have hand weaving taken up and carried on by the women whose time would allow. Mrs. Foster

leads the way in its generous response to all calls for help. Since it is "more blessed to give than to receive," this Institute must be the most blessed in the Province.

**Willow Point** was one of the fortunate Institutes exhibiting at the Nelson Fruit Fair. The exhibits staged under the name of the Institutes were awarded third prize. The secretary reports for December 9th: "A

canvass of the district by the members netted the sum of \$86.81, and a dance \$7.25, all of which was devoted to the War Relief Fund. An instructor has been found for the drill classes for children. Arrangements were made to hold the annual children's Christmas Party on December 28th, and to have it Fancy Dress. The members are still making an attempt to hold dressmaking classes, but one of the difficulties is the finding of a competent teacher."

## VANCOUVER ISLAND INSTITUTE CONFERENCE.

THE annual conference of the Vancouver Island Women's Institutes was held in the Provincial Parliament Buildings, Victoria, under the chairmanship of the Advisory Board of Women's Institutes, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., whose broadness of views and soundness of judgment, and whose well accomplished work on the Institutes, both here and in England, make her an unquestioned leader in the movement. It was a meeting which combined both work and enjoyment. Starting with community singing of old familiar songs and solo singing, the delegates and visitors were welcomed by his worship the Mayor of Victoria, and afterwards listened to an address from the Premier, the Hon. John Oliver—a speech to country women dealing with their life, their work, their disadvantages and advantages, their need for encouragement and assistance in carrying on what is, after all, one of the finest and most vital occupations of this our daily life, and one in which the woman is, perhaps, more

than in any other profession, her husband's partner and adviser. It was the speech of a country man to country women. Then Mr. John Kyle, Director of Technical Education, spoke on the matter of night classes, the organization of which, though nominally in the hands of the school trustees, lies virtually in the power of the Institutes through their knowledge of the women and the needs of the neighborhood. The support given by the Government to these movements, especially in the rural districts where four-fifths of the expenses are paid by grant from the Department of Education, ought to encourage all districts to endeavor to put some movement for night classes on foot. Following on Mr. Kyle, Mrs. Watt spoke briefly on the organization and aims and objects of the Federated Women's Institutes.

The stall at the end of the meeting room and the wall above it were covered with an exhibition of the English and Welsh Women's Institute work. There were shown toys, gloves, socks, beautifully made strong baskets, useful articles made from waste products, many examples of skilful needlework and embroidery, photos and Institute yearly programmes. These last were specially worthy of attention. They showed plainly what a strong hold the Institute work has taken among the country women in England, where the ideals are worked out with true earnestness of attention and thoroughness of detail.

At the end of the room was the stall arranged by the Institutes of the Island. There one could buy many varieties of women's work, from beautifully hand-painted cards and bags and garments of beautiful embroidery and needlework, down to such homely things as jars of marmalade, pickles, fruits, flowers and plum puddings. It was the first attempt on the part of the Island Institutes to offer their work to the public, and certainly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



A CLASS IN AN ANCIENT ART

Canadian pioneer farm women teaching the younger generation carding and spinning, under the auspices of the Saanich (B.C.) Institute.

gave a splendid talk at the conference in Creston, showing samples of the handwork done by the hand loom of Sussex.

**Nakusp Women's Institute** has held regular meetings. At the last meeting on November 2nd, a very interesting paper, "Recent Legislation Affecting Women," by Mrs. E. H. S. McLean, was very much appreciated by those present. The desirability of taking on Child Welfare Work was discussed and it was decided to form a local society to work in co-operation with the Women's Institute.

**New Denver and District** held regular meetings and discussed such subjects as: "How to Beautify New Denver," "Incorporation of New Denver as a Village," "The Laws of British Columbia Governing Women and Children," and the insufficient supply of electricity owing to the high cost, and other topics of general interest. This Institute is anxious to start a library and is in communication with Mr. H. Killam of the Travelling Library.

**Robson Women's Institute** held usual meetings. At the November meeting Mrs. Rutherford gave an interesting demonstration on basket making, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number of members and visitors. Basket making could easily rank among the important home industries in British Columbia. It is hoped that some Institutes may give attention to this and that it may have the place it deserves.

**Rock Creek Women's Institute.**—This Institute has again responded to appeals for assistance, this time from the Navy League, which received the total of \$50.75, \$50.00 to the British Relief Fund, \$6.25 to the disabled soldiers, \$83.42 toward the Rock Creek Cemetery. This Institute





## Plank Cookery

By MARY M. NEIL

**W**HEN the housewife wishes to serve something novel at a company luncheon or breakfast, she orders or prepares that something planked. It may be steak or fish, chickens or chops, or perhaps eggs will be used. The latter lend themselves to this method of cooking most graciously, and they make a tempting appearance.

Planking means to bake or cook food on a plank in the oven, or in a gas stove, or in front of the fire. Planks are made for the purpose about two inches thick and of various sizes, and may be oak, ash, cedar, hickory, or cherry wood. Oak planks are usually selected. The stores are showing planks fitted into silver stands, which adds to their attractiveness, but the plank can be sent to the table on a platter. All planks are grooved, the grooves leading to a hollow groove, for holding the juices or gravy from the meat or fish. The plank, before using, must be heated slowly until quite hot or its flavor will enter the food and ruin it. Rub it well with butter, drippings or salad oil and it is ready for use. Never wash the plank with soap and water, sandpaper it, then rub it clean with brown paper and salt, and put it away in a clean linen bag until required again. The more the plank is used the better the flavor. Never use a steak plank for fish, or vice versa. Some planks have wire loops fastened on them by means of which the food is secured to the board, when this is not the case tacks may be used.

The lower oven of a gas range affords an admirable place for cooking planked food. Nearly all kinds of food are improved in the process of planking. Chicken is most delicious planked. As far as fish is concerned, no other method of cooking can equal it. Be sure that the plank will go into the oven.

**Planked Apples with Sausages.**—Select good tart apples, core and cut them in halves. Arrange the apples on a hot and buttered plank and place one sausage in each half of apple, prick the sausages in several places to prevent them breaking open from the heat. Place the plank in a hot oven or under the broiler and cook until the sausages are crisp and the apples tender but not broken. Garnish with hot boiled rice and serve at once.

**Planked Eggs.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, break in eight eggs and cook until the eggs are nearly set, season lightly with salt, pepper and paprika. Cut them out with a plain round cutter and place each on a crouton of fried or toasted bread. Put them on to a hot greased plank, and ornament the eggs with alternate groups of chopped cooked ham or tongue, chopped parsley, and chopped chicken. Put them in a hot oven or under the broiler for a few minutes and serve.

**Planked Lobster.**—To plank a lobster heat the plank very hot. Split a two pound live lobster and put it in a dripping pan, brush the shell with melted butter or melted drippings, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Remove the lobster to the greased plank, and garnish with fried potato slices, slices of peeled and chilled tomatoes and sprigs of parsley. Heat in the oven or under broiler for ten minutes, baste with melted butter, dust with salt and pepper, and cook for five minutes longer. Serve hot with melted butter poured over, seasoned with a little lemon juice.

To split a live lobster, cross claws above the head and hold firmly with the left hand. With a sharp pointed knife, held in the right hand, begin at the mouth and make a deep incision, and with a sharp cut draw the knife quickly through the under side of the body (not on the back) and the entire length of the tail. Open the lobster, remove intestinal vein, liver and stomach, and crack the claw shells with a mallet.

**Planked Halibut or Salmon.**—Have the halibut or salmon cut in slices two inches thick. Two slices can be placed on a medium sized plank. Grease the plank thoroughly, place the fish upon it, and broil under a gas

broiler, turning the flame down after the first few moments. Or it can be baked in the oven of a range. Serve on the plank, surrounded by potato balls cut with a vegetable cutter. Heat one-fourth cupful of milk, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Shake the potato balls in this until well coated, cook in the oven until ready. Serve white sauce separately.

**Planked Tongue.**—Heat unopened, one can of lunch tongue in boiling water for twenty minutes, turn out and cut in slices one and one-half inches thick. Place these on a hot well-greased plank, garnish with hot mashed potatoes forced through a bag and star tube; reheat in the oven, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

**Planked Chicken.**—Split one young chicken down the back as for broiling and place it in a roasting tin, skin side down, sprinkle over with salt, pepper and paprika and dot with small pieces of butter, and cook in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Then grease a hot plank, and place the chicken on it, skin side up, arrange a border of potatoes around it. Beat together one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, brush the chicken with this and return to the oven. Bake until the potatoes are brown, serve on the plank and garnish with chopped parsley and cubes of apple or cranberry jelly.

**Planked Chops.**—Trim and broil on one side only, thick, rather lean chops, then place on a hot greased plank. Meantime, boil twelve sweet potatoes until tender in boiling salted water, drain, peel and mash them, add one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Beat well and stir in the yolks of two eggs mixed with enough hot milk to form the potatoes into a stiff batter. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Force the potatoes through a bag and tube around the chops, and place quarters of cored and pared apples at intervals around the potatoes. Sprinkle the apple with brown sugar and the chops with salt, pepper and paprika and cook in a hot oven until the chops are tender. Serve with onion or tomato sauce.

**Planked Steak.**—Planking a steak is not a difficult matter, nor does it add to the labor of the cook. To plank a steak, select a tenderloin, porterhouse, or rump steak and get it cut from one and one-half to three-fourths inches thick. Trim it nicely and wipe it with a damp cloth, then remove all superfluous fat. Rub the bottom of a hot frying pan with fat and parbroil the steak for eight minutes, turn it cooked side down on to a hot greased plank. Have ready some potatoes, prepared by adding one tablespoonful of butter, the slightly beaten yolk of one egg, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of hot riced potatoes, beating until smooth. With a pastry bag and star tube, make a border of the potatoes wide enough to reach from the steak to the edges of the border. Bake until the potatoes are browned and the steak tender. Then dot with butter, season with salt, pepper and paprika, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Another Method:—Make a sauce of six tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and a few grains of red pepper. Wash the butter, cream it and add the other ingredients. Spread one-third of this mixture upon the centre of the plank. With a pastry bag and tube make a border of potato along the edges of the plank. If desired, hot mashed potatoes thinned with hot milk may be used, and when in place on the plank, brush over with beaten egg. The pan broiled steak is then laid in the centre and covered with the remaining sauce. Buttered beets and boiled carrots are good garnishes to add as it goes smoking hot from the oven to the table.



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a glove is  
the badge  
of good  
service.



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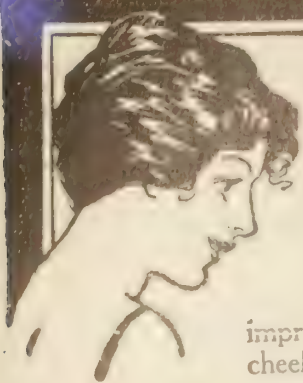
Dent's Gloves—Kid, Cape, Wool  
and Fabrics are sold everywhere.

## Around the House

The house decorations and furnishings are of especial interest this year as there is an unusually large number of housewives preparing to make over the living-room, the dining-room or the bedrooms.

In April, the hangings will be treated and in May we expect to give our readers an article on the summer home





## Happy Is She With A Beautiful Skin

There is no greater happiness than knowing your skin and complexion always have a pleasing appearance. How often have you longed to see a marked improvement—to bring back to your cheeks the soft fresh velvety appearance of youth. Won't you give

122

# Gouraud's Oriental Cream

an opportunity to do this for you. It will develop your beauty to the highest point. If you have permanent facial blemishes it will effectively conceal them. Highly antiseptic—used for 70 years in the treatment of skin troubles. Try it to-day.

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is formulated to accomplish three things, i. e. cleanse, purify, and protect the skin and complexion. One of its ingredients is universally used in the treatment of such skin diseases as Eczema, etc. When used constantly it protects the skin by preventing infection. Use it to prepare the skin before applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

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## Big Bargains in Our New Spring Catalogue

This new folder is profusely illustrated with the very newest styles in plain-tailored and pleated skirts of fine quality serge, soft velour, all-wool Jersey cloth, and pique. The prices are so low you will wonder how we can make and sell them for so little. The secret is that you buy direct from our factory at wholesale prices.

The catalogue also contains a number of illustrations of charming frocks for girls from 6 to 14 years—beautiful dresses at astonishingly low prices.

Send for your copy to-day

### Smart Pleated Serge Skirt

Every girl and woman should include in her Spring wardrobe one of these lovely accordion pleated skirts. Fine quality navy or black serge. 2 1/2 yards around when drawn out. Neat belt with one button. Money refunded at once if purchase is not in every way satisfactory. Send us length, size of waistband, and post office or express order for \$6.25 and we will send you skirt at once, charges prepaid.

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## Through the Looking Glass

by VAIN JANE



CONTINUING the "little sermon in cold-cream," which we began last month, it might be well to next speak of massage and its importance in retaining the proper contour of the face and preventing the skin from becoming wrinkled and shrivelled. It works this result by increasing the circulation and cleansing the pores of the harmful secretions which are the foundations of pimples and blackheads. It is most important, however, that we know something of the science of massage (for a science it has become), before we experiment on the delicate muscles of the face, which, incorrectly worked upon become relaxed and lengthened with dire results.

A few instructions might be given which would be helpful to the novice in this branch of beauty culture. First prepare two towels by soaking them in water, hot enough to be held without discomfort in the hands. Wring one out fairly dry and wrap it on the face, looping it about the chin and bringing the ends up on the forehead. Allow this to remain on a moment, and repeat with the other towel, using them alternately until the skin is quite soft and the face somewhat glowing. Then dry the skin with a soft towel and apply the cream with which you intend to massage the face. When this has been equally distributed, place the finger-tips on the cheeks slightly above the chin and stroke firmly upward and outward until the fingers reach the forehead. Repeat this movement fifteen or twenty times. Then begin another series of strokes in the same direction, but now oblige the fingers to move in a circular direction, making a number of perfectly round "O's" before reaching the terminal point.

The chin should be massaged by taking the point of the chin between fingers and thumb and pressing firmly back along the chin bone until the ear is reached. The forehead should be treated by placing the tips of the fingers so that they meet at the centre and moving them outward and upward until they have reached the temples. Each of these strokes should be repeated twenty or more times, and in the latter case, the straight stroke should be followed by the circular. Maintain a firm pressure, but never bruise the skin and remember that too strenuous massage has the effect of displacing the fat which covers the muscles instead of stimulating it, and thus by too great effort one defeats her own purpose.

Following the massage the face should be again cleaned with hot towels, these being finally wrung out in cold water to close the pores, and after the skin is gently dried a foundation cream may be applied and the customary procedure of dusting with powder proceeded with.

So many little cries from far and near have reached me lately, bewailing the possession of a red nose, and urgently demanding a remedy that I have come to believe that a large percentage of the women of Canada are thus afflicted. This unfortunate condition may only be the result of impaired circulation and increased by severe weather, and in this case, it only requires the application of a special cream with heavy powdering, to camouflage its appearance. If, however, as it may be in some cases, an inherited trouble, or if it comes from any internal disorder, it must be given more especial treatment.

A very excellent lotion for a red nose, and one which should be applied with

a pad of absorbent cotton each night before retiring, is composed of:

Powdered Calamine ..... 1 dr.  
Zinc Oxide ..... 30 gr.  
Glycerine ..... 1/2 dr.  
Cherry Laurel Water ..... 4 oz.

Exercise, proper diet and special care of the digestion will go a long way toward rectifying this most annoying condition.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

E. S. A.—You have brought up a problem that must certainly agitate the minds of many women situated just as you are—too far from a city to make a personal selection of the garment in question, and at a loss to know what to order by mail. It is a little difficult, however, for me to help you when you put a restriction on the model and the price. I think you are wrong about the front-lace. The pair that "nearly drove you frantic" must have been wrong in every way, but when you secure a model of this kind that is fitted to your figure, there is nothing more comfortable or more likely to improve your lines. However, you seem to have very definite views on the subject, though I have known others with just the same prejudices to come to wearing them. By the way, why should you imagine that I would advise dyeing your hair? If you keep in touch with this department you must know that we do not advocate dyes—we believe firmly in the restoration, as far as possible, of the color through proper care and persistent treatment.

E. M. S.—Dear lady from the East, you are just one of dozens who have the same affliction, and isn't it dreadful how unbecoming the cold weather can make the best of noses if it happens to be sensitive to temperature? There is an excellent cream which I have recommended to a number of our readers and also a recipe for a home-made preparation which I shall send you, but I would advise the former. It will prove less expensive and quite as effective without any of the trouble of making and a small jar will last quite a long time.

VERA.—I had every intention of giving your letter an earlier answer, but there were so many in ahead of you, Miss Vera, that your turn has just now arrived. It really is too bad that a youngster like you should have the joy taken out of life by the ever-present consciousness of an unattractive skin, and I certainly shall do what I can to help you make it better. I am going to ask you first to read the article in our February issue, and to impress on your mind some of the general rules laid down there as a basis on which to build up a healthy skin. Then I shall send you some personal advice, particularly suited to your case. Don't be disheartened—even with a handicap it is quite possible to make wonderful improvement.

JANE.—You are quite modest in the number of your questions, Mademoiselle Jane, and they are very soon answered. I dare say your circulation has been slightly impaired as the result of the operation and this is responsible for the color of your nose, but when your health is quite restored this will no doubt right itself. In the meantime, however, you may as well keep it white and unshining by artificial means. I shall be glad to send you advice about the removal of tan and sunburn, and also tell you what cleaning cream is best for such a skin as you describe. This will be included in my private reply which will go forward soon now.

## THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS COUPON

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



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*Three simple operations will give your nails the grooming  
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ONCE, manicuring was slow, difficult and even dangerous. There was no way of removing the ugly, dead cuticle that will collect around the base of the nail—except by cutting. Most people felt that this could be done properly only by a professional manicurist. Even if they did do it themselves, it was an interminable business.

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**Then the Nail White.** This is to remove the stains that will persist, and to give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.

**Finally the Polish.** Cutex has a polish to suit every taste and to meet every need. For a brilliant, lasting and water-proof polish, use first the paste or stick, then the powder or cake. If you want an instantaneous polish, and without burnishing, one that is also water-proof and lasting, apply a little of the Liquid Polish with the camel's-hair brush that comes with it.



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then snowy white tips; then  
just the brilliant polish you  
have always wanted.*

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial size packages, 60c; the "Traveling," with full-sized packages, \$1.50; the "Boudoir," the finest and most complete set, \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items can be bought for 35 cents.

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### Baby's Advice—

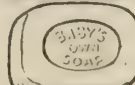
Don't use medicated soaps unless  
your skin is sick—

and don't make it sick by using strong soaps,  
pigments, or by neglect.

Use Baby's Own Soap freely with warm water,  
rinse well and dry carefully, and the most  
delicate skin will be kept soft and white and  
HARD SKINS will become softer and whiter.

## BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best  
for Baby



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HAMILTON TORONTO WINNIPEG

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

with all its good wishes. You will write me again, won't you—letters and stories, too?

There is a snapshot here from Gladys Cullum. I like pretty pictures, Gladys, and I'm sure you have one for our next contest.

Iris Kempton's snapshot is the prize-winner, and we congratulate her, and thank her, too, for showing the club a scene so truly Canadian.

Your active interest will, I know, make this a "worth while" month for our club. So I am looking for your stories, and the letters that are just like "little talks" with each of you.

Your sincere friend,  
BERTHA E. GREEN.

### Rules for Membership.

1. Any boy or girl from 8 years to 16 years who will take an interest in the club and will compete at least once in contest will be warmly welcomed as a member.

2. No fee is required.

3. Each one when contributing either by letter or essay will kindly state whether he or she is a new or old member.

### List of New Members.

The members of the Journal Juniors' Club and myself welcome as members the following:

Edna Isabel Tyner, age 11 years, Fort George, B. C.

Lillian A. Baxter, age 11 years, 10 Tecumseh Ave., Upper Hamilton, Ont  
Elizabeth Jeffrey, age 11 years, 18 Fennell Ave., Mountain Top, Hamilton, Ont.

Florence Le Roy, age 11 years, Michel, B. C.

Phyllis Grant, age 9 years, Princeton, Ont.

Gladys Elliott, age 11 years, Dutton, Ont.

Gladys Cullum, age 15 years, Box 534, Paris, Ont.

Marjorie G. Hennessey, Lower Kingston, King's County, N.B.

Iris G. Kempton, age 14 years, Kempt, Queen's Co., N.S.

Estelle Bonneville, age 13 years, Box 96, Lancaster, Ont.

Leah Nadeau, age 13 years, West Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

Kathleen La Pointe, age 13 years, Box 1270, Trenton, Ont.

Hope Cushing, age 12 years, 351 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, P.Q.

Lyal Morris Blake, age 15 years, 122 Chisholm Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Evaline R. Gass, age 14 years, Salt Springs, Pictou County, N.S.

### Prize List for January.

1. "Story About Picture on Page." Awarded to Evaline R. Gass, age 14 years, Salt Springs, Pictou Co., N.S.

2. "An Easter Story." Awarded to Edna Isabel Tyner, age 11 years, Fort George, B.C.

3. Camera contest: "A Winter Country Scene." Awarded to Iris G. Kempton, age 14 years, Kempt, Queen's County, N.S.

### PRIZE STORY.

#### The Priceless Treasure.

ON a large farm in sunny Alberta lives little Ralph Martin, with his father and mother.

Ralph's father keeps a large flock of hens, and ever since the little boy was a baby he loved to feed and watch them. His father, noticing how interested he was in poultry, told him last spring that he might have two hens and two "settings" of eggs for his very own, and that he might set the hens and look after the chickens himself.

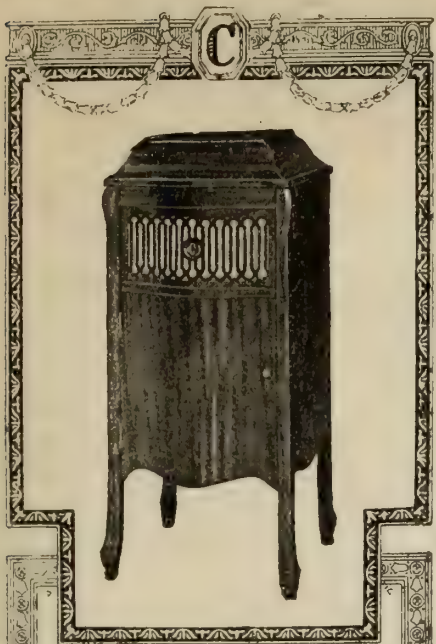
Ralph, then ten years old, clapped his hands in glee, and immediately set to work to get a place ready for the hens.

The hens were set early in May. One hen, however, persisted in leaving the nest for hours at a time, and as a result, only one chicken hatched out—a gray Plymouth Rock.

But the other hen brought out 11 chicks—five white, three black and two gray. How soft and dear they looked, all cuddled together! Ralph thought he had never seen such pretty ones.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)





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For Cotton and Thread Hose  
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is guaranteed fast and actually improves the quality of the hosiery upon which it is dyed.

Hawley-Dyed Stockings and Socks are made in two distinct finishes - "Cashmere" and "Silk" Finish. Every pair bears the Hawley mark which guarantees the dye to be stainless, perspiration proof, and absolutely fast.

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**HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC  
DYE  
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Enquiries from the Trade invited  
Sole Dyers (to the Trade only)

A. E. HAWLEY & CO., LTD.  
Sketchley Dye Works  
HINCKLEY ENGLAND

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

showed that the country woman could show many varied and useful occupations to which she could turn her hand.

The sessions on the two following days, Thursday and Friday, were full of work and enthusiasm. Almost all Institutes had two or more delegates, and other interested members were present. The roll call, "What My Institute Has Meant to Me," and the yearly reports were all encouraging, only one or two exceptions being noticed. One felt that the methods, more than the principle, were at fault in these cases. The morning ended with a practical demonstration on spinning and weaving, after which, by the kindness of the ladies of the Canadian Club, the whole party was entertained at lunch in the Parliament Buildings. The afternoon session gave still more reports, an instructive paper on co-operation by Mrs. Watson of Gordon Head, and a talk on "National and Provincial Organization" by Mrs. Watt, a subject all the more interesting because the need was felt for some fresh organization on the part of the British Columbia Institutes to fall in line with the more advanced provinces. But the evening was given over to enjoyment. First a lantern lecture by Mrs. Tyrrell-Godman on "Sussex Homes and Farms." To those long away from England it seemed almost like gazing on something new to see the thatched roofs, the tall quaint chimneys and gables of the English houses, the Sussex downs and the English oaks. Especially interesting too, were the various pictures showing the land girls and classes of Institute members busy making cheeses, boot making, etc. The evening ended with a short, amusing play by the girls of Gordon Head.

The chief features of the Friday session were the roll call, "How to interest members in their Institute," and hints on the making of programmes. Both subjects brought forth many valuable suggestions, discussion and consideration on Resolutions from the Advisory Board took up part of the time which finished with a glove and lace making demonstration. The hostesses for the delegates that day were the Local Council of Women, who kindly provided lunch.

The afternoon session was one of the greatest interest to all present, because of the unanimous feeling that the existing regulations of the Institutes needed revision. Dissatisfaction was felt by all present. Like all growing organizations the women felt that they had advanced beyond their present forms and rules; they needed some further outlet and wider scope for their work. The result of the afternoon's conference was a resolution asking for a central or provincial organization, working with the government and conferring together on all matters pertaining to the Institutes and their work. An address by the Superintendent of Institutes, Dr. Warnock, concluded the afternoon, during which he complimented the Institutes on their improvement in business matters pertaining to their work. A vote of thanks and confidence was passed to Dr. Warnock at the conclusion of his address.

In the evening the speeches were particularly interesting. The chair was taken by Dr. Warnock, and the programme began with an address, both amusing and instructive by Mrs. Harris of Victoria, on the "Matter of buying fleece and method of obtaining and cleaning the wool necessary for spinning and making comforters." After this useful demonstration an interesting report was read by Mrs. Fadden, representative of the Lower Mainland Institutes, telling of the work accomplished over there. This was followed by an address on education by Mr. Charlesworth, secretary of the Federated Teachers' Association. His remarks on Rural Schools, their advantages and disadvantages, their teachers and trustees, the children of the rural community and their difference from those of town, his clear and lucid statements and well balanced judgment made his address one of the most striking features of the whole

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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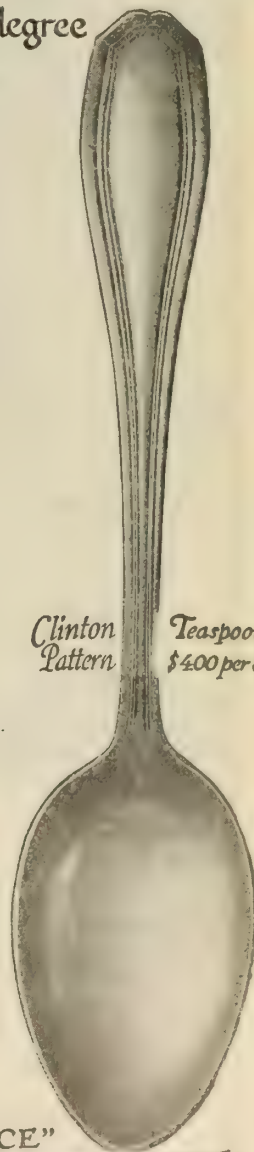
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TORONTO, CANADA

## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

The little chick in the other flock seemed to be an outcast: both of the hens were cross to it, so Ralph took it into the house and put it in a box lined with soft hay. Chickie was quite contented here, and grew so tame that she would perch on Ralph's shoulder and eat out of his hand.

By the time the warm weather came the chickens had grown to be ugly, long-legged pullets and cockerels covered with "pin-feathers," which would eventually develop into glossy feathers.

The little boy let his flock out in the sunshine on bright days, but "Speckles," as he called his pet, never went with the other chickens, but stayed by himself, or followed Ralph like a faithful little dog.

Thanksgiving came. The Martins usually had turkey for Thanksgiving dinner, but this year they had no turkeys of their own, so they decided to have a chicken instead. Mr. Martin promised to buy one of his son's chickens, so one day he went to the hen-house and found Ralph in front of it feeding his flock.

"Well, son," he said, "I have come to buy one of your chickens."

Ralph assumed a very grown-up air. "Very well, sir," he replied, "You may take your pick."

With a sly grin his father bent down and picked up "Speckles." "I think I'll take this one," he observed.

Ralph turned, "Oh, father, you just can't have Speckles," he cried, "I wouldn't sell Speckles for all the money in the world."

Mr. Martin chuckled. "All right, sonny, you may keep your Speckles," he returned, and, after selecting a fine plump cockerel, he walked away.

When he had gone, Ralph bent down and took his pet in his arms.

"Well, Speckles, did you think I would let you be a Thanksgiving dinner?" he asked her.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," declared Speckles, which meant, no doubt, "Why, of course I didn't."

Written by

Evaline R. Gass,  
Age, 14 years  
Salt Springs,  
Pictou Co.,  
Nova Scotia.

### PRIZE STORY.

A Little Brown Bulb—  
A Golden Cup

A GROUP of children are standing at a big, sunny window looking at a beautiful golden daffodil. Would you like to know where it came from? Listen carefully to what the lovely flower says:

"I don't know where my original home was, but my first recollections were of a sweet-faced, white-haired lady who lived in old Ontario. One day she said, 'I'm going to send the bulb to Jean, out in Central British Columbia.'"

"My, what fun they had planting me! Then they put me in a dark cellar and watched every day to see a sprout."

"At last a green shoot appeared and in a few days I was brought up and placed in a dim, warm corner. Later they put me in the sunny window where the children spent much time watching my rapid growth. Dark-haired Edna, grey-eyed Catherine, sturdy Jean; even brother Tom, would pause a minute to see if the colour was showing yet. And the little ones! Sarah Sunshine would stand and smile the way that had won her the name, till I think it helped me grow. Even Baby Millie, with two fingers in her mouth, watched and never pinched my tender leaves even once."

"Would I be open in time for Easter?—was the question. Sometimes they thought I would, and sometimes they thought I wouldn't."

Then on Easter morning they all came to the sunny window and looked at the beautiful golden daffodil which last Autumn was a little dry, brown, onion-like bulb. And again they saw the old truth illustrated. "If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." So as Christ was the first-fruit, we keep Easter every year in His memory.

Written by

Edna Isabel Tyner,  
Port George,  
B. C.  
Aged 11 years



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# The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

## The Breath of the Cherry Springtime

By BERTHA E. GREEN

HIGH on his mountain-top sat the master of the winds, Aewol, the Djinn. Slowly, silently, endlessly he turned the great wheel, and as he turned, he watched. His clear, far-seeing gaze searched the sky and the ever-billowing sea of clouds that rolled below him.

Far to the Westward appeared a faint pink haze, like the first flush of dawn: it grew no brighter, but, as time passed, the haze came nearer to the Djinn, softly but surely.

It was another wind come home, one of those world-travellers who follow the same course o'er land and sea from year to year. And this was one of them, who had returned to Aewol, for it was a long-travelling Trade Wind that had come home again, bringing its pictured story of a cherry springtime.

Oyama San dwelt in a little house near the main road that led through

until they reached the gardens, the beautiful gardens that are open to everyone all day long.

There were fish to be watched in the clear streams, and flowers, and crooked, stunted trees, so small they grew in flower-pots.

The children did not linger for long, for everything in the garden was familiar to them. There was another reason, too, that kept them from tarrying.

Their way led them across a little, wooden bridge, that spanned the largest stream in the garden, and, turning, they had reached the spot that always drew them in their play-time hours.

Right at the stream's edge, almost in it, grew a tree, an old, old tree, whose trunk came springing up in three or four, or five shaggy, brown arms, to branch out high and wide. It would have been a beautiful spot to



The little men were quarrelling.

Kanazawa. This little house was home to Oya and Toto as well, but not so much a home, just now, as was outdoors, for it was the Springtime of Japan.

Now, Kanazawa is not far from the sea, and there was a freshness to the wind that blew from it, the clearest of blue skies, and the sweetest of flowers. So is it any wonder that this morning saw Oya and Toto outside the quaint little house in the warm sunlight? At their feet were fluffy, little chickens, and loud-quacking ducks, all busy breakfasting.

The children's mother, quiet Oyama San, had given them the morning task of feeding all these feathered ones, for there must be eggs to sell, and little chicks, too, so that there might be other things for those who lived in the little house.

Oya was a year older than her brother, Toto, and always took the lead in everything. So it was now, that, holding a brass dish at arm's length, she turned it upside down, and said:

"The feeding-time is over, Toto. Our work is done, and there is the whole day to play, to be with the flowers, and—"

"And to visit our cherry-tree," said Toto, promptly.

THE two quaint, little figures entered the house again, and asked "the honorable little mother" if they might play, now that their work was done. Then out into the sunshine again, on to the street, and along it,

play, if there had been only the shade of cool, green leaves upon the branches. But there was more, for every little twig was laden with pink blossoms, and the soft wind of the morning carried the sweetness of the cherry-bloom.

There were birds in the branches, and they were sweet to listen to. The cherry petals drifted down, and the ones that fell in the stream were make-believe, pink ducklings, while those that found a resting-place upon the stones were rosy chicks, to the children.

Then there were games to play, and laughing—racing through the garden.

But Oya and Toto always came back to their cherry-tree by the stream, and, tired just a bit, rested on the flat step-like stones beneath the blossoming branches.

To you and me it would have been a dreamy Fairyland, and it must have been nearly that to Oya and her brother, too. The light wind whispered softly; there was a soothing hum of honey-hunting bees, and, before they knew, the little ones were sleeping, dreaming, into their Fairyland, where we will follow, too.

There was a little stream winding its unhurried way through Fairyland. Its banks were rocky and only here and there did the grass grow to the water's edge. There were few trees near the brook to make cool shadows for the little fish to rest in, and the sunlight, warm as midsummer, shone from a cloudless sky.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



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No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 250,000 successful pupils—from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

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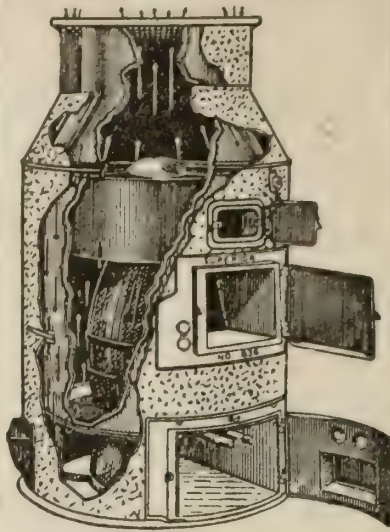
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Ontario

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

session. After a hearty vote of thanks and several questions asked, he was followed by Dr. Young, Provincial Officer of Health, speaking on the most important matter of public health. This is a question which is coming more and more to the notice of the public. The feeling of the communities and the laws of the Province for the health of its children should stand on the same level as its educational laws. Were women's Institutes to devote all their time to the enlightenment and education of the people of the country to the vital matter of perfect health as the birthright of every child, they would be doing one of the most lasting and efficient tasks that they could undertake. Much ignorance and prejudice and narrow vision needs cleansing away before this ideal state of affairs can come into existence. During the session of the conference a member of the Institute was appointed on the recently organized board of the Provincial Association Victorian Order of Nurses.

The conference was to have closed on Friday evening, but the suggested organization of a Provincial Association of the Women's Institutes necessitated the holding of a further session on Saturday morning. Nearly all the delegates remained. There was practically the same attendance, and the same interest shown throughout the morning in what proved to be one of the busiest sessions of the whole conference. Plans and nominations for committees to be formed on Child Welfare Education, Home Economics, Agriculture for Women, Legislation, etc., were discussed. A town centre for Institutes was arranged, and a committee formed under the able leadership of Mrs. Tyrrell-Godman. Then votes of thanks, talks of trains and stages, and hearty good-byes were exchanged. The conference members passed out of the Parliament Buildings in little groups of friends journeying together. To all outward appearances the conference was over, to those who understand it was but the beginning of new thoughts, new plans, new organizations, which carried out with faithfulness and efficiency will bear much fruit in after years.

### GLEANINGS FROM SASKATCHEWAN.

MISS ABBIE DELURY, superintendent for Saskatchewan, has sent the following reports:

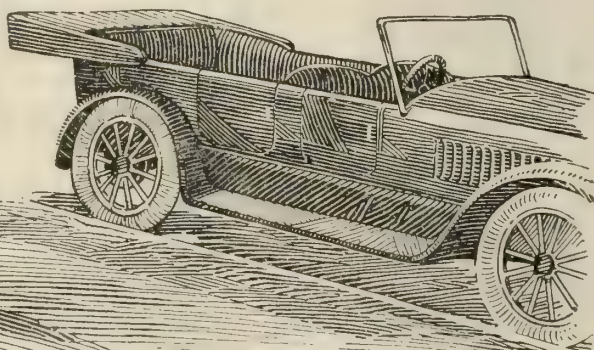
Good Cheer Home Makers' Club, Wilcox, reports that during the winter months they have all-day meetings, a feature since the organization.

A menu committee assigns each member her portion so there is no confusion or overlapping in culinary art. The hostess stretches her table to full capacity and it is loaded. Such good dinners and good fellowship, two feasts in one! The husbands are included, and by the way, the men furnish the programme, they enjoy it too. At the December meeting the sum of fifty dollars was voted to the child feeding fund, and the same sum to the librarian to take care of the Home Makers' library in Wilcox. Miss May gave a dressmaking demonstration for five days which was very fine, and all the classes were well attended.

In reporting the prices to Miss Delury, from Paynton, Sask., butter in December, is quoted at fifty cents per pound, eggs 55c and 60c, chicken 25c per pound, fowl 18c to 20c and beef 14c to 16c. The Home Makers' Club of this community is all ready to begin work on their new rest room in the spring. The plans were presented by The T. Eaton Co. The secretary reports that the public health nurse is very proficient and a great boon to the district.

Pense Home Makers' Club has been very active, one of the big undertakings being the decision to adopt a foreign school. The membership of this branch is sixty, but the average attendance is forty. During the summer months every month a crate of eggs is sent to the Children's Home in Regina, while during the summer the little tots were visited, and three quilts presented. Just now there is discussion about the forming of a junior branch.

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# The Journal Puzzle for March

By TOM WOOD

Circle No. 1 represents a large river in the Canadian North-West. All the outstanding figures in this circle may be spelled by letters from the whole name, as indicated by numbers at the side.

Circle No. 2 stands for a well-known lake in New Ontario. Numbers to the left spell the five things represented therein.

Circle No. 3 stands for a lake in Manitoba. What things in the circle can you spell from its name?

The four things in circle No. 4 may be spelled from the name of one of the months. Which is it and what are they?



Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solution, judged according to neatness and accuracy. All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by March 20th to be included.

## Solutions to January Puzzle

Representative men and women should be honorable, wise, courageous, well educated, self-controlled, loyal, patriotic, good. Her young folks should be obedient, respectful, honest, truthful, kind, thoughtful, polite. For young Canada, 1921, watchword, "Forward." Our aim: Increasing excellence and integrity. Our hope: Unity, uplift of the people, peace and plenty. First prize: Annie O'Brien, 354 Woodlawn Street, Deer Lodge, Winnipeg. Second prize: Vella V. Hoyt, Hoyt Station, Sunbury County, N.B. Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



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## The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

IT was such a little stream that one might see the smallest things near it, and, because there was only one it was easy to see the cherry-stone. It was lying in the sunlight, on a bare, flat rock by the stream's edge, and on each side of it sat a little man in a loose dress of red-brown. Each of them carried a sharp, shining knife, and each wore long, ever-so-long, black moustaches.

The little men were quarreling. You could not have heard a word, but somehow you would have known that one of them was saying:

"The cherry-pit is mine; and after I have opened it, and eaten the kernel, I will make one half of the shell into a rice-bowl, and keep the other half for a hat."

And you would just have known the other little man was answering:

"The cherry-pit is mine; and I will take my knife, and carve the stone into a basket with a handle."

Then each of the two little men took hold of the cherry-stone, and as they pulled and tugged, the cherry-stone rolled and bumped from one flat stone to another, until the next roll meant a drop into the brook.

While the little men were still struggling, there was a flashing of bright wings in the sunlight, and the sound of many scolding little voices.

Two frightened little men jumped: two splashes in the brook told where they had gone. Above and around the cherry-stone were little fairy figures. Each had glossy wings of green and blue, with strange round markings like wide-open eyes.

Slowly, but surely, the cherry-stone was rolled and lifted back to safety, and there, still near the brook's edge, within a little hollow in the moist, soft earth, the cherry-stone was put to bed and covered up.

Soon a tiny green shoot peeped from the brown earth, and the fairies kept soft moss around it so that the sun might not wither it. The tiny shoot grew and grew, and there were leaves on its slender twigs. Still the fairies tended it, and brought clear water from the brook.

IT was a tree now, and pink buds showed themselves on the branches. Then, in the early morning, the fairies gathered around the tree, and were glad that their tree was strong enough to live and grow without their care. And as the fairies danced beneath the little tree, the pink buds opened, and the soft spring wind sang softly to the bright-winged fairy folk.

Wealth of sweetness keeping  
Locked within a shell;  
'Neath the brown earth sleeping;  
Breaks its prison cell.

Unto day unfolding  
Tiny leaves of green—  
Hands too small for holding—  
Sunbeams slip between.

Blossom-branches swaying—  
Home of bird and bee—  
O'er the fairies playing  
'Neath their cherry-tree.

And the tree was growing, the branches were spreading, and the whispered song of the wind was like a lullaby.

The fairies faded from sight, and with them went the little cherry-tree and Fairyland. But in its place there was the garden again with its great cherry-tree. One spreading branch, like a pink parasol, shadowed a spot where lay two sleeping children, Oya and Toto, in dreams still wandering in Fairyland.

Across the little wooden bridge, came quiet Oyama San, their mother, who knew just where her little ones would be. As she stood for a moment, watching, above and around the children there was the flashing of bright butterfly-wings of glossy green and blue with round eye-marks on each.

Perhaps they were just butterflies, but they were, too, to quiet, quaint Oyama San, the Fairies of the cherry-tree within the Fairyland of Every-Day.

Oya half opened sleepy eyes, and one might have heard her dreamy whisper:

"And the wind is singing, singing—  
O'er the fairies playing 'neath their cherry-tree."



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## March Patterns and Prices

**9304—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 4 5/8 yards 36-inch Canton crepe—2 1/2 yards flit lace—7/8 yard 36-inch lining. The dress is embroidered at the waist-line in design 12469.

**9288—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 5 7/8 yards 36-inch satin. Embroidered in design 12613.

**9315—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 4 7/8 yards 36-inch foulard—5/8 yard 36-inch satin for trimming collar and sash—1/4 yard 36-inch satin for band on vest—7/8 yard 36-inch lining.

**9322—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards 32-inch gingham—5/8 yard 40-inch organdy—3 yards narrow plaiting—7/8 yard 36-inch lining.

**8949—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch check gingham—3/4 yard 40-inch voile.

**9330—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 54-inch white wool Jersey—5/8 yard 40-inch organdy for collar—5/8 yard 18-inch vesting—1 1/8 yard 36-inch lining. The bottom of the tunic is embroidered in design 12608.

**9326—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 1/4 yards. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 54-inch white wool Jersey—5/8 yard 18-inch tucked organdy—5/8 yard vesting—7/8 yard 36-inch lining. The flaring collar is embroidered in design 12596.

**9050—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards 54-inch check wool—3/8 yard 36-inch white satin.

**9321—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe. Beading in design 12574 trims the square neck and the cuffs.

**9324—Ladies' Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch batiste—2 1/2 yards flit.

**8854—Girls' and Juniors' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/4 yards 27-inch rep—5/8 yard 27-inch pique for collar, cuffs, and vest—1/2 yard 36-inch waist-lining.

**8918—Boys' Suit.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch cheviot—1/2 yard 36-inch lining for band and trousers' pockets.

**9317—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 7/8 yards 36-inch gingham—1 yard 27-inch chambray for collar, cuffs, and belt—2 yards narrow plaiting for trimming collar and cuffs.

**9319—Girls' Bloomer Dress.** Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 3 7/8 yards 32-inch gingham—5/8 yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs.

**9194—Boys' Coat.** Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yard 54-inch tweed—2 yards 36-inch lining.

**8908—Ladies' Combination.** Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch washable satin. Feather-stitching in design 12363 makes a dainty finish for the camisole and drawers.

**8415—Ladies' Brassiere Combination.** Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch batiste—3 1/2 yards lace banding. The brassiere is embroidered in design 12206.

**7788—Ladies' and Misses' Empire Kimono.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5 1/4 yards 27-inch flowered cotton crepe—1/2 yard 27-inch plain crepe for trimming.

**8069—Ladies' One-Piece Pajama.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5 yards 36-inch batiste.

**9299—Ladies' Negligee.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 6 3/8 yards 27-inch Japanese crepe—3/4 yard 27-inch plain crepe for rolling collar.

**8741—Ladies' One-Piece Step-in Combination.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires

2 1/2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine—3 3/4 yards edging. The combination is embroidered in design 11741.

**8048—Ladies' Step-in Combination.** Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—3 1/2 yards insertion—5 1/2 yards edging—3 yards ribbon.

**9274—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 27-inch cotton crepe.

**9296—Ladies' Slip-on Middy Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch white linen—5/8 yard 36-inch blue linen for collar and cuffs—2 yards braid—1 5/8 yard ribbon. This is one of the new Balkan middies, blousing over a tight band. No. **8943—Ladies' Two-Piece Gathered Skirt.** Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey.

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Nightgown 7118, 20 cents.

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Combination 9226, 25 cents.

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Combination 8999, 30 cents.

Scallop 11661, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Combination 8908, 25 cents.

Feather stitch 12363, blue, 20 cents.

Kimono 7788, 25 cents.

Pajamas 8069, 25 cents.

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Combination 8741, 20 cents.

Embroidery 11741, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Combination 8415, 25 cents.

Embroidery 12206, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Apron 9303, 25 cents.

Coat 9325, 30 cents.

Suit 8694, 20 cents.

Dress 9333, 30 cents.

Applique 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Dress 8750, 25 cents.

Dress 9331, 30 cents.

Dress 8854, 25 cents.

Suit 8918, 30 cents.

Dress 9317, 30 cents.

Dress 9319, 30 cents.

Coat 9194, 30 cents.

Overblouse 9312, 30 cents.

Braiding 11664, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Overblouse 9321, 30 cents.

Beading 12508, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Overblouse 8699, 30 cents.

Skirt 8964, 30 cents.

Beading 12508, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Blouse 9220, 25 cents.

Skirt 9308, 30 cents.

Overblouse 9274, 30 cents.

Blouse 9291, 30 cents.

Blouse 8773, 25 cents.

Skirt 8215, 20 cents.

Embroidery 12569, blue or yellow, 35 cents.

Blouse 9296, 30 cents.

Skirt 8943, 25 cents.

Overblouse 9327, 35 cents.

Beading 12320, blue or yellow, 35 cents.

Blouse 9316, 30 cents.

Dress 9318, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12606, blue or yellow, 50 cents.

Dress 9329, 35 cents.

Dress 9282, 35 cents.

Dress 9304, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12469, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Dress 9288, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12613, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress 9315, 35 cents.

Dress 9322, 35 cents.

Dress 8949, 35 cents.

Dress 9330, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12608, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Dress 9326, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12596, blue or yellow, 40 cents.

Dress 9050, 35 cents.

Dress 9318, 35 cents.

Dress 9314, 35 cents.

Overblouse 9327, 35 cents.

Blouse 9337, 30 cents.

Dress 9334, 35 cents.

Tunic Blouse 9218, 35 cents.

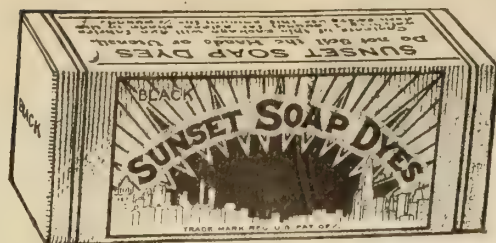
Skirt 8835, 25 cents.

Dress 8818, 35 cents.

Dress 8941, 35 cents.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)

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THAT LAST

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promenades,  
its vari-hued  
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bunnies, what  
can more com-  
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These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Composers and Writers Who Have Sung of  
the Passion, Crucifixion and Resurrection

## The Hymnology of Easter

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THIS year Passion Week and Eastertide fall so early that their connection in the calendar with the vernal equinox, as established in the fourth century, by the Council of Nicea, is not distinctly perceptible in this northern zone; much less its traditional association with the ancient festival of spring, and bird-nesting time, which survives in the general custom of eating eggs on Easter morn. But, as most readers are aware, Eastertide has definite seasonal associations with spring in those European countries where its celebration arose during the early centuries of the Christian era. Indeed, it was the clear analogy between the idea of the Resurrection, and the yearly phenomenon of Nature's rebirth which had been celebrated in pagan communities for unnumbered centuries before the birth of Jesus, that won for the feast such immediate acceptance as Christianity spread westward and northward in the dominions of the Roman Empire. Of festivals of any kind, music from time immemorial has always been an auxiliary.

For any choirmaster it would be but emphasizing the obvious to speak of the close associations between music and Eastertide. In most churches of any pretensions, preparations for a fitting celebration of the day with song, begins some weeks before it actually arrives, and in the larger towns and cities the lure of music brings many backsliders back to church for that day at least, and perhaps in the case of some leads to permanent renewal of neglected duties in which they were reared. Associated with Easter music, of which the key-note is rejoicing, there has grown up in most Christian churches, a large volume of musical literature, more solemn in purport, relating to Good Friday and Passion Week. In contrasted phases music has therefore a great deal to do with the modern Christian celebration of both the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Especially during the nineteenth century, when there was a great and fruitful movement in the motherland to widely extend the use of music in connection with worship, did the volume of special hymns and anthems increase, and to-day every choir has a wealth of appropriate literature upon which to draw. Nevertheless, it would be unjust to overlook the fact that some of the familiar hymns which will be sung by countless congregations this coming Easter Sunday are many centuries old.

FOR instance, two of the hymns of Good Friday and Easter, which appear in the Book of Common-praise, published by the Church of England, in Canada, and which are also in use by other denominations, are from the Latin of Fortunatus, and are therefore some fifteen hundred years old. One of these is the Passion hymn, "See the Destined Day Arise, See a Willing Sacrifice," and the other the more familiar Easter hymn, "Hail! Festal Day to Endless Ages known." In English, the first-named hymn dates back only to 1837, when it was translated by Bishop Mant, and the latter, but to 1884, when it was rendered into our language by Rev. T. A. Lacey. Fortunatus may be considered the earliest writer of hymns for these occasions, whose identity is known. He was so important a figure in his day that a fact or two about him is worth recalling. His full name was Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, and he was a native of Treviso, Italy, born in 530 A.D. He studied at Milan and Ravenna, and in course of time became recognized as one of the leading rhetoricians, and the chief Latin poet of his time. His day was that of the decline of the Roman Empire, when Western Europe was breaking up into many small kingdoms, and he seems to have won

favor with various Frankish potentates by writing verses in their honor. In 599 A.D., on the verge of his seventieth year, he was created Bishop of Poitiers in France, and died in that office, 609 A.D. In all, in addition to writing lives of many of the saints in prose he composed eleven books of verse including many hymns, sincere in feeling and fine in imagery. And through these hymns, he, courtier, scholar and prelate of the so-called dark ages, survives in lands like our own that were undreamed of when he died.

Those who look into the hymnology of Good Friday and Easter, cannot but be struck with the manner in which nearly all the epochs since Christianity became a widely recognized religion, are represented both in the verses, and the airs to which they are rendered. Apart from Fortunatus, other old Latin writers have supplied origins for modern hymns. From such a source comes the hymn translated in 1842, "In the Lord's Atoning Grief." Another, "Glory be to Jesus, Who in Bitter Pains," comes from the early Italian. On the other hand, one of the most beautiful, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," is purely English, written in 1707, by Rev. Isaac Watts, and usually sung to Edward Miller's melody, "Rockingham," which dates from 1790. From the ancient Latin comes a hymn not unfrequently sung, "O Sacred Head Surrounded by a Crown of Piercing Thorns," and the most appealing of the two or three tunes to which it is sung from a Passion Chorale by H. L. Hassler, composed in 1601. The old Lutheran chorales have indeed supplied a goodly number of lyrics to English hymnology not only for Easter, but for other religious seasons. But many of the very finest hymns for both Good Friday and Easter, are purely British. For instance, "I see the Crowd in Pilate's Hall," is by Rev. Horatius Bonar, and little more than sixty years old. One of the finest of these hymns in literary conception, "Hark, the Voice of Love and Mercy, Sounds Abroad From Calvary," goes back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and was written by Rev. Jonathan Evans. The middle years of the nineteenth century saw a great flowering of religious verse for all seasons by clergymen of high literary attainments and some of the best of the English ecclesiastical composers, including Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was a man skilled in many fields of music, provided the airs.

SINGULARLY enough the authorship of the most widely popular of all Easter hymns, "Jesus Christ is Risen To-day! Alleluia," is unknown. It came into use anonymously in 1749, and the tune to which it is usually sung dates back to 1708, but the composer is also unknown. In the old books of airs this melody was merely known as "Easter Hymn." But it is in reality but an adaptation of an earlier poem, precisely similar in form, though not in text, written in 1739 by Rev. Charles Wesley, brother of the founder of Methodism, who made his phrases to fit the old tune of 1708. "Christ the Lord is Risen Again," somewhat similar in thought, was translated in 1858 by Caroline Winkworth, from an old German writer named Weiss, and the tune "Wurtemberg," to which this and many another hymn is sung goes back to 1694. Another immortal Easter hymn, "The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done," comes from the Latin, and in English dates back only sixty years; the two tunes to which it may be sung at choice, are both ancient; the one a very old French provincial melody; the other by Palestrina, the sixteenth century Roman composer.



## Orange Jelly Makes a Different Dessert—

and one that is very tempting and dainty

### ORANGE JELLY

(Seven to Nine Persons)

|                           |                                |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 envelope Cox's Gelatine | 1 cup (½ lb.) sugar            |
| 1 ½ cups (¾ pint) water   | 1 ½ cups (¾ pint) orange juice |
|                           | 1 lemon                        |

Grate rinds of two oranges into saucepan, add Gelatine, sugar and water and dissolve over fire; add orange and lemon juices and strain into a wet mold. Chill in a cool place and turn out when firm.

This jelly is sometimes served in orange shells as follows: Remove a small piece from top of orange; scoop out pulp with a small spoon; chill shells and fill with jelly. Cut in halves or quarters when firm.

Jellies, puddings, desserts, salads—all are made richer and more delicious by the use of Cox's Gelatine. Pure, unflavored and unsweetened, Cox's makes an excellent base for many delightful and unusual recipes. You will recognize Cox's by the distinctive checker-board box. Look for it at your grocer's.

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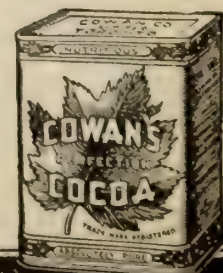
## COOKERY COLUMN

### Cocoa Wafers

3 tablespoons butter  
3 tablespoons milk  
7 tablespoons flour  
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract  
5 tablespoons pulverized sugar  
2 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa  
1 tablespoon chopped nuts

Method:—Add the milk, drop by drop, to creamed sugar and butter, stirring constantly. Add slowly the flour mixed with cocoa. Brush pan with butter. Drop from end of spoon and sprinkle with nuts. Dust with cinnamon. Bake in a slow oven until brown.

G111



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)





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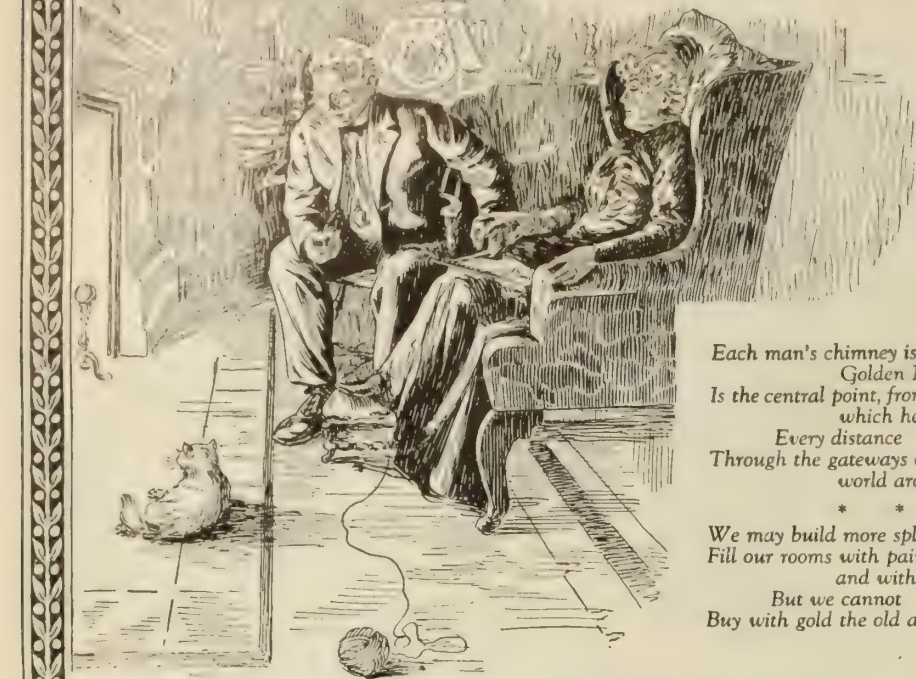
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# Milestones



Each man's chimney is his  
Golden Milestone;  
Is the central point, from  
which he measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the  
world around him.

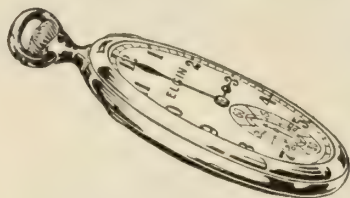
We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings  
and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations!

—Longfellow.

THE older we grow, the more tenderly do we dwell on those "Golden Milestones" of which Longfellow wrote—unforgettable incidents which marked epochs in our lives.

Recall the memorable day when someone gave you a watch! Perhaps you were a schoolboy, a girl graduate, a youth leaving home to make your way in the world. Whatever the occasion, the long-coveted watch gave you a new sense of assurance and consequence.

The world does not change. To-day, just as fifty years ago, Elgin Watches are punctuating the years in the lives of young and old. And as the months of 1921 come and go, you will find here, little human stories of some of those "Golden Milestones" in other people's lives, which are being marked by that gift—unrivalled as a suitable token of the passing of Time—an Elgin Watch.



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## The Hymnology of Easter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.)

For many of the more familiar Easter hymns like "Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven, and Voices Raise," "Come Ye Faithful Raise the Strain," "Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen," and "Welcome Happy Morning," Sullivan made settings. His career in all its branches is too well known to require comment, but there are two of his contemporaries, Sir John Stainer, and Rev. John Bacchus Dykes who were also fertile in this field. Sir John Stainer indeed may be said to have made the Passion and Resurrection peculiarly his own as a subject of musical expression, and his name as a composer survives chiefly through the religious celebrations in connection therewith. His "Seven Last Words," a cantata, is done yearly in Passion Week by countless churches of various denominations throughout the English speaking world. He was born in 1840, and died in 1901, was a Musical Doctor of Oxford, and in 1872, became organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. In 1888 his religious music led Queen Victoria to confer on him the honor of knighthood and in his latter years he was professor of music at his alma mater, Oxford. The peculiar sincerity and fervor of his music, especially that for Eastertide have given it lasting importance. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, whose name is permanently identified with English hymnology for all seasons, was educated for the Church, and took up musical composition as a recreation; he was born in 1823 and became a minor canon and precentor at Durham Cathedral in 1849. Subsequently he qualified for the degree of Musical Doctor at Oxford, only awarded to composers of original works. He died in 1876, and is best remembered for the melody of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and for the ceremonial hymn sung in Anglican churches "for those in peril on the sea"; but his Easter hymns are also admirable.

It may be said that most of the finer order of hymn composers get their inspiration from Johann Sebastian Bach, than whom no musician who ever lived was more deeply imbued with the spiritual meanings of Christian doctrines and traditions. He not only composed two great ensemble works for the occasion: the "John Passion," based on the text of the gospel of St. John, and the "Matthew Passion," embodying that of St. Matthew, but his short cantata for single voices and a few instruments, is replete with treatments of the Easter narrative. Recently I heard one of them, "Come Holy Cross," which treats of the action of Simon of Cyrene, who bore to Calvary the Cross the Savior was too exhausted to carry. Simon sings of his joy in being able to assist his master, and the accompaniment is remarkably suggestive of a man stumbling along under a heavy burden. Great as the music of Bach is, its difficulty is too marked for general use. There is in truth no popular musical work of vast dimensions that stands in the same relation to the Feast of Easter, as does Handel's "Messiah" to that of Christmas; but forty years ago the French composer, Charles Gounod, made a very creditable attempt in "Redemption," which contains some noble passages. It is interesting to note that "Redemption" may be classed as in a measure a British work, for it was made to English text with a specific view toward British festival performances; and was familiar to the British public before it was done in France.

### March Patterns and Prices

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

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# Margaret Takes Some Time Off

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

she heard it thump. "Now they're reading the notice for the postman; Ta-Ta, old dear," she laughed as she turned on her side and drifted off in reality.

Next day she washed her hair and Bobby's, the rain barrel and two basins making fine fun of it. Hair dry, she initiated Bobby into the mysteries of calisthenics, and while he played at them she worked and relaxed alternately till the soft, sleepy glow through her veins made fatigue of this kind in the balmy air a positive enjoyment. Every day there was something new to be done. How many reserves her garden held! And then she hurriedly glanced at magazines for months back, Margaret had time for them now, and how she did revel!

Two days were rainy, once Bobby almost insisted on going down town for ice cream, another fateful day someone from across the way came and looked over the back fence inquisitively. Margaret and Bobby fortunately being behind a sheltering bush and Margaret hushing the little lad with no uncertain forefinger. One creepy night Margaret was sure that she heard a burglar. She had always laughed at the idea of being afraid to stay alone in the house, and had really meant it, for when not tired to the point of extinction she was not troubled with nerves. In the morning she found that the wind had loosened a shutter so she was able to laugh with Bobby over the "boo-man."

When the time seemed a little long in the last week she consoled herself by going to the glass and having a look. She must have gained several pounds, she really must have! And wasn't she lovely and brown, and weren't her eyes bright! She could hardly wait to see old Robert. She would keep him guessing—just! Serve him right for not giving her an address to write to him nor asking her where she was going!

And her cheque! She hugged herself. At the last of the three weeks she and Bobby were "coming back." She would get her char-woman for a couple of days and give the house the "once over," and then the city! Robert had intended her to have a good time on the cheque, and she was going to have it, even if not quite along the lines he had prescribed.

The day of her outburst seemed a long time ago, and then she sat down and considered herself seriously. Was she really better, really fit for the everyday nagging routine, or would she go on for a few weeks or months and then back to a similar crisis?

MARGARET SUMMERS was confronted with what numbers of other women in her own and every other community were facing—how to accomplish more than her strength and training equalled. She had been a bright busy girl with not too much physical reserve but with any amount of energy and ambition. With the coming of her baby and the drag of a household in a small community where help was limited to a thankfully-received char-woman, in the effort not to get behind in her outside interests, she had been drawing too largely on her reserve strength and she knew that she would be doing it again in a short while unless something out of the ordinary took place.

How to make it take place? That was her problem. She had had time to think during these sunny lazy days. She did not want Robert to have a nervous frump of a wife in a few years. She was certainly far better off than many other women who had more cares and even less means than she. She took her head in her hands and gave it an energetic shake with a characteristic "let's work it out!"

She sat still so long that Bobby began to think that Muvver was having an extra nap and tugged at her braid with a will. She peeked through her fingers, then tossed him up with a little laugh. "All set, Bobby," she said, "you and Muvver are going on a really truly trip to-day, let's go get on some Christian clothes!"

Having made the short trip to the corner grocery and through the telephone there got her own re-connected,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

left the shores of the wider part of the lake, the bulb of the gourd, were, in unexpected contrast to the bareness of the uplands, heavily wooded with great cottonwood trees and spruce. A grassy islet ringed with willows seemed to be moored here like the barge of some woodland princess. Away beyond, elevated on a grassy terrace at the head of the lake, and overlooking its whole expanse, stood a tiny weather-beaten shack, startlingly conspicuous in that great expanse of untouched nature. Sheltered by the hills from the howling blasts of the prairie above; and with wood, water and unlimited game at its door, it was a wholly desirable situation for a Northern dwelling—but it was seventy-five miles off the trail.

The girl brought her pony alongside Mabyn's; and slipped her hand into his. "It is jus' right!" she whispered. "We will be ver' happy, 'Erbe't!'"

He let her hand fall carelessly. "It's damn lonesome!" he grumbled.

All the shy boldness of an enamored girl peeped out of Rina's eyes, as she whispered: "I'm glad it's lonesome! I don't want nobody to come—but you!"

Mabyn was unimpressed. He struck the ribs of his tired pony with his heels. "Come on," he said; and led the way down the incline.

Later, reaching the shack, on the threshold Rina spread out her arms with an unconscious gesture. "This is my home!" she cried. "I will jus' love it!"

Mabyn looked around at the gaping walls, the empty panes and the foul litter, and laughed jeeringly at her simplicity.

The girl was too happy to feel the sting. "I will fix it!" she said stoutly. "I will mak' it like an outside house. It will be as nice than the priest's parlor in the Settlement!" She clasped her hands against her breast in the intensity of her eagerness. "Jus' you wait, 'Erbe't! Some day I will have white curtains in the window! and a piece of carpet on the floor! and a holy picture on the wall! Oh! I will work so hard!"

"Get about the supper, Rina," said Mabyn shortly.

She prepared the meal at the rough mud fireplace built across the corner of the shack, for they had no stove; and they ate squatting on the floor in the breed fashion, for neither was there a table. Afterward Mabyn dragged the bench—a relic of the former tenant, and sole article of furniture they possessed—outside the door; and sat upon it, smoking, yawning, looking across the lake with lack-lustre eyes.

Rina having tidied the shack, came to the doorway, where she stood looking at him wistfully. Finally she hovered toward him and retreated; and her hands stole to her breast. She was longing mightily to sit beside him; but she did not dare. In a breed's wife it would have been highly presumptuous and would have been very likely rewarded with a blow; but Rina had a dim notion that a white man's wife had the right to sit beside him—still she was afraid. In the end her desire overcame her fears; drifting hither and thither toward the bench like a frond of thistle-down, she finally alighted on the edge, and her cheek dropped on his shoulder. The act must have been subtly suggested by the tincture of white blood in her veins, for it is not a red-skin attitude. The man neither repulsed nor welcomed her.

"'Erbe't," she whispered, "my head is so full of things I am near crazy wit' thoughts! And my tongue is in a snare; I cannot speak at all!"

Mabyn's only comment was a sort of grunt, which meant anything—or nothing.

Rina was encouraged to creep a little closer. "Oh, 'Erbe't, I love you!" she whispered. "I am loving you every minute! I so glad you marry me, 'Erbe't!"

The man took his pipe out of his mouth, and uttered his brief, jeering

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)

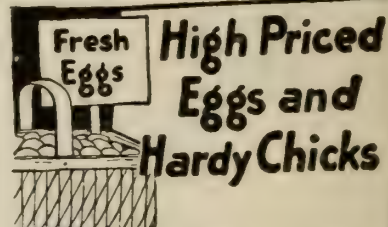
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

cackle of laughter. "That wasn't altogether a matter of choice, my girl," he said. "It was a little preliminary insisted on by your father and mother."

Rina hardly took the sense of this "But you do love me, 'Erbe't? Jus' a little?" she pleaded.

"You're all right, Rina," he said patronizingly. "I never was one to make much of a fuss about a woman."

Little by little gathering courage, she began to pour out her soul for the man she loved. "I never love any man but you, 'Erbe't," so ran the naive confession; "the breed boys, they always come aroun' and show off. I not lak them. They foolish and dirty; they eat same lak cocouche; and they know not'ing; but they think themself so fine. They mak' me sick! My mot'er say to me; 'You eighteen year old, Rina; w'en you go to marry?' I say to my mot'er, 'I never marry a pig-man; I want to stay to you.'"

Her voice changed, borrowing the soft, passionate music of the nightingale she had never heard. "Then bam-bye w'en the spring come, an' we pitch by Ostachegan creek, an' the crocus flowers are coming up on Sah-ko-da-tah prairie so many as stars in the sky—then you come by our camp, 'Erbe't; and you so poor an' sick I feel ver' bad for you! An' you talk so pretty, and know so much, my heart him fly straight out of my breast like a bird, 'Erbe't; an' perch on your shoulder; an' him go everywhere you go; an' I got no heart any more. I empty lak a nest in the snow-time!"

"So you stay to us," she went on, "and I mad to see all the men mock at you, an' treat you bad, an' mak' you eat after all have finished, and mak' you lie outside the fire. They t'ink themselves better than a white man, hey! All the time you ask me to come away from the camp with you; an' you t'ink I don' want to come, but you don't know. Many, many nights I not sleep, 'Erbe't. I want so bad to come to the o'ter side of the tepee where you are, but I hold to my mot'er's blanket!"

The man looked up. "H'm! You did, eh?" he exclaimed. "If I had known!"

"But I t'ink I mos' not let you see I love you. So I mak' show I don' care at all. An' it hurt me ver' moch in my empty breast, 'Erbe't. But why I do it?—I want you so to marry me! an' bam-bye you marry me; an' I so scare' and happy lak I was lose my head! Four days I married now! You not mad at me, 'Erbe't, 'cause I mak' you marry me?"

He shrugged. "What's the diff?" he said carelessly.

Rina dared to let her arm creep around his shoulders. "But bam-bye you ver' glad you marry me," she whispered. "For I mak' me ver' nice! I white woman now. I go no more to the breeds. I spik only Engliss now; we will sit in chairs and eat pretty with knives and forks; and always say good morning and good night, lak white people. 'Erbe't, you will teach me all the ways of white people, lak they do outside? I want so bad to be ver' nice, jus' lak white woman!"

"Sure!" said Mabyn vaguely.

Rina was silent for a while. "'Erbe't," she said at last, "you never tell me about your folks; about your house where you live outside. Please tell me."

He muttered, and writhed uncomfortably on the bench. "What's the use of bringing that up?" he said at last. "You wouldn't understand if I tried to tell you."

"Loving makes me onderstan' moch," she softly pleaded.

He was silent.

"Have you any sisters outside, 'Erbe't?" she gently persisted.

"No," he said.

"Your mot'er, she is not dead?"

"No."

"She mos' be ver' nice, I think."

"She's a lady!" he blurted out.

Rina nodded wisely. "I know what that is," she said. "A lady is a ver' nice woman." Her voice dropped very low. "'Erbe't," she whispered, with infinite, passionate desire in her voice—stroking his cheek, "will you teach me to be a lady?"

He laughed. "You 'tend to your work about the place," he said, "and don't bother your head over that."

Tears slowly welled up in Rina's eyes, and stole one after another down her cheeks. "I do so ver' moch want to be a lady," she whispered, more to herself than to him. He did not know she wept, she was so still.

By and by she raised her head, and shook the tears away. "To-morrow, I will begin to fix things nice for you, 'Erbe't," she said with renewed, soft tenderness.

He vented his hopeless, jeering chuckle. "Nice!" he echoed. "My God, Rina! What are you going to begin on?"

"I show you!" she said eagerly. "I have a whole tanned buckskin my father give to me when I go 'way; and my mot'er, she give silk, all colors. I make seven, eight, maybe ten pairs of glove, with cuffs; and work them with silk flowers! No woman can work so good with silk than me! I work all the time there is light; and when all are done I get forty dollar in trade at the store! And I buy cartridges and traps and grub, and another skin to work. Not any more will you be poor, 'Erbe't!"

"Lord! How will we ever drag out the winter in this God-forsaken spot!" he grumbled—unconsciously shifting the initiative to her shoulders.

Her arm tightened about him. "We will do fine!" she said eagerly. "We will mak' moch money. There is no plentier place for fur; and we will have it all! Me, I can set traps and snares as good as Michel Whitebear. Maybe I will get a silver fox, or a black one. I know the fox! In the spring we will have plenty good credit at the store. We can travel to the Settlement then, and you will not be lonesome. There are many white men. We could stay in the Settlement all summer; and I would cook meals for the freighters and the travellers and mak' more money. I am a good worker, 'Erbe't. Everybody say so!"

Mabyn partly roused himself. "That's not a bad idea," he said. "Under cover of the restaurant, it would be dead easy to run in a little whiskey over the Berry Mountain trail, and make a pot of money."

Rina drew away from him. "I will not help you do that, 'Erbe't," she said quietly.

"You'll do what I tell you to do," he said coolly.

Rina remained silent. Her breast heaved and trembled with terror at her own temerity in defying her husband—but there were both firmness and reproach in her attitude. It was more than the weak Mabyn could bear for long in silence.

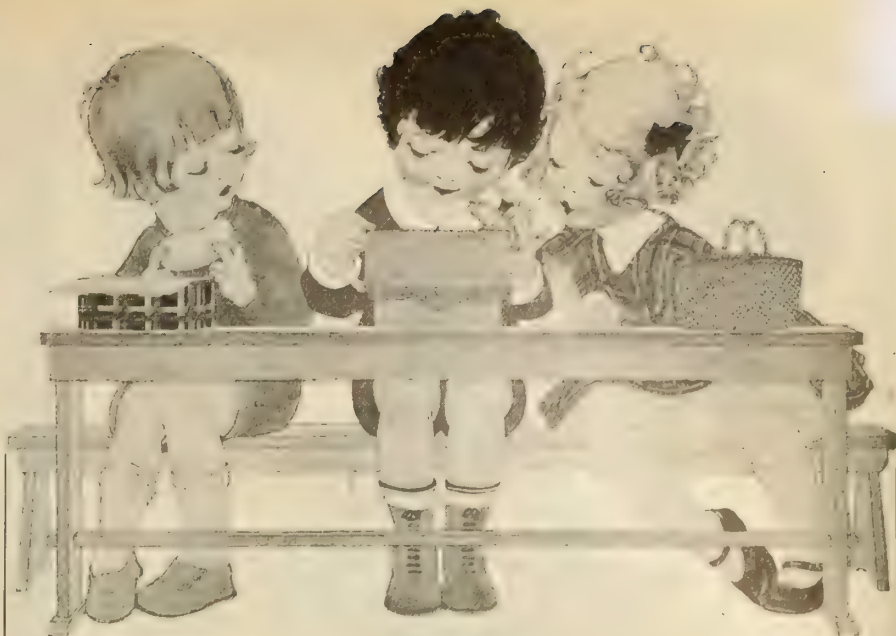
"Good God!" he burst out. "Have I married a breed to tell me what I ought to do, and ought not to do? Better learn once for all, my girl, that I'm the head of this outfit, and I mean to do whatever I damned please!"

Rina sat gripping her hands together in her lap to control their trembling. Her head was bowed. "I am only a breed girl," she said. "You are my 'osban', and you can beat me, and you can kill me, but I would not cry out, or think bad of you. But you cannot mak' me help you to mak' a pig of you again. I will mak' you to have good credit, an' to be a rich and strong man, an' you can go back and spit on the poor breeds that mock you before. I will not help you trade in whiskey; whiskey mak' you poor, an' sick, an' crazy!"

Mabyn got up. "God! Women are all alike, white or brown!" he muttered indifferently. "Come on in."

But he had yielded the point. The regeneration of Herbert Mabyn had been undertaken.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)



"Oh, look what mother gave me!"

## The Royal Baking Service

from

The Royal Educational Department

**Editor's Note**—Sandwiches of home baked nut and fruit breads—home made cookies, cup cakes, and muffin surprises—with what youthful glee is each new thing in the dainty mother-packed lunch box pounced upon and devoured!

Not only children but grown-ups too like these unusual sandwiches—appropriate for parties, picnics, long journey lunches, or light Sunday night "sandwich suppers."

Space does not permit giving all the lunch box dainties made up by the Educational Department, but if you want other suggestions for the children's lunches or help in preparing other lunch recipes, as well as a copy of the new Royal Cook Book, write today to the Educational Department, Royal Baking Powder Company, St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal.

### Lunch Delights for Children and Grown-ups

#### Getting the Right Combination

JUST what to put in the children's lunch box—getting a wholesome yet different combination five days out of seven is a puzzle indeed! Each lunch should include a meaty sandwich, a refreshing drink, and a sweet; any of the following with a glass of milk or a cup of hot cocoa makes a light but adequate lunch:—

- 1 Date bread sandwiches spread with butter or cream cheese, peanut cookies, orange.
- 2 Peanut butter bread sandwiches spread with butter, orange cup cake, apple.
- 3 Biscuit sandwiches with chopped chicken, banana, two or three pieces of fudge.
- 4 Biscuit sandwiches with crisp lettuce, cup custard, filled cookies.

#### Things That Children Love to See

THE unexpected always pleases children and a new cookie, muffin, or a paper of candies, included in the lunch will delight them.

**A Muffin Surprise**—Put a tablespoon of muffin batter into a tin. Place a stoned date, a piece of pineapple, a stewed apricot, or a bit of red jelly in center. Cover with another tablespoon of batter and bake. What a surprise when the plain muffin is opened!

**Cookie Delights**—Place one cookie atop another with an in-between stuffing of marshmallow, ground raisins, nut butter, jam, or best of all, ground figs!

#### New Biscuit Ideas

**For Sandwiches**—Instead of ordinary bread, nice crispy biscuits make delightful variations. They are delicious with almost any filling, and with grated maple or brown sugar are wholesome and especially popular with children.

**Cinnamon Buns**—Spread the thinly rolled biscuit dough with butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and brown sugar, roll like jelly roll, and cut in one and one-half inch slices and bake.

**Filled Biscuits**—Roll biscuit dough thin, cut, butter, spread with ground raisins, put another biscuit on top, press edges together, and bake.

**Tart**—Roll dough thin, cut hole in center of one biscuit, place on top of another buttered biscuit, press together. Fill each with stewed cranberries or other fruit and bake into a lovely lunch tart!

#### Now for Packing the Lunch!

THE daintiest lunch in the world can be spoiled in packing. Cut sandwiches thin and into "lady fingers" or attractive pieces easy to eat, and wrap each individually in wax paper. A covered jelly glass or screw top jar nicely holds a baked apple; a custard or chocolate pudding can be packed in the cup in which it was baked, and don't forget the spoon!

Remember, too, that boys hate to fuss with desserts if compelled to carry a cup or spoon home; an apple or other raw fruit is better for the boy's lunch box.

### Cut these out and Paste in Your Cook Book

#### Biscuit Sandwiches

- |                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| 2 cups flour                    | 1½ teaspoon salt |
| 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |                  |
| 2 tablespoons shortening        | ¾ cup milk       |

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt; add shortening; rub it in very lightly; add liquid slowly; roll on floured board to about one-half inch thick (handle little as possible); cut out biscuits. Bake in quick oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cold, split, butter, and fill as desired.

#### Peanut Cookies

- |                                 |                        |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cup flour                     | ½ cup sugar            |
| ½ teaspoon salt                 | ¼ cup milk             |
| 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |                        |
| 2 tablespoons shortening        | 1 egg                  |
| 1 cup chopped peanuts           | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |

Sift dry ingredients together. Add melted shortening to beaten egg. Add milk and lemon juice, and mix well with the dry ingredients to make soft dough. Add peanuts; mix well and drop with teaspoon on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. This recipe makes about four dozen small cookies and requires 1 quart peanuts.

#### Whole Wheat Fruit Bread

- |                                 |                    |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups whole wheat flour        | 2 cups white flour |
| 1 teaspoon salt                 | ¼ cup sugar        |
| 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |                    |
| ½ cup molasses                  | ¼ teaspoon soda    |
| 1 pound dates or other fruit    | 2 cups milk        |

Sift together white flour, sugar, salt and baking powder; add to whole wheat flour. Add fruit, chopped fine. Add milk. Add molasses and soda beaten till foamy. Bake in one large or two small greased loaf pans, in slow oven about 1 hour. For tea or reception sandwiches, add 1 cup chopped nuts to above recipe.

#### Scotch Fingers

- |                                 |                |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| 2 cups rolled oats              | ¼ cup sugar    |
| 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |                |
| ½ teaspoon salt                 | ¼ cup molasses |
| 1½ tablespoons melted butter    | ¼ cup milk     |

Grind in the food chopper rolled oat, mix with salt, baking powder, and sugar. Stir in milk, molasses and butter. Mix well. Roll out in a very thin sheet, and cut into narrow oblongs. Flour board with ground rolled oats. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.





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RESISTANCEWATER  
RESISTANCE

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH  
and Other Varnishes—

THE difference between "61" and ordinary varnishes lies in the fact that "61" is a finely "balanced" varnish. Its qualities are so "balanced" that it possesses the maximum combined degree of wear-resistance and water-resistance.

Some varnishes wear fairly well. Some resist water. "61" wears longer than so called "waterproof" varnishes and resists water, cold or hot, for a length of time that it has never been called upon to meet in actual use.

"61" was gradually evolved through a period of over thirty years' experiment and research, in balancing one desirable characteristic against another desirable but technically opposing characteristic.

That is why "61" is heel-

proof, marproof and water-proof. The remarkable durability of "61" on floors is the reason for its wide use on furniture, woodwork, linoleum and for all household purposes. "61" stains and varnishes in one operation. The beautiful "61" wood stain colors flow off the brush without streaks, laps or brush marks.

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Purity Flour, the refined product of the world-famous wheat and the great modern flour mills of Western Canada, makes most appetizing and nutritious bread, and delicious cakes, pies and pastry. Use it for all your baking.

# PURITY FLOUR

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Mills Company  
Limited

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"More Bread and Better Bread"

110

## Seriously Considering the Four Walls of a Room

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

many colors. Italy and Spain were important seats of its manufacture, though it was also carried on to some extent in England. Canvas, painted to imitate tapestries, was also another popular form of wall-covering, and many of the great artists of Italy devoted their skill to produce beautiful compositions for this purpose.

WALL-PAPER did not come into common use in Europe until the Eighteenth Century, though it had been employed at a much earlier period by the Chinese who claim its origin. A few rare examples do, perhaps, exist in England, which may be traced back to the Sixteenth Century; these were imitations of fine old Florentine and Genoese cut velvet. However, machinery for the production of paper in long strips was not invented until the end of the Eighteenth Century, and up to that time the industry was handicapped by the difficult method of printing the paper in small square pieces which were hand-made and were expensive and very difficult to hang. The greatest advance in the production of wall-paper came in the Nineteenth Century by William Morris and his school.

It is perhaps a helpful idea to ponder on the importance which has been attached to the decoration of walls for many centuries past, before we airily make a selection of hangings for our own homes. Wall-paper is, after all, something with which we have to live, and life will be much more agreeable and unconsciously harmonious if we surround ourselves with what is beautiful and in keeping. The effect of ill-chosen and unsuitable paper in a room is likely to be responsible for the development of "nerves" to an alarming extent, though the sufferer may not know what is causing them. We have doubtless all experienced the feeling of irritation that comes from sitting in a small room, the walls of which are covered with a paper in a ponderous pattern that seems to weigh down upon our very heads, and the sense of relief in finding ourselves once more in an open space. Doctors are careful for their patients in this detail, as the result of many a high temperature has been traced to a glaring paper on the wall.

There is considerable responsibility therefore, attached to the choice of wall-paper for a room, and several important points must be taken thought of before a final decision is made. First, there is the room itself to consider—its size, shape, lighting and character. Considering size first, if a room has the effect of appearing too large and "barn-like," the feeling may be greatly lessened by the introduction of a wall-covering in a large design, the color of which radiates warm tones such as brown, terra-cotta or old gold, these having the effect of drawing the walls together and diminishing the sense of space. On the other hand, a small room may be made to appear to have greater proportions by the use of paper of small design, or even plain paper, and cool, receding colors such as blues or greens should be employed. As for the shape of a room, one with many angles or curves should be carefully treated so that these irregularities are not emphasized but brought into harmony with the whole.

Poor lighting is very often responsible for making a room unlivable, and we often find that one which should be of especial use in the house, is being avoided by the entire family, on account of this defect. It is remarkable what an improvement may be effected by a change of wall-paper. The cold, north light which gave the room its chilling atmosphere may be almost entirely counteracted by the use of a paper which radiates light and cheer, such as one containing shades of tan or yellow or a glow of rose, and presently it will be found that this room

becomes the most pleasant and delightfully habitable in the house.

THE character of a room is, of course, of the first importance, as there are many papers manufactured that are especially suitable for each apartment. For instance, a room that is to be used as a sitting-room, and is likely to be often inhabited, will be much more successful if wall-paper of a clear, defined design is employed rather than one which is covered with paper containing a riot of pattern and color.

One must have regard also, for pictures. Should a room be designed to contain many of these, a paper which will serve as an effective background is a proper choice and not one which will in any way detract from their decorative value or distract the attention from the higher form of art.

It has been the experience of experts that the best selection of paper can only be made by hanging a strip of the paper on the wall for which it is intended. For this reason, it is well to arrange with your dealer or your decorator to send you a number of rolls of the paper which you have provisionally chosen, that you may actually see their effect within your room. It is difficult even for one greatly experienced, to visualize correctly any one paper in a particular setting, and many mistakes may be avoided by the method suggested. It will be found that, though considerable trouble is given the decorator in demanding this, he is glad to give you his co-operation, for as well as desiring to increase his business, the modern decorator takes a keen interest in the artistic standard which he tries to maintain, and it is to his advantage when a successful design has been chosen. On the other hand, though the decorator may be an artist in his line, it is not always wise to be altogether swayed by his advice or suggestions. Exert your individuality when choosing your paper. Be cautious in making your decision, but when it is made adhere to it. It is well also to keep an open mind in the matter of price and not to allow this detail to influence your choice. A very inexpensive paper may be entirely suitable for some particular room in your home, whereas a more costly and elaborate hanging would be quite out of keeping. On the other hand, it is not to be imagined that paper of a fine quality delightfully printed in a design which is doubtless the work of an artist of high repute, may be purchased for the proverbial song. In discussing the matter of the purchasing public with me, a dealer in wall-papers had that one word of criticism to pronounce. "They will pay anywhere from four to forty dollars a yard for floor covering," he remarked plaintively, "but ask them for a tenth of that cost for a beautiful wall decoration, and they will raise their eyes in horror at the considered extravagance."

AS we suggested in the introductory paragraph, wall-decorations are not chosen to-day with the idea of very great permanency. Indeed, it is perhaps in keeping with modern thought that we have elected to use a more sanitary medium of wall-covering than the dust and germ-laden hangings of an earlier period. Therefore, each year, when we are faced with the necessity of covering our faded or perhaps somewhat soiled walls afresh, we are greeted with a new and delightful variety of papers to choose from. At the present moment, the general trend of house-furnishing calls for such papers as tapestries in rich and luxurious designs, and these are being widely used in halls, living-rooms, dining-rooms, and billiard-rooms; near-plain effects with strappings and borders in various widths to match, are also new, and these have largely taken the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)





## Margaret Takes Some Time Off

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.)

she got in touch with her good old Mrs. Smithers, who was a wonder with a mop and waxing cloth. She pulled up the blinds, viewed the dust with dismay, poked Bobby into his go-cart and made for the Interurban which landed her in the city in twenty minutes.

How hot and dusty it was! Could her cool fragrant garden be so near and yet so far? Her crisp linen dress was beginning to wilt already. "Ice cream, Bobby?" she asked and Bobby was nothing loath.

Margaret's first journey was to a popular business college. She knew the chief instructor and he gladly stole a few moments between classes for a chat. He listened rather amusedly at first while she made the old plea, one for a girl who could help her. She would give her every advantage of a suburban home, she would pay her a moderate wage in return for getting some help with Bobby and the house.

"But my dear Mrs. Summers, don't you know that we have a waiting list of this kind for pupils to choose from, and that half of them come back dissatisfied? They say that there is too much expected of them, too little time for study, etc."

Margaret was thoughtful. "Have you afternoon and morning classes to be taken separately?"

"We have."

"And haven't you a girl who is perhaps in need of a home, or not very strong, who would be willing to take half day classes for the sake of earning something, a country life, and I think a pleasant home?"

The instructor in turn looked thoughtful. He ran over his classes in his mind's eye rapidly and said, "Hum!"

"Well, there's little Bessie Dolan; she's the only one I can think of. She's an orphan, and her aunt is giving her the course, and is really anxious to get rid of her and get her started in life. I could see that when she brought her."

"Do let me talk to Bessie, Mr. Flint. I know that Bessie and I were made for one another from the circumstances!"

So it came about that shy little flower-like Bessie Dolan, of the bright gold hair and serious eyes, who looked fourteen, but who was sixteen her aunt affirmed, accompanied Margaret home on the car, bag and suitcase. It had not taken long to satisfy the Aunt as to credentials or to persuade her to let Bessie take the course more slowly, seeing wages and a home were to be forthcoming in the meantime, and the garden and Margaret's bonny self had been the inducement which made Bessie's eyes sparkle. She was to go to the college for half-day sessions, and the other half was to be Margaret's. Not competent help of course, but steps saved, and Bobby off her mind. "All comes of thinking out what you can do, when you can't do what you want to do, and then going after it," was Margaret's not very lucid comment to herself.

They would have a really fussy little tea after strictly two-year-old-diet. She had laden herself with all kinds of dainties from the city, and to-morrow Robert would be home. Good old Hubby, he knew that she was sorry; he must know! It had been a long time, notwithstanding her garden frolic.

"And then my other plan," she thought, and hugged herself.

Here they rounded the home corner, and there on the front steps, amid Mrs. Smithers' brooms and pails stood Robert, his face as long as the moral law, and how hot and dusty he looked!

With one shriek of welcome, Margaret dropped bundles and boxes for Bessie to tote, and flew up the walk. Robert opened his long arms wide.

"My darling! Have you been at Palm Beach? You blessed brown baby! You plump little darling! Why, you look like that summer we camped!"

"Camped! Huh! Nothing to my holiday! You old thing, you came home a day early, and you're all warm and stuffy; Never mind, there's lots of hot water. Go take a shower. I've got the loveliest love of a supper in these bundles you will ever taste!"

"Who's the small stranger? Tell me everything!"

"Never a tell! Go and bathe and then we'll eat!"

Margaret whistled and hummed as in days of yore, while she moved around the kitchen, while Bobby shrieked with delight outside in the new games with Bessie. She had succeeded. Her holiday had worked, and so would the rest of it. She chuckled; Robert thought he was going to find out! Oh, would he!

So when the good things were eaten, and Robert gathered her on his knee, like the old days, before she was always busy and always tired, he said: "Now, old girl, tell a fellow about it."

She pulled his ear for the "old girl." It would come out it seemed, but it didn't jar to-day some way.

"First of all, will you save me every Thursday, unless you are to be out of town, have dinner with me in the city as my guest, not come home at noon that day, and do something that we both will like in the evening?"

"Hands up," shouted Robert, "the poor-house for ours!"

"Not at all," said Margaret with dignity. "Here is my bank account," and she produced a little red book with the whole of the generous cheque deposited.

Robert's eyes bulged. "But your holiday! How did you have it?"

"My holiday is going right on till this cheque gives out. Every Thursday—maid's day out—for me. No meals to get that day, a nice little modest dinner in town with my husband and something we want to do in the evening out of my holiday money, and this blessed Bessie to help me with Bobbie. I know she's going to be a treasure."

"I've just been forcing old circumstance's hand, Robert. I might have been grumping around here till the end of time, having hysterics occasionally, and not being fit to speak to. There's sure to be some way, or some person to fit in if one just goes after it. What are you chuckling about? Think it won't last? It will, if this should fail, I'll find some other way, and don't you be superior, didn't I have my holiday, get brown and well, save money and land a co-worker? That will 'hold you' for awhile, Old Boy!"

"The holiday? You just keep right on guessing. You're not even warm yet, and—no, I didn't sponge either myself or Bobby on any of our relatives."

## Out Of the North

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Here and there, the threshers are at work converting the stooks into grain, but the farmers, this year, are declaring that, hereafter, they shall have community threshing machines because they are mulcted as high as sixteen cents a bushel by the threshermen.

In spite of the horrible happenings of last year, when thousands of cattle died of starvation, many of the farmers are burning their straw stacks on the fields. There is a name for these men but my knowledge of a certain clause in the criminal code which prohibits the use of insulting and abusive language in public places, prevents my putting it

down. You, however, may think of it if you care to.

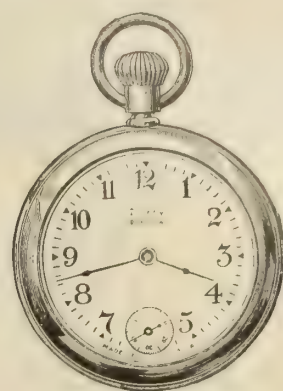
There are people who claim that there is too much unoccupied land in the western provinces and that only an amount equal to the roads has been cultivated. They say we need immigrants to help lower the taxes; to help pay the railway deficit of sixty million dollars a year; and to produce more food for the world's consumption.

Yet, curiously enough, while we are seeking immigrants, our own people are emigrating to other lands. In 1919, nearly 60,000 Canadians left this Dominion to settle in the United States.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61.)

# Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



## Let Pocket Ben time your day

**POCKET BEN** tucks into the pocket of your work-shirt and is right there when you want to know if there's time to start that other job before dinner.

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Sample of Cold Cream or Face Powder sent on request.

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streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Tell druggist whether your material is wool or silk, or if it is cotton, linen, or a mixture.

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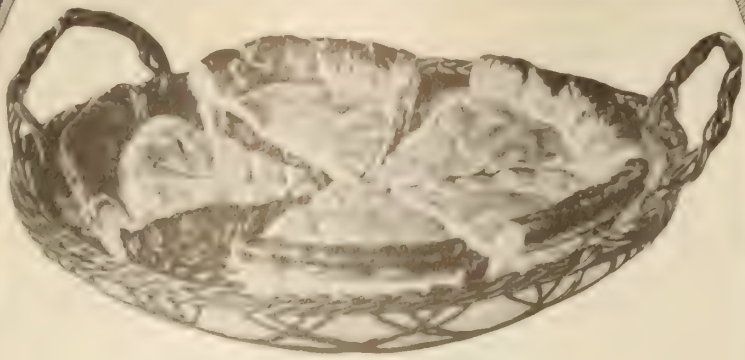
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## Ask Men What Pie They Like

—See How Many  
Vote the Raisin

**T**AKE a vote on pies in your home and you'll make mostly raisin pies. For raisins make a food-dessert that quickly revives spent energies.

Raisins furnish 1560 units of energizing nutriment per pound.

They are 75 per cent. pure fruit-sugar in practically pre-digested form.

So the nutriment of raisin pie is almost immediately assimilated.

Men like the flavor and they feel the strength that this fine dessert imparts.

Try one to-night. You'll never have to ask men what pie they like thereafter. Here's the tested recipe for the chief of pies:

### The Juice Forms a Luscious Sauce

|                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins | Juice 2 lemons             |
| 1½ cups boiling water   | 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind  |
| 1 cup sugar             | Juice 1 orange             |
| 4 tbsp. cornstarch      | 1 tbsp. grated orange rind |
| 1 cup chopped walnuts   |                            |

Cook raisins in boiling water for five minutes; pour into sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick; remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

## SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use these raisins for home cooking, for they are the finest raisins grown.

Made from choicest California table grapes, tender, meaty, juicy and thin-skinned.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*). All dealers sell them.

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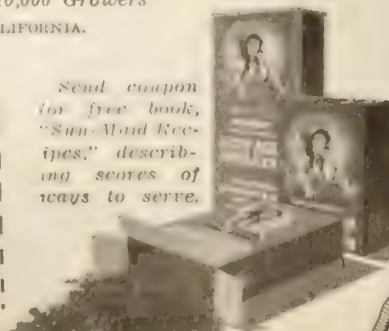
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ing scores of  
ways to serve.



## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE LAST STAGE.

**T**HE hours of the afternoon that followed their encounter with Tom Lillywhite were long and heavy ones for Natalie and Garth. A haggard misunderstanding rode between them on the trail. Denied the all-explaining, all-healing touch of hands—or lips, the unreasonable despair of lovers seized on each; and the sunny way was plunged in murk. They rode, and camped, and ate their supper in silence; and in silence they turned in for the night. But there was little sleep for either; they lay apart, each nursing a burden of unhappiness; unable to say now what it was all about, only dreadfully conscious that they were divided.

As soon as it was light enough to see, a pale and heavy-lidded Natalie crept noiselessly out of her tent. In front of the door she saw Garth on his knees preparing to build a fire; but the hand that held the hatchet-helve had dropped nervelessly to the ground; and his eyes, fixed and staring in the torpor of miserableness, had forgotten what he had set out to do. At the sight, a rapturous peace came back to Natalie's harried soul; for, she thought, if he were so unhappy as that, he must love her in spite of all. And Garth, looking up, saw the tenderness break in her weary face, and he understood it all too. The forest sprang into leaf again for them; and presently the sun came gaily up. They became as wildly and unreasonably happy as they had just been miserable; and not a word was exchanged either way. It was not necessary. That they did not fling themselves into each other's arms at that moment, must surely be written down to their credit somewhere.

They made but a leisurely progress this day and the next. The labor of the journey was greater than at any time hitherto, for in addition to the ordinary routine of making and breaking camp twice a day, Garth had now the four horses to look after. Catching them was a task of uncertain duration, even though they turned out hobbled; in particular, the exasperating Timoois developed the proficiency of a very circus horse, in walking on his hind legs. And once caught, there was all the business of saddling, packing and drawing the hitch.

Besides, there was that in both their hearts which delayed them even more. No ardently desired goal awaited them at the end of this journey; on the contrary they dreaded what they were to find. The last few miles of the way together, before the inevitable came between them, was therefore very dear; and it became ever easier to say "Let's camp!" and harder to say "Let's move!"

Their boisterous jollity on the trail gave place to much quiet happiness; and there was ceaseless friendly contention, where Garth's every thought was for Natalie; and hers for him. Each was on his mettle to be worthy of the other's best. Above all they avoided the insidious danger of contact; but inevitably sometimes in the business of the camp, their hands did meet—and each to himself stored up and told over the events like secret treasures. In every labor Natalie insisted on taking her share like a man; and Garth never ceasing to upbraid her, yet loved her for it prodigiously.

Day by day, now, the leaves of the more exposed trees were yellowing; and on the second night of their journey across the portage, the first heavy frost of the season descended. Garth, under his sail-cloth at the door of the tent, awoke covered with rime.

Toward the end of the third day they had their never-to-be-forgotten first glimpse of the mighty Spirit, the dream river of the North, whose name evokes the thought of a garden in a bleak land. The unvarying flatness of the portage with its standing pools, and the interminable lofty wood that had hemmed them in for three

days, had given them the sense of travelling on the bottom of the world, and that somewhere ahead must be a hill to climb. What then was their astonishment this afternoon, when, without warning, they emerged from among the trees on an abrupt grassy terrace, and beheld the great river lying nearly a thousand feet below.

It was a view inimitably gorgeous and sublime. Coming so suddenly upon it they caught their breaths and gazed in silence; for there was nothing fitting to say. The high point on which they stood overlooked a deep and narrow gorge at their left, through which a little river fell to the great stream; and across this they could look up the vast trough for miles. In the distance the river seemed to rise, until one would say it issued molten from the low-hung sun itself.

It had an individual and peculiar look, like no watercourse they had seen. Its course drew a sharp line between the wooded country and the prairie. Like a figure dressed in motley, the steep southern bank was everywhere dark and wooded, while the other side, sweeping up in countless fantastic knolls and terraces, was bare, except for the brown grass, and patches of scrub-like hair in the hollows. Far back from the opposite rim of the vast trough swept the unmeasured prairie, as flat, in the whole prospect, as the country they had lately traversed.

It was the wealth of color that most of all bewitched their eyes. The river itself was of an odd, insistent green—emerald tinged with milk; the islands on its bosom hung out the rich bottle-green of spruce; the grass on the north bank was beaver-brown; the wild-rose scrub glowed blood-crimson in the hollows; and the aspen bluffs, touched with frost, were as yellow as saffron. The wild and beautiful panorama was made complete in their eyes by a great golden eagle perched on the brink of the immediate foreground and, like themselves, gazing over. Though but a hundred yards or so distant, he contemptuously disregarded their arrival. When Garth, full of curiosity, came closer, he spread his vast wings and drifted indifferently out into space.

For a long time they gazed at the scene without speaking. It was Natalie who finally expressed their common thought.

"Wouldn't it be sweet," she said wistfully, "if our journey had no other object but to see this? With what satisfied hearts we could now turn back!"

Skirting the edge of the steep, presently the Settlement came into view far below, a hut or two along the river, hugging the base of the cliffs. The trail zigzagged gradually down, frequently doubling on itself; and whereas the eagle might have descended in a minute, it promised to be more like half an hour for them.

Garth, following his previous policy, did not intend to expose Natalie to the stares of the Settlement, until he had at least reconnoitred. Before coming on the houses, therefore, he led his little caravan off through the bush to the left; and descended to the shore of the smaller stream they had seen from above. Here, in a private glade beside the noisy brown water, they pitched their camp; and Garth, leaving Natalie armed against all eventualities, proceeded into the Settlement.

His inevitable first question at the store elicited the information that the Bishop had gone up the river to Binchinnin, Ostachegan Creek and Fort St. Pierre. Next, the name of Herbert Mabyon called forth contemptuous shrugs. None of the men could give certain information of his whereabouts, though Clearwater Lake was mentioned again. He had not been in to the post for four months; and there was a handful of letters waiting for him. Garth was referred to the breeds across the river for better news. It was clearly intimated that all self-respecting white men had cast Mabyon off.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



**It really  
MAKES  
the Cake**



What would most cakes be without the icing? For, after all, it's the icing that makes the cake. A deliciously rich frosting is made with

## MAPLEINE The Golden Flavor

### HERE'S THE RECIPE

2 cups granulated sugar 2 teaspoons butter  
1 cup milk 1/2 teaspoonful Mapleine  
Stir butter, sugar and milk until it boils.  
Then boil briskly until it forms soft ball  
in cold water. Take off fire, cool slightly  
and beat until thick enough to spread on  
cake.

Mapleine makes instant syrup as well as its incomparable use as a flavoring. Dissolve granulated sugar in hot water and add Mapleine.

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Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory), and  
240 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers.

## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

Inquiring the means of crossing the river, the ferry was pointed out to Garth, a barge propelled with sweeps. It must be tracked up-stream for a quarter of a mile before starting across, to allow for the current, he was told. The trader offered to help him when he was ready. Garth thanking him, privately resolved to cross before the Settlement was astir next morning. He saw that his own reticence in answering questions inspired the three simultaneously with the idea that he was a detective from outside, in pursuit of Herbert Mabyn for some early sin; and he let it go at that.

**G**ARTH roused Natalie long before dawn; and they crossed the river by the first greenish light of the East. Garth handled one sweep, Natalie the other; and their labor was great. The incorrigible Timooosis, who never neglected an opportunity to make trouble, balked furiously at the ferry; and, finally driven on board and tied, managed to work the other horses up to a high state of excitement during the passage.

Finally, when they had almost made the other shore, he succeeded in breaking his halter; and, leaping over the stern, perversely struck out for the shore they had left. Cy and Caspar, horses of no character, blindly leaped after him. For a moment a dire disaster threatened; for Timooosis, borne down by the weight of his pack, could scarcely keep his head above water; and they thought they had lost both their horse and their camp equipment. But the self-contained Emmy, who had not budged during all the excitement, merely turned her head, and sent an imperious whinny in the direction of her offspring; whereupon Timooosis, with true coltish inconsistency, turned about, and came meekly swimming after the barge, followed by the other two. Since the shore was not above twenty-five yards off he managed to win it pack and all, and staggered up on the beach, chilled, exhausted, and much chastened in mind. Warned by previous experiences, they never trusted him with anything perishable, so the damage to his pack was slight.

After an hour's travelling, they halted by the trail at sunrise to eat, and to dry out what had been wet. This part of the trail traversed the heavily wooded bottom-lands, before starting to climb the grassy steeps of the further bank. As they sat on a log discussing their bread and cocoa, a rollicking song came, as a sound comes fluctuating through the woods, now from this side, now from that, and curiously deadened. It finally resolved itself into the air of "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" with words in Cree. While it still seemed some distance away, suddenly the singer rode upon them; and reining up his horse, called the song into his surprised throat.

He was the handsomest native they had met, a young fellow of twenty-odd, lean and broad-shouldered, with flashing black eyes and high-bridged nose. His stiff-brimmed "Stetson" was tilted at a dashing angle; he had a scarlet silk handkerchief about his throat; and he sat his horse like a young prince of the woods. Whether pure redskin or breed it was impossible for them to tell; certainly there was no visible evidence of a white admixture; but in spite of his strange and savage air, there was something instantly likable about the young man—according to Natalie he was the first native they had met who seemed human. He rode a fine black horse as bravely accoutred as would become the captain of a round-up.

He seemed disposed to be friendly; and Garth invited him to share their meal. As politeness demanded, he broke a small piece of bread, and drank some cocoa, which was plainly not at all to his taste. When he sat down he had the grace to take off his hat, something else they had not seen before in a native.

His name, he volunteered, was Gene Lafabe. Since his English was about

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



## Buy Your Desserts From Your Grocer

**N**EXT time you're telephoning the grocer, ask him to send your favorite flavor in a Pure Gold Jelly Powder.

Take a few moments to prepare it (instead of bothering with some fussy dessert), and serve it to the family that night.

Watch the look of interest on dad's face change to a smile of satisfaction as he tastes its wholesome goodness; listen to the exclamations of delight from the kiddies. You'll never

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*The Extreme of Comfort  
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**O**NCE you have known the true comfort of a BIAS FILLED CORSET, you will never revert to the binding, suffocating kind.

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## A Medley of Thoughts on Gardening

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

flat or other shallow dish until the plants have developed and become attached to the soil.

### Plan the Garden on Paper.

WHETHER in town or country, the principles that govern the planning and planting of a garden are practically the same, although the distance of planting, methods of tillage, intensity and systems of cropping may differ considerably. In any case, the garden scheme should be decided upon before planting time comes. Drawing a plan to scale on paper will help. Take a piece of paper 15 inches wide and 30 inches long for a farm garden, or a smaller piece, if the area to be planted is not large. Represent the garden on the paper to a scale or unit. If every foot of the garden can be drawn on the paper by using the scale of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch, the unit of measure is designated as " $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch equals one foot."

Using this unit of measure, first draw the boundaries of the garden, always remembering that each quarter of an inch on the paper represents one foot in the garden. Indicate the direction of the rows, the location and amount of each vegetable to be grown, and also the proper dates for sowing or setting. If a farm garden is being planned, allow room at each end of all rows for turning the horse when cultivating. Place the perennial crops, such as asparagus, rhubarb and horseradish, at one side. Draw rows the proper distance apart for the early, or hardy, crops first, and follow with warmer season crops as the days and weeks go by. Detailed information for each kind of vegetable is given in the planting guide. As far as possible, arrange to plant in the same or adjoining rows, crops that require the same kind of cultivation and care and the same length of season to mature. Plan for a succession of crops, so that the ground may be occupied nearly all the time. Amateur gardeners will plan also a system of double cropping. Space forbids further details, but the enthusiastic vegetable gardener will find the way.

### With the Fruits.

MARCH is pruning month. Thin out the old apple and cherry trees. Thin out also the peach, pear and plum trees, and head back about one-third of last season's growth.

No fruit requires more regular and systematic pruning than the grape. One of the main points to observe is to keep the bearing wood as near the trunk as possible. Thin out well, leaving only six or eight limbs to a vine, well placed, each limb with no more than six or seven buds.

Prune currants, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries. Currants and gooseberries produce their fruit on wood that is at least two years old. Remove only a portion of the old wood, and allow a similar number of new branches to replace same. Cut back the new wood. Remove the old canes from the raspberries and blackberries. Thin out the new canes, and cut back those that remain to about three and one-half feet, depending upon variety and strength of growth.

Fruit trees may be grafted this month and next. Old trees that are not producing desirable varieties may be changed into good ones. Any fruit tree may be made, if desired, to bear a number of varieties.

Spraying should commence just before the buds begin to swell. Scale insects and various kinds of fungous diseases are best controlled at this time. Secure a spray pump of some kind and write to the nearest agricultural college or department of agriculture for directions.

Plan to plant fruit trees, bush fruits, grapes and strawberries, if you have the room; eliminate the tree fruits, if space is comparatively limited; grow

a few strawberries anyway on lots where other kinds would crowd. Few homes need be without home-grown fruits of some kind.

### Lawns and Shrubberies.

IN localities where the snow leaves early, the lawn may be raked, fertilized and rolled. Grass seed should be purchased for making new lawns and for strengthening the turf of old ones.

Remove all dead wood from shade trees, shrubs and vines; if these are overgrown, they may be thinned out; if unshapely, they may be pruned for correction. Most shrubs require very little pruning. The time to prune depends upon their season of blooming. Early-flowering shrubs should not be pruned until after blossoming. Late flowering shrubs may be pruned now. These include mock orange, some spireas and honeysuckles, Clematis Jackmanni and the large-flowered hydrangea. Last season's growth of the last named should be cut back to about six inches of the old wood.

Prune roses before growth starts. If quantity of bloom rather than quality be the object, the only pruning necessary is to remove the dead and weakly wood, and to cut back the shoots to a point below where the winter has killed the immature growth of the season before. If the object be, and it should be, the promotion of a symmetrical growth and the improvement of quality in bloom, follow the old rule that "plants of a delicate growth should be severely pruned, while those of vigorous growth should have some of the branches cut out entirely and the remaining ones only moderately shortened."

### For Flower Garden.

BEFORE selecting seeds and plants for the flower garden, the wide-awake horticulturist usually looks over the field to see what professional men, even many amateurs, have done in the way of introducing new and improved varieties. But most gardeners are satisfied with the old stand-bys. The common annuals, so conspicuously pictured on seed packets in store windows, are just as serviceable for home planting as varieties that cost more and must be ordered direct from the specialist. There's a place for both the new and the old.

To have early bloom from asters, pansies, four-o'clocks, scarlet sage (salvia), nasturtiums, lobelia, sweet alyssum, and many other annuals, and plants treated as annuals, it is necessary to start the seed in a hotbed or in the house long before planting time. A good plan is to sow the seeds in shallow boxes, filled to within half an inch of the top with fine rich earth. Water and keep in the kitchen or living room window where the temperature will be fairly uniform at about 65 degrees. Spray the soil with lukewarm water when the surface appears dry. Sow towards the end of March or early in April. If the very best plants are wanted, transplant when large enough, to other boxes or to a cold frame once before setting outside in the open garden. Some kinds of perennials will bloom the first year, if sown inside or under glass early in March.

Perennials are the pioneers of the flower kingdom. For centuries, one may say, herbaceous flowering plants have been the greatest delight of flower lovers. They are still the favorite class of flowers with many people. And to-day they may be had in great variety and perfection. Perennials should be prominently in mind when planning home beautification this spring.

"Make thy garden as fair as thou canst—

Thou workest never alone;

Perchance he whose garden is next to thine

May see it and mend his own."

### Dainty, Surely

Yet MACK WAISTS are the truest economy because of their splendid values.

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present an infinite variety of charming styles at popular prices. There is no economy in trying to make Waists at home when you can get such dainty patterns—such smart tailor-made effects—such thoroughly dependable fabrics—such careful sewing and finishing—in MACK WAISTS so reasonably.

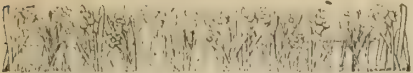
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# Mrs. Baucher's Sheep

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Before the bewildered Ivan could reply, Mrs. Lopatka, who had come in unnoticed intervened.

"Two days ago yet you say that pigs must go up," she said.

"A man can be mistaken," retorted Tonassi.

"Many times are the men mistaken. More better it is when they listen to the women. Good advice I give it to mine daughter, so two days ago we load up the other pigs, and she sell that at Borwick for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. That leaves to you, Ivan, a hundred and sixty dollars after you pay to mine daughter the price of the sheep you and this good-for-nothing steal from her."

At the sight of poor Ivan, standing bewildered there, Mrs. Baucher's anger flamed up against both her mother and the cattle buyer. What right had they to worry her man? After all, the sheep had been hers; it was a matter for her and Ivan to settle between themselves. She gave a most realistic groan.

"Ivan, I—I feel bad," she said, pressing her hand to her side. "I must to lie down. Do you help me to bed."

Mrs. Lopatka started up, concerned, to offer help, but Domka, who had understood the glance her mother threw over her shoulder, diverted her grandmother by asking how a mustard plaster should be made. Tonassi, glad to escape from the keen tongue of the old woman, seized his hat and fled. Mrs. Baucher, alone in her room with her husband, firmly closed the door, abandoned pretence of illness, and began to speak.

When Mrs. Baucher and her husband, having reached a complete understanding, rejoined the family, Mrs. Lopatka was still waiting to attack Ivan on the matter of evening school.

"Sure, mother, we go to school," Mrs. Baucher interrupted her. "With mine own money, that I get for mine sheep, do I pay for mineself and Ivan. What for not, since a man and his wife are all the same one person?"

But from that day Mrs. Baucher was more independent, while Ivan showed greater respect for his wife's judgment, as well as for her property rights.

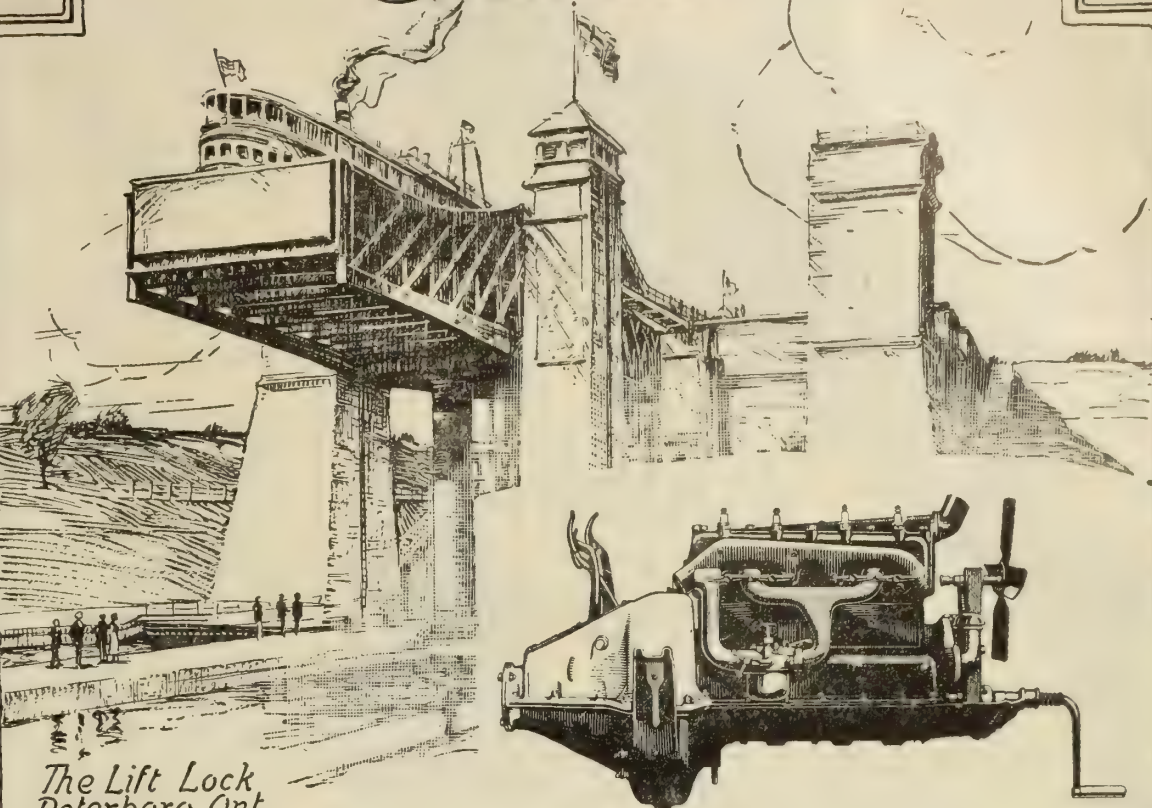

# Seriously Considering the Four Walls of a Room

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

place of what was known as "oatmeal paper." They have all its qualifications together with a pleasing decorative appearance. Cretonnes, chintzes and charming silk effects are at present most popular for bedrooms. In ceilings, also, a change is apparent, and the "moire ceiling," which has been in vogue for the past twenty years has given way to new designs in harmony with the remainder of the room. Attractive ceiling papers are being shown which introduce a note of color, the designs exhibiting mostly clusters of flower petals which form dainty motifs, delicate checks, polka dots or stipples.

The children's rooms have not been overlooked, and lovely papers are created expressly for this purpose with pictures illustrative of well-known nursery rhymes appearing on a plain ground. These are quaint and well-drawn and are not allowed to be monotonous but of sufficient variety to interest the young mind.

In Canada, the manufacture of wall-paper has shown a great advancement in the past six years, and we now possess four large and thriving factories, two in Toronto, and two in Montreal. These are producing some of the finest wall-papers that are made to-day; indeed, their trade is not restricted to the home market, but exports of Canadian wallpapers are now being made to many of the largest countries of the world.




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Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.


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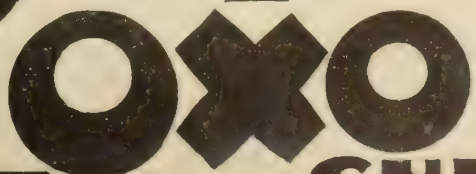
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**DOG DISEASES**  
And How to Feed

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A Cube to a Cup





## Childhood is a Garden

A CHILD has been compared to a garden—fertile ground for good-habit flowers or bad-habit weeds.

In mother's keeping rests the fate of these little gardens. She should plant early the seed of sound habits of health; particularly the good habit of regular and thorough elimination of food waste. For of all the habits learned in childhood, this is by far the most important in safeguarding the child against illness and promoting its health all through life.

*Particularly valuable for children*

Nujol is particularly valuable for relieving Constipation in children; for instead of forcing or irritating the system, *Nujol simply softens the food waste.* This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. It is absolutely harmless, does not upset their little stomachs, cause griping nor interfere with their school or play. And they like it.

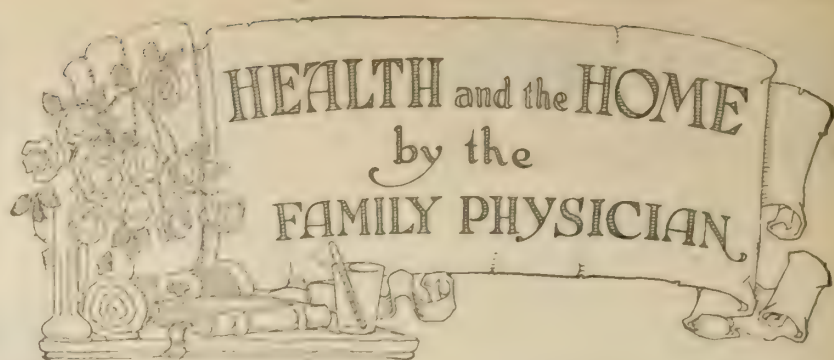
Leading medical authorities agree that over 75% of human illness has its origin in unnatural conditions in the intestinal tract—in constipation—and prescribe Nujol particularly for children.

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Name.....  
Address.....



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

### CONSTIPATION.

THERE are very few people who come to consult The Family Physician, who can truly say:

"No," to the question:

"Do you suffer from constipation?"

People who are quite free from this defect are usually perfectly well. The cure lies with the patient and not with the physician. It is a matter of daily habit and the foundation of that regular daily habit should be laid when the baby is about three months old. Modern books on the care of infants and young children, if they are to be really useful to the Mother, should point out just how this can be done. And if any reader of this page cannot get the necessary information from books or otherwise, address a letter to The Family Physician and perhaps in some forthcoming number of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, we shall be able to take space to answer any question you wish to ask on this subject.

However, we must begin with you, whoever you are, at the age that you have now attained. And therefore the question we must answer is not what might have been done for you when you were three months old, but what can be done for you now. There are four things that you must attend to—four habits that you must acquire. The first is a proper diet; the second, daily exercise and fresh air; the third, drinking water between meals, and the fourth, daily attention to this matter.

The following hints will be sufficient to guide you:

1. **Diet.**—A mixed diet, "Everything that is going," is the right diet for a grown-up person. But strong tea helps to cause constipation. At every meal you should eat one or more of the following articles of diet, giving them the preference, but taking meat at least once a day:

1. Fruit, especially fresh fruits and those containing small seeds, as figs, strawberries, etc., grapes, raisins, apples, pears, peaches, olives, bananas, grape-fruit, etc. Eating an apple before breakfast is a help.

2. Vegetables, especially those containing some indigestible fibre or other residue, as green vegetables, salads, potatoes, tomatoes, parsnips, onions, celery, carrots, turnips, etc.

3. Honey, syrup, treacle, jam, etc., anything containing sugar.

4. Any food containing common salt, neutral salts of vegetable acids, etc., such as herring, sardines, smoked fish, smoked ham or bacon, and food prepared from fruits, as marmalade, etc.

5. Any food containing fat, as butter, salad-dressing, cream, meat with fat, etc.

6. Whole wheat bread, brown bread, graham bread, ginger-bread, digestive biscuits, etc., any bread containing some of the outside husk of the wheat.

7. Any food containing lactic acid, butyric acid, or other organic acids, such as buttermilk, sour milk, koumiss, kephyr, etc.

8. Any food containing a solid residue, as porridge made from oatmeal, cornmeal, cracked wheat, rolled oats, etc., oatcake and corncake.

9. Legs and wings of fowls, fish with skin, etc.

"Skins and bones,  
Strings and stones."

10. Beef-tea, broths, soups, etc.

### 2. Daily Exercise and Fresh Air.

The general health and muscular tone of the body have much to do with the condition of the intestines. Unless the general muscular tone is fairly good, we cannot avoid constipation. The muscles must have a good tone. This applies to all the muscles, even the muscles of respiration. Good breathing exercises help. So you must take some suitable exercises daily, such as walking, riding, golfing, skating, bicycling, swinging clubs, fencing, playing tennis, football, basket-ball, etc., and be out in the open air for at least one hour every day.

3. **Drinking Water.**—A drink of hot water before breakfast helps much. A glass of water or lemonade, either hot or cold should be taken in the middle of the morning and in the middle of the afternoon. Few people drink enough water.

4. **Daily Habits.**—A regular daily habit of relieving the bowels at a definite hour by the clock is essential. Time must be secured for this purpose, and the patient must not be hurried. On no account allow this to be omitted. The feet should be supported on a low stool. Sometimes adopting the crouching or squatting posture, instead of the sitting posture, while attempting to relieve the bowels, will cure constipation. You must not strain.

If you are really intelligent, and have perseverance, the formation of this habit is possible, with the gratifying result of a complete and permanent cure of the constipation. The patient should go when the clock strikes, and an excellent plan is to go to the bathroom on arising and see to the relief of the bowels before the daily bath. After breakfast is also a good time. The regularity, of course, is the important thing; the hour is a matter of convenience, though the early morning is the natural time.

If you are "willing to work" to get yourself cured, the first thing is to select the time, then keep to that time every day, until the habit is established and constipation is cured. For example, you take a bath at 7.15 a.m., and are willing to go to the toilet at 7.00. If the bowels do not move at the proper time that day, it is probably better, if possible, to wait till that time the next day.

Many people like the following plan: Stew 1½ ounces of Senna with 1 pint of water, sugar, and prunes enough for the water to cover. When thoroughly cooked, lift out the prunes, put them in a jar, strain the juice, and pour it over the prunes. Eat two or three prunes, with two or three tablespoonfuls of the juice at breakfast, or after each meal, if necessary. The best prunes, which are sold in bottles, should be used.

There are a great many causes of constipation that you learn by experience, but often these are not really recognized until the physician points them out. Thus, severe and unwise exertion may be followed by constipation the next day. Again, while some people need to be persuaded not to eat quite so much, there are probably more, especially among women, who do not eat enough. Tea and toast, with a headache, will give anyone constipation. A lonely lunch is very apt to be the sort of lunch that invites constipation. The muscular coat of the bowel will not and cannot contract down on nothing. Eat enough.

Insufficient sleep is another certain cause of constipation. Go to bed early.





THERE was a smart young girl present, who had pretty blue eyes, fluffy fair hair—and a voice which was an irritation to all who were unfortunate enough to hear her.

"Well," concluded the Young Person, after she had expressed her views on Theda Bara and other wearisome "stars": "I must hurry off to meet up with Gladys Burton, or she'll think I'm a mutt."

"What a dreadful girl!" sighed a sweet-looking matron. "She's rather nice-looking, but it would be a positive affliction to be obliged to listen to such a voice—and such vulgar slang! Where did she get that expression: 'meet up'?"

"Haven't you noticed," asked a Lady in Brown, "that we are overworking such words as 'out' and 'up' to a sad extent? I suppose we have imported these expressions from the United States!"

"Like that horrid word, 'gotten'," said a Scotch lassie.

"I really cannot see why we should imitate the United States papers and speakers in all their inaccuracies," said the Lady in Brown. "We use 'gotten' continually and we say 'link up,' 'connect up,' 'win out' and 'meet up' until it is difficult to recognize the English language. I noticed," added the Lady in Brown, nodding approvingly at the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, "that the Family Physician, writing in the February number, concludes with 'they win.' Now, if she had been a cheap writer of 'journalese,' she would have weakened the whole article by saying 'win out.' I suppose she was brought up to appreciate the English language."

"It's the fault of our newspapers," said the Scotch lassie. "Their writing is very slovenly and then those vulgar 'comics' are enough to spoil the public taste."

A Westerner here arose to ask a question. "Do you know whether Mr. Arthur Stringer has lived in the West of Canada?"

No one seemed to know, and the Westerner continued with fire in her eye: "That man has represented a woman of the West as nothing but a vulgarian in her way of speaking. I mean 'The Prairie Mother,' his latest book. I'll admit that the West is more than a trifle slangy, but I've not heard any woman in the West, either in the cities or on the prairies, talk in that style."

"Perhaps Mr. Stringer is just writing down to the dear public," I suggested. "He is, really, a literary artist, and his poems are a national treasure. I only wish he'd write poetry every year. Then look at his delightful short stories—and there is 'The Silver Poppy,' a novel quite worth remembering."

"I don't care," said the undaunted Westerner. "I'd like to talk to him about that impossible person who is the Prairie Mother. She calls her husband 'Dinky Dunk' (or 'Diddums'), her children are Dinkie, Popsy and Pee Wee, and the husband calls his wife 'Gee Gee.'" The Westerner's tones expressed infinite scorn and we laughed at the "goo-ey" names.

"Oh, there's the book," said the Westerner eagerly, as she caught sight of a bright cover. "Now, just wait until I find a few choice bits."

"Here's one," she continued. "The Prairie Mother is talking about the days when she was having a gay time in New York, and comparing them with her hard work in the West. She prefers the latter existence, but this is what she says: 'Any old maid who wants to pirouette around the Plaza roof with a lounge lizard breathing winy breaths into her false hair was welcome to her choice.' If Mr. Stringer thinks that our prairie mothers talk in that style, he's making a sad mistake. Then here's a worse one. Of course, we've all had the experience of having some silly man try to make love to us when he has no business to—when we're married—and we know how to snub him."

"Just say, 'I'm not that kind of woman,' with a fine frost in your voice—and the insolent creature fades away," said the Lady in Brown.

"Here is what the 'Prairie Mother' says," continued the Westerner: "When the young man tries to make love to her, she turns on him with this sweet warning. 'Then let me tell you something. . . I'm a high-strung hell-cat, I

am. I'm a bob-cat and I'm not aching to be pawed by you or any other hare-brained he-mutt'."

"Surely," gasped the Lady in Brown, "that isn't in print."

"It's on page one-hundred-and-seventy-five," said the Westerner. "Do you think I could make that up? What kind of children do you suppose that Prairie Mother would have?"

"She didn't live," I said comfortingly, "and, anyway, she isn't, at all, like anything else Mr. Stringer has done. He's just trying to write down to the movie-going public. You see, people who go to the ordinary 'show' demand that kind of thing."

"Well," insisted the unappeased Westerner. "I wish he'd tell us where the dreadful heroine lived. I don't believe she belonged to Alberta."

"Let's wish her on Idaho or Montana," I suggested unkindly. "If you wish to take the taste of such a heroine out of your mouth, read some of Mr. Stringer's poems—especially those with classical themes. He's one of our very few poets."

"To return to the voice of the dear young thing who left us a few moments ago," said the sweet-looking matron, "What is the matter with the Canadian voice?"

"The public schools," said the Lady in Brown emphatically. "The children are allowed, even encouraged, to use the nose as an organ of speech and anything like correct speaking is laughed at as affectation. Yet, if one word is said, except in extravagant praise of our public schools, we are attacked as 'undemocratic' and 'snobbish.' I am sending my daughter to Miss B—," mentioning a private school of long standing, "because the course is thorough, and the teachers are very particular in the matter of voice culture. The shrill, away-up-in-head voice that so many Canadian women seem to think desirable is discouraged, until the girl is finally brought to realize the charm of a low, sweet voice. The good schools in the United States have the same training. It is only the undisciplined Chicago or Vermont citizen who says 'daown' and 'abaout'."

"And, in the meantime," said the matron, "our Canadian business girls are using the pronunciation, address, (with the first syllable set forth prominently) and are saying, 'exquisite', with the second syllable in evidence, when not even a United States dictionary gives any authority for such usage."

"They must have 'gotten' it from a foreign source," said the Lady in Brown. "Don't," I protested, "'gotten' is the last word in cheap imitation of the yellow newspaper editorials."

"I think," said the Lady in Brown, "that climate has something to do with it. I've noticed that the most pleasing voices in Canada are those one hears in Nova Scotia and British Columbia."

"What's the matter with Edmonton and Calgary?" said the Westerner aggressively.

"Why, the Edmonton voice is very much the same as the Toronto voice—too much in the top of the head. Listen to the clatter at any afternoon tea and you will notice that Toronto voices are shriller than those heard in Halifax or Montreal. Of course, I'm just speaking in a general way," added the Lady in Brown, graciously. "I'm a Torontonian, myself, and I find that I must guard against what Arnold Bennett calls 'The note of friction.' You will hear some delightful voices in Toronto, but, if you notice the public speaking at women's meetings, you will find it rather shrill. I was at a large meeting the other day when half-a-dozen women addressed the gathering. Only two of them had pleasing voices—one of these satisfactory speakers was English by birth, the other came from Washington."

"Oh, of course, the Southerners have the sweetest voices of all," admitted the Westerner. "you won't hear anything on the continent more musical than the voice of the girl from New Orleans. But, as you say, it may be a matter of climate, and, when the winds blow and the sun has an extra brightness, the voice of the latest inhabitant has a tendency to rise. Yes, I'll admit that the Canadian voice has a great deal to learn."

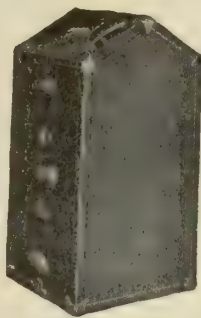
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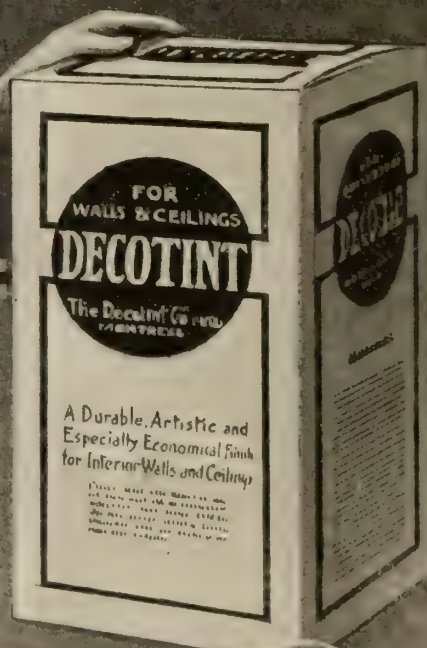
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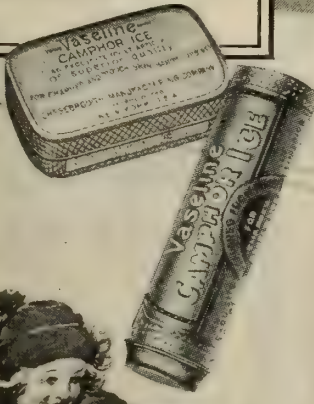
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## As Far As To Bethany

By MARGHA

[F there was one time of the year that Uncle Abel liked more than another it was Easter. To be sure he liked all seasons and all weathers, for he said each had its work in place.

He never sulked when it rained for three days, nor raged when a blizzard swept over the land. He never scolded at the cold of winter or the heat of summer, but bore or enjoyed all seasons.

The years of his life had been many. No one knew how old he was, but middle-aged men and women had always called him Uncle.

His real name was Abel Quilliams. He had come to Canada shortly after the close of England's war with France. He had been a sailor. "Not," he said, "a reg'lar but a 'pressed' man to serve whiles we fought Boney."

How the young ones liked to hear him tell of the day when Napoleon stood at the bow of the battleship that was to bear him away to captivity and St. Helena—stood so that all the British tars could see him.

"What did he look like, Uncle Abel?" asked a boy at one of his recitals. "How did he act?"

"We couldn't see his face right, for his 'ead was bent low—he never looked up—an' 'is arms were folded across 'is chest. We expected to see a giant, but he wor a little 'un."

"What did you do—you sailor-fellows when—when you saw him?" I cried.

"We give 'im three rousin' British cheers—fur he wor a brave soldier wor Boney—an' we wor mighty 'fraid o' him I tell ye. The bishops and clergy wor prayin' agin him in all the pulpits and churches o' the land—an' if it worn't fur God A'mighty—that called up His wind and scattered the Spanish Armady—if it worn't fur He—Boney'd a 'ad us sure. Some said it was Blucher wot come in the nick 'o time, but I allus said it wor God A'mighty."

For over thirty years Uncle Abel had been the village wood-cutter and there were few houses, great or small that he had not furnished with wood sawed and split to suit the different stoves of the house. When the furnace began to supplant the stove his worldly prospects grew dim. He was too old and lame to learn a new trade, so those who had employed him as a wood-cutter, kept him on as a furnace-feeder. For the last few years, however, this had been too heavy for him and he at last consented to retire on the interest of his bank account, which, though not large, was enough for his simple needs.

He had never married. When teased he would say that no one would want

such a gnarled stick as he—but the villagers knew that in his prime he was comely, with a fresh honest face which was a passport to the hearts of all who came near him. Old age, instead of making him crabbed and ugly, had softened him. He had few wrinkles and his face grew brighter as he grew older.

The matrons kept him supplied with warm socks and underwear while the maidens knitted him mufflers and mittens.

But it was evident, as it drew near the Eastertide of 187—that Uncle Abel would not live long. He had taken a cold and his strength had not returned, so the neighbors knew that it was only a matter of days before the bright eyes would be closed and the cheery voice would be forever still.

"I don't know how it is that everyone is so kind to me," he said. "I hain't never done nothing for nobody."

"Yes," said the Rector's wife, "you have been smiling on us all our lives, Uncle Abel. No one ever heard you speak an unkind word. You have been helping us all the time."

His eyes grew softer. "I wish," he said, "that I may go on Easter Day—in the morning. I'd like as soon as my body is dead fur the hull world to know that it's goin' to rise again. There was a bit of a girl in the Old Land, an' we promised each other—but she sickened and died. She said she'd wait fur me at the Gate—an' she'll not ha' long now. I—tried—to—marry—but I couldn't forget. She's allus been by me—when I wor sawin' and splittin', when I wor in a crowd, I could allus feel her nearer than any other."

"Perhaps that is why you were always so happy," said the Rector's wife, as she smoothed his pillow and gave him a drink.

"Mayhap," he whispered. "I wor never alone because she wor with me."

Easter morning came and the sun's rays were creeping over the hills, the robins were singing in the trees and the sexton was making ready to ring the bells, when Uncle Abel woke from a heavy sleep, his face shining, the old eager, expectant look in his eyes.

"I'm ready, Marg't," he said. "I've waited, an' it don't seem as if you'd been away—only now I see ye—an'. Marg't, there'll never be a veil atween us any more."

He sighed, his head fell back on the pillow and the Easter bells began to chime—

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day.  
Halleluia, Amen."

## Out Of the North

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.)

In spite of the militant bull-dog in the picture with his feet firmly implanted on the flag, it is not true to say, "What we have we hold." The reason for this must be left to politicians and pamphleteers. There are probably many reasons.

Just now, a colonization association composed of prominent Western gentlemen are raising two million dollars in an effort to people these solitary places. We hope the Canadian Committee of Mental Hygiene, and other Canadian Health Associations will keep a lookout on the type of persons brought in, for the "melting pot" is not nearly as satisfactory as we had hoped.

Yes! while we need population quite badly, we have some misgivings about this colonizing association, and may as well tell the reason here. It is entirely composed of male persons, whereas the immigrants will be composed of both males and females.

It has ever been the practice when the European family-trees have been shaken and the culls shipped out to Canada, the males responsible for the shaking and shipping, being alarmed by the habits of the culls, have called upon the

women of this country to put these through some kind of a process or of a sweet suasion known as civilizing, proselytizing, or Canadianizing. Temperance Unions, Missionary Societies, Women's Institutes, Daughters of the Empire, United Farm Women, Young Women's Christian Associations, and a dozen kindred organizations all composed of women, are hard at work—and all the time—trying to classify or clear up just such hopeless hordes from other countries.

It is high time we took a full bite out of these one-sided immigration societies. To speak guardedly, and with a delicate refinement, there should be the very dickens to pay. There won't be however, because we women love to make martyrs of ourselves, and no work is too onerous, or even too useless for us to undertake.

Sometimes I think the female of the species is too religious—if such a thing could be—and that this tends to destroy her sense of humor. At any rate, the joke is on the women folk—a tragic one to be sure—and we do not know it.

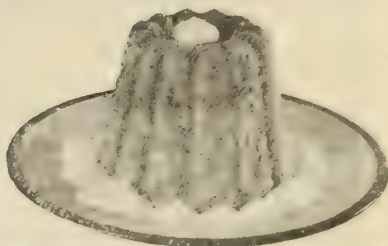
Having passed the southern part of Alberta, we find ourselves across the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)

## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### A Great Recipe from "The Green Gabled Farm"

ONE often learns of most unusual recipes in the most out-of-the-way places. Recently I lunched at a little green gabled farm house in an apple orchard, where I enjoyed a most unusual apple dessert in which I recognized Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Of course, woman-like, I asked for the recipe, which is Knox Apple Charlotte, and give it herewith, together with a recipe for a Rice Mold which was sent in from the South.



#### APPLE CHARLOTTE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water 1 cup boiling water  
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons  
1 cup cooked apple pulp 1 lemon juice  
Whites of 3 eggs Lady fingers or stale cake  
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain; cool slightly and add apple juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers, or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

One package of Knox Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different desserts or salads for four different luncheons or dinners, or make in all twenty-four individual servings.

#### RICE MOULD WITH PINEAPPLE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water Few grains salt  
1/2 cup scalded pineapple juice  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 cup cooked rice 1 cup whipped cream  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice  
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine, and mix thoroughly, cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple and two egg whites used in place of the whipped cream, if desired.

You do not need special molds for Knox Gelatine Desserts or Salads. Any bowl or dish, family size or individual—a deep gravy bowl or fruit dish, custard cups or sundae glasses—may be used. A brick shaped bread pan, round cake tin or pudding dish also make good jelly molds.

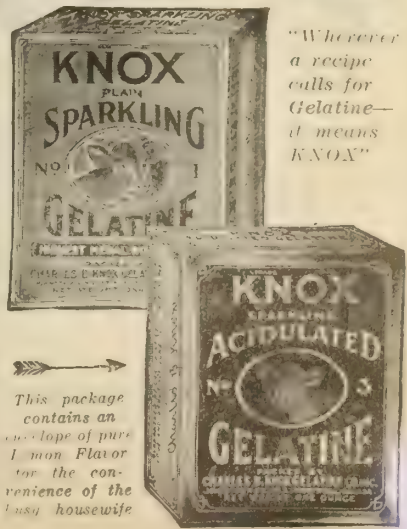
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black.....jet black.....dark brown.....  
medium brown.....light brown.....  
Name.....Street.....  
Town.....Co.....Prov.....

## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

on a par with Garth's Cree, communication was difficult. In his simplicity, the young man was continually forgetting they could not understand his language; and when Garth shook his head, only shouted the louder.

"You know Herbert Maby?" Garth asked.

Gene vigorously nodded his head, adding a stream of information, which, had they only understood, would have materially altered their subsequent line of action.

Garth shook his head hopelessly. "Where is he?" he asked.

Gene pointed north. "Clearwater Lake," he said; and in the twinkling of an eye, counted seventy-five with his ten fingers.

"Where is the trail?" Garth asked.

Gene shrugged. "Nomoya!" he said.

"No trail!"

Garth had an inspiration. "Can you take us there?" he asked.

Considerable patience and good-humor were called for from both sides, in the arduous course of arriving at an understanding; but finally a bargain was struck. Gene, in addition to the credentials of his person, bore a highly satisfactory letter of recommendation from the company trader at the Crossing. Whatever his errand in the first place may have been, he never gave it another thought; and in half an hour blithely turned his horse's head, and took the lead on the trail.

Gene looked at every considerable tree, every little gully, and every rise in the ground with the eye of an old friend. In a mile or so, at a place marked in no way that Garth could see, he abruptly turned out of the trail; and led them with an air of certainty through the apparently trackless woods. The trees ended at the steep rise that marked the bottom of the northern bank; and thereafter they climbed the grass.

By a devious route known to himself Gene led them through many little grassy ravines, and over ridges, gradually upward. There was no sense or order in the arrangement of the knolls and terraces and spurs of turf—the ground seemed to be pushed up anyhow, like bubbles on the surface of yeast dough. For a while they would be swallowed in a cup-like hollow; then, surmounting a ridge, they would have a brief glimpse of the distant river behind. It was only when they reached the top that, looking back over the turbulent rounded masses of earth, they were able to comprehend the great height to which they had climbed.

Reaching level ground, Gene with a shout set off at a lope in a bee line across the prairie; and Garth bringing up the packhorses in the rear, caused the sedate Emmy to put her best foot foremost. Meanwhile, with pocket-compass and memorandum book, he made notes of the route they took; and when opportunity offered tied a strip of white cotton to a bush. It was his intention to dismiss Gene before coming to Maby's hut; and he wished to be sure of the way back. The guide, comprehending what he was doing, gave him to understand that Emmy could bring them back over their own tracks—unless snow should fall. But Garth was neglecting no precautions.

Garth and Natalie deplored to each other the inadequacy of their means of communication with their guide. The half-breed Gene had a hundred things to point out to them on the prairie, most of which they could only guess at. For one thing, he made them understand he was following in the tracks of two cayuses that had come that way three days before. One was lame, he said, and the other dressed a travoise. All this he learned from certain marks in the grass, which the other two could not see at all. In all ways Gene proved himself a very pearl among guides. Garth, merely from watching him, learned as much trail-craft these two days as he had picked up during the weeks preceding, and Natalie confessed that his cooking put her utterly to shame.

Such was the energy of their pace

that they reached the late waterhole before coming to Clearwater Lake early next afternoon. Here Garth decided to camp; for he had determined with Natalie to time their arrival at Maby's hut for the morning; so that after the briefest stay, they could immediately start back. Clearwater Lake was only three miles distant; and Gene was able to point out a popular bluff marking the rise behind which it lay.

Neither Garth nor Natalie obtained much sleep that night; only Gene, wrapped in his rabbit-skin robe beyond the fire, slept the sleep of the savage or the child. They were all astir at dawn; and after eating, they parted; Gene careering south without a care on his mind; while Garth and Natalie turned their apprehensive faces toward the lake. What they were to find there they did not know; but intuition warned them it would be sufficiently painful.

When they reached the brow of the last hill, and the lake stretched vividly below them, they had no eyes for the loveliness of the prospect. The little hut at the head of the water far to the left was the first thing they saw; and it was charged with a significance that obliterated everything else. Facing the early sunlight it stood revealed with startling distinctness; and even at the distance had a ghastly look; gray, artificial and decayed in the midst of the mellow autumn loveliness.

"I will picket the packhorses down at the edge of the water," Garth said; "and we'll ride on without them. It will provide us with an obvious excuse to return immediately."

Natalie scarcely heard. Her eyes were fixed on the distant shack. "What do you suppose it hides from us?" she whispered. "Death, misery, or disgrace?"

Garth could scarcely forbear groaning in the pain of his solicitude for her. "Oh, Natalie!" he said hoarsely, "I haven't done right to expose you to this!"

"I made you!" she said quickly. "Besides, it's not a question of right or wrong. As you said we would, we have only done the best we could, under the circumstances that arose."

"At least let me ride on ahead a little," he begged. "You stay with the outfit. I will hurry back."

She shook her head. "I couldn't stand the suspense," she said simply. "Do not be afraid on my account," she added; "merely looking with my outward eyes at something that always faces me within won't hurt me. Come on!"

But presently she reined up her pony again, and turning a pair of brimming eyes on him, extended her hand. "Garth!" she murmured, "I—I would like to thank you—but I can't!"

"Oh, don't!" he begged. "Whatever we find down there," she said wistfully, "it can't make any difference, can it? We will still be the same partners of the trail?"

Garth went pale to his lips—but he contrived to smile at her. He took her hand and looked at her full. "Until death," he said quietly.

She drew her hand away, with a deep breath. "Come on," she said. "We've got to face it!"

### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE MEETING.

THE spot of the lake shore where Garth picketed the two horses was something under two miles from Maby's hut. The way led among the trees which filled this part of the valley of the lake; and underfoot they could distinguish traces of an old trail. The growth ended abruptly at the edge of a small, dry watercourse, which came down to the lake; and issuing into the open here, the riders beheld the dreaded goal of their long journey immediately before them.

As they crossed the stones, they were ready to fancy they could hear, each the beating of the other's heart;



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)



## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

and the scene before them was bitten into their brains, to endure hideously vivid and minute, while life endured. The shack presented a three-quarter view, front and side. It topped a gentle, uneven acclivity of grass, rising from the watercourse at its side; while in front, the ground extended level a hundred feet to the edge of a cut-bank. This bank rose out of the lake sheer and loamy, to the height of a cottage roof; and over the edge hung a tangled fringe of grass-roots. Desolation was the cry of it all; winters upon winters had bleached the logs of the shack silvery like old hair, the chimney had fallen; and all four quarters of glass in the single window were out. At one time the slope between the hut and the bed of the stream had evidently been a theatre of industry; for the ground was pitted and hummocked and rutted; but long ago the grass had indifferently muffled it over, like graves in an old cemetery. In the centre of this waste stood, the picture of dejection, an Indian-bred cayuse, miserable burlesque of the equine species, no bigger than a donkey, and incredibly hairy and misshapen. His back was galed; and one leg, which he painfully favored, puffed to treble its size at the hock. Even the great cottonwood trees springing beyond the hut, with their shattered branches, and blotched and greenish trunks, breathed decay. An ancient dug-out, lying at the mouth of the watercourse, was, like everything else, rotting and seamed.

And on the bench at the door of the hut sat the evil genius of the scene; a man with his legs sprawling in front of him, and his head fallen over and back against the wall. He made no move at their approach; and when they came close, they saw that he slept. Pitilessly revealed in the strong sunlight, he made a spectacle at which the most indifferent stranger would have shuddered and sickened—and it was reserved for the woman who had exalted him in her maiden's heart, to see him then. His mouth hung open; he breathed stertorously; and the flies, buzzing in and out of the open door beside him, crawled at will over his ashen face. That his chin was freshly shaven, and his hair brushed, added to the ghastliness. The whole picture was horribly vivid; the littlest details of it struck on the retinas of the two observers like blows—the oblong patch of sunlight cleaving the gloom of the shack inside the door; six muskrat pelts above the man's head, tacked to the logs to dry; an old foul pipe with a silver mounting, half fallen from his relaxed fingers and spilling ashes on the bench; his old-fashioned rifle leaning against the door-frame. Garth could have furnished the size, the style and the make of that gun.

Natalie turned a stony face to Garth. "It is he," she whispered.

Garth thought of an old photograph she had shown him of a dark-haired youth sitting on a horse, with a charming, imperious grace of body and feature, in which there was something godlike and unanswerable; and looking at this wreck of a man, toothless, bald and livid, he was struck with awe.

"You have seen," he whispered to Natalie. "Let us ride back."

She shook her head. "I must say what I came for," she said.

In a moment she had commanded herself again. "Please speak to him," she said.

"Mabyn!" called Garth peremptorily.

The man's lids parted. Natalie was directly in front of him. As his sleep-stupefied eyes slowly took her in, he raised himself to an upright position, and struck his eyeballs sharply with his knuckles.

Garth instinctively drew away a little.

"A white woman!" muttered the man, lost in amazement.

Natalie, her head slightly averted, sat her horse like a carved woman.

Fear grew apace with wonder in Mabyn's eyes; his breath quickened;

he ceaselessly passed his hand in front of his face. "Natalie!" he muttered, still in the toneless voice of one who sleeps. "Oh, my God! It's Natalie!"

Grasping the edge of the bench, he pulled himself to his feet; and took a few uncertain steps toward her. He put out his hand fearfully.

Natalie sharply reined back her horse. "Don't touch me!" she said.

It broke the spell that held him—but not wholly. His hands dropped to his sides; a saner light appeared in his eyes; and he looked all around, as if to convince himself of the realness of his surroundings. On Garth his eyes lingered stupidly for a moment; then impatiently returned to Natalie.

"If it's you, how did you get here?" he asked quietly enough—still bemused.

"I came over the prairie, as every one comes," she said sharply.

Mabyn frowned. "I'm wide awake," he said irritably. "I know where I am. I fell asleep on the bench half an hour ago—but," his voice deepened and swelled on the note of awe, "you, Natalie! You or your wraith! I—I can't take it in!" The faded eyes bolted, and swept wearily and unseeing over the lake.

Natalie winced every time he spoke her name. "Try to collect yourself," she said coldly. "There is no doubt of its being I."

"The voice too!" he muttered, struck with the new thought. His eyes returned to her. "Natalie—and not changed at all!" he murmured dreamily. "But more beautiful!"

He still stood looking at her with something of the air of a bewildered child, but more of the aged lunatic. "The first time I saw her, she was on a horse," he said in his dull voice. "But she was better dressed. Where did you get those clothes?" he asked suddenly.

Natalie shot an appealing glance at Garth.

He, in his over-mastering disgust of the man, could not put away the thought that there was something feigned in this excessive bewilderment. "Come to yourself, Mabyn!" he said sharply. "We can't stop here!"

Mabyn darted a startled, spiteful glance at the new speaker, and without another word, turned and went back to the bench, where he sat, burying his face in his hands.

Natalie thought she might venture to address him again. "I have something important to tell you," she began.

Mabyn darted a queer, furtive look at her; shame, suspicion, obsequiousness and a sudden, reborn passion all had a part in it. "Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked suddenly.

Natalie drew the long breath that invokes Patience and looked elsewhere.

"Never mind that now," said she. "Please listen to what I have to say."

"N-never mind," he gabbled hurriedly. "Don't come in! It's not fit to receive you! It's better out here!" Little beads of sweat were springing out on his forehead.

His whole bearing had been so wild and stupefied since his waking, that they attached small importance to this display of terror. Natalie patiently essayed to speak again; but again he interrupted.

His face cleared. "You've left your outfit somewhere back on the trail," he said eagerly. "I'll go back with you; and we can talk things over quietly there!" He actually started toward the watercourse, walking with jerky, uneven steps.

Natalie made no move to follow. "I will say what I have to say here," she spoke after him.

"You have not written to your mother or to me in many months," began Natalie coldly; "and your letters for three years past have given us no information. Your mother's whole thought is of you; and through her anxiety and suspense she is worn to a shadow of what she was; the doctors tell her she has a mortal disease that must soon prevail."



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## Puffed Rice

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## Out Of the North

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

border in the Province of Saskatche-  
wan, and still travelling east and south.  
Here we have left the trees behind us  
and are fairly out on the wide prairies  
—a land level as paper, with no place  
where one could hide except on a roof  
behind a chimney.

When a man makes a bed on these  
plains, he tries to make it in a buffalo  
"wallow." It seems like a stopping  
place, he says.

Many folk who have never seen the  
prairies think of them only as grass-  
lands where wild men ride after wilder  
cows, with a sprinkling of Mounted  
Police and red men thrown in the pic-  
ture to give it color and dash.

This is not entirely wrong, for the  
prairie is many things, as must be al-  
lowed in a land that has a stretch of  
over a thousand miles.

Besides, this idea of the prairie is  
not an unworthy one for, in this sum-  
mary, there has been included the  
three finest classes of free riders in  
all the world—that is to say, the  
Indians, the cowmen, and the Royal  
Canadian Mounted Police.

And sure they're bonny boys too,  
and if you are the right sort yourself,  
you might ride a horse also, and get  
to like them pretty well.

**O**THERS think of it as an untilled,  
trackless, plain, dreary as eterni-  
ty, where distance stretches into dis-  
tance till lost in some void of the in-  
finite sky.

Yes, this is true also. Nowhere on  
the earth is there such silence and  
inscrutability as in the large lands of  
the North, but notwithstanding this,  
there are hundreds of things to see.  
Thomas Carlyle knew this when he  
set it down that "Even a Russian  
steppe has tumuli and gold orna-  
ments."

Some there are soft-nurtured folk  
and urban bred—who think of the  
prairies as snow-clad for many months  
in the year.

Yes, there is snow on the plains—  
snow of a very cold kind—but how  
else are we to have hardy men and  
hardy wheat? Besides, snow is not  
an evil in itself. The wise man of  
Uz asked this of his generation, "Hast  
thou entered into the treasures of the  
snow?"

A great and gentle prelate, one  
Bompas, who lived for half a century  
in the wonder-house of the North,  
answered it for us, and showed how  
the snow was color, covering, and  
beauty. Yes, and to him, it was an  
adventure, for he writes, "A first walk  
on the Arctic Ocean is not unaccom-  
panied by a strange sensation, a sort  
of feeling of having caught a lion  
asleep."

And having said this, I wish to  
contradict myself and say the prairie  
folk may be subject to obsessions also,  
in that one, with eyes unopposed, may  
dream and drift on these plains as in  
no other place in the world, except  
upon the sea. They have told me this  
themselves but their story has been so  
unknit and unjoined I cannot set it  
down.

On the whole, the people who live  
on the prairies are happy. Perhaps,  
it is because they are mostly young  
and are making homes. For this  
reason, and in the face of all opposi-  
tion, we will contend till our pens  
wear out, that the happiest existence  
in the whole world is to live out-of-  
door with the person you love.

One of my companions who is a  
writer has also been thinking on this  
splendid land of Saskatchewan and  
ventures the opinion that, hereabout,  
all the cups are full. It was only  
natural that she should be contradicted  
by the second writer in my party  
who says, "Except the tippler's cup."

It is very hard in the North-West  
Provinces for people to forget that  
liquor is under a ban. It is not that  
they suffer to any extent from the  
drinking of water, but merely because  
intoxicants are prohibited.

Lame Dog, an old Cree I have known  
these many years, when he came to  
town recently, brought me a cup made  
from birch-bark, and warned me not  
to dip it in the sloughs by any trail  
lest I be overcome by the death-sick-  
ness. When white people drink from

sloughs they become whiter and can-  
not eat for their stomach-pot turns  
upside down. "Tah!" says the Cree,  
if it were not for those mad-hearted  
people who scrape their necks smooth  
every day, all people would have  
brandy instead of water. It is a bad  
goodness for men not to drink  
brandy."

And that I might the better agree  
with him, Lame Dog presented me  
also with a foxtail "feather" that was  
white at the tip. It is his hidden de-  
sire that Manitou, the high-hearted  
one who sees all things, will let his  
eye to rest upon me steadily and pre-  
serve me from the evil ghosts of dead  
men.

**W**INNIPEG, the Capital of Mani-  
toba is the centre of the contin-  
ent of North America—that is to say,  
there is as much land north of Winni-  
peg as there is to the south of it. In  
view of this, the misguided person  
on the Gulf of Mexico who sneers at  
Winnipeg as being situated at the top  
of the earth, had therefore, better  
apply a ruler to the map and see what  
a colossal mistake he is making. It  
ought then to become evident to him  
that, in time to come, this northern  
country, greater in area than the  
United States with our Eastern pro-  
vinces thrown in, will in time, come to  
be the heart of Canada and that Ed-  
monton on the Saskatchewan still  
north eight hundred miles, may be its  
great metropolis. We say this because  
no city in Canada has such enormous  
resources at its door unless it be Van-  
couver.

No! No! we are not decrying the  
Eastern cities; we are asking you to  
put the ruler to the map of America  
—not Canada alone, mind you—and  
open your minds to the idea.

Indeed, we merely draw attention to  
the fact that statesmen and financiers,  
having this in mind, may by the scale  
of a hemisphere, shape their designs.  
When so "Great truly is the Actual"  
one hesitates to speak of visions or  
foresight but, nevertheless, it is true  
that few of us have properly spied out  
this Promised Land of Canada, or  
measured aright its fruit, its milk and  
its honey.

At Winnipeg, we leave "the flyer" of  
the Canadian National Railway which  
has carried us from Edmonton in  
twenty-seven hours, the shortest  
scheduled time that has yet been given  
to the travelling public. What heret-  
ofore we have called "the illimitable  
prairie" seems limited after all.

In our city when it was Fort Ed-  
monton, there were three sisters who  
used to travel this trail by ox-cart,  
and on down to St. Paul in the state  
of Minnesota in order that they might  
catch the train for Hamilton, Ontario,  
where they attended boarding-school.  
If they kept steadily to the trail, they  
could catch the train in three months'  
time.

In answer to your question, I reply  
that the three sisters are with us yet,  
and still attending the gayest of our  
festivities. Each of them, at the age  
of sixteen, married a Factor of the  
Hudson's Bay Company, and played  
notable parts in the life of the coun-  
try. One married Factor Woods who  
had charge of the Post at Athabasca  
Landing; the second wedded Factor  
Young of Grouard on the Lesser  
Slave Lake, and the third, Factor  
Hardisty of Edmonton.

Mrs. Woods had no family; Mrs.  
Young had several sons who fought in  
the late European war, and a daugh-  
ter who is married to Dr. Roy, the  
Canadian Commissioner in France.  
Mrs. Hardisty also sent two sons to  
the war. The lofty peak in the Yel-  
low Head Pass known as Mount  
Hardisty, was so named in honor of  
her husband, who, by-the-way was a  
brother-in-law of the late Lord  
Strathcona.

One might linger and talk about  
these old families of the North, who  
ought to be much better known in  
Canada, but it is time we caught our  
train which pulls out short on the  
twelve-hundred-mile stretch to Tor-  
onto, which is down by the Sea of  
Ontario.





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## Editorial—April and After

THE most variable month of the year—April—with her smiles in the morning and her tears before night—is on her way, and already the hillsides are showing promise of Spring. In the magazine world, too, a fresh breeze is blowing, and new fashions have come with the mid-month of the season. We hope you like the shorter gown which this publication has seen fit to assume for its April issue. In fact, this journal is strictly in the fashion, as the readers will admit, after scanning the other magazines. The war is over, but the short skirts persist, for there is a scarcity of cloth and silk, which encourages brevity in the matter of skirts and coats. The supply of paper is limited, also, and so the magazines are donning abbreviated skirts and finding themselves better able to move about—thus the circulation is stimulated. You will find the new-sized magazine easier to hold than the other, and altogether a more convenient companion for the fireside or the library table.

There will naturally be more pages in the new-fashioned 1921 magazine than in the old, and we trust that our readers will find the usual departments in their familiar places. Last month we were obliged to "hold over" a page of "Nut Novelties," which, however, gladdens your eyes in this April issue. Mary M. Neil's cookery articles continue to be one of our most valuable features, and we know that you will welcome this month's pages of refreshing recipes.

NOW that we have announced that this is a reconstruction month, we are willing to admit that cutting down the size of the page is almost as bad as moving. The most perplexing feature in this undertaking of running an inch-and-a-half tuck in our page was the treatment of the fashions. Now, censors may say what they please concerning woman's vanity and consuming interest in clothes, but "wherewithal shall ye be clothed" remains a highly important consideration for the women of the household. Consequently, we were concerned lest the readjustment of our Pictorial Review patterns should prove not just what our fancy painted. However, the new arrangement of the illustrations for our fashion pages is all that we could desire, and you may look each month for as good service as you have received from this excellent department in

the past. We have been endeavoring to give a page of embroidery in each month's issue, and we should be glad to have the opinion of our readers as to their need for such patterns. While needlework is not so popular with the modern maiden as it was with our grandmothers, still the art of embroidery is not likely to go out of fashion, and it is "the little touch" which makes the dainty difference in towel, apron or gown.

FICTION is a feature in our monthly fare which you cannot afford to ignore. For this month we are fortunate in having a story by Anna McClure Sholl, one of the best-known writers on the continent. "The Square of Chinese Embroidery" has just enough of the mystery element to make you wonder how a stray jewel is going to come back. Then there is "The Most Kindest Cut," by William Hugo Pabke, which is an amusing story of private theatricals, showing how an untoward incident may prove a benefit. There is also an unusual story, "The Bad Penny," by Margaret Hilda Wise, a young writer whose work is of unusual merit and who delights in a good "dog story."

FOR the May issue we have stories that will prove to you that we are trying to give our readers the best that Canadian writers are producing. There is no more popular author than Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, better known as L. M. Montgomery, who has given us "Anne of Green Gables" and other delightful stories of Prince Edward Island. Our next issue will contain "Bloom of May," a story by this writer, for which Mr. Bladen is making the illustrations. "The House of Shadows," by Virna Sheard, is an exquisite fantasy of May-time, and "To Him That Hath," by Sara Galbraith Mosher, is a tale which you will not only read, but will ask others to read.

The four walls of the room received due consideration in our March issue; in this number Miss Coxwell treats of new hangings and draperies for the house which needs refurbishing, and in May will contribute an article regarding the summer home. Our garden articles are quite worth while, and this month Mr. Cutting has turned his attention to the flowers and has given highly valuable information regarding the times and seasons for planting.



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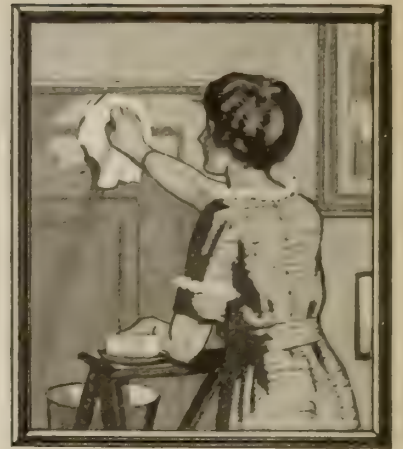
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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# Giving the Child a Chance

By LILIAN D. MILNER

A LITTLE while ago, the mother of one of my small friends paid me a visit, and registered an indignant protest against the action of a school nurse, who had sent her child home because a swab taken from the little girl's throat had shown the germs of diphtheria.

The child, the mother argued, had not diphtheria. She was quite well. The mother had come to me, because the nurse was a friend of mine, to ask if I would use my influence in gaining permission for her little daughter to return to school. As I am not a doctor of medicine, nor a trained nurse, I felt I could not assume any responsibility in the matter. I was not very much surprised to receive a message a few weeks later that the girl had died from diphtheria. The nurse's diagnosis was, evidently, correct.

The incident reminded me of an experience of my own in regard to medical inspection in schools, which I feel I should relate in the hope of inducing parents to co-operate with the doctors and nurses who are devoting their time and energy to this splendid work.

I spent my early years in England, and went to school for the first time on my fifth birthday. It was not very long after that we had a visit one day from a man, who I thought, must be an inspector. An inspector was a kind of giant ogre, an all-powerful being, who had to be propitiated at any price. I had heard all about them, and the terrible things they could do, such as expelling one from school, from some of the older pupils. The inspector (I was to learn later that he was an oculist), took the pupils, one by one, into a vacant class-room, and it was with a feeling of apprehension, not unmixed with relief, that my waiting-time was over, and I went into the room in my turn.

On the blackboard was a white card with black letters arranged in the form of a pyramid, a large letter at the apex, and a row of much smaller ones forming the base. I did not anticipate any difficulty in impressing the inspector with my learning, for I could gabble off the alphabet beautifully, but when he sent me to the back of the room, and, covering up one of my eyes, told me to tell him the letters, I realized all I had heard about inspectors being horrid, mean people was true.

I told him the first letter and two on the next line glibly, but I had difficulty in making out the letters on the third line, and I couldn't tell the ones in the next line at all. The inspector covered up the other eye and told me to begin all over again. I couldn't manage even the third line this time.

"Come, come, little girl," the man said impatiently; "can't you tell me what this letter is?"

I shook my head; then I guessed—wrongly!

It was the man's turn to shake his head. He moved the pointer to the next letter, and again I guessed—wrongly!

The inspector (?) said that would do, and I gulped down a sob. I wanted to tell him I could tell all the letters if he would let me stand up close to the board, and that I could tell them without any card even! The lump in my throat prevented me from imparting this information, and I passed out of the room, choking back another sob.

A LITTLE while after the teacher called me up to her desk. Usually she smiled at me when she asked me to do things, for we were great friends, and I often walked part of the way home with her, but this day her face was very grave as she handed me a note, telling me to be sure and give it to my mother. I knew what that

that he had said I was to wear glasses, but that she would not let me have them. I gathered, somehow, that the man at school had not been an inspector, but a doctor, another necessary evil. One of the species had worried me considerably some time before by requesting that I put out my tongue at him, a thing my mother had said I must never do! When he insisted I complied with his request—not in the orthodox manner, apparently—for he said nice little girls didn't do it that way!

I didn't get the glasses, and, later, the headmistress wouldn't let me learn to sew, evidently trying to save me from straining my eyes. Once a year a doctor came to school and I carried a note home to my mother. Each time I was taken to a specialist, but I never got the glasses the various ones prescribed. Then I left school and, after a while, there was no one to worry about my eyes.

One day, some years later, when I was working as a stenographer, I got a speck of dust in my right eye and closed it for a moment. Then I received a shock, for I found I couldn't see across the room with my left eye. I couldn't see anything but a grey darkness. I was studying at the time for an examination, and doing a lot of reading, but I felt that so long as my right eye was all right there was no occasion for worry.

It was a short time after this that the pages of the books I read began to blur after I was reading them a little while, and the dreadful suspicion entered my mind that I was going blind! I did not go to a doctor, for I didn't want to have that suspicion confirmed. If I was going blind—well, I'd go blind; that was all.

I kept my trouble to myself, but one day, when I was staying with a friend, I dropped a small coin on the floor. She remarked, laughing, as I picked it up, that I had looked for it with the tips of my fingers, but her face grew very grave when I explained that it was easier for me to find things that way! She had had trouble with her own eyes, and knew enough to guess what that abnormal sense of touch meant.

She made an appointment for me with her own eye specialist, and I kept it the next morning. He was a very busy man, and appointments had usually to be made about two weeks in advance, but my friend had evidently impressed him with the urgent need for attention in my case. At nine o'clock I entered his consulting room; at twelve o'clock the doctor was still working on my eyes, and had broken engagements with people who had come some distance by train. He was interested—not in me, but my eyes! I think he forgot the eyes were attached to a human being, for I was so tired by the time he got through with me that I almost collapsed.

He prescribed three months' rest, at the end of which time I was to see him again. I was to do no reading whatever, and no writing—not even letters. If I didn't follow his prescription—he ended the sentence with an ominous shrug of his shoulders.

THREE months later, I visited him again and, in addition to the previous tests, he tried a new one. When he asked me what I saw and I told him, he protested, first gently, finally heatedly, that I could not possibly see what I said. I protested

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)



A CANADIAN IN ROUMANIA

Madame Pantazzi, who has done so much for the cause of Roumania, is a Canadian by birth, and is the eldest daughter of Mr. T. B. Greening, of Toronto, formerly of Hamilton. Madame Pantazzi, as a girl, travelled extensively in Europe, and in March, 1919, was married to Commander Basile Pantazzi, Royal Roumanian Navy, at the British Embassy, Paris. For seven years Madame Pantazzi resided at Galatz, but in 1916 went to Bucharest, where her residence was bombed. Many adventures fell to her lot during the war, and the public has had an opportunity of hearing Madame Pantazzi tell her graphic story. During the summer the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will publish several chapters from this writer's forthcoming volume on her adopted country. (Full serial rights secured.)

meant. They didn't want me to come back to school any more. I didn't wait at the gate in order to walk home with the teacher that day!

My mother looked a little annoyed when she read the note, but she didn't tell me I had disgraced her as I had expected. She merely said I would not go to school that afternoon. Until then I had hoped I wasn't really going to be expelled, but then I knew I was.

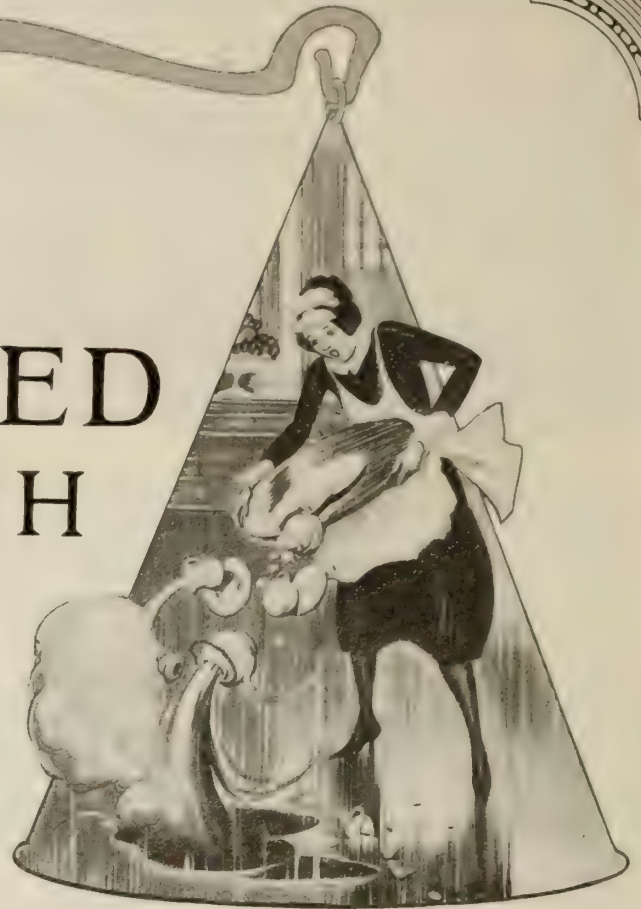
My mother took me to an eye specialist that day, and I heard her explaining to a friend, later,





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# The Story of a Woven Message Which Solved a Mystery

## The Square of Chinese Embroidery

By Anna McClure Sholl

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. L. BLADEN

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THE bland light of the wax candles lent to the many ancient pieces in the room a tone even softer than their own autumnal hues. Into the tapestried effect of the whole were woven gleams of dull gold, a revelation of strange blues, with here and there a note of white lent by the trembling stalks of narcissus in vases of old silver. A wood-fire made pleasant sounds on the low hearth. At a spinet some one sat evoking plaintive tremulous music. The guests sipping their coffee seemed more inclined for reverie than conversation.

The distinguished actress in whose honor the dinner had been given was chatting with her hostess, her slender figure in graceful attitude upon a chaise-longue. The dead white of her gown was relieved only by a string of sapphires whose deep blue hearts evoked the blue of the wearer's eyes, now turned admiringly upon the art-objects about her.

"What pleases you most?" her hostess inquired. "Who could choose among the many beautiful things here!—but I should like to examine more closely the square of embroidery you have framed under glass."

"You shall have it in your hands."

Veronica Ward rose and crossed the room, followed by the eyes of her guests, for whom she expressed the very spirit of the place itself. To some of these it seemed as if romances might be again in preparation for her. When old suitors return from distant lands, society has a right to expect that the curtain will rise on a comedy or a tragedy, as the case may be.

Veronica carried the frame of embroidery to Madame Duval. The others gathered about the chaise-longue to examine the treasure.

"It is a modern piece," the hostess explained, "embroidered, I believe, by a Chinese girl in prison, who wove her own peculiar fancies through these strange blues and greens—fancies I can't quite make out. There appears to be a motive of dragons strangling each other—or else the little bird caught between them—this flash of gold is one of its wings, you see, and it has apparently fallen from the bough of cherry blossoms just suggested in those faint white flowers. The border, as far as I can discover, is made up of conventionalized Chinese characters—conventionalized, indeed, beyond all reading. I have asked several persons supposed to read Chinese to interpret them, but they found them too difficult."

"Have you asked Mr. Millward?" a debutante questioned.

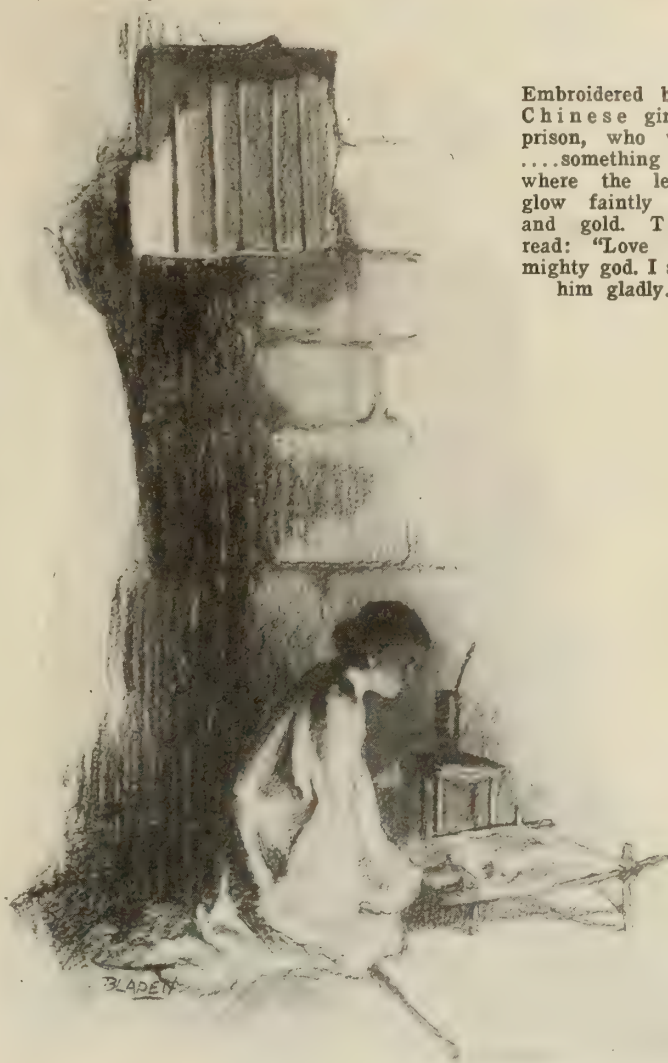
"Mr. Stanton has been in China, too, hasn't he?" some one else inquired.

The men appearing at that moment in the doorway of the drawing-room a general appeal was made to them to unravel the mystery. Frederick Millward, for several years an unofficial sojourner in the shadow of the American Legation at Peking, came languidly forward, looking from under his heavy eyelids at his hostess with the air of a man who expects very soon to become an accepted suitor. The general opinion of her circle that Veronica Ward would never marry again was an added spur to his ambition.

She addressed him.

"Mr. Millward, you should be able to tell us what these characters mean."

He glanced at the square of embroidery, then at Madame Duval, whose well-poised head was still bent over the frame. The flash of the large



Embroidered by a Chinese girl in prison, who wove . . . something here, where the letters glow faintly rose and gold. They read: "Love is a mighty god. I serve him gladly."

Madame Duval asked. "The solving of this riddle, remember, may admit one to paradise."

"I can read the ordinary Chinese characters; but these have been twisted for the purpose of ornament—or perhaps concealment—almost beyond recognition," he replied. After a few moments' scrutiny he turned to his hostess.

"Have you a magnifying glass? What I took for a single row of characters will resolve itself, I think, under a glass into three rows."

VERONICA rang and directed the maid who appeared to bring a glass from the library. Stanton looked through intently for some minutes, then his hostess saw him give a little start and change color. But in a moment the ripple of agitation passed from his features, leaving them again calm and non-committal. Suddenly he put the glass on the table and turned away with a short laugh.

"It's beyond my powers to unravel."

"You were my last hope! Now I shall never know whether a blessing or a curse hangs on my walls."

"Only blessings could come to you," some one said, politely platitudinous.

A shadow passed over her face.

"I am a little doubtful that a blessing surrounds that allegory of a bird caught between two dragons. I had hoped that Mr. Stanton would be able to read the riddle."

"I thought you were a great Chinese scholar, Stanton," Millward remarked with mild malice.

"Another case of reputation being greater than achievement," Stanton replied, carelessly.

Veronica, conscious of the note of antagonism struck by the two men, turned to the debutante.

"Aren't you going to sing for us, Gladys?"

At that moment there was a startled exclamation from Madame Duval, who rose suddenly from the chaise-longue.

"My pendant, my sapphire—it is gone!"

Veronica came quickly to her side. Everybody looked at the necklace. The setting which had held the big sapphire dangled empty from the chain. Veronica put out a warning hand.

"Stand just where you are, Madame Duval. It has probably dropped at your feet."

"I saw it only ten minutes ago," Millward remarked, as he knelt to begin the search. "I was noticing its wonderful color."

The others joined him. Every moment some one expected some one else to say, "Here it is," but the circle of searchers widened as it became evident that the sapphire had not fallen at Madame Duval's feet. She was visibly agitated when the gem was not found at once. A sapphire known to two continents was to be considered more seriously than a bangle dropped from a schoolgirl's bracelet.

"Step aside now, please, Madame Duval," Veronica directed, "and let them move the chaise-longue."

Madame Duval crossed to the other side of the room. The chair on which she had been sitting was moved. At last every inch of space within a radius of ten feet of the chaise-longue had been gone over in vain. The peculiar quiet was beginning to fall upon the guests which betokens consciousness of an awkward situation.

Veronica approached Madame Duval.

"You are sure it did not fall into the corsage of your dress?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Nor into the laces of your gown?"

"They could not hold it. It is too heavy."

Stanton had stopped searching and was bending again over the square of embroidery, examining it closely through the glass. Madame Duval glanced towards him with a little rueful smile.

"Mr. Stanton's interest in the Chinese embroidery is greater than his concern over the loss of my sapphire," she remarked. "Mr. Millward does not give up so easily."

Millward, indeed, was still prosecuting the search with vigor, shaking out draperies, looking under chairs where he had already looked a dozen times. At last he, too, stopped and came gravely to Madame Duval.

"I am afraid we are facing but one conclusion," he said in a low voice.

"That conclusion has been in my mind for some moments," she replied. Then turning to Mrs. Ward, she said:

pendent sapphire at her throat held his eyes for a moment, while a light stole into them that even the vision of Veronica Ward had not been able to kindle.

Madame Duval, becoming aware of his gaze upon her, looked up with a challenging smile.

"I think these mysterious letters should be made a test like Portia's caskets."

"The reward is too great to hang upon such a trifle," said a voice in the background.

The speaker was Giles Stanton, a civil engineer, for several years in the service of the Chinese government. A tradition existed that his exile dated from the time that Veronica Chester had become Mrs. Ward, but whether or not she was the magnet that had drawn him home was a question only to be settled by future developments. The sun and wind of strange climates had transformed him into a stranger—an enigma of the East, as some one called him, who had attempted to break through his courteous taciturnity.

Millward took his gaze from the sapphire and turned it somewhat sullenly upon Stanton, measuring his inches, remarking mentally that that sort of weather-beaten, silent, muscular man made, as a rule, a rival of no mean pretensions. Ten years ago he had ignored Stanton, then obscure and unsuccessful, but during those years their paths had crossed more than once in the Orient, each time with a cumulative advantage in Stanton's favor. Millward made up his mind during the dinner of this evening that in the wooing of Mrs. Ward he would act quickly.

"Won't you try to read these characters for us, Mr. Millward?" his hostess said, again appealing to him.

He came to her side and bent over the frame with the appearance of studying the embroidery, but he could make nothing of it at first sight, and he was too indifferent to attempt seriously to decipher it. He prolonged his examination, however, until some one exclaimed:

"I believe he knows and won't tell us!"

"I confess I can't make it out."

"Now Mr. Stanton, your turn!"

Millward made way for his rival. As he did so he dropped his handkerchief and picked it up again with his usual slowness of movement. Then he stood aside to let Stanton pass.

Veronica Ward felt her hands tremble a little as Stanton approached. She laid the frame upon an adjacent table where the light fell on it.

"Are you going to fail, too, Mr. Stanton?"



"What do you know of the parlor maid who brought the new sapphire dress to Mr. Stanton? It seems strange to suppose such a thing, but while we were all asleep, she might easily have slipped and picked up the sapphire unobserved."

Veronica looked grave.

"Hortense has been with me eight years and I know her to be thoroughly trustworthy."

"Oh, Mrs. Ward," Millward said, gently, "we are being pushed, you see, to an inevitable conclusion unless we all come under suspicion," he added with a laugh.

"I think we have no more right to fasten suspicion upon a servant than upon any other person."

Madame Duval nodded assent.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Ward. I understand how embarrassing it is to question an old servant upon such a subject, but, frankly, what else remains for us to do? We've looked everywhere. A quarter of an hour ago the sapphire was on my chain. None of us has left the room, but in that quarter of an hour your maid entered and left it."

"She might be unaware of the great value of the stone," Millward remarked; "she might think it a bauble of blue glass dropped from some ornament in the drawing-room."

Veronica smiled.

"Hortense is not stupid, Mr. Millward."

"No; if she found it," Madame Duval said, "she probably knew what it was."

"But it has to be proved that she found it," Veronica added.

The guests were now conversing in little groups from which occasionally some one would detach himself and start again to search. Only Stanton remained apparently impassive and indifferent near the table which held the square of embroidery. Veronica glanced towards him as, consenting at last to Madame Duval's wish that Hortense be questioned, she was preparing to leave the drawing-room. Something in the mute appeal of her look told him that she needed his aid, and he crossed the room to her side. She communicated to him Madame Duval's suspicions of Hortense and her own reluctance to interrogate the girl.

"But something has to be set in motion," she added. "A valuable sapphire cannot have disappeared out of my drawing-room by magic."

He glanced about to be sure that no one was near enough to overhear them.

"Don't go to Hortense. Go into the library and remain there until I come for you. I believe that the sapphire will be found."

The protection in his manner, the desire to serve her written in his face, took a load of care from her shoulders and thrilled her for a moment with a sweet unreasoning happiness. She could not divine what he meant or whom he suspected, or if he suspected any one, but she rested gladly in the knowledge that he was standing between her and an unpleasant situation. She left the room apparently to summon Hortense.

Stanton went to Madame Duval, spoke with her a few moments on the subject of her loss, then, as others came up he made his way to the farther end of the room where Millward was still pursuing a desultory search. As Stanton approached he looked up, changed color, then said lightly:

"What a devil of a nuisance!"

Stanton nodded.

"Most unfortunate! You said once, Millward, at a certain game of cards you may remember was played one afternoon at Pekin, that if you could ever get out of debt you'd go back to the United States. That afternoon—if again your memory does not fail you—you made a desperate effort to get out of debt by cheating at cards."

Millward had turned a dull angry red.

"You lie!"

"You know I do not lie!"

"What are you hovering over me for like a vulture?"

"To make sure of you! I let you go then rather than create a scandal at the legation. But I shall not let you go now. I offer you the choice of

giving up the sapphire, or being forced to give it up."

"Forced!"

"Yes, I said 'forced.' You threw the theft of the Marquette ruby on Cherry-blossom, the little servant at the Marquettes who did you the honor of caring for you; and bearing a punishment that should have fallen on your shoulders."

"Cherry-blossom!" Millward echoed, his lips blue.

"You remember her beyond doubt. You abused both her faith and the Marquettes' hospitality. The loss of their ruby, a family heirloom, made a great stir at the time, but it was Cherry-blossom who was sent to prison!"

"What the devil has that to do with —"

"It has everything to do with this present difficulty. I am determined that no other innocent girl shall be called a thief that you may go scot-free."

Millward's eyes had grown round and pale with superstitious fear.

He bent over the frame with the appearance of studying the embroidery, but could make nothing of it.



"Where did you rake up this —"

"I'll not expose you on two conditions," Stanton interrupted. "The first is that you restore the sapphire. Drop it on the floor—shake it from a curtain, or any other trick to cover yourself, then restore it to Madame Duval. The second condition is, that you leave this house the instant you have given up the sapphire—and never enter it again. If you do, I shall tell Mrs. Ward everything."

Millward was livid.

"What proof —" he began.

"You dropped your handkerchief. Stooping to pick it up, I saw by the motion of your fingers that you picked something else up with it. But that would not have been enough without the confirmation I had later."

"Whose?" Millward demanded.

"A woman's. You can never make up to Cherry-blossom what she has suffered for you, but if you can ever earn any money honestly I advise you to donate some of it to her, or to her family, who were partially dependent on her."

MILLWARD gave him a look of impotent hatred, then recovering his sang-froid, strolled down the drawing-room, stopped to speak to Madame Duval, then, apparently stimulated by her anxiety, renewed the search near the chaise-longue. Stanton, watching him, could not help

admiring his histrionic power in spite of his contempt for the man himself. Suddenly there was a delighted exclamation. The debutante an across the room, holding up the jewel to Madame Duval.

"It was between the back and the seat of your chair. It must have slipped down at the very first."

Madame Duval clapped her hands, then kissed the girl on both cheeks.

"You dear! Did you find it?"

"No! Mr. Millward found it. He was suddenly inspired to look in the unlikely places."

Madame Duval swept across the room, holding out expressive, grateful hands.

"Mr. Millward, I am, indeed, your debtor. You searched so faithfully."

"Who would not search forever to relieve you of an instant's anxiety?" he replied. "And now that you have your treasure I have to ask your pardon for leaving before you. I have a friend who is ill, and I have promised to look in on him this evening."

Veronica, coming up at that moment, he repeated his excuses. She thanked him for relieving them all of a great anxiety. With a ceremonious farewell to the company, in which Stanton was elaborately included, Millward took his departure.

"YOU haven't explained the mystery—but whether you ever explain it matters little. Somehow, somehow, you saved us from a most awkward situation."

All the dinner guests had departed except Stanton, who was standing with his hostess before the fireplace. Both were conscious of deeper issues than the loss and recovery of Madame's sapphire.

"I did what I did—for you."

She was silent, and he added:

"All these last years have been for you."

In the stillness that followed his words it seemed to her that he must hear the loud beating of her heart, the yearning reply of her spirit that all her life was for him. The interlude of her dreary marriage, too dreary even to be called

unhappy, had only made that consciousness sharper and brighter, sharp and bright as a knife, she sometimes thought, turning and turning in her heart.

He read her answer in her face.

Later, when they had emerged a little from their trance of complete happiness, her mind went back over the evening as if to trace the steps that had led to this hour of fulfillment.

"Tell me," she questioned. "Were you really unable to read the riddle on the square of embroidery—or was it something you didn't care to say to them all?"

He smiled.

"I could read it, but to translate it would have seemed rather pompous—particularly after Millward had failed."

"Tell me what it said."

"It was simply the statement of the woman who embroidered the square that she did not steal the ruby for the theft of which she was imprisoned. With her own eyes she had seen the man she loved take it; but to shield him she had accepted the guilt."

"How curious! The man was a countryman of hers, I suppose."

Stanton hesitated a moment.

"No, he was—a foreigner. Even his name is worked into the border, so you must never allude to the story lest some Oriental scholar ask to interpret the characters."

"I shall put the embroidery away," Veronica said, "the record it bears is too sad."

"But even she found hope in it. Cherry-blossom—her name she says is Cherry-blossom—wove something here where the letters grow faintly rose and gold. They read: 'Love is a mighty god. I serve him gladly.'"

She raised her face to his—full of a happy light.

"And so will we," she finished.

THE END.



# The Story of a Villain Who Became a Hero

## THE MOST KINDEST CUT

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

JIMMIE JENNINGS the villain, approached the alluring young person in the Gainsborough hat and patches, who smiled at him engagingly from her perch on a high step-ladder. His progress was only slightly retarded by the sword that dangled between his long legs, which fact proved beyond peradventure that he usually arrived at his desired goal irrespective of obstacles.

"Hello," he said, genially enough for a villain.

Jane Justin gazed down at him quizzically for a long moment before she replied: "After mature deliberation, I must answer your question with an unqualified negative."

"What question?" asked Jimmie, bewildered.

"The question you were just about to ask."

"I wasn't!"

"I will never, never become your wife," she said, ignoring his assertion.

"Hold on, Jane! There's a limit!" protested Jimmie, aggrieved. "I don't mind your refusing me when I propose to you—that is, I've got used to it—but I won't stand for your declaring that you're not going to marry me before I ask you."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his tormentor, eyes dancing with elfin mischief, tiny nose up-tilted. "You were just on the point of it."

"I wasn't! Since you have broached the subject, however, we might as well thrash it out. Why won't you marry me?"

"It's your name," she averred, cocking her head judicially.

"That's the reason, this time, is it? They're getting pretty thin, these reasons of yours. You will have run the whole gamut of them soon; and then—and then —"

"It's your name," repeated Jane inexorably. "What self-respecting girl would allow herself to be called Mrs. James Jennison Jane Justin Jennings? Too many J's in the combination. They're so common, too! It it were Z's, or Q's —" She rested her chin on her hand and gazed meditatively across the stage.

"My dear young friend," began Jimmie, his manner laying the foundation of immediate trouble in the nature of sharp disciplinary measures—"My dear young friend, don't you know that, when a girl marries, she drops some of the handles that have been attached to her up to the time of that important occasion? You will be plain Mrs. James Jennings. What's the matter with that? That's a name to swear by!"

"At," corrected Jane, smiling sweetly.

On the other side of the curtain, the members of the Glendale Country Club with their guests were beginning to trickle into the Casino. A rattle of instrument cases announced the arrival of the orchestra, the component parts of which forthwith engaged in the unlovely task of tuning up, a fact that was made apparent by the staccato picking of a violin tested and found wanting by a half-tone or so. The violinist struggled with his refractory A-string, mastered it, and commenced a short-lived solo rather resembling "Everybody's Doing It." A flute interrupted the classic, a cornet tooted a few toots, then silence. At the sharp tap of the leader's baton, the overture burst forth, sending a tremor of knee-weakening, heart-sickening stage-fright through the group of young people in eighteenth-century garb who were chattering excitedly in the wings.

Major Willoughby, stout of body, perspiring of countenance, came trotting around the sharp corner of a purple-shadowed tree, and bumped the step-ladder. He stopped, muttering something

"I've a good mind to run away with you to-night."

anent the hardships of amateur stage-management in general and this specific job in particular. Peering up in the semi-darkness, he perceived the heroine.

"I've been looking everywhere for you, Lady Alison," he exclaimed peevishly. "You're not ready—nobody's ready!" He stepped back, and collided with the villain. "And you, too, Sir Mortimer! Humph. I might have known

barked; "it's the other side, anyway." He trotted out into the glare of the stage to harangue another reprehensibly unready group.

"I suppose I really ought to go," sighed Jimmie ruefully.

He held out his arms for Jane and lowered her slowly. As her face came opposite his, she threw back her head, will-o'-the-wisps of mischief in her eyes belying the severity of her lips pressed together primly. "Jimmie!" she said imperiously.

He let go suddenly, and her little heels struck the floor with a sharp double tap.

"I wasn't going to!" declared the villain, his honest soul shining out of guileless eyes.

"Really, I wasn't!"

"I should hope not!" exclaimed the heroine, holding herself proudly erect.

"Oh, Jane, I wish I knew whether you were stringing me or not! I'm going to take a chance—I'm going to persist—"

"Skip!" cried Jane, clutching his shoulder with frantic clasp and spinning him around. "The curtain!"

JIMMIE dived behind the back drop as the curtain rose. He stumbled headlong through the dark passage, his elbows and knees and wildly swinging sword beating an irregular tattoo on the seamy side of Lady Alison's ancestral hall to the delight of the audience, who applauded the realistic depiction of an old English manor in the throes of a seismic disturbance.

"You mutt!" hissed the Duke, who was having trouble with the ruffles at his wrists. "You'll queer the whole blooming show if you don't brace up!"

"Don't get excited, Billy—I mean Your Grace—I'm here with bells on." The imperturbable Jimmie grinned at Billy Lancaster, who presented a most wilted appearance, ruffles and all, due to a nervousness that bordered on hysteria. "Listen! The faithful retainer is just concluding his few remarks."

From the stage came in a squeaky falsetto: "Since Sir Mortimer's returned from furrin parts!"

Jimmie swashbuckled into Sir Charles's drawing-room, and the action of the play commenced.

It was an absent-minded villain who plotted black infamies; his thoughts were with the girl in the wings. Subconsciously, he repeated his well-learned lines, while the witchery of her smile danced before his eyes, alluring, mocking. Jane and he had been brought very close during rehearsals—very close—and yet, and yet—Jimmie's mind trailed off in recollection of her vague elusiveness. At times, he had felt that he had almost won her—almost—and then, she had turned from him with her tantalizing laugh. And Jimmie had had the good sense to laugh back. If he could only make her view him in a serious light! If something would only happen! He spoke the Duke's entering cue, and Billy Lancaster sidled on, a pathetic personification of abject stage-fright.

In spite of all, the scene went swimmingly. Billy's terror carried across the footlights an impression of agitation and emotion in

keeping with his part, while Jimmie's negligence was translated into a wonderfully acted effrontery. The villain consciously longed for the end of the scene when Jane would make her appearance. He had reached that stage of infatuation in which it became an inestimable boon to gaze at her in mute adoration.

The Duke brought his speech to an agitated close, bowed with what he fondly imagined to be an extreme hauteur, and withdrew. The

"I'd find you where Miss Justin was!" "Surest thing you know," acquiesced Jimmie, unabashed.

"For the love of Mike!" exploded the Major. "Get over on the other side; the Duke is waiting for you."

"Does Jimmie make his entrance left stage or right?" asked Jane innocently. She had an idea that the Major did not know one from the other.

He forthwith proved the accuracy of her surmise. "It doesn't matter what you call it," he





could take the audience into his confidence in a few short, hissed sentences, and paused while the heroine entered from the rear centre. She stood a moment, holding the picture, an inquiring look on her upturned face.

It was then that Jimmie committed the unpardonable sin. He turned his back squarely to the footlights.

"Gee, Jane, you do look stunning!" he said in rapid tones.

"Shut up," answered his heart's desire, succinctly. Then, as Lady Alison: "You, Sir Mortimer! What audacity!"

Jonathan Leighton, in the front row, giggled; her sense of hearing was abnormally sharp. Doctor Leighton laid a restraining hand on his daughter's arm and reproved her with his kindly glance.

At the end of the act, Jimmie wandered aimlessly about the stage, wholly oblivious of the revilings, the jeers, the coaxings of the amateur scene-shifters, whose magical building operations were rendered doubly difficult by his meanderings. He missed Jane, who had run to her dressing-room to change. He couldn't think very clearly because there was no place to put his hands; the eighteenth-century nether garments that adorned his legs were woefully lacking in side pockets. He continued his vague peregrinations until the step-ladder loomed before him. There, he stopped and waited patiently. Presently, Jane appeared, radiant in her new finery.

"Pretty classy future duchess; don't you think, Jimmie?" She cried, the excitement of success flushing her cheeks as she climbed to her favorite seat.

Jimmie regarded her in awestruck wonder. Her beauty sent the blood pounding through his veins with a disconcerting throb, throb. It was impossible! He couldn't expect that this glorious being would ever stoop to him.

"Oh, Jane!" he breathed. The jumbled thoughts that had tormented him during the first act rushed into his mind. "Jane, if you would only take me seriously——"

"Not now, at all events," she murmured, her adorable dimples deepening for an infinitesimal part of a second with the fleetingest of little tender smiles.

"Later?" he urged.

The tender smile broadened, grew merry, burst into a little mocking laugh. She had eluded him again!

"You will let me take you home in my car—you and I alone?" he pleaded.

"Glorious! Romantic! Of course, I will!" she cried, clapping her hands.

"If something serious doesn't happen pretty soon, I'm going to do something to help it along," said Jimmie doggedly. "I've a good mind to run away with you to-night."

"Let's do!" she acquiesced, eyes sparkling. "Let's ride and ride and ride—until—until——"

"Yes?"

"Until the gasoline gives out."

The act had commenced a few moments before. Jane rose as she heard the speech that preceded her cue, and fled stageward, smiling over her shoulder as she ran. Jimmie had only a few moments in which to dream of the ride home through the moonlit night with Jane at his side. He meant it to count for something. He would break through that intangible wall of her making—that wall of laughter, of elusiveness. Something lay behind it—something adorable that belonged to him. He wanted it.

He heard his cue spoken in the voice that thrilled him. Little shivers ran up and down his spine; for the first time that evening, he felt nervous. This was the big scene, the crucial test of the play that meant so much to these friends of his who were working hard for the welfare and the prestige of the club. In justice to them, he must acquit himself creditably, and that meant forgetting his personal aspirations for the next quarter-hour.

"Steady up, old man!" he muttered as he stepped on the stage, and became Sir Mortimer again.

The action of the scene was swift. He forgot himself in the part. Lady Alison had discovered his perfidy; she taunted him with his plotting against her good name, her happiness, and her estate. He boasted of his inquiries, of the fact that he held her in the hollow of his hand. She resorted to pleading, at which he frowned, to invective, at which he laughed—a very proper villain. The climax was at hand. Lady Alison made a final impassioned appeal, which met with a sneer. She turned in desperation, snatched a rapier from the wall, and faced her persecutor.

"Do not forget, Sir Mortimer, that I am a soldier's daughter!" she quoted.

Sir Mortimer smiled coldly, disdainfully. Nevertheless, he hooked his left elbow slightly to receive

## More Curiosity in Homemaking

By ANITA HILL BAIRD.

THE echoes of the laugh called forth by the mere suggestion that the Home-maker requires a higher development of this much-maligned but very necessary instinct (yes, we agree, when rightly used), we can still hear dying away in the distance. However, we are glad of that laugh for we hope it will produce the effect a laugh always does and that, in consequence, you will be prepared to bear with us and later, we hope, agree with us.

Did you ever stop and consider that there was less curiosity or "a desire to know" in Homemaking than in any other profession? It is the instinct of curiosity which arouses the medical profession to find something new as a result of which they are able to alleviate pain or cure disease. Wishing to make a bigger "turn-over" the manufacturer wonders if he can work out some new method which will mean a greater output with the same amount of labor. The same instinct leads the engineer or inventor down through narrow, long and, what seem to us, mysterious paths back from which they bring us the labor-saving device—be it vast machine or tiny instrument. Desire to have better stock which will bring better prices and increased capital induces the farmer to find out if he cannot feed his animals in such a way as will bring him these results.

Do you think it an instinct to be decried? (Put to the right use of course). Has its proper use never helped you? Is it not as valuable in our profession as in any other profession or business? The making of homes! The foundation on which our nation and its standards are built. Is there any other profession which requires it more? Why not let us employ it? Alas! Allowing it to go to seed has had disastrous results. Think of the many babies that never "grew up" or, if so, have been slaves to indigestion because there was not enough "desire to know" exercised in the home to find out how they should be fed. How often we hear "Grandmother brought up ten of a family and she never had any special diet for them." Did you ever stop and think that Grandmother did the best she knew and had not the means of satisfying her curiosity that we have to-day? Again, did you ever take into consideration the many ills these famous families fall heir to after they reach maturity due to improper feeding in childhood? If we are to keep abreast of the times we must be curious enough to learn what the times bring forth. Without curiosity there will be no progress.

Frederick Taylor let his curiosity lead him to study among other things, the methods men followed in building brick walls. And what was the result? New methods were evolved; more brick wall was built in a given time; aching backs were eliminated and, most important of all, the worker was not as tired at night, was capable of taking more interest and playing a greater part in home and community life. Doctor and Mrs. Frank Gilbreth, allowing their curiosity to be aroused, have saved valuable hours and much fatigue to many a worker as a result of their motion studies.

We cannot all be efficiency engineers like Frederick Taylor, nor motion study students like Doctor and Mrs. Gilbreth; but, letting our curiosity be stimulated by their suggestions, we can carry on our work more successfully and be efficiency engineers and motion study students for ourselves.

Let us ask ourselves: Are we spending our time and energy unnecessarily? Are we curious to notice if the low sink is guilty of causing the backache? Is it a dull knife which makes us take so long to prepare vegetables? Is the tea-pot in the cupboard, the tea in the far store-room, and the stove—I leave its place to your imagination. Is the cup of tea a better product for that long walk demanded in its preparation? I leave the question with you. Is your shadow always in your way when working at the kitchen table? Did you ever stop to think how this unconsciously irritated you?

If the manufacturer finds it to his advantage to cultivate curiosity in order to devise better methods in his factory; if the doctor finds it means progress in his profession, is it not "up to" the Home-maker to cultivate it in her profession?

the thrust between arm and breast—Major Willoughby had shown him how. Lady Alison advanced two little running steps, as she had been taught in rehearsal, stumbled slightly—which was an innovation—and struck.

Sir Mortimer crumpled up at her feet and lay quite still, effectively still as the curtain rustled down on the end of the second act amidst a flattering thunder of applause from in front.

"Well done! By Jove! Well done!" congratulated the Major, trotting to the centre of the stage as Jane flew to her dressing-room for the final change. "Sir Mortimer—Jimmie, you did fine! Leap out now and give us a chance to set the terrace scene."

Jimmie, however, did not heed; he seemed to find his recumbent position eminently satisfactory. The Major stood over him a moment. His jaws snapped suddenly shut. Into his eyes leaped the cool, self-reliant look of the man who has seen service.

"Jimmie, old man!" he said, the rasp of command in his voice penetrating to the fogged brain.

Jimmie stirred; his eyes opened. "Major," he gasped, "please—don't let—Jane know."

"Is it bad?" asked the Major, his voice steady.

But Jimmie had quietly drifted away into dreamland.

THROUGH long, long ages, Jimmie floated in rose-colored mists. The fleecy clouds opened above; floods of clear sunlight poured down from a bright blue sky. His eyes snapped open and encountered a bearded face bending over him, which seemed, somehow familiar.

He thought hard for a moment, then: "Are—you—dead—too, Doctor?" he asked wonderingly.

Doctor Leighton laughed his big, hearty laugh. "You're not dead, my boy! Ha! Ha!"

Jimmie retired to his clouds again, the big voice reverberating through the wide spaces, filling his ears with a sound akin to the music of the spheres. "Not dead, my boy! Ha! Ha! My boy! Ha! Ha! Not dead! Ha! Ha!" Through eons and eons, he heard the refrain. He tried to puzzle out its meaning. It was almost clear, when a comforting blackness surging up about him ended, for the time being, the weary labor of his brain.

When next he awoke, a white-capped young woman with smooth, light hair was bending over him. Her eyes lighted with a bright smile of welcome. He regarded her wistfully as her image wavered before him, steadied, and became permanent.

"You're beautiful," he murmured drowsily, "beautiful—but—but——" His voice trailed off in vague longing.

The young woman smiled again, cheerily, understandingly. "I know," she said. "Be patient. To-morrow, I promise ——"

But Jimmie was sleeping as peacefully as a baby.

Through the long day and the longer night, he slept. Life crept back into his strong young body; nature deemed him fit. Hour by hour, minute by minute, he regained his foothold. At last, he heard a voice saying:

"This is to-morrow."

He turned his head. The white-capped young woman stood before him.

"This is to-morrow," she repeated.

"Yes?" said Jimmie politely. He really was not greatly interested.

She stepped to the door, spoke a few words to some one in the corridor, and disappeared. It was all very interesting, and Jimmie closed his eyes again. From the doorway, somebody spoke his name, softly. At the sound, Jimmie's interest in life returned with such surprising suddenness that he forgot the hampering bandages. He tried to raise himself without much success, however.

"Jane!" he gasped, as he sank back on his pillow.

She came toward him with a little running step, her arms held out yearningly.

"Did man ever have a more compliant sweetheart?" she said, an April smile lighting her face. "Oh, Jimmie! You wanted something serious to happen—and I—stupid I—did my best." The tears welled up in her eyes, and overflowed.

"It's the first time I've ever seen you cry, dear," said Jimmie, with a catch in his voice. "You—you won't laugh me away this time?"

"No, no!" She dropped on her knees beside him, and her arm crept under his head. "It's for always," she whispered.

He sighed peacefully, then turned toward her with a whimsical smile on his lips.

"You might practice on my other side when I get well," he suggested drowsily; "it would be worth it." His eyes closed. "Jane," he murmured, "I'm happy—happy ——"

THE END.





ILLUSTRATION BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Garth Pevensey, a young New York journalist, meets, in the North Country, Natalie Maby, whose mother-in-law asks him to conduct her safely to the Bishop of Miwasa. Garth undertakes the journey and Natalie informs him that she had been married years before to Herbert Maby, who had immediately vanished on a western journey, and whose course since then has been an evil one. She, however, has promised his mother to find him. They meet Nick Grylls, a villainous character, who falls in love with Natalie and contrives that they always miss the Bishop. They find a friend in the boy settler, Charley Landrum, and secure the boat "Loseis," only to find Grylls on board. Finally a heavy storm overtakes them. Grylls attacks Pevensey and both are swept overboard. Grylls is finally overpowered and Garth leaves him insensible on the shore. Garth and Natalie finally part from Charley and go on in their search for Maby, whom they find in wretched and debased condition.

## CHAPTER XV.

(CONTINUED).

IN spite of herself Natalie's voice softened as she delivered her pitiful plea; but it was not from any kindness for him. "She has been very kind to me all these years," she went on, "and I, to ease her what I could of the torment of her mind during her last days, volunteered to go with her to find you. Her age and her infirmities prevented her from coming any farther than Prince George. I have been fortunate in finding friends who have assisted me the rest of the way. I have come to beg you, on behalf of your mother, to let her see you before she dies. She is waiting in Prince George. She bade me tell you that neither poverty, misfortune nor disgrace could abate any of her love for you; that she would die happy if she might once more press your hand against her cheek."

Garth watched Maby narrowly while Natalie was speaking. He saw by the man's rapt expression that her voice charmed his senses, while the purport of what she said was wholly lost on his consciousness. When her voice broke a little at the close, Maby's lips parted, and his breath came quicker—but it was no tenderness for a devoted parent, only a passion purely selfish, that caused his lack-lustre eyes to glitter again.

"These letters," concluded Natalie, drawing them forth as she spoke, "three of which I have brought from the post office, and the fourth which she gave me herself, will let you know, better than I can tell you, what she feels."

Maby took the letters; and thrusting them carelessly in his pocket—one fell to the ground and lay there unheeded—snatched back at Natalie's hand, and attempted to retain it. Reining her horse back, she wrenched it free.

A little shame reached the seat of Maby's consciousness. He reddened. "I'm not a leper," he muttered. "You came to me of your own free will, didn't you?"

"Build nothing on that!" said Natalie instantly and clearly. "I allow no claim on me!"

Maby quickly changed to obsequiousness. "I don't want to quarrel with you, Natalie," he whined. "Especially not after what you've just done!"

He went to his bench again; and sat heavily. Again he struck his forehead with his knuckles. "Gad! I can't yet realize it is you that is here!"

Natalie looked at Garth as much as to say that she had accomplished what she came for.

The look was not lost on Maby. He sprang up. "I'll do just what you want!" he said hurriedly. "I'll start for Prince George at once—to-day—this minute! God knows there's nothing to keep me here! You have a spare horse, I suppose. I've nothing but that galled cayuse and another as bad!" He uttered his cracked laugh in a tone that was intended to be ingratiating. "That's the advantage of poverty! I've no preparations to make; so lead on!"

Natalie paused irresolutely. This was a contingency she had not foreseen. She shuddered at the possibilities it opened up. In her perplexity she looked again at Garth.

"We will leave you a horse," said he curtly. "And your passage out from the lake Settlement will be arranged for."

"And what money you need," added Natalie in a low tone, and blushing painfully.

But Maby's feelings were not hurt. "I can go with you just as well," he blustered.

"You may follow us as soon as you choose," said Garth coolly. "We do not desire your company on the way."

For the first time Maby appeared to recognize Garth's presence on the scene. He turned a baleful eye on him; and his lips curled back over his gums. "Who are you?" he snarled, adding an oath.

"That is neither here nor there," said Garth. "I speak for Miss Bland."

"Mrs. Maby, you mean," sneered the other, thinking to crush him with the information.

"She does not use that name," returned Garth imperturbably.

Maby turned furiously to Natalie. "Who is this man?" he cried, his cracked voice sliding into falsetto: "this sleek young sprig that rides alone with you through the country! I demand to know! I have a right to know!"

"I admit no right!" Natalie said firmly.

Maby, beside himself with jealous rage, no longer knew what he said. "You won't explain," he cried. "You can't explain! Here's a nasty situation for a married woman!"

Garth's self-control, stretched on the rack through all this scene, suddenly snapped in twain. Temper with Garth took the form of laughter; mocking, dangerous laughter, that issued startlingly from his grave lips.

He laughed now. "You scoundrel!" he said in cool, incisive tones—though he was not a whit less blinded by passion than Maby himself—"after the kind of life you've been leading up here, have you still the assurance to lay a claim upon *her*! And to cast a reflection on *her* good name! Have you no mirror to see what you are? Go to the lake, then, and see the vile record written on your face!"

Maby was staggered. Garth's terrible scorn penetrated the last wrappings of the warmly nurtured ego within. He shot a startled glance at Garth; and from Garth to the hut and behind, as if wondering how much he knew.

Garth was not through with him. He slipped his stirrups, preparatory to leaping off his horse. Natalie trembled at the quiet man's new aspect.

"Garth!" she entreated urgently.

The sound of her voice recalled him to himself. Settling back in his saddle, he abruptly turned his

horse, and went off a little way, struggling to regain his self-command.

"Oh, Natalie!" Maby gabbled whiningly; "don't listen to him. He's a low cur! But he can't make trouble between you and me! Send him away! Natalie, I seem to have acted badly; but I can explain everything! Circumstances were all against me! In my heart I've never swerved from you! I dream of you every night in my lonesomeness! Wherever I look I see your face before my eyes!"

Maby, conceiving nothing of the sublime irony of the figure he made, continued to plead. "Natalie, don't turn away from me! You took me for better or worse, remember! You found me at a disadvantage to-day; I don't look like this ordinarily. And you can make whatever you like of me! Remember the old days at home! I am the same man—Bert—your Bert! Look—he can't see us—I kneel to you as I did then!"

And down he went on his knees, stretching out his arms to her.

There was an odd, slight sound behind him. They both looked—and froze in the attitude of looking. Garth from his station, seeing the new look of horror overspread Natalie's face, spurred to join her.

There, clinging to the corner of the cabin for support, stood the figure of a woman. Her brown skin was blanched to a livid yellow; and her eyes were the eyes of one dead from a shock. She swayed forward from the waist as if her backbone could no longer support her. At her feet a tin pail emptied wild cherries on the ground.

Maby scrambled to his feet, shamed, chagrined, furious. "What do you want around here?" he cried brutally—even now seeking to outface her.

The piteous, stricken girl moistened her lips; and essayed more than once to speak, before any words came. "Erbe't, who is this woman?" she said quite simply at last.

"What is that to you?" he blustered roughly, thinking to beat her down; perhaps to kill her outright with cruelty. "This is my wife!"

"Oh, no! no!" whispered Natalie, sick with the sight of so much misery.

It is doubtful if the girl heard her. She tottered forward; and seized and clung to Maby's arm. Her breast was heaved on lard, quick pants like a wounded animal's; and her eyes were as frantic, and as inhuman.

"Erbe't, who am I?" she breathed.

Maby, seeing that Natalie heard and understood, beside himself, and reckless with rage, flung out his arm, throwing her heavily to the ground. "You! damn you!" he cried. "You're just my —"

Natalie, with a low cry of horror, instinctively clapped her heels to her horse's ribs, and set off down the hill. Garth wheeled after her.

"Oh, stay—stay and help her!" she gasped.

"You come first!" said Garth grimly.

Maby, as Natalie turned, sprang after her; and running desperately, managed to cling to her stirrup. Casting off the last vestiges of manliness he wept and prayed her to wait for him. Her horse, Caspar, kicked out wildly, and struck him off. He lay on the ground sobbing and cursing; striving to drag himself along with clawing hands.

Just before they gained the watercourse, Garth looked over his shoulder; and his heart leapt into his throat. The brown woman was reaching for Maby's rifle. He shouted a warning; and desperately strove to throw his horse behind Natalie. But it was too late. Hard upon his voice, the shot



voice. A strange, low cry broke from Natalie; and she reeled in her saddle. Garth spurring ahead, gripped her by the back of the neck and caught her from falling. A more terrible blow than the hurt of a bullet, smote his own breast.

## CHAPTER XVI

## NATALIE WOUNDED

THE two men struggled over the water-entire, and gained the trees before Garth, hampered as he was, succeeded in drawing their heads together, and stopping them. Slipping out of the saddle without loosening his grasp of Natalie, he lifted her off, ever careful to shield her from possible further shots with his own body. He remembered Mabyn's was a single-shot weapon; and he counted on the time it would take the Indian woman to obtain ammunition, and reload. Quickly and tenderly laying Natalie on the ground under shelter of a stump, he unslung his own rifle. But as he dropped to his knees, and raised it, he saw the woman on the edge of the cut-bank swing the stock of her gun around her head, and send the weapon spinning out over the water. Meanwhile Mabyn was running up the hill toward her with significant action.

Natalie's left arm hung useless; and a soaking crimson stain spread broadly on her sleeve between elbow and shoulder. Her face had gone chalky white, her eyes were half closed, and her teeth were set painfully in her blue nether lip. Garth's first and instinctive thought was to return and seize the hut; so that he might at least have a roof to cover her.

At the first move he made in the direction of the hut, Natalie, whom he had thought unconscious, divined his intention.

"Garth! Not in his house!" she murmured feverishly. "I will not go in there! I will not!" He paused in a painful perplexity. "But dearest, there is no other house," he said.

"Put me down in the open air," she begged. "It would suffocate me! I will not endure it!"

So Garth turned back among the trees. He strode over the dead leaves and the pine needles to the lake shore. Here, between the willows that grew thickly at the water's verge, and the heavier timber, extended an open strip of grass, still fresh and green. He laid his burden down upon it; and, rolling up his coat, put it under her head for a pillow.

He hastily cut away her sleeve, exposing the injury. The ball had passed through, making a clean opening where it entered, and a jagged wound whence it issued. It was clear the bone was broken; but from the character of the bleeding, even Garth could see that the artery was uninjured. He brought water from the lake in his hat, and gently washed the wound; but even in this he doubted if he did right; for the water was cold—but he had nothing in which to heat it.

He had his dark hour then, tasting ultimate despair. He sat beside her, gripping his dull head between his hands, and striving desperately to contrive, where there was nothing to contrive with.

Meanwhile the wound momentarily changed. The arm began to swell and darken; and Garth knew there was no time to lose. He made one attempt to proceed, kneading the flesh of the arm very gently to explore the broken ends of the bone—but Natalie's piteous cry of pain completely unmanned him. He desisted, shaking like a leaf, and sick with compassion; and he knew he would never be able to do it.

What seemed like an age passed; though it was no more than a few minutes. He was bending over her, doing what little he could to ease her pain; and with knotted brows rapidly considering, and rejecting, one after another, the desperate expedients that suggested themselves. Suddenly looking up he perceived among the trees, at a distance of a few paces, Rina standing. Hot anger instantly welled up in his breast, and made a red blur before his eyes. Rina's sex was no protection to her then. He picked up his gun.

Observing the action, Rina mutely spread her hands, palms outward. Her entire aspect had changed; the storm of passion had passed; and she stood contrite and sullen. It was impossible for the blindest passion to shoot at a figure in such an attitude. Garth lowered his gun; but he still kept it across his knees, and his face did not relax. The woman was loathsome to him.

"What do you want?" he demanded coldly.

Rina came a little closer. "I sorry," she said sulkily—like a child unwillingly confessing a fault. "I t'ink I go looney for a while. I not hear right. I t'ink she try to tak' my 'osban' from me!"

Garth glanced at the suffering Natalie with contracted brows. "That's all very well!" he said bitterly. "But it can't undo what's done!"

"I can mak' her well, maybe," said Rina, still affecting indifference. "I know what to do. My mother, she teach me. If you let me look at her, I tell you."

A wild hope sprang up in Garth's breast. If the girl were only able to help Natalie, his hate of her could very well content itself a while. But dare he trust her? With keen, hard eyes he sought to read her face. Her own eyes avoided his; and she made a picture of savage indifference; but as he looked he saw two great tears roll down her cheeks. In his desperate situation it was well worth the risk.

Raising his gun, he said coldly: "You may look at her. If you try to injure her, I will send a bullet through your head."

Receiving the permission, Rina came forward, careless of the threatening gun; and dropped to her knees beside Natalie. She examined the wound on both sides; and felt of the fracture with delicate fingers. To judge of the normal position of the bones, she manipulated her own arm. Garth never took his eyes from her but she was tenderer with the patient than he could have been.

Finally she raised a mask-like face to Garth. "I can fix it," she said. "If you let me."

## The Homesteader's Wife

By ALICE M. MACRAE.

The evening light grows dim—  
I shade my eyes and watch for him

Along the drifted trail.  
Darkly the clouds close in,  
The coyote's mournful din  
Answers the dog's long wail.

Oh, to be so alone!  
My heart is cold and hard as stone,  
My voice is dumb.  
Like moving in a dream—  
The hours of working seem—  
God, will he never come?

See! I have put the light  
Where it will greet him, burning bright.  
The supper, too, is spread.  
The milk is put away,  
The cattle fed their hay,  
And all the horses fed.

• Ranger, who saw me grieve,  
Nuzzled his head against my sleeve,  
As if he understood.  
And feeding him his grain,  
I cried beneath his mane,  
To ease my solitude.

Listen! Was that a hail?  
The dogs are barking down the trail!  
How foolish were my fears!  
I'll run and close the gate—  
He'll be too cold to wait—  
Three days were like three years!

Whatever her private feelings were, she had a confident air, that could not but convey some assurance to him. He nodded silently, after what he had suffered, he scarcely dared believe in such good fortune.

Rina quickly rose. "You mak' a fire to heat water," she said coolly. "I go bring everyt'ing."

With the words, she was gone among the trees; and Garth, overjoyed to be able to do something with his hands, hastened to build a fire.

Before he really expected her, she was back with what she needed, a pot for heating the water, a basin, several kinds of herbs, some strips of yellowed linen for bandages, a blanket and a knife. While the water was heating, she cut a deep segment of the smooth white bark of a young poplar for a splint—the curve of it was judged to a nicety to fit Natalie's arm. During the operation of setting the bone, Garth watched her unswervingly, clenching his teeth to bear the spectacle of Natalie's agony. For every pang of hers he suffered a sharper; the sweat coursed down his face.

But at last it was over; the wound washed and fomented with bruised leaves, the splint fitted snug, and the whole neatly bandaged. Natalie, wrapped in the blanket, soon fell into the sleep of exhaustion.

Rina looked at the pale and shaken Garth with an odd expression. "If you have whiskey, better tak' a drink," she suggested.

Garth had his flask; and he obeyed without question.

Throughout the operation, Rina had preserved an admirable, professional air, intent and impersonal; and when necessary she had brusquely ordered Garth to help her. Now that it was all over her face altered; she continued to kneel at Natalie's side, gazing at her soft hair, and the whiteness of her skin with a kind of sad and jealous wonder.

Garth on the alert at the change, which portended he knew not what explosion of passion in the savage woman's breast, ordered her from Natalie's side. She obeyed, resuming her sullen mask, but lingered near him, plainly full of some question she desired to ask. He observed for the first, a purpling bruise above her temple. Rina saw his eyes upon it, and her color changed.

"I run against a tree," she hastily volunteered. At the same time her hand stole to her throat to hide certain marks on its dusky roundness. Garth knew instinctively that she was loyally lying. Mabyn had beaten her. He wondered how far the wish to serve the woman she had injured was Rina's own impulse and how far she had been forced to it by Mabyn. He began dimly to conceive that the red woman had good qualities.

At last the question on her breast was spoken. "Who is she?" she asked, pointing sullenly at the sleeping Natalie.

GARTH rapidly considered what he should answer. He could not pretend to himself that he had forgiven the woman but since Natalie's pain was mitigated he was cooler and his sense of justice forced it home on him that Rina, too, had been through her ordeal. In his present desperate situation, his only chance of assistance lay in her—Mabyn was an egomaniac and utterly irresponsible. Frankness had served Garth in good stead before this and finally he told her the plain truth in such terms that she could understand.

"This feeling Mabyn has for her," he insisted in the end, "is only a passing one. If we can get her out of his sight all will go on as before."

Rina nodded. Her inscrutable face softened a little, he thought. "I on'erstan' now," she said quietly. "So I not go crazy wit' t'inking about it."

Garth was glad he had told her.

Rina stood studying him with her strange and secret air. "You love her ver' moch," she said suddenly, pointing to Natalie.

Garth bent over the sleeping figure in a way that answered her better than words.

"I t'ink she love you too," said Rina gravely. "When I 'urt her, she try not to cry because it 'urt you so bad."

A slow red crept under Garth's skin. He hated to betray himself under the eyes of the red woman; and he bustled about, averting his face from her. "When can she be moved?" he asked, brusquely changing the subject.

Rina shook her head. "I not know," she said. "Maybe she have fever. Three, four week maybe."

Garth's heart sank heavily, as he considered their scanty supplies, the approach of winter—and, more dangerous still, the fruitful opportunities of conflict the weeks would offer to four souls so strangely opposed, and so strangely bound together in the wilderness.

"What is Mabyn doing now?" he asked suddenly.

Rina's face instantly became as blank as plaster. "I not talk to you about him," she said coolly.

Garth was conscious of receiving a rebuke. "But I help you," she added presently. "I go bring your outfit in."

Before she went, she brewed a draught for Natalie with some of the herbs she had brought; and instructed Garth to administer it when she woke. For an instant all Garth's suspicions returned; and he looked at her hard. Rina, divining his thought, coolly lifted the pail to her lips, and drank of it. Once more he felt himself rebuked.

Left alone, his thoughts reverted to Mabyn. What would he have been plotting all 'his time?—he wondered; what stand would he take in this new posture of affairs? It was too much to hope, he decided, that one so selfish and so jealous could be persuaded to sink his animosity against Garth, for the purpose of serving Natalie while she lay injured. Garth's business had made him more or less familiar with the workings of the diseased ego and he was convinced that Mabyn, if for nothing else, hated him intolerably for having been the spectator of his repulse by Natalie.

As time passed, Natalie began to stir and mutter in her sleep and Garth, bending over her, fearful of fever, put the man out of his head. Returning to her from the edge of the lake, with cloths wrung out of cold water, he found her with wide eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Send him away! Send him away!" she muttered. "I cannot have him near me!"



At first he thought her mind wandered, but following the direction of her eyes, he saw the figure of a man skulking among the trees. Soothing her, he offered Rina's drink; and it had an immediate effect. She dropped off to sleep again. Then Garth picked up his gun and strode toward Mabyn.

The man waited for him with an air oddly mixed of fear and bravado. As Garth came close he smiled in a way that he intended to be ingratiating—but Mabyn's smile only rendered him more hideous. Garth's first look made sure that both his hands were empty.

"Is there anything I can do?" Mabyn asked with apparent solicitude.

"Yes, keep away from here," returned Garth curtly. "If I catch you within a hundred yards of my camp, I'll wing you so you won't move again as long as we're here."

Mabyn assumed an aggrieved expression. "You needn't take that tone," he grumbled. "I came in friendliness. I want to have a talk with you."

"I'm listening," said Garth.

Mabyn twisted uneasily. "Damn it! How can a man make friendly advances when you're standing over him with a gun!" he said.

"Say what you've got to say, or clear out," said Garth.

The aggrieved air proving ineffectual, Mabyn substituted offended silence; offered to go; and came back. "Well, look here!" he said at last. "This is it. Here are the three of us up here —"

"Four," amended Garth.

"Well, four if you like," said Mabyn. "We're stuck here together. We can't afford to quarrel. We've got to have some working agreement."

"Is that all?" said Garth uncompromisingly.

Mabyn looked around with the air of a much-trying man appealing to the bystanders—that they were only indifferent trees, rather spoiled the effect. "I wouldn't take this from any man if it wasn't that I was bent on avoiding trouble," he blustered.

"Look here," he began afresh, with a reasonable air. "I came to offer you the shack for Natalie. She can't sleep in the open in her condition."

"Much obliged," said Garth coolly. "I intended to take it in the first place. But Miss Bland refused to allow herself to be carried there."

Mabyn's eyes bolted. His control over his facial muscles was imperfect; and the struggle between the open character he desired to convey, and the secret feelings that tortured him, was plain. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Build her a house," said Garth. "Is that all you have to say?"

The other turned a face of obstinate friendliness and good will. "Look here—" he began all over. "I don't know your name—"

Garth informed him.

"Well, Pevensey, I'm sorry for what passed this morning. I regret what I said. I was only half awake; and scarcely knew what I did. Will you overlook it?"

"Talk is cheap," said Garth guardedly. "I will be guided by your actions henceforth." But his voice was milder; for an apology could not help but speak to his sense of generosity.

Mabyn, encouraged, amplified his penitent, ingratiating air. "As to the future," he said, "I mean to show you. You'll soon be satisfied!" He came closer. "In the meantime let's make a truce! Shake hands on it!"

Garth thoroughly distrusted the man; but he could see no harm to Natalie in accepting his offer, while privately determining to relax none of his vigilance. It was only too true, as Mabyn had said; neither could afford to quarrel. Mabyn had no gun, and Garth could not leave Natalie's side for an instant.

"I am willing," said Garth readily. "But it's understood this doesn't affect what I said before. You are not to come within a hundred yards of this camp!"

Mabyn shrugged, as at the unworthiness of Garth's suspicions.

"You agree to it?" Garth persisted.

"All right!" said Mabyn—a shade too readily. "Shake!"

Garth shifted his gun; and advanced to take Mabyn's hand. The man could not keep an ugly little gleam from showing in his shifty gray eye; and Garth stopped abruptly. Mabyn sneered. Garth, fired by one of the imperious impulses of the blood of youth, strode forward and grasped the extended hand defiantly.

He saw instantly his mistake. Mabyn's face was suddenly transfigured by the deadly hatred he had long repressed. His right hand closed on Garth's like a vice; and at the same time a knife slipped out of his sleeve into the other hand. He jerked the surprised Garth half-way round; and aimed a blow between his shoulders. Garth was oddly conscious of the fresh marks of the whetstone on the blade of the knife. With the incredible swiftness of our subconscious moves, he dropped his useless gun; and twisting his body around, flung up his free hand, and warded the descending blow. Seizing Mabyn's wrist, he flung himself forward to bear the other back.

It was all very brief. Mabyn, braced to receive Garth's weight, held his ground. Inspired with a febrile strength, he enjoyed a temporary advantage. Unable to reach Garth's back, he thrust desperately at his face, his neck—but only stabbed the air. They were locked together with their arms crossed—surely as strange a posture as ever men fought in! But Mabyn had staked all on the first blow; and that failing, there could be but one result. His fictitious strength suddenly failing, he collapsed in Garth's arms. Garth wrenched his hand free and hurled him to the ground where he lay livid and sobbing for breath. The attack had been contrived with devilish cunning; but every design this man undertook in life was foredoomed to failure.

Garth secured the knife; and stood looking down at the broken wretch, with strong waves of disgust welling over him. He laughed briefly.

"Too contemptible to kill!" he said; and turned on his heel.



There, clinging to the corner of the cabin for support, stood the figure of a woman.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CLUE TO RINA.

RINA brought all four horses handily through the wood, bringing up the rear on the back of old Cy. She slipped off beside Garth and looked in the direction where Natalie lay.

"Still sleeping," Garth said.

As Rina's eyes fell on him, they suddenly widened; and plain fear broke through the mask of her face. "Erbe't been here!" she said breathlessly.

"How do you know?" he said in surprise.

Rina pointed to his belt. "You got his knife!" she said. "How you get his knife?"

"He tried to murder me with it," said Garth, watching her face narrowly.

Rina had no more thought for Natalie. "Where is he?" she said agitatedly. "What you do to him?"

"I let him go," Garth said carelessly. "Murder is not exactly in my line."

"He try to kill you an' you let him go!" she breathed incredulously. Plainly such magnanimity was outside her ken. She walked away from him, considering it.

Presently she came back with a swift glide. "You got to promise me not to 'urt 'Erbe't!" she said, threateningly and passionately.

"If he attacks me, I defend myself—and her," Garth said coolly.

Rina studied the ground. It was impossible for him to tell what was going on behind her inscrutable eyes. In a moment she went to Natalie as if nothing had happened; and dropping beside her, listened attentively to her breathing. Garth, ever watchful, followed her close. When she arose, they moved off a little to avoid disturbing the patient; and Rina briefly instructed Garth what he should do during the night.

Garth, not satisfied with merely knowing what to do, asked the reason of her various measures; whereupon Rina became suddenly evasive.

"But I must know why you do these things," he insisted.

Rina looked away. "I not tell you," she said coolly.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, surprised and frowning.

Rina met his eyes. "Nobody but me can mak' her well," she said boldly. "I mak' her well if you not 'urt 'Erbe't. If you go after 'Erbe't, she can die. I not look at her no more!"

This at least was honest; and Garth could respect such an opponent. "He's safe!" he said coolly. "Provided he keeps away from here."

Rina vouchsafed no comment. "I come to-morrow," she said and disappeared through the trees.

The horses offered Garth his next problem. Since immediately they were turned out they would bolt for the sweet grass of the prairie above, there was no way in which he could secure them from Mabyn, or keep them within reach against a time of need. They might stray for miles over the plains before he could leave Natalie long enough to round them up. But there was no help for it; the beasts would all die of starvation, if he attempted to keep them in his camp. There was a little grass between the willows and the timber and he determined to keep old Cy picketed nearby, to be sure of one mount in the case of an emergency. The other three he hobbled, hung a bell around Emmy's neck, and turned them loose.

He was now able to make Natalie more comfortable. Putting up her tent, he spread a bed of balsam within, and her own blankets upon it. The next time she awoke, he carried her inside; and at the door of the tent, where he could look at her, and speak to her, he cooked her the best invalid's supper the grub-box and his own skill could afford. This same grub-box was an ever-fresh cause of anxiety to him; allowing for liberal contributions from his own gun, he could not see much more than a week's supply for two. This he kept to himself, however, while he joked and made light of their situation for Natalie's benefit.

Some time after supper she fell asleep again; and Garth prepared for his night-long vigil. His head was much too busy to allow of any desire for sleep. Sitting in the dark, he faced the situation open-eyed. There they were in the remotest wilderness, imprisoned in the narrow valley by Natalie's injury for weeks to come; with insufficient food and inclement weather in prospect, and without the remotest chance of succor from the outside. Moreover, there hovered about them an implacable and half-insane enemy, whose busy brain was bent on Garth's destruction. The outlook was enough to unnerve the strongest; there were things in it that Garth in his courage could only glance at, and hurriedly avert the eyes of his mind.

The night was so still he could hear the breathing of the horse at fifty paces. He had let the fire die down, for fear its loud crackling would awaken Natalie. Overhead the Northern lights flung their ragged pennons across the zenith, with a ghostly echo of rustling. He suddenly became conscious of distant human voices in the void of stillness; and presently distinguished the voice of Mabyn. Rina's answers he could not hear, though he sensed a second voice. The sound was from the neighborhood of the hut.

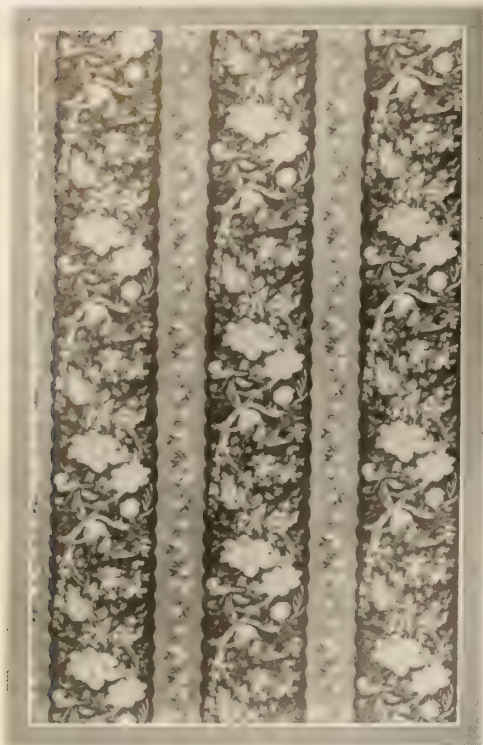
Garth was tempted by the opportunity to discover at the same time the plans of his enemy, and Rina's true disposition toward himself. He glanced at Natalie; she had but lately fallen asleep, and was sleeping soundly; there were no animals abroad that could harm her; he need be gone but half an hour. The role of eavesdropper was not at all attractive to him but he felt he had no right to refuse to use any weapon that offered. Finally he fastened the flaps of Natalie's tent, replenished the fire, and stole away through the trees.

He crossed the stony watercourse to the left of the usual place and mounted the slope. Coming closer, he satisfied himself that the speakers were sitting on the bench at the door of the shack. In the darkness he almost fell across the figure of the little cayuse, prone in the grass. The animal scrambled to its feet and trotted away. Garth paused, listening, his heart in his throat—but Mabyn's voice presently went on undisturbed.

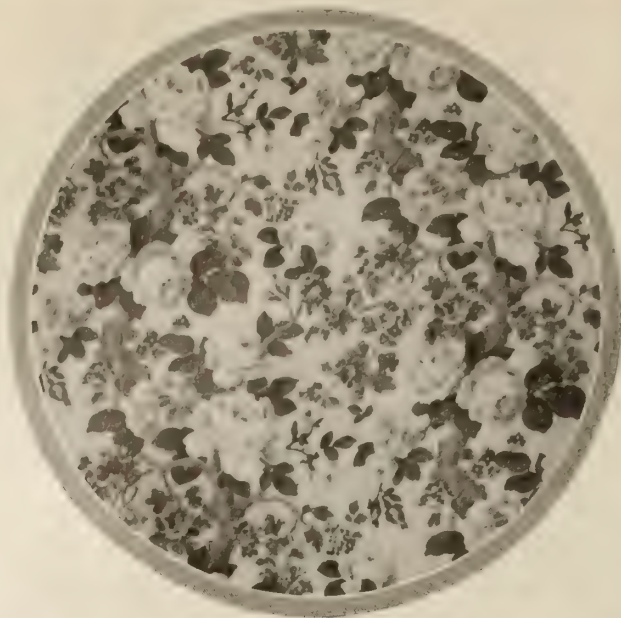
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)



# Draperies That Serve the Definite Purpose of Making the Home More Beautiful



An example of the durable materials which are to be found in such effective colorings, and are so inexpensive. There is at present, a demand for stripes and the chintz illustrated proves the interesting way these may be treated. Birds and flowers are here printed in colors that harmonize with stripes of grey, blue and rose, and the cost is ninety-five cents a yard.



A lovely hand-blocked chintz in tones of mahogany, deep creams shading to tan with soft shades of grey and green in the foliage. Also to be had in other combinations and with a black ground. Fifty inches wide, the cost is four dollars and a half a yard.



In this imported chintz, various color treatments have been made, the most attractive of which is the one illustrated. This is obtained by a cream ground with wide stripes of dark coloring, black or dark blue, and design in rose, yellow, brown, green, mulberry or grey. The material is soft and drapes delightfully, and may be bought for ninety-eight cents a yard.

## Considering the Curtain and Such Stuff As It Is Made Of

By MONA H. COXWELL

OF all the tasks that confront us when we undertake the furnishing and interior decorating of a home, there is none perhaps, that we approach with more enjoyment than the selection of the curtains and over-draperies which each window of the house will require. There is something especially appealing in the textures that are provided for these purposes and our color sense finds ample satisfaction in the beautiful solid tones and delightful combinations from which the Twentieth Century manufacturer of textiles has made it possible for us to choose.

Impulsive selection, however, may be just as fatal to the final appearance of a room as a willow-plume trimming on a sailor hat, and while it is not altogether necessary to approach the matter with prayer and fasting, it is wise not to be carried away by a single idea, but to consider the question from several angles. We must remember that the treatment of windows has an effect on the appearance of both the inside and outside of the house, and again that a treatment which is charming by day, may be robbed of color and character when the room is filled with illumination by night. The exposure of a room is another point to be thought of, as well as the architecture of the house itself, its location,—whether in town or country—and then, narrowing the matter to individual rooms, we must have regard for the shape of the apartment, the style of furniture that it is to contain and the manner and color in which the walls have been decorated.

Having determined these matters, we may next take stock of materials and consider their suitability. Here we are likely to become lost in a maze of rich and lovely color, in fascinating weaves and textures which leave us with some confusion of mind by their very number and desirability. For our consideration the shopman displays his delectable

wares—silken velours, classic French brocades, rich-hued velvets, chintz, plush, poplin, shimmering silks from India, crepes from China, delicate cretonnes, chintz of gorgeous coloring, linen in many wonderful printed patterns—even the Russian crash and demure denim might once have hung on the walls of an Arabian Nights' bazaar!

Finally, out of this riot of lovely weaves and color and texture, our mind should evolve a scheme—our instinct for what is suitable, in other words our "good taste," should assert itself, and

we should see clearly what we must reject and what we may accept.

NEARLY all windows require what is known as sash curtains, those of thin transparent material placed close to the glass. The only exception would be the window made of many small panes of glass that are not altogether transparent. These sash curtains serve to soften the glare of the light from the outside and also protect the heavier over-draperies or inside hangings. The sash curtain should harmonize with the ground of the over-draperies—white where the ground is white, or ecru or cream where the ground is of a deeper tone.

In the average city home, elaborate draperies are not appropriate; velours, damask, linen or woollen rep are widely used for the more formal rooms, and these should be made with a certain formality as to valance, edging and heading, and a certain uniformity as to draping which will appear well from the outside. The heavier and more voluminous draperies have gone out of date and are only found in more stately mansions of impressive architecture. Elaborate trimmings are also a thing of the past, greatly to the happiness of every sensible housewife who found them an endless trouble to make and to keep clean.

For bed-rooms in the average home nothing is more attractive than chintz or cretonne in one of the many flower or bird patterns, or, if one does not consider outlay, one of the many new and lovely printed linens which are to-day to be found in the shops.

Where cretonne, linen, chintz, damask, brocade or poplin are used as over-hangings, these should be lined, both to give them body and in the case of the figured materials, to prevent the light from shining through and weakening the effect of the design.

As in the case of wall-paper, which we described in the March issue, certain colors should be chosen to off-set certain light. For a Northern exposure, the window should be draped in material which contains warm shades, such as yellow, orange, or brown. A window looking South may be framed in a light and sunny color, but the sash curtain should be doubly heavy to distribute the full glare of the sun. For East and West windows there are no restrictions as to color or fabric. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69.)



(Right) A striking material showing the character which is given a design when printed on a black ground. Bright green foliage, birds with rose tones with ecru shaded plumage and flowers in shades of lilac combine to produce a most successful whole. This is the type of chintz suggested for living-room draperies. The width is fifty inches and the cost four dollars and a half a yard.



# The Story of a Boy, a Dog and Another Dog

## THE BAD PENNY

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

IF Ruffles had ever been exhibited in a dog-show, he would undoubtedly have carried off first prize in the Miscellaneous Class. He had never met a dog who looked quite like himself, but he did not worry about his appearance, except as far as Tom was concerned. And as he was quite perfect in Tom's eyes, all was right with the world.

When Ruffles first became a member of The Family, he was not much more than six months old. The Family chiefly became aware of his presence through the excellent work of his sharp, white teeth. One morning's work in particular caused the thunders of Jove to rumble ominously, and Tom was given a certain short length of time in which to get Ruffles interested in other sources of amusement than clothes on the line, shoes and rubbers, Polly's Teddy Bear, and countless other handy articles. Otherwise, Ruffles, in spite of his sweet disposition and his pleading brown eyes, was to be numbered with The Family no longer.

The result of this edict was two fold; Ruffles continued to dwell under the same roof, and his allegiance, from then on, was sworn, primarily, to Tom, whom he regarded as a very-much-to-be-loved young god. The others he loved, too, but Tom was the pivot round which his doggie world moved, and to please Tom seemed to Ruffles the highest achievement any dog could strive for. He had been everybody's dog at first, acquired chiefly, perhaps for a companion for six-year-old Polly, but belonging actually to none of The Family in particular. But Polly, from the first, did not interest Ruffles; he was still too much of a baby himself to put up with being bothered by human ones. He objected strenuously to having his ears pulled, or his absurd stump of a tail, so he avoided Polly wherever possible, for, being of a gentle nature, he did not want to snap at her, but there is a limit to any dog's patience!

It was Eleanor who named him Ruffles the very first time she saw him, with his untidy, shaggy coat hanging in disorder all over his sturdy body and absurd legs, and flapping half over his eyes, like a sheep-dog, which breed Ruffles quite largely was. Eleanor was Tom's grown-up sister; she became very fond of Ruffles from the time he first appeared. Later on, to be sure, she almost forgot Ruffles, as she did most other things, so absorbed she became in the attentions of a certain young man. But that is another story.

Ruffles celebrated his first spring by having distemper rather badly, and it was then proved how much of a hold, even so far, he had managed to attain in the hearts of The Family. For it was Aunt Mary who administered the necessary medicines when Tom was at school; and Father who dressed in the middle of one night, at a scared-faced appeal from Tom, and went in the car to fetch the Vet, as Ruffles appeared very low. Eleanor offered her services as nurse, and Tom found her useful, and accepted her help gratefully. Judy, his flapper sister, was rather inclined to dismiss the case as a whole lot of fuss over a dog who would get well anyway, but when, once or twice, Ruffles seemed to have to put up a good fight to keep on living, she relented and consented to run errands for the comfort of the four-footed invalid. Even Polly contributed her mite towards easing his suffering, by surrounding him with all her dolls and animal toys "for poor, poor Ruffles to play with," she said, until Aunt Mary removed them for hygienic reasons, explaining that Ruffles was too tired to play. As for Tom, all the time he could spare from the business of being educated, and a little more besides, was spent with his sick friend, coaxing him to take what food the doctor prescribed, pleading with him to swallow his medicines, and when Ruffles seemed on the point of giving up the struggle, keeping the spark alive in him by call-

ing his name continually in as soft a voice as he could muster, and talking to him in a language peculiar to these two. Tom was not at all ashamed of the few tears he shed secretly at this time; and in return, Ruffles once in a while feebly wagged his despondent tail, and his eyes, so full of pent-up misery, followed Tom wherever he moved within his range of vision.

Ruffles emerged from this ordeal a dignified and more responsible dog. He assumed the role of watch-dog, and barked regularly at the milkman, the butcher-boy and others who came daily to the house, until he was persuaded to distinguish between them and the old Jew junk dealers



Later on, to be sure, she almost forgot Ruffles, as she did most other things, so absorbed she became in the attentions of a certain young man.

who pestered the neighborhood. He cultivated a tremendous friendship with the cook. She, good old soul, recognized his ulterior motive in this, but was fond of him, nevertheless, and kept a never-failing supply of bones and tid-bits on hand for him. His greatest difficulty, which he could never quite overcome, was the question of the rugs and the polished floors. It was so delightful to rush down the stairs, or fly the length of the hall, or through the door of a room, and slide the last few feet on one of the rugs which lay about all over the house, conveniently for such a purpose. Owing to this, Ruffles was in almost continual disgrace with Aunt Mary, who kept house ever since the mother of The Family had died. She always demanded an apology from Ruffles, and with flattened ears and humble eyes he would promise to be a model dog—till next time.

Saturday was to Ruffles Day of Days, for it was Tom's day, and manifold were its joys. Tom, being the only boy in The Family, with three sisters, was a little stranded at home for comradeship, which drew him closer to Ruffles. Sisters were mostly a nuisance—Eleanor, too busy with beaux; Judy, too occupied with putting her hair up; and not doing anything undignified; and Polly, too tiny and frail. But Ruffles was always

on the spot, after breakfast on Saturdays, his tail wagging wildly, his eyes bright with expectancy, and his mouth wearing a broad grin, with a pink tongue hanging out in excitement. Ruffles was not afraid of soiling his clothes, or of getting his feet wet, or of being late home to lunch;

in fact, the muddier his feet, or the more completely his coat was matted with burrs, twigs and dead leaves, the happier he was in spirit. Tom thanked his stars that Ruffles was not another sister, and took him off on all-day hikes as if he were a school-boy colleague. Sometimes they took bacon and eggs and bread in a knapsack, built a fire somewhere in the heart of the country, and cooked their own lunch, Ruffles business being to fetch sticks for the fire, and to eat half of what was cooked. At other times they halted at a farmhouse at noon, and Tom would ask to be allowed some of the dinner for himself and his dog, paying a small amount for it out of his pocket-money. On one occasion, however, Ruffles, who was usually a peaceable dog, was provoked into a fight with a farm dog, and the farmer having declared that his dog was too badly damaged for anything but the hands of the Veterinary, Tom had to pay the fee, and go on his way with nothing but crestfallen Ruffles trotting behind him.

"You funny boy," Aunt Mary used to say, "I don't see what you find to amuse you so, going off every single Saturday with that dog."

Tom was almost always spared the necessity of replying, for his father usually said:

"Now, Mary, don't tell me you've forgotten how your dog used to insist upon going with Charlie and me when we went out for tramps after school, and you used to weep and say you wished you were a boy so that Ted would go walking with you instead of us."

To which Aunt Mary invariably replied: "Yes, yes! Tom is so like you were then."

Nobody ever quite saw the connection in this remark, but it didn't make much difference.

SUNDAY was somewhat less fun for Ruffles, for it was celebrated soberly by The Family, and Aunt Mary insisted upon church, morning and evening. Since this included Tom, Ruffles would most cheerfully have attended both services also, had it not been that Aunt Mary had also, from the very first, thought of this, and therefore saw to it before starting-time, that Ruffles was shut into the nursery on the top floor with Polly, who was too young to go. There were a few occasions when Ruffles arranged matters so that he was missing at the crucial moment, and was later discovered padding softly after The Family with a face expressive of absolute innocence; and his own beloved Tom was sent post haste

to shut him up at home, though the scolding which should have accompanied this never seemed to be forthcoming. Usually, however, Tom, feeling down-hearted and uncomfortable in his Sunday spruceness would look back at the nursery window as he departed unwillingly with The Family, and would always see a shaggy head turned wistfully after him down the street. At such times, Tom wished for a fairy or something equally gifted to change him for Sundays only into the guise of Polly. Judy and Eleanor occasionally managed to plead headaches and stay home, but Tom ordinarily, hardly ever had such a thing, and Aunt Mary's prescription for his Sunday ailments was that the good, brisk walk to church would do him much more good than sitting moping at home. Moping, indeed!

Monday was proverbially blue for Ruffles. It was the beginning of five days wherein a dog must amuse himself somehow, be most polite to The Family, and see Tom only for a few hours out

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



# Dishes Where Nuts Give the Final Touch from Soup to Ice Cream



On the right (top) is seen bouillon with a dash of nuts; to the left is a dish of curried nuts with rice; to the left (lower) is a plateful of cocoanut macaroons; in the centre is a dish of ice cream, and to the right a dish of nut cookies.

## NUT NOVELTIES

By MARY M. NEIL

**N**UTS should be used more in cookery than they generally are, as they rank high as brain and nerve foods, thus furnishing a valuable addition to the limited range of vegetarian dietary.

Nuts must be eaten with salt to assist in their digestion, then if thoroughly masticated, they may be eaten raw by almost anyone. When cooked they often give the needed touch to a pudding or other dessert, while nearly any salad is enhanced by their presence. They may be used freely in layer cake fillings and for the school luncheon basket they are indispensable as they make tempting sandwich fillings with cheese, and fresh and dried fruits.

**Delicious Nut Soup.**—Wash and peel one pound of potatoes, cut them in slices and peel and slice one onion. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the potatoes, the onion, and stir and cook for five minutes, taking care that they do not brown, then add four cupfuls of water, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. When this comes to the boil skim it, and allow to simmer until the vegetables are tender. Rub the soup through a sieve, return it to the saucepan, add two cupfuls of milk, and when it comes to the boil add one cupful of finely chopped nut meats, boil for fifteen minutes longer and serve hot. Garnish with a spoonful of whipped cream and chopped nut meats.

**Appetizing Curried Nuts.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add one chopped apple and one chopped onion, and fry them slowly until a light brown color. Then mix in one teaspoonful of curry powder or curry paste, one

and one-half cupfuls of chopped nut meats, one-half cupful of stock or water, one-half teaspoonful of salt and cook for twenty minutes. Serve with a border of plain boiled rice and garnish with quarters of tomatoes, or slices of hard cooked eggs.

**Cocoanut Macaroons.**—Put one pound of chopped cocoanut into a bowl, add one white of egg, one can of condensed milk, a pinch of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of almond extract. Beat well with a wooden spoon and drop from the spoon on to a greased baking tin, and bake in a slow oven until firm to the touch. Keep in airtight box.

**Nut Cookies.**—Beat one-half cupful of butter with one-half cupful of grated maple sugar and one-fourth cupful of white sugar. Stir in one egg that has been well beaten, one tablespoonful of water, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Add one-half cupful of chopped nut meats, beat well, turn out on to a floured baking board, roll out the dough and cut it into cookies. Lay on greased tins and bake in a moderate oven. When cool, put together with jam or jelly and cover with frosting. Decorate each cookie with half of a walnut meat.

**Nut Ice Cream.**—Mix one cupful of milk with three cupfuls of whipped cream, add three-fourths cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of vanilla extract and lemon extract, and one-half cupful each of

chopped walnut meats, almonds, and filberts. Freeze and serve in glasses with whipped and sweetened cream, and decorate with chopped cocoanut and preserved cherries.

**Walnut Mould.**—Mix two tablespoonfuls of cooked rice with three tablespoonfuls of chopped nut meats, one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, one beaten egg, a pinch of powdered mace, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, pepper, paprika and salt to taste. The mixture should be firm, but not too dry. Pack it into a well greased mould, cover with a buttered paper, and steam steadily for one and one-half hours. Turn out and serve hot with tomato sauce.

**Nut Muffins.**—Beat together one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one egg for five minutes, then add two cupfuls of rolled roasted peanuts, and bake in hot buttered gem pans. Sprinkle some nuts on the top before baking.

**Nut Cake.**—Cream one-half cupful of butter with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten with a little water, add eight tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder, then add two tablespoonfuls of chopped walnut meats, one tablespoonful of chopped almonds and one-half teaspoonful of orange extract. Mix well and bake in a flat buttered and floured cake tin in a moderate oven until a golden color. Heat four tablespoonfuls of milk, four tablespoonfuls of cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar with three yolks of eggs. When this is quite hot (but not boiling), lift the pan from the fire and stir in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of chopped nut meats. Cover the cake evenly with this mixture, then put in the oven until set.





## *Were you an Ivory Soap baby?*

What Ivory Soap does for the baby's skin, it continues to do for that of the man or woman.

Ivory Soap cleanses gently. It contains nothing that can make the skin smart or burn, coarsen its texture, or leave it dry and rough. The mildness and purity that make it essential in the nursery, make it equally desirable for you.

Ivory Soap rinses perfectly. It leaves no soapy sediment to clog the pores and pave the way for blemishes and other skin troubles. Used daily, as it is used for a baby, it helps to keep the skin at its best.

IVORY SOAP



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99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE

THE manufacturers of Ivory Soap also make in Canada the following general household soaps: P and G The White Naphtha Soap, Gold Soap, Pearline and Sopade, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.







## Morning—Night

The finest dish is a Bubble Grain

Puffed Grains hold supreme place among cereal dainties—as food delights and as scientific foods.

None can imagine cereals more enticing. Here are airy, toasted bubbles—grains flimsy and flavory, puffed to eight times normal size. As fragile as snowflakes—as delicious as toasted nuts.

Millions of children revel in them, morning, noon and night. Sometimes with cream and sugar, sometimes with melted butter, sometimes in a fruit dish, sometimes in bowls of milk.

### Prof. Anderson's ideal foods

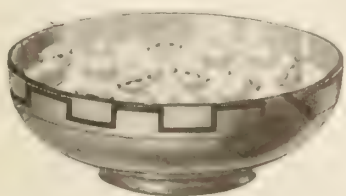
But Puffed Grains are not mere delights. A scientist invented them for hygienic reasons.

One is whole wheat with every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. One is whole rice.

The grains are sealed in guns. An hour of fearful heat is then applied. Then the guns are shot, the steam explodes—every food cell is broken.

Thus Puffed Wheat yields whole-wheat nutrition. All elements are utilized. Ordinary cooking at its best leaves most food cells unbroken.

Mothers who ponder these facts are more and more serving grain foods in this ideal form.



Serve these toasted whole wheat bubbles in every bowl of milk

**Puffed Wheat**

**Puffed Rice**

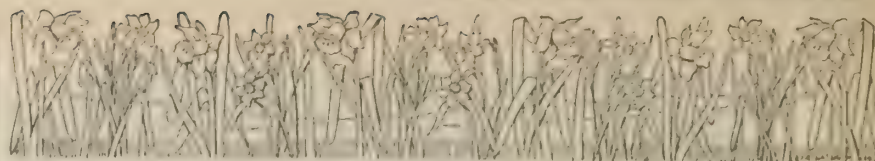
Whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



## The Bad Penny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

of each twenty-four. Undoubtedly Ruffles learned to count the days till Saturday came round again. It was, however, on a Saturday that the Affliction arrived. Ruffles objected to nothing so much as tiny dogs who in any way resembled squirrels or cats. And the Affliction was a Pekinese.

Ruffles was most disconcerted to come in at the end of a particularly happy and successful hike to find The Family going into raptures over a little Chinese lap-dog which any real dog would scorn to notice. He was yellow, and his hair was long and silky—no good for hiking—and he ran around the floor on silly, short legs that were almost as good as none. Moreover, his feathery tail curled over his back in the most objectionable manner, thought poor Ruffles, whose own tail was scarcely long enough to tuck between his legs when he was in disgrace.

Ruffles had hardly appeared in the room, behind Tom, when there rose an agitated cry from Aunt Mary.

"Oh, Tom! Hold Ruffles a moment, there's a good boy, whilst I pick Chong up. Ruffles is such a big, clumsy brute, he could squash the poor little fellow with one paw."

She dived after Chong, who, scenting Ruffles' arrival on the scene, scuttled away from her and through some intervening chairs. Tom knew better than to hold Ruffles. If the dogs were to meet at all peaceably, it would be far better for both to be free. Aunt Mary, of course, was furious, and the girls stood with bated breath, hardly daring to squeak, while Chong minced up to the disgusted Ruffles, and Tom stood motionless to wait results.

Nothing disastrous happened, for Ruffles rather scorned to interest himself in what looked like one of Polly's toys come to life. After a moment, everybody breathed a great sigh of relief, all except Tom, who asked, as Ruffles walked stiff-legged and with tremendous dignity, out of the room.

"Is that little beast going to live here?"

Aunt Mary seated herself gravely, and looked at her nephew with displeasure.

"He is," she replied, "and I am sorry to hear you call a poor harmless little creature such a name."

Tom's face was unrepentant.

"Who's responsible for bringing him here?" he demanded. "You, I suppose, Judy. You never did like Ruffles."

Then Eleanor confessed to be the rightful owner and proud possessor of Chong.

"George has given him to me for an engagement present," she said gently to Tom, "and he really is a pet—Chong, I mean."

She crossed the room to her brother and put an arm affectionately round his shoulders.

"Promise me you'll like him, and make Ruffles, Tommy dear," she pleaded.

"How do I know what Ruffles will think of him?" inquired Tom, non-committally, and defiant for his rugged friend.

"And Chong has a pedigree simply miles long," continued his sister.

Then Tom did a very rude thing. He flung himself away from her, and out of the room, saying with great emphasis,

"Aw, gee! You make me sick!"

It was a consolation to Ruffles to find that Chong was equally unwelcome to his beloved young master.

And the reason Ruffles was so polite to Chong for a week or so after his arrival was only due to the fact that instinct warned him to be very careful in his dealings with the little Pekinese, or more dire consequences might result not only for himself, but Tom, also. He knew that The Family watched him with suspicion, whenever he was near Chong, as if they expected him any moment to pounce on his rival and shake him till there was nothing left. As a matter of fact, Ruffles would have given a whole year's supply of bones to have been in a position to do something very like that, but at first his discretion overcame this great temptation which beset him.

In the meantime, he noted with a sinking heart that the advent of the Affliction was causing him to be unpopular with Aunt Mary. And he had noted that in the house her word was law, so that if she were ever to say, "Ruffles must go. . . ." His behaviour, it seemed, contrasted most unfavorably with that of the newcomer. Chong was never known to scramble rugs into a heap, or to leave large muddy paw-marks on the polished floors, or to plant an affectionate chin with a beard bristling with sticks and dead leaves on Aunt Mary's lap. Ruffles' good habits were quite lost sight of; the fact that he never jumped up on beds or furniture, and always lay quietly under the table during meals—with his head convenient to Tom's hand when it should slip unobtrusively under the tablecloth with a morsel. Ruffles, too, began to feel keenly the lack of a pedigree. It seemed to be handicapping him greatly, for so many privileges seemed to accrue to the possession of one. He noticed for instance, that Chong was allowed to run around freely during meals, bothering each member of The Family in turn for attention and food. It was this which ultimately wrought the mischief. Also Ruffles saw Chong many times, sleeping unchidden upon the snowy counterpanes of The Family's beds, including Aunt Mary's own. This called forth a protest from Tom.

"It isn't fair when you won't let Ruffles," he said, and kept the door of his room carefully closed, so that his domain, at least, should be kept sacred to Ruffles' nightly use.

Aunt Mary smiled at Tom's childish jealousy, and Eleanor became quite annoyed with her brother over his stubborn refusal to love her dog. Her father was too occupied with business problems to notice the growing unrest concerning the two dogs, until one day it was brought forcibly to his attention.

It was during dinner, and Chong had, as usual, been scampering around the table in his never-ending quest for tid-bits. He always included Tom in his efforts, but so far he had been unsuccessful, for any stray morsels from Tom's plate were consecrated to a certain mouth under the table, and no other. This evening, however, Tom became rather tired of having Chong appear, panting, at his elbow every minute or so, and, in an effort to send him away for a while, he gave him a piece of bread. It had hardly disappeared down Chong's throat, when there was a rush from under the table, following by shrill and terrified kiy-ing. Everybody sprang up at once, but it was Tom who made Ruffles let go, and Chong flew yelping to his mistress to be comforted. The Family sat down again in ominous silence. Tom's eyes were on his plate, and his face and ears were crimson with rage at his own stupidity, with indignation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)



*Follow these directions*

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly, for the wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers, which soon envelops your head like a cap.

This lather penetrates roots and hair cells, dislodging dandruff and dissolving dirt and oil accumulations.

Wash the length in this thick lather and then begin rinsing. This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo instantly without any danger of leaving soap traces. Use two or three waters, or, far better, use a bath spray. Let the final rinsing be cold.

Two lathers are required—the trial bottle contains ample quantity. Then dry by fanning and shaking.

Brush thoroughly (with a clean brush) and then examine the quality of your hair.

Its softness, its silky abundance, its shiny, attractive gloss, will delight you.



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**S**ILKY texture and satiny gloss are attractions you need not envy. You can acquire these qualities very easily. Stop the careless washing, which makes your hair rough, dull and brittle, and use Palmolive Shampoo, which cleanses more thoroughly without drying out the hair.

After a Palmolive Shampoo your hair is beautifully soft. It is silky and it has that well-groomed look. Brush it carefully, massage it gently once a day and shampoo every two weeks, and everyone will admire your glorious, glossy hair.

*Used by scalp specialists*

Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair.

It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful, silky

quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another Oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

*Send for trial-size bottle*

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful.

Acquaintance bottle and book together introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well-groomed look women envy and men admire.

*The Palmolive Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.*



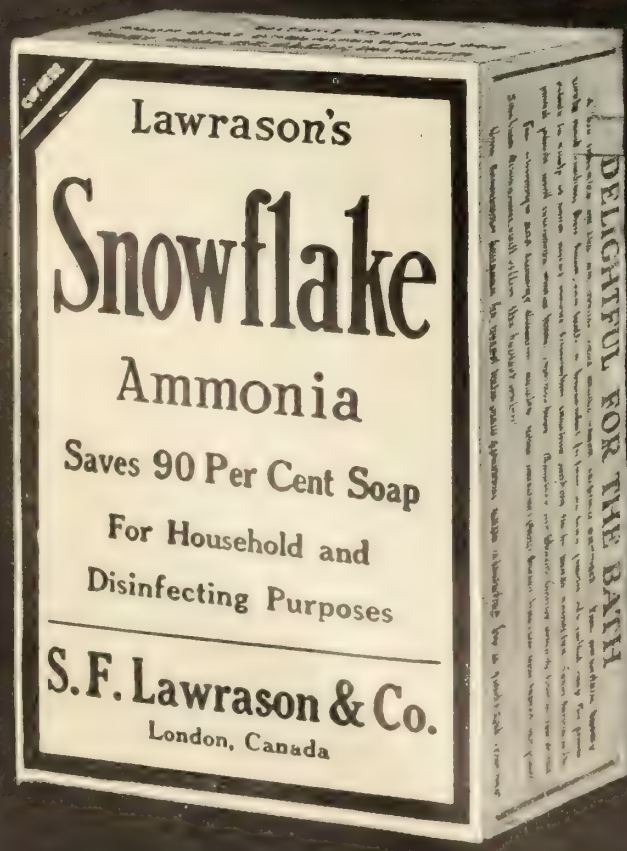
Contains almost twice the quantity of other shampoos.



# Makes Bathrooms Snow-white

## SOFTENS WATER

Use Snowflake in the bath. It counteracts the mineral deposits in the water and makes the bath delightfully refreshing.



## Clean and Sanitary

Use Snowflake for washing the bath, the wash-bowl. A little Snowflake shaken into the toilet bowl renders it free from odors and spotlessly clean.



# Fabrics and Colors Which Make the Spring Wardrobe Radiant

## Pretty Springtime Frocks and Smart Separate Skirts



Navy blue charmeuse and cream filet net have combined their charm in this afternoon model, which vouches for the puffed sleeve and long side panels dipping below the hem.

and the beach skirt, is that the latter, which is a little above knee-length, makes a much prettier picture than the street skirt which is anywhere from two to three inches below the knee, and shows about the same amount of stocking—sometimes a very filmy stocking—between its hem and the top of the spat or boot. We saw a very ugly example of this the other day. A smart young thing stood in front of a full length mirror in a fashionable hotel tittivating. She wore a short tube skirt, the back of which, as she stood there, caught in the hollow back of her knee, and there it stuck. An inch or two longer, and it would have hung straight and would have been really graceful.

When womenkind, young and old, slender and otherwise, discard the absurd brevity which has no claim to the really artistic effect in dress—and that is what Fashion should always aim at—they will appear much better dressed. Many have adhered to a reasonable length, and when they have, the general style of skirts has never been prettier or more sensible than at the present time. One can't conceive women of to-day, with their energy and progressiveness ever going back to the trailing drapery, such as they wore even a few years ago. Just refer to the family photographs, your snapshot album, or the fashion papers of that short time ago and see for yourself.

There's a happy medium for skirt lengths as for everything else. Let's insist upon it.

The separate skirts, which it is decreed we shall wear this spring, are particularly pleasing. They are made of soft velvety surfaced woollens, woven in stripes or plaids, cut straight and laid in pleats. Many of them have pockets, and one looks at the ingenious way these slashed pockets are inserted and marvels at the art of the tailor. This is one type of fashionable skirt. The other is cut in circular fashion, or if this be too extreme, in two pieces with gored sides. It is very trig and just the thing for street wear on any occasion, and Tweed mixtures, very smart home-spuns and small two-tone check fabrics are used for them.

The complement of these skirts is a tailored shirt. Heavy crepe de Chine or habutai tucked and high collared are ideal for early spring wear and for summer, when we shall also return to our old love, fine voile with Valenciennes or filet

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

lace edging. Before leaving the interesting topic of skirts, perhaps we should mention the fact that cream flannel, serge, jersey and tricotine skirts are in vogue again, and we think will be worn by a great many smart women this spring. Cream woollen suits are also a thing of the present season.

The dresses illustrated on this page are typical of a season when supple weaves vie with crisp taffetas and organdies. The latter, are of course reserved for summer, but one must think of summer things even as early as this if one is to be ready for June weddings and the first garden fete. And just let me say that incongruous as it may appear to combine cotton and silk, verily it is done in the best wardrobes; organdie, the queen of cotton textiles, is allied with taffeta in charming frocks for the summer wardrobe. For instance, we saw an alluring grey organdie with ruffles of itself made up over a black taffeta slip. But more of organdie on some near future occasion!

YOU who follow Fashion's footsteps must be prepared to wear lace. It is the vogue. Not just black and white laces, but lace dyed in all the shades of the season—grey, brown, blue, henna, and other tones. The model which we illustrate happens to be of the more conservative type, and is of cream filet over navy blue charmeuse, and to our way of regarding design, is rather a triumph. The low waist line is identical with the season's most approved mode. The large flowing cuff or puff at the elbow, is rather a happy idea. Many women who would like to wear short sleeves, especially in summer, hesitate to do so, because so few have pretty elbows. This enveloping cuff takes in the elbow and all's well. The pleated side panels that dip below the hem are a concession that Fashion makes to those who like moderately short skirts, yet are a



This maiden is modern to the last detail, even the way she holds her hands and the brown marocain crepe of her frock and its lightening garniture, in Chinese orange.

little doubtful as to whether they should wear them or not. If skirts were worn ankle-length, this practice of dropping one section of the skirt below the other would never do at all.

The vampish-looking young person in the illustration at the centre of the page does a great injustice to the fetching frock she is wearing, but that is the artist's doing. He has made her hold her hands in just that impressionistic way to show off the corsage with its little finger pockets—goodness knows what else they hold—and again the low waist line which asserts itself in nine-tenths of the season's models. But the really clever feature of this frock, we think, is the skirt drapery,

which shows the embroidery in lightening design, beneath its folds and on the corners that fall below the hem. You will observe also, that instead of having the design embroidered on the front of the corsage, the decoration is on the shoulders, suggesting a yoke. The material of which it is made is brown marocain crepe with deep orange embroidery—a combination, that is very popular, in spite of the fact that brown is usually supposed to be a fall color.

THE other illustration is as sweet and modest a thing as one could imagine. Anybody's sister, sweetheart or daughter might be wearing it. That's the charm of this season's frocks. There's a type for everyone. No such thing as suppressing individuality if one wants to express it.

The material is crepe de Chine, but Canton crepe or taffeta might very well be substituted if for any reason it should happen to be advisable. Isn't the plain little bodice and the quaint puffing irresistible?

For young and old there is nothing more becoming than panels, and incidentally, there's nothing much more fashionable this season. We saw some wonderful beautiful models made by a Canadian manufacturer in what is commonly known as coat dress style, with coat of navy blue tricotine over a black satin slip. The skirt of the coat was slashed so as to form long, loose panels which were as gorgeous, with colored bead and silk floss embroidery, as the moccasins of an Indian princess. The light colored tricotines, such as beige and aluminum grey are not combined with any other material, unless as facings or pipings, but they are quite as gorgeously embellished with embroidery.

Color means so much in our everyday lives, that it is always of interest to know what are to be the dominating tones of a season's wardrobe, whether it is to be a case of accepting them just as they are, or adapting them to suit our temperament and complexion, and incidentally, the remains of last season's wardrobe. This season we have neutral tones and riotously gay ones side by side for our choosing. Like a demure little grey lady out of an old romance, comes the most fashionable color of the season, silver grey, also.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Silvery, shimmering grey crepe de Chine asks no odds of any other shade or material when it resolves itself into a frock of this kind.



## Gowns Which Show a Summertime Lightness

**9370—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch figured voile—1 yard narrow ribbon for tie which is finished with tassels.

**9172—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe. The vestee extends down and around the waist-line to form a girdle and is beaded in design 12511, the beading forming motif at the top of the vest. Frills make a dainty trimming.

**9391—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—¾ yard satin ribbon for sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

**9398—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 32-inch check gingham—1¾ yard 40-inch organdy for trimming and sash.

**9395—Ladies' Dress.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 36-inch linen for collar—2¾ yards picot edge ribbon.

**9296—Ladies' Slip-on Middy Blouse.** Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch white drilling—¾ yard 27-inch contrasting linen for collar—1½ yard ribbon for tie.

**9287—Ladies' Overblouse.** Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 32-inch pongee—3 yards frilling. The blouse is embroidered in design 12510.

Overblouse 9370, 30 cents.

Overblouse 9172, 30 cents.

Beading 12511, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 9391, 35 cents.

Dress 9398, 35 cents.

Dress 9395, 35 cents.

Middy Blouse 9296, 30 cents.

Overblouse 9287, 30 cents.

Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents.



Overblouse 9370

Dress 9391

Dress 9395

Overblouse 9287  
Embroidery 12510

Overblouse 9172  
Beading 12511

Dress 9398

Middy Blouse 9296

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



# Gingham Gowns Are Simple, Smart and Effective

**9207**—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—2 1/4 yards 32-inch plain gingham for underskirt—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

**9237**—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 6 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1/4 yard 36-inch white linen for collar.

**9310**—Misses' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch linen. Embroidery in design 12445 worked in bright colored wool makes an effective border on the blouse.

**8973**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1/4 yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—1 3/4 yard lace.

**9279**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1/2 yard 40-inch organdy.

**9362**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 5 3/4 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—3 1/2 yards embroidery for trimming—3/8 yard 40-inch organdy for sash—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

Dress 9365, 35 cents.

Dress 9362, 35 cents.

Dress 9207, 35 cents.

Dress 9237, 35 cents.

Overblouse 9310, 30 cents.

Embroidery 12445, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 8973, 35 cents.

Dress 9279, 35 cents.



Dress 9365

Dress 9362

Overblouse 9310

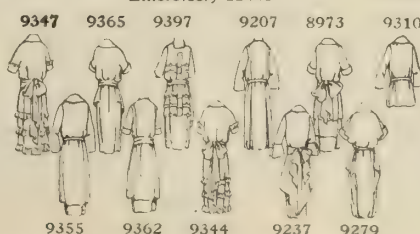
Embroidery 12445

Dress 8973

Dress 9207

Dress 9237

Dress 9279



**9365**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 32-inch plain gingham—3/8 yard 36-inch voile for collar and vestee—2 1/4 yards lace—3/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.



# Interesting Novelties in Spring Lingerie



9212—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4 yards 36-inch cambric. A shaped band finishes the neck and extends down the center-front.

Combination 8999  
Scalloped 11661

Corset Cover 9224  
Scalloped 11979

Nightgown 7118

Nightgown 9212

Combination 9226  
Embroidery 12367

Combination 8908  
Feather-stitch 12363

Combination 8415  
Embroidery 12206

Kimono 7788

Pajamas 8069

Neigee 9209

Combination 8741  
Embroidery 11741

Combination 8048

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

## Pretty Springtime Frocks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

called squirrel and aluminum grey. Its very neutrality, many contend, makes it trying to the complexion that has passed its first blush of beauty. But if this objection be well taken, there are combinations of navy blue and black that one will do well to consider. Grey and black do not suggest mourning, as one might suppose, but quite the contrary of some of the models we have seen. A sash of Chinese orange blends beautifully with silver grey in an evening costume. We hear that black taffeta is to be very fashionable for afternoon frocks, also brown with oriole as panels, facings and sashes. Oriole or Chinese orange is a very sprightly shade with a strong appeal for the youthful. Porcelain blue is another of the season's dress shades, and of course navy blue—was there ever a season when it didn't triumph?

No wardrobe, be it for summer or winter, is complete without a sweater coat—not merely one, but two or three or more. One knits them crochets them and buys them all ready to put on in the shops, where the styles for spring are irresistible.

Brushed alpaca which looks like angora is one of the very newest materials the season has to offer and one will find some very smart coats in this material, made entirely of the brushed material, or made of smooth finished alpaca and trimmed with the brushed variety. Some of the very best houses are showing these. Then, there is the chiffon alpaca. It has been aptly named. One at once pictures a coat very light in weight, in fact quite transparent, made of a fleecy wool, to be worn with a light summer skirt. It too, is to be found in the tuxedo style, and black, white, henna, French blue, jade and grey are shades to conjure with in a coat of this style. Someone was lucky enough to hit upon a new tuxedo coat, which, happily comes at quite a popular price, so that she, whose purse is none too elastic, may have one. It is just like any other tuxedo, only the peplum or skirt is abbreviated. It extends only a few inches below the waist line. The sleeves are just a little below the elbow and are knit to flare. They are shown in all the popular shades. Knitted capes and dresses are also to be had for summer wear.

### EXERCISE.

By Gertrude Lewis

EMMY brought in an armful of wood for the fire. "My dear," said her husband, "you shouldn't do that."

She lifted the heavy case of berries to the table and sat down to look them over.

"I'd help you if I wasn't waiting for Bates to come over and look at the new filly."

The grocer's boy deposited a dollar's worth of sugar on the floor and Emmy took it up and put it in the sugar pail on the lower pantry shelf.

"You really shouldn't," said her husband.

Finally she lugged the iron preserve kettle to the sink for the last time and went out for another pail of water.

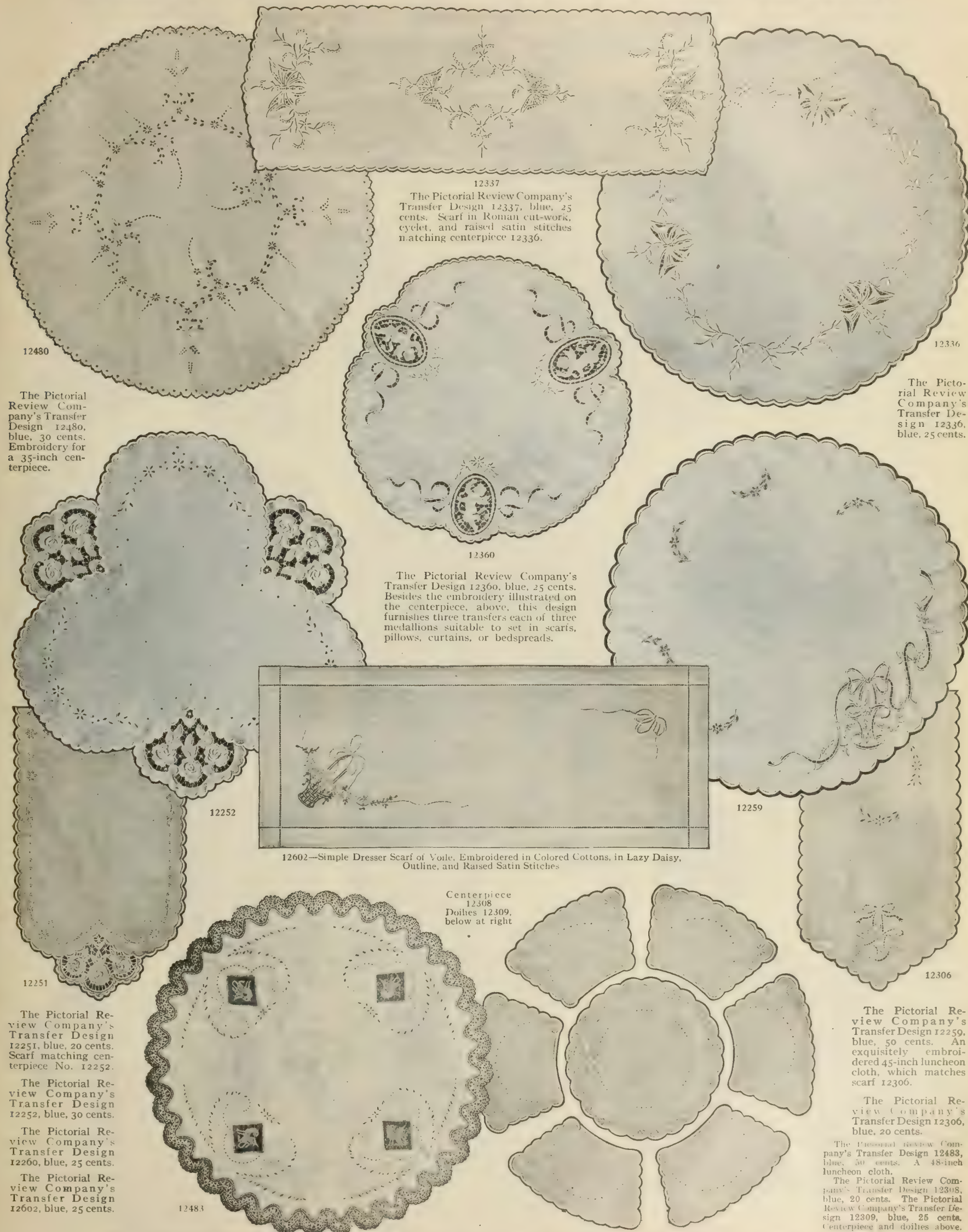
"I hate to see you lift so, Emmy. My, how many glasses have you got? It's my favorite jam. I'll get you a case of cherries to-morrow."

Emmy went on getting up a hearty supper.

"Seems as if you didn't eat much," commented her husband. "Don't you want to walk down with me to-night while I finish that rubber with Stetson? The exercise will do you good."



# Attractive New Embroideries Will Please the Housewife



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12480, blue, 30 cents. Embroidery for a 35-inch centerpiece.

12337  
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12337, blue, 25 cents. Scarf in Roman cut-work, cycle, and raised satin stitches matching centerpiece 12336.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12336, blue, 25 cents.

12360  
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12360, blue, 25 cents. Besides the embroidery illustrated on the centerpiece, above, this design furnishes three transfers each of three medallions suitable to set in scarfs, pillows, curtains, or bedspreads.

12602—Simple Dresser Scarf of Voile, Embroidered in Colored Cottons, in Lazy Daisy, Outline, and Raised Satin Stitches

Centerpiece 12308  
Doilies 12309, below at right

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12251, blue, 20 cents. Scarf matching centerpiece No. 12252.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12252, blue, 30 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12260, blue, 25 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12602, blue, 25 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12259, blue, 50 cents. An exquisitely embroidered 45-inch luncheon cloth, which matches scarf 12306.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12306, blue, 20 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12483, blue, 50 cents. A 48-inch luncheon cloth.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12308, blue, 20 cents. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12309, blue, 25 cents. Centerpiece and doilies above.



# Dainty Gowns and Picturesque Blouses for the May Days

8801—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch gingham—¾ yard 40-inch bands for collar, vest, and bias fold at edge at belt—¾ yard rick-rack band for trimming—¾ yard narrow ribbon for trimming vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A double collar, such as shown in this model, is one of the smartest features of the Spring mode. The skirt has a tuck a few inches above the hem. Long, plain sleeves fit closely around the wrists and are finished without cuffs.

8954—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 27-inch chambray—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The U-shaped neck-line, the edge of the elbow sleeves, and the narrow belt are finished with a blanket stitch in wool. The front of the waist is embroidered in design 11808. Trimming-bands are looped up below the narrow belt. The dress is very simple in line but the wool embroidery gives an unusual touch that is attractive.

Blouse 9161, 30 cents.  
Embroidery 12511, blue or yellow, 25 cents.  
Blouse 9172, 30 cents.  
Dress 9369, 35 cents.

Embroidery 12081, blue or yellow, 35 cents.  
Dress 8801, 35 cents.  
Dress 8954, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 11808, blue, 20 cents.

Dress 8949, 35 cents.  
Embroidery 12559, blue or yellow, 20 cents.

8949—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch linen—1 yard 36-inch lining. The waist has a deep open front finished with a vest and a large collar. This collar and the turn-back cuffs on the elbow sleeves are embroidered in design 12559. The dress is oyster white linen, and the embroidery is carried out in vivid geranium red, a color that is being featured largely this season. The inserted pockets are finished with applied trimming pieces of the material. Over the belt of linen like the dress is worn a narrow belt of black patent leather or red suède.



Dress 9369  
Embroidery 12081



Morning  
Dress 8801

Dress 8954  
Embroidery 11808

Dress 8949  
Embroidery 12559



Blouse 9161  
Embroidery 12511

Blouse 9172

Gingham, linen, chambray, ratiné, and cotton homespun would make up well in these good-looking models.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



# THE EXTRA MONEY I MAKE IN MY LEISURE HOURS AT HOME

The Woman Who Afforded New Summer Clothes Without Touching "the Family Money"

By MURIEL DAVIES  
Illustrations by F. M. McAnelly

"I JUST dread to have Spring come!" I cried petulantly. "I actually envy the trees. They can have fresh, new, leafy summer clothes without skimping and scraping. You don't realize how a woman feels, Peter Davies; it hurts her to have to wear the old, faded things year after year. You used to call me your 'butterfly.' That was easy—when papa was paying for my clothes. You shouldn't have married until you could make your wife happy—and give her the dainty, pretty things she loves! It isn't fair to ask a girl to—"

Then Peter went out, without closing the door very gently, and I threw myself on the couch for a good cry. I didn't blame him much, but I just had to get it out of my system.

All Winter I had put up with wearing my previous year's coat and shabby fur neck-piece, simply because there was no way to stretch Peter's income to cover another dollar of expense.

I had done this as cheerfully as I could, because the sacrifice was partly for our darling little Baby Anne, but when the days began to get warmer in March and the shops began to display their light, dainty frocks and hats, and all the smart, frilly night things that every woman loves, I felt as if I couldn't stand it any longer. The worst of it was that I didn't know how to sew for myself very well and my beautiful trousseau clothes of two years ago were quite worn out. They had gone to pieces "all at once," and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst.

After I had cried enough to relieve my feelings I sat up and said to myself:

"You can't blame it all on Peter. Don't be childish! It takes time for a doctor to get established. You knew it would when you married him, so stop being a fool and see if you can't do something to help."

Then I sat there and thought of all the things women do to make money, but I was cut off from nearly all of them on account of my Baby Anne, who was only a year old and couldn't be left alone.

Just then the bell rang, and when I went to the door there stood Katy O'Brien, the woman who came to help clean the house and wash windows every two weeks.

"I wasn't expecting you until next Saturday, Katy," I said, after she had come in.

"I know it ma'am," she said, "and since I can't come Saturday, nor no more at all, I thought I'd let ye know a bit before, so's ye could get somebody else to help ye."

"What, you're not coming any more?" I cried in disappointment. "Are you going to get married, Katy, or did your Uncle Terence in Ireland die and leave you a legacy?"

"Nayther one, ma'am. I have been married once—which was enough—and Uncle Terence is in health. I'm in business for mesilf!" she finished proudly.

"In business for yourself?" I exclaimed incredulously. "Why, what can you do, Katy?"

"Somethin' that pays me a lot better than scrubbin' and swabbin' windows. I read about it in one of those women's papers yersilf gave me," she informed me. "I carry on my business in my own room, like a lady like yersilf, and I git paid regular for my work every month. Sometimes it's been \$25 and sometimes more. Now that I'm goin' to put in my whole time at it I'll be makin' my everlastin' fortune."

"But, Katy," I said, "I want to know all about it. I want to go into business, too, if I can do it right here at home. I've just had a good cry, because things are so expensive, and because the Doctor is having a struggle getting his practice established here in Engleale, and because I can't think of any way to help. Will you tell me how you make money, Katy?"

"Sure I will!" she agreed—and she did



"Where DID my 'Butterfly' get her wings?" he asked smilingly.

Then the good woman showed me a page in a magazine for that very month, and when I had read it, and heard her story of success at the very same work that was advertised, I knew that my money troubles were going to end.

I wrote to the concern without telling Peter anything about it, and later, when I had sent for and received the wonderful little machine and outfit that Katy had told me about, I kept it hidden in my closet when my husband was in the house.

Every day for several weeks, while he was in his office down town or out making his professional visits, I worked at "my own business" in spare time. Then I sent the work I had done to Toronto and in the return mail I got a substantial cheque for the socks I had sent them.

You should have seen Peter's face when he came home and found me wearing the pretty little house-dress I bought with the money!

"Where did my 'butterfly' get her new wings?" he asked smilingly.

"I made them," I told him.

"But I thought you didn't know how to—"

"I don't, dear," I said. "I made the money they cost."

Then I showed him the AUTO KNITTER, the wonderful little machine that had enabled me to really make money—right at home.

I told him the whole story—how I cried—and about how Katy had appeared—like Cinderella's fairy god mother—and how I had kept my Auto Knitting a secret in order to surprise him.

Then I showed him how this marvelous, but very simple, and easily worked little machine turns out fine seamless wool hosiery with almost magical speed. I had the Auto Knitter clamped to the table, and to show him how easy it all was, I made a sock on the machine so quickly that he was really amazed.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pairs or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot. I didn't really need to buy any yarn to start work, for a generous amount was given free with the Auto Knitter."

Peter was certainly astonished, and when he saw how easy and pleasant the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitter Company and getting my cheques back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the summer things I needed for myself or the baby last summer, and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Fall and Winter. All this without my being obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that Peter makes from his growing practice. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Toronto, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it; and sometimes to make warm little knitted things for Baby Anne.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. I tell her why the Auto Knitter Company, an old, firmly established Canadian corporation, prefers socks of home manufacture. I explain how their wide business connections

give them an enormous market for the good, honest, old-time wool socks made on the Auto Knitters of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with every worker to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay cheque—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the outfit of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out employment offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Company at once and find out about the pleasant and profitable occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a small part of your spare time will earn for you.

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit. The Auto Knitter does the work.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it on that March morning, when I cried, and Katy appeared with news of the Auto Knitter.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send your name and address now, and find out all the good things that are in store for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company, Limited, Dept. 1354-K, 1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.  
Dept. 1354-K, 1870 Davenport Road,  
Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 one cent stamps to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Province .....

Can. Home Journal 4-21.



# Smart Costumes and Dainty Blouses for Spring Afternoons



## PATTERNS AND PRICES.

**9102**—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 38 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine. The front is embroidered in design 12570. The Tuxedo collar is rounded off at the lower edge, just above the waistline.

**9291**—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch wash silk.

**9373**—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 30½ inches. No. **8416**—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotline—2½ yards 36-inch foulard for lining.

**8603**—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. **9390**—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7 yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch lining. The pointed tunic is beaded in design 12601.

**9356**—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—5½ yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This is a particularly good style for women of full figure as the long lines of the vest and tunic give an effect of slenderness. There are many materials for

which this model is suitable besides the Georgette crêpe in which it is illustrated. Among these may be mentioned Canton and Moroccan crêpe, charmeuse, foulard, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, serge, and Poirer twill. Indeed the choice is so wide that the dress may be used for Summer days and for early Spring wear. It is appropriate also for less dressy service fashioned of linen, gingham, or chambray.

**9336**—Ladies Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—2½ yards entre-deux to trim collar and sleeves. The edge of the collar and the sleeves may be trimmed with tiny flat crocheted buttons.

**9316**—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch organdy. The open neck is finished with a round collar, pointed in front.

**Blouse 9291, 30 cents.**  
**Blouse 9346, 30 cents.**  
**Jacket 9373, 35 cents.**  
**Skirt 8416, 20 cents.**  
**Blouse 8603, 25 cents.**  
**Skirt 9390, 35 cents.**  
**Beading 12601, blue or yellow, 30 cents.**  
**Dress 9356, 35 cents.**  
**Blouse 9102, 25 cents.**  
**Embroidery 12570, blue or yellow, 30 cents.**  
**Blouse 9316, 30 cents.**





Advancing years first evidence themselves in the lines of the figure; little accumulations of flesh that destroy the symmetry of youth. To the comfortable persuasion of a Gossard the prominent hips, the fleshy back or the too-short waistline of maturity blend into the natural grace of those ideal proportions that "beautify and youthify"



Unfortunately, youth is not eternal; and the grace and beauty of maturity must depend largely upon the proper care of the figure in early years. Gossard artistry has fashioned the softest and most pliable of corsets to round the slim beauty of youth with a hygienic support that safeguards the wearer against the unfortunate figure tendencies of middle life.

Obvious striving for effect defeats its own purpose.

Particularly is this true as regards dress. The artificial devotee of fashion is not comparable with the woman who has learned that beauty often disguises itself in naturalness and simplicity.

This sense of fitness, of the feeling for right proportions and the harmony between details, is one of the truest guides to the successful selection of a corset. Study yourself and be mindful that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

The true art of Gossard Corsetry lies in its comprehensive understanding of the

Eva Olney Farnsworth has written in reference to becoming dress for the woman of full figure, "The more the waist is compressed and the tighter the dress appears to fit, the more the stoutness will be revealed". The self-effacing support of a slenderizing Gossard Corset that recognizes proportion and grace of line as fundamentals of true beauty, gives the charm of natural grace to the stoutest figure.

## G O S S A R D Front Lacing C O R S E T S

have attained an unquestioned prestige that it is our pride to guard jealously by making each and every Gossard as perfect as true artistry, fine workmanship and the highest grade materials can make it. This pride of leadership is your best assurance that every Gossard Corset offers you the true economy of unequalled value.

Though of superior quality, these original front lacing corsets are priced within the reach of every woman. You will find them only at the best stores, where skillful corsetiers will assume full responsibility for your complete satisfaction.

intimate needs of every type of figure. Recognizing as many types of beauty as there are types of women, this gracious artistry fashions models for each that accentuate the natural beauty of the figure, while veiling its disharmonies with a comforting, healthful support that modestly hides behind the beauty it creates.

Correctly poised and moving without conscious effort, you will marvel at those Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone. And as months pass you will realize the true economy of buying a corset of unparalleled quality, for a Gossard will retain its original grace of line far beyond the life of the average corset. Its superior wearing service alone is worth its cost.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited  
366-378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada



Ideal Figure  
Tall Slender



Ideal Figure  
Short Slender



Ideal Figure  
Tall Heavy



Ideal Figure  
Short Heavy



Ideal Average  
Figure



Ideal Figure  
Large Below Waist



Ideal Figure  
Large Above Waist



Ideal Figure  
Curved Back



Ideal Figure  
Short Waisted



# Bright Frocks and Light Suits for the Small Person

**8935—Child's Pantalet Dress.** Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 4 yards 27-inch chambray— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch linen.

**9376—Child's Dress.** Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch organdy for cuffs and sash.

**9034—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch white linen— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch dark linen.

**9384—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch gingham—1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yard plaited organdy.

**9388—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards

32-inch gingham— $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch lawn.

**9372—Child's Bloomer Dress.** Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch cotton crepe— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 32-inch gingham for binding.

**9374—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch English print—1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yard ribbon for sash— $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch dotted swiss for collar and cuffs— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch lining.

**9386—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 32-inch gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch linen.

**8965—Girls' Dress.** Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch flowered lawn— $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch plain.

**9401—Boys' Suit.** Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch galatea—1 yard 36-inch lawn.

Dress 8935, 25 cents.

Dress 9376, 30 cents.

Dress 9034, 25 cents.

Dress 9384, 30 cents.

Dress 9388, 30 cents.

Dress 9372, 30 cents.

Dress 9374, 30 cents.

Dress 9386, 30 cents.

Dress 8965, 25 cents.

Suit 9401, 30 cents.





## Modes and Fabrics

**G**REYER and greyer grow the gowns:—but not a dull or leaden grey,—everything from a silver mist to a blue-grey moon-light. There is a symphony of grey played by the gowns in the shop-windows and this color, neutral but always soothing, forms an effective background for the delicate tints of early spring.

Necks are high or low, or both as in the new waistcoat blouses with strap-like collars that can button up under the chin or be worn open over the collar of a tailored jacket. The collarless neck is used a good deal in dresses that are to be worn under capes or coats or with a fur neck-piece, and its desirability under these conditions is easy to see. A collar high in the back and open in the front is really newer and is much more becoming to most women.

There has been very little change in sleeves since last season. The wide peasant sleeve is still the most popular for day dresses and the new box coats. The long plain sleeve is used for tailored coats and the more severe type of street dress and the very short sleeve for the afternoon. Puff sleeves with

the puff above the elbow are newer than the extremely short sleeve.

Spring wedding-dresses are apt to be less elegant than those for weddings earlier in the year, though for a large church wedding the dress may be of brocade, silver cloth, satin or silk crepe. For a simpler wedding there is nothing as lovely as tulle. Georgette is very satisfactory too, and also crepe de Chine. The tulle veil is as long as the dress or train. Lace should not be cut and is not likely to be too long. Any evening dress with a half sleeve and modified decolletage or any formal afternoon dress is suitable for a wedding gown.

Silks are used to-day far more generally than they ever were before, since they are now no more expensive than wool materials and are more comfortable as the days grow warmer, says "The Delineator." The smartest afternoon costume of the Spring is the silk dress and cape en suite, a black, dark-blue or dark-brown silk frock with a cape of the same material and color. The silk is usually one of the crepes, the new Canton or Marocain crepes or the finer-grained crepe de Chine.



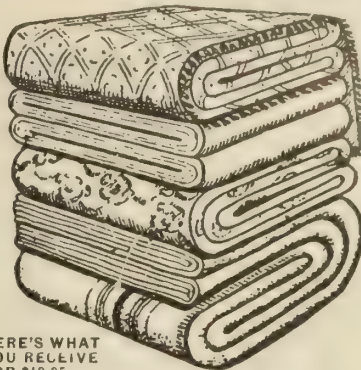
A SPRING-LIKE SATIN CREATION

In this charming chemise dress of Moon-Glo Satin the grace of the long line is exemplified and enhanced by panels of embroidery which fall to the bottom of the straight skirt and end in silk tassels. A low belt of narrow satin tied in a soft bow at the side gives the last touch of smartness.

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST BARGAIN"

## Over \$35 Worth of New British Household Bedding for Only \$18.95

A Distinct Achievement in Selling Direct to the Public. 50,000 Bales Already Sold in England. Second Canadian Allotment, 5,000 Bales.



HERE'S WHAT YOU RECEIVE FOR \$18.95

### MAIL ORDERS

Money Returned if not Satisfied.

Send the amount to-day, by Post Office or Express Money Order and a Bale will immediately be dispatched to you. If, upon arrival, you are not entirely satisfied you may return the Bale to us, when your money will be cheerfully refunded.

### EACH BALE CONTAINS:

- 2 BLANKETS, guaranteed 100% (all wool), heavy, fleecy white Scotch blankets, large size colored borders, strongly whipped edges. Store price, \$18.50.
- 2 SHEETS, heavy, pure white, beautifully bleached sheets, hemmed, large size, 72 x 90. Store price, \$7.50.
- 2 PILLOW CASES, large, fine quality, pure white pillow cases. Store price, \$3.00.
- 2 BATH TOWELS, lovely, large size, heavy Turkish bath towels. Store price, \$2.75.
- 1 BED SPREAD, white, heavy, full size, ornamental design. Store price, \$6.50.

### ALL ARTICLES FOR FULL-SIZED BED.

These goods are all new, direct from the Mills and the entire output of the Mills is sold only by our "direct plan," eliminating all middlemen's profit at a saving to you of 100%. These articles could not be purchased in the stores for less than \$35.00 or more. Over 50,000 Bales have already been sold in England, and a second allotment of 5,000 Bales has been secured for Canada.

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How would you like your double, exactly like you in every line of figure, to stand for those tiresome fittings at Madam ———'s.

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### NO FAIRY STORY.—AN ACTUAL FACT. THE "QUEEN" FORM

will double for the family.

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The Queen is within the reach of all.

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For name of the nearest store where procurable, write

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KITCHENER, CANADA





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A busy day preparing for the evening's social affair has left you flushed and tired. The pleasure you look forward to having is marred by your knowing your appearance will not be at its best. How you long for a beautiful soft velvety skin—for the beauty of youth back again. If only we could induce you to try

123

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

at such a time, you would realize why it has been the choice of the women of fashion for 70 years. It will render to your skin a soft, beautiful transparent appearance that will bring back to you memories of youth.

Send 15c. for Trial Size

## Gouraud's Medicated Soap

For a permanent improvement in your complexion, your skin must be constantly kept pure and clean. Gouraud's Medicated Soap thoroughly clears away all dust, dirt and poisonous matter. Its soft refreshing antiseptic lather penetrates the pores and removes impurities. Ideal for preparing the skin before using Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 15c. for Trial Size

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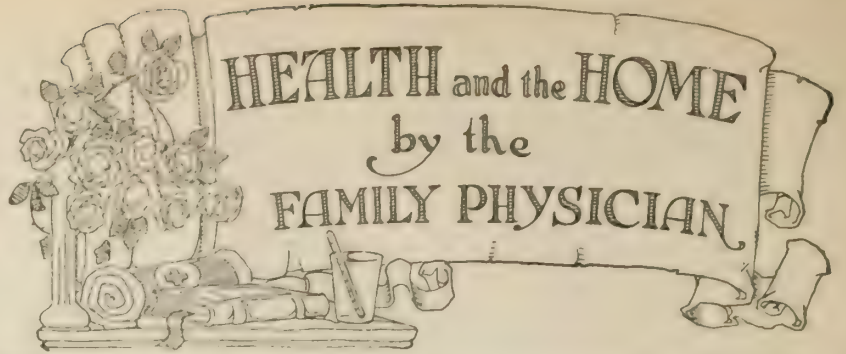
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Ask your dealer for a copy of this interesting interview.

The **NEW EDISON**  
"the phonograph with a soul"



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

### IS BOVRIL GOOD FOR A BABY?

SO many questions have been asked lately of the Family Physician about food for children that he is thinking of preparing a short series of talks for this Department on that one most important question. But meantime one of the subscribers to the Canadian Home Journal has asked us a fair question and she must have a fair answer.

There are things that are much better for a baby than Bovril. This particular baby is a little girl about eighteen months old. The one indispensable food for babies and children is MILK. Don't ever forget that! They cannot grow well without milk. They do not thrive without milk. Milk is our greatest protective food. As Mr. Herbert Hoover says, the White Race cannot survive without Dairy Products.

Milk is the most important food for the Mother too. It is indispensable for the Nursing Mother. Milk in different forms is an absolutely necessary food to us all. Whoever would try to cook without milk? Why, no one. But you do not use it in cooking as much as you would if you thought about it more. Skim milk in cooking is excellent. (Of course you have bread and butter on the table. The butter is your cream.) Rice cooked properly in skimmed milk is food fit for a king. Add a little jam or brown sugar, to sprinkle over the top, and any child, almost, will eat it with pleasure.

Milk, even if it costs sixteen cents or more a quart, is still our cheapest food, when you consider the amount of nourishment you get for that sixteen cents. For that sixteen cents paid for a quart of milk, you get as much nourishment as from about a pound of lean beef. So milk is cheaper than beef. For that sixteen cents, paid for a quart of milk, you get as much nourishment as you get from ten eggs. So milk is cheaper than eggs. For that sixteen cents, you get as much nourishment as you would from three-and-three-quarter pounds of fresh fish. So milk is cheaper than fish.

Give the babies and children milk, and use it in cooking and take it yourself. Milk is not a drink, it is an essential article of food.

"Well, but," you say in reply, "I give the baby all the milk she will take." Dear reader, when are you going to remember that the baby has a mind? And that the baby of eighteen months has quite a mature mind, compared with the mind she had eighteen months ago.

If she will only take a little milk, or if she does not like milk, there is some reason for it. Either she does not like the color of her cup or the color of her milk, or the taste of it, or you have not interested her in her food, or something else is her reason for not taking milk. She has a reason. So we must dilute the milk with

hot water, or add a little salt. (Perhaps it is the salt in it that makes her like the Bovril).

When she was nine months old and you began to wean her, you used to put a little sugar in the milk. Did you abruptly leave it out? Try it again. A little sugar may remove the difficulty.

And then you have always the great world of "camouflage" to fall back on. A cup of cocoa, which is usually nice and warm, and has a little sugar in it, and is a rich brown color, and does not remind the baby of her milk at all, is really nearly all milk and will do as well. And then a great deal of her food can be cooked in milk. There are milk soups and milk puddings, and milk on cereals, and milk (or cream), and sugar on the soft part of a baked apple, and bread and milk for supper, with a little butter or cream and a little sugar added, and milk gravies, all of which are allowed at eighteen months of age. So that you can easily give a baby of eighteen months about three pints of milk every day in all these various forms and that is the greatest part of the food she needs.

There is a wild and wandering rumor going through Canada at present which disturbs me more than all the rumors of political change. This rumor is to the effect that in the rural parts of Canada, East and West, parents are forgetting what an essential and valuable and indispensable food we have in milk, and are not giving it to their children as much as they used to, and so the children are not getting as much milk as they really need.

I wonder if that rumor has any foundation. I am afraid it has. We are so apt to undervalue the great things because they come to us freely and because we possess them. Sunshine and fresh air for example. They are free and ever-present, and yet our house air is often not fresh, and I saw a house the other day, which had been "planned,"—if you could call it planned—and built, so that the part of the house that enjoyed the Eastern sun was—The Wood Shed!

CHILDREN must have milk. No other food can take its place. Whatever we feed the baby on, the one thing we must give her is milk. Yes—to eat—for milk is a food—not a beverage. It is solid almost as soon as it enters the stomach, and so we should sip it slowly, and never "drink it down."

But about Bovril. All these meat-broths or meat soups apparently contain more of the substances called "extractives" than of the real nourishment of the meat. So they are not of special food value. But any food that is relished is good for a change, and soup or broth, which is usually hot, quickly digested, and pleasant to the taste, has its own place in a meal, or as a hot drink. Besides, as is probably the case with Bovril, other nourishing things may be added. But nothing compares with milk in being "Good for the Baby."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



# CANADIAN WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

## PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

ALBERTA - Miss Mary MacIsaac - Edmonton, Alta.  
 BRITISH COLUMBIA - Dr. D. Warnock - Victoria, B.C.  
 MANITOBA - Mr. S. T. Newton - Winnipeg, Man.  
 NEW BRUNSWICK - Miss Hazel McCain - Fredericton, N.B.  
 NOVA SCOTIA - Miss Helen J. Macdougall - Truro, N.S.

## PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

ONTARIO - Mr. George A. Putnam - Toronto, Ont.  
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND - Parliament Buildings, Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
 QUEBEC - Miss Della Saunders, Macdonald College, Que.  
 SASKATCHEWAN - Miss Abbie DeLury - Saskatoon, Sask.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA**  
 Women's Institutes have devoted a good deal of time to public health interests, and from them comes the following report:

The aims and objects of the Women's Institutes are to improve conditions of rural life, so that settlement may be permanent and prosperous in the farming communities.

Settlement cannot be permanent and prosperous if health conditions are not good. Health conditions or public health cannot be good without nursing service and medical attention.

"Public health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of the people and the strength of the nation," said Disraeli, one of the greatest of English statesmen; therefore, what higher ideal can any patriotic organization have than to improve conditions of rural life by establishing a public-health nursing system to the end that illness and death in the farming communities need not be due to lack of nursing care or medical assistance?

The first step is securing information as to the need of a Public Health Nurse in the community.

The Annual Report of the Provincial Board of Health, mailed free upon request, contains figures from the local schools on the results of medical inspection, infant mortality, deaths at child-birth, and of contagious and other diseases.

Secure the interest and support of all prominent citizens and representatives of any important industries in the district. Call a preliminary meeting where the explicit information from the source mentioned can be presented and the plan of organization discussed.

Hold a public meeting at which a Public Health Nurse, Health Inspector of Schools, or a public-health worker can speak on conditions as outlined by figures, and give results obtained by Public Health Nurses in other districts. Have it voted that a Public Health Committee shall be formed, consisting of representatives from all voluntary organizations, fraternal and co-operative societies, and especially School Boards and Municipal Councils.

The advantage of having the committee composed of such representatives will be to secure and maintain the support of the organizations represented. These representatives will report to their respective organizations on the progress and effect of the work, thus making the health of the community the business of all.

Funds may be raised in various ways.

**Nursing Fees for Bedside Care.**—These fees are collected by the nurse for bedside care, attendance at operations, and confinements.

The committee usually sets the amount charged for the nursing visits, and it is recommended from experience that it is better to combine collection with nursing visits.

**Contributions.**—Each home in the community should be asked for a monthly or yearly contribution.

**Grants.**—School Boards should be asked to make grants in consideration of school-nursing being carried on.

The Municipal Council in a town or municipality should be asked to make a grant.

Each organization should be asked to pledge a certain amount of balance required.

The Public Health Committee should meet frequently and discuss policies and systematic expansion of the work with the nurse. The nursing work can only be carried on with the sympathetic support of an intelligent community. It should be the duty of the committee with the assistance of the nurse to create an interest in and provide information for the public health of the community.

Through the agency of the organizations represented, each home should be canvassed for financial support. Afterwards each organization represented can decide what proportion of the balance will be its share.

## The Organization of Public Health Matters

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

### QUEBEC WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

Reports from the various Women's Institutes throughout the Province of Quebec, are full of enthusiasm. Good work is being accomplished along their various lines of activity.

Dundee Institute has contributed money to the Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal, to the



IN EVANGELINE'S LAND

This shows the farm home of Miss Annie Stuart, a Director of Federated Women's Institutes. The Village of Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, made famous by Evangeline's story, is the scene of Miss Stuart's activities.

married and single, were invited to attend. A musical programme was given and refreshments served. The wish was expressed that Institute meetings came more often. This Institute is doing much good work for the improvement of the schools in their vicinity.

Way's Mills Institute is helping the needy in their midst. They are also adopting methods to arouse public interest in the need of a public playground for the children. The Institute is raising funds for the purchase of this playground.

Belvidere Institute is devoting its attention to deeds of kindness in the community.

Orford Institute had a paper entitled, "Women on the Farm," which was full of interest. This Institute has outgrown its bounds and a new branch has been formed.

Lennoxville Institute held an afternoon tea in their club room in the winter, the proceeds of which were given to the town library. Plans are being made to take up work along lines mapped out by Mrs. Rodger, Convenor of the Provincial Child Welfare Committee.

The Institutes in Sherbrooke County enjoyed a visit from Demonstrators from Macdonald College about the middle of January.

Very interesting are the reports from the Radford Girls' Institute. At one meeting a demonstration was given on "sewing," which proved of practical interest to the young members. Two plays have been given by these girls, the financial results of which were \$305.00. A special meeting was called, when a barrel of clothing, books, etc., was packed and forwarded to Miss Kirby of the Soldiers' Settlement Board, for use in her work.

Leeds Institute is buying a Victrola for use in their entertainments.

Austin Institute is still "carrying on" for Home and Country."

Murrells Institute is doing sewing as a means to raise funds.

### NOVA SCOTIA INSTITUTES.

THERE has been no report published during the last few months, of the activities of the Nova Scotia Women's Institutes, nevertheless, they have been busy as usual, and most interesting accounts of their work and meetings have come to hand.

At Christmas time many of the Institutes added to their enjoyment of Christmas by remembering those who might otherwise have had little Christmas cheer. In this way the inmates of several poor farms were remembered, Grand Pre, Sheffield Mills, Habitant, Bible Hill Institutes being active in this connection. Tatamagouche sent a number of Christmas stockings to Kentville Sanatorium, and Martock and Windsor Forks, as well as Kemptville. Yarmouth County sent contributions to the Christmas fund at the Sanatorium. Tatamagouche also prepared Christmas stockings and boxes for a number in their community, who thus were insured a happy Christmas time. Wentworth Institute gave Christmas gifts to the children in the school. Sewing clubs, which meet weekly or fortnightly, have been formed by several of the Institutes, namely: D'Escousse, Mabou, Scotch Village, Sherbrooke.

A few other items of interest are here given:

Arcadia is working for a war memorial.

Bear River Institute edits a page in a local newspaper. They are making plans to start a Public Library.

Bridgetown.—At a recent meeting the Public Health Nurse addressed the Institute, telling of her work and the opportunity for co-operation.

Borwick has been studying "Civics."

Canning entertained the members of Sheffield Mills Institute at their January meeting. A most enjoyable meeting was held. Both Institutes contributed to the programme.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



GRANDMOTHERS' DAY

At Vermilion, Alberta, it has been a custom for this Institute to entertain the grandmothers of the community. This is a picture of the happy event.

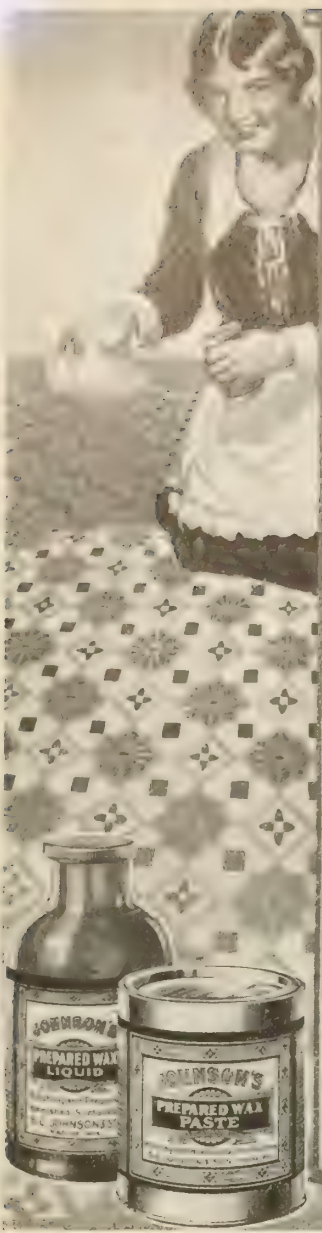
McGill Fund, and to the local church. Community work is also being carried on.

Eardley Institute had a paper on "The Dignity of Household Work," by one of their members. Two new members joined.

Argenteuil Institute had a demonstration on dressmaking by Miss Buzzell, of Macdonald College. Interesting letters were read at their last meeting from one of their members who is a missionary in China.

At a recent meeting of Vinton Institute, the men,





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Johnson's Prepared Wax brings out the pattern of linoleum—preserves and protects it from wear. It doesn't take long—an ordinary sized floor can be polished in less than an hour and it may be walked upon immediately. Waxed linoleum and tile are easy to keep clean—they require but little care.

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Write for our beautiful 32 page Instruction Book on Home Beautifying, "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture,"—it's free.

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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"  
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"The Mountebank," a novel by William J. Locke, author of "The Red Planet," "Simon the Jester," etc. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THIS English novelist is one who believes in the joy of life, even in the midst of alarms and disaster. He captured the English-reading public with "The Beloved Vagabond," and his charm is yet fresh and alluring although he now has more than a score of novels to his credit. Andrew Lackaday is a hero, indeed, with many gallant adventures in his career and a mystery in his life which makes him something of a riddle to the very last. There is a charming lady in the story, to be sure, Lady Auriol Dayne, who is not easily won and who keeps the hero and the reader in suspense. The adventures of Andrew and the attraction of Lady Auriol may well beguile an evening and will give the reader a vivid and not disheartening glimpse of after-the-war London and Paris.

"A Pawn in Pawn," a novel by Hilda M. Sharp, author of "The Stars in Their Courses." Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

THIS story, having for its heroine a small girl who was rescued from a "Home," nick-named the "Pawn Shop," is told in whimsical but sympathetic fashion by a middle-aged gentleman who is "Uncle Dick," to the dainty little Lydia, who finds herself rather homesick as the adopted daughter of the successful dramatist and poet, Julian Tarrant. The orphan asylum heroine is quite popular with novelists, for she has a certain mystery and melancholy all her own—and she is invariably a charming young person, in a fashion quite unknown to those of undoubted parentage. Lydia is no exception to this rule and is, indeed, quite the most interesting orphan of them all—even taking "Judy" of the popular "Daddy Long Legs" into consideration. So, of course, more than one lover falls to the lot of this fair lady but, in the end... However, the end must be found out by the reader for himself—or herself. The two elderly gentlemen, Julian and Richard, are quite as interesting as the younger figures—although we admit that it is only an English writer who can give us such characters, with their old-world leisurely attractiveness. The Great War breaks across the quiet of the secluded country life.

This is a readable story and Lydia's romance has a fragrance all its own. But the most memorable paragraph of all is that which follows the story of the death of Billy—Uncle Dick's gallant young nephew.

"And we sang, 'The Son of God goes forth to war'—a hymn that has always seemed to me too stirring to be set to the sighs of the meek and the passive persecuted... And the last verse my fancy dedicates to the Airmen—the gallant boys who, with a laugh and a jest on their lips and, perhaps, a shy, more solemn thought in their hearts, go up so eagerly to meet Death somewhere in the clouds or the shell-torn darkness—climbing the steep ascent of Heaven—the difficult way to the stars."

"Our Absent Hero, poems in Loving Memory of Captain William Arthur Peel Durie," by Mrs. Durie. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

THIS volume, from its very title, makes an appeal to all who have tragic and tender memories of the Great War, and its literary style would make it acceptable to any reader. These lines in the closing poem, "Morning," close in a key of hope and triumph.

"A glory streaming from on high  
Touches the earth from pole to pole;

The day breaks in the eastern sky,  
And it is morning, O my soul!

"You, bravest soldier, soaring free,  
While here by truth and duty led,  
In tasting immortality  
Have given new radiance to the dead."

"Cooking Without Mother's Help," a story cook book for beginners, by Clara Ingram Judson. Published by the Nourse Company, New York.

THIS little book is truly delightful, both in text and illustration; and how any little girl could read it and not wish to go and cream salmon or make beefsteak balls, we cannot understand. Alice Gerald is taught by a most "understanding" mother just how to accomplish these and other satisfactory feats in cooking and this most attractive little book tells how the work was done. Cooking is a pleasure, we contend, if only it is done under the encouraging conditions of a bright kitchen and shining utensils. Read about this new Alice in a Wonderland of her own cooking, and you will be convinced that to be Queen of Tarts is the highest distinction of all.

"Hydro-Electric Development in Ontario," a history of Water-Power Administration under the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario, by E. H. Biggar. Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto.

THERE is not a household of Ontario to which "Hydro" is unknown, and the story of the development of this Commission and its work is a modern fairy tale about our marvellous resources and their equally wonderful use in bringing cheap power and light to the communities in thousands of square miles of territory in Ontario. Every one of the twenty chapters is of interest, especially that considering "Electricity on the Farm." This comment is of significance: "There is little doubt that if the people of Ontario had left the great water powers as the prerogative of monopoly-hunting companies, a considerable local industry would have been built up at Niagara Falls and two or three other spots, while the depopulation of rural Ontario at large, which is giving so much concern to our statesmen, would be going on towards the ultimate crisis. It is logical, therefore, to anticipate that cheap electric power, on the principle laid down by the Commission, will do more than anything else to arrest the depopulation of the farms of Ontario and raise the status of agriculture to a new high level."

## He was a most lovable man—

was Andrew Lackaday, the hero of William J. Locke's newest novel

## THE MOUNTEBANK

And the story of his sudden rise from his position as a second-rate juggler in a circus to that of Brigadier-General, with the even more sudden descent, is as charming as it is unusual. You'll like Lackaday, and you'll very much like the book. See what the literary critic of this journal says about it on this page. Price, \$2.00.

### Other Bright Spring Novels

By Archibald Marshall  
The Hall and the Grange.

By Edison Marshall  
The Strength of the Pines.

By Vingle E. Roe  
Val of Paradise.

By Marie Corelli  
The Love of Long Ago.

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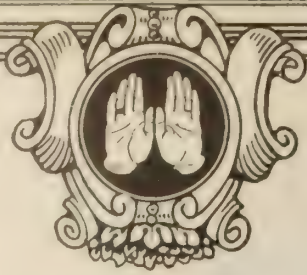


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Branches in the Leading Cities

## Your Health

The Family Physician has written an excellent column of advice for this month's issue, and we know that every reader who is so fortunate as to have a baby to take care of will be interested in what is said regarding the diet of the smallest member of the household. It must be remembered that the Department of Health and the Home does not include diagnosis. Reflection will show how undesirable such an attempt would be—but assistance and advice will often come through its columns, and perplexed correspondents—especially those who live in remote districts—are welcome to the "office," even if there may be only a long-distance bell.

## Health and the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

There are other foods which may be given at the age of eighteen months, likely to be regarded by baby, from her point of view, as "Grand and Glorious." She will take a great interest in them, and it is exceedingly important to interest children in their food. The world is such a wonderful place to them, and their own play is so pleasant that sometimes meals seem an unwelcome interruption. So at meal-times Mother or Father must always sit beside the baby and keep her attention concentrated on her food, and "show her how," and tell her little stories about what she is eating. See that she eats slowly.

Even before twelve months of age if the baby is doing well, she has likely had a wee bit of bread and butter crisp toast, crust and cereals, such as oatmeal, cream of wheat, or farina and other foods already mentioned. The soft part of a baked apple, or a baked potato (with a little butter or gravy) may be given at about a year and at the age of fifteen months, a coddled or soft boiled egg. If the baby is doing well, part of the yolk of a soft boiled egg may be given about the age of twelve months.

Never give a baby two new articles of diet at once. Wait a week, or a few days, till the last new food has proved a success.

### IN CHINA.

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.

The sun is only the sun here  
But every day when he goes to China  
He is a celestial dragon, breathing  
gold and scarlet,  
And the moon here is only a moon  
But over the pagodas she is a white  
Phoenix,  
And there the stars are little silver  
unicorns with crystal crowns.  
The iris are not like our iris, nor the  
chrysanthemums like our chrysanthemums,  
For at dusk they hide bewitching  
mouths behind little fans  
And the gardens are filled with the  
sound of their shoes;  
The willow trees there cover white  
faces with their long sleeves  
And the fox-bride is pledged in cups  
of green jade. . . .  
And we, we are only lovers here,  
But who knows what we might be . . .  
in China!

—From "Asia" for June.

### NATURE'S PLANTING.

THERE is a fascination about Nature's planting plan, similar to that of a musician's improvisation. With a theme, say, of meadow, hill, grove, desert, brookside or lake margin, Nature feels her way with many charming pauses for inspiration between brilliant variations. She will introduce a bright colony of tiny low-growing star-flowers that rush over the ground like sparkling cadenzas, groups of larger flowers that bind the composition together like noble chords, single lily stalks rising alone like sweet wandering arias, and long sweeps of flowerless swards like unexpected, impressive rests. The brook never makes a straight line from source to destination as if it were driven like an arrow with some definite purpose to a definite goal. It winds its way through meadow and grove, loitering under shady trees, hurrying around grassy knolls, splashing between huge boulders, slipping stealthily among reeds and sedges, leaving toll of flowers, grasses, mosses, shrubs and trees. Impulsive, yet somehow very dependable, it delights the eye as nothing fixed, or formal is able to do.

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*If you would like to know more about the "1900" Washer, write us for the book, "George Brinton's Wife," interesting fiction with some surprising facts included.*



# Flowers for Various Purposes and Places

By A. B. CUTTING

"Gardening is the purest of human pleasures, the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man."

—Francis Bacon.

THESE words, written some three hundred years ago, should be emblazoned all over the land to-day, for never perhaps in the history of the world has there been such seeking after pleasure as now, nor has the spirit of man ever been in greater need of refreshment. Gardening offers a satisfying charm not exceeded by any other occupation. For a long period of time, it has been the recreation of men and women in all stations of life. It is still a fascinating and delightful hobby to countless people.

In early spring, with the unfolding of the earliest buds and blossoms, the gardening instinct makes its strongest appeal. The sight and the feel of newly-turned soil is one of the finest tonics. As the season progresses and plants develop, gardening becomes an

increasing source of restful enjoyment and ever-growing interest. The harvesting of fresh fruits and vegetables, and the gathering of fresh flowers brings a sense of satisfaction that cannot be expressed in money values. And the wonders of plant growth are worthy of study by the million and the millionaire. Whether followed as a profession or as a hobby, gardening is a work of absorbing interest, a recreation of wide-spread influence, an invigorator of the spirit of youth.

## The Indispensable Flowers.

NO phase of gardening appeals more to the average person than the culture of flowers. Nearly everybody has an innate feeling of regard for ornamental plants, and especially for those that delight the eye with their bloom. And probably no classes of flowering plants are more popular than the annuals and the perennials. Hundreds of species and varieties of both these classes are available for

the gardener who has the room and the desire. The planting guide of this page gives a few of the ones best suited for growing in everybody's garden, and tells in tabulated form the details of culture and usefulness.

Almost all of the annuals can be grown successfully by sowing the seed where the plants are to stand. The seed-bed should always be thoroughly prepared, with good drainage and an abundance of well-decomposed fertilizer worked in. But it is much the better plan, in this northern country, wherever it can be done, to start the plants in hot-beds, cold-frames, greenhouses or boxes of earth in the house, from which they are transplanted to the open ground. The planting guide tells which annuals are best suited for one or the other plan, and, in many cases, indicates that certain kinds are adaptable to both.

The perennials should be the foundation of the flower garden or of the floral effects of the home landscape.

As one landscape authority has said, "the hardy herbaceous perennials, as a class, are the easiest to manage, the cheapest and the most naturalistic in the effect they give, of all the plants that grow." They may be used in almost any situation where plants are wanted at all. As they are planted for permanency, special care must be given the preparation of the ground, see that it is dug at least eighteen inches deep and that the good surface soil is left on top during the digging. A liberal quantity of old-rotted manure should be worked in to the bottom. Some wood ashes and about half a pound of bone meal to the square yard might also be thoroughly incorporated with the top soil.

Many of the perennials may be grown easily from seed, but it usually takes a year before most species are sufficiently advanced for planting in permanent quarters. The directions in the planting guide refer to the use of plants, not seeds. Many kinds can be propagated also easily by division.

Space for this article forbids mention of planting plans. Whether annuals or perennials are grown, whether among shrubbery or in beds or borders, whether for special purposes or for special places, the following grouping of some of the kinds mentioned in the planting guide may be suggestive:

## For Beds and Masses.

|                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Achillea           | Marigold      |
| Aster              | Nasturtium    |
| Begonia, Tuberous  | (Dwarf)       |
| Bachelor's Button  | Nicotiana     |
| Balsam             | Pansy         |
| Bleeding Heart     | Peony         |
| Calendula          | Petunia       |
| Canterbury Bell    | Phlox         |
| California Poppy   | Pink          |
| Celosia            | Pyrethrum     |
| Clarkia            | Salpiglossis  |
| Coreopsis          | Scabiosa      |
| Four O'Clock       | Scarlet Sage  |
| Foxglove           | Schizanthus   |
| Gaillardia         | Silene        |
| Godetia            | Snapdragon    |
| Heliotrope         | Sweet Sultan  |
| Love-Lies-Bleeding | Sweet William |
| Love-in-a-Mist     | Verbena       |
| Lupine             | Veronica      |
| Mallow             | Wallflower    |
|                    | Zinnia        |

## Best for Backgrounds.

|             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| Cosmos      | Helianthus |
| Golden Glow | Hollyhock  |
| Heliospis   | Larkspur   |

## Edges and Borders.

|                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Ageratum          | Gilia (Dwarf) |
| Anemone           | Lobelia       |
| Arctotis          | Pansy         |
| Begonia, Tuberous | Portulaca     |
| Bellis            | Primrose      |
| Candytuft         | Sweet Alyssum |
| Clarkia (Dwarf)   | Verbena       |
| Forget-me-not     | Violet        |

## Suitable for Rockeries.

|                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| Adonis             | Pansy     |
| Anemone            | Primrose  |
| Bellis             | Pyrethrum |
| Gypsophila         | Silene    |
| Iceland Poppy      | Veronica  |
| Lily-of-the-Valley | Violet    |

## For Sunny Places.

|                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| Arctotis         | Helianthus |
| California Poppy | Portulaca  |
| Castor Bean      | Veronica   |
| Coreopsis        |            |

## Shade or Partial Shade.

|                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Begonia, Tuberous  | Morning Glory  |
| Canterbury Bell    | Pansy          |
| Columbine          | Phlox (Garden) |
| Forget-me-not      | Poppy (Common) |
| Foxglove           | Schizanthus    |
| Larkspur           | Snapdragon     |
| Lily-of-the-Valley | Sweet Alyssum  |
| Lobelia            |                |

## A Planting Guide for the Flower Garden

| Flower                    | Class | How to Start Seeds. | Colors                      | Seeds Inches deep. | Plants Inches apart. | Height Full Grown | Season of Bloom |
|---------------------------|-------|---------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Achillea (Sneezewort)     | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     |                    | 10                   | 12"-24"           | July-Aug.       |
| Adonis                    | A.P.  | Pl.                 | Yellow, crimson             |                    | 6                    | 12"               | May-June        |
| Ageratum                  | S.Pl. | Pl.                 | Blue, white                 | 1/4                | 6                    | 12"               | June-Oct.       |
| Anemone                   | P.    | Pl.                 | White, rose                 | 1/4                | 10                   | 6"-12"            | Aug.-Oct.       |
| Arctotis                  | S.Pl. | Pl.                 | Rich, various               | 1/4                | 10                   | 6"-24"            | June-Oct.       |
| Aster (China)             | A.    | S.Pl.               | Various                     | 1/4                | 12                   | 18"-30"           | July-Sept.      |
| Aster (Hardy)             | P.    | Pl.                 | White, pink, blue           | 1/4                | 12                   | 12"-36"           | Sept.-Oct.      |
| Begonia (Tuberous)        | P.    | Pl.                 | White, pink, red            | 1/4                | 12                   | 10"-18"           | June-Sept.      |
| Bachelor's Button         | A.    | S.Pl.               | Blue, white, pink           | 1/4                | 8                    | 12"-24"           | July            |
| Balsam                    | A.    | S.Pl.               | Various                     | 1/4                | 18                   | 18"-30"           | June-Sept.      |
| Bellis (English Daisy)    | P.    | Pl.                 | White, pink, red            | 1/4                | 6                    | 4"-6"             | May-July        |
| Bleeding Heart            | P.    | Pl.                 | Crimson                     | 1/4                | 30                   | 18"-30"           | May-Aug.        |
| Calendula                 | A.    | S.Pl.               | Orange                      | 1/4                | 12                   | 12"-24"           | June-Oct.       |
| California Poppy          | A.    | S.                  | Orange, yellow              | 1/4                | 10                   | 10"-15"           | August          |
| Canary-bird Vine          | A.    | S.Pl.               | Canary yellow               | 1/4                | 10                   | 6"-10"            | June-Oct.       |
| Canterbury Bell           | B.P.  | Pl.                 | Blue, white, pink           | 1/4                | 10                   | 18"-30"           | June-Aug.       |
| Cardinal Climber          | A.    | S.Pl.               | Scarlet                     | 1/4                | 12                   | 15"-25"           | July-Oct.       |
| Candytuft                 | A.    | S.Pl.               | White                       | 1/4                | 8                    | 6"-18"            | June-Sept.      |
| Castor Bean               | A.    | Pl.                 | Green-purple foliage        | 3/4                | 36                   | 6'-10'            | August          |
| Celosia (Cockscomb)       | A.    | S.Pl.               | Red, yellow                 | 1/4                | 10                   | 18"-4'            | June-Sept.      |
| Chrysanthemum             | A.    | S.Pl.               | Various                     | 1/4                | 18                   | 12"-36"           | Aug.-Oct.       |
| Clarkia                   | A.    | S.Pl.               | White, purple, rose         | 1/4                | 10                   | 12"-18"           | June-Sept.      |
| Cobaea scandens           | A.    | Pl.                 | Greenish-purple             | 1/4                | 18                   | 15"-20"           | Aug.-Sept.      |
| Coreopsis (Calliopis)     | A.    | S.                  | Yellow, brown               | 1/4                | 12                   | 12"-18"           | June-Aug.       |
| Columbine                 | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 18                   | 12"-36"           | June-July       |
| Cosmos                    | A.    | S.Pl.               | Red, white, pink            | 1/4                | 24                   | 2'-8'             | Aug.-Oct.       |
| Dahlia                    | P.    | Tubers              | Various                     | 1/4                | 36                   | 3'-4'             | July-Sept.      |
| Evening Primrose          | P.    | Pl.                 | Yellow                      | 1/4                | 10                   | 2'-3'             | July-Aug.       |
| Forget-me-not             | B.P.  | Pl.                 | Blue, white                 | 1/4                | 6                    | 6"-12"            | April-July      |
| Four-o'Clock              | A.    | S.Pl.               | Red, white, yellow          | 1/4                | 12                   | 18"-24"           | July-Aug.       |
| Foxglove                  | B.P.  | Pl.                 | White, pink, purple         | 1/4                | 18                   | 12"-36"           | June            |
| Gaillardia                | A.P.  | Pl.                 | Yellow, red                 | 1/4                | 12                   | 24"-30"           | July-Oct.       |
| Gilia                     | A.    | S.                  | Blue, red, white            | 1/4                | 6                    | 4"-24"            | July-Sept.      |
| Gladiolus                 | A.    | Corms               | Various                     | 1/4                | 6                    | 24"-36"           | July-Sept.      |
| Godetia                   | A.    | S.Pl.               | White, red                  | 1/4                | 12                   | 10"-20"           | July-Oct.       |
| Gourds                    | A.    | S.                  | Various                     | 1/4                | 12                   | 10"-15"           | July-Sept.      |
| Golden Glow               | P.    | Pl.                 | Yellow                      | 1/4                | 24                   | 5'-8'             | Aug.-Sept.      |
| Gypsophila                | A.    | S.                  | White, rosy                 | 1/4                | 10                   | 12"-24"           | June-Sept.      |
| Heliospis                 | P.    | Pl.                 | Yellow                      | 1/4                | 12                   | 3'-5'             | Aug.-Oct.       |
| Heliotrope                | P.    | Pl.                 | Blue, purple, white         | 1/4                | 12                   | 12"-24"           | June-Sept.      |
| Helianthus (Sunflower)    | A.P.  | S.Pl.               | Yellow                      | 3/4                | 18                   | 3'-8'             | Aug.-Sept.      |
| Hollyhock                 | B.    | S.Pl.               | Various                     | 1/4                | 15                   | 4'-8'             | August          |
| Hop                       | A.    | S.                  | Ornamental foliage          | 1/4                | 12                   | 20'-25'           | July-Oct.       |
| Hyacinth Bean             | A.    | S.                  | Purple, white               | 1/4                | 10                   | 8'-10'            | July-Oct.       |
| Iceland Poppy             | A.P.  | S.Pl.               | White to orange             | 1/4                | 6                    | 12"               | June-Sept.      |
| Kochia (Mock Cypress)     | A.    | S.Pl.               | Crown for foliage           | 1/4                | 30                   | 24"-30"           | June-Sept.      |
| Iris (Flag)               | P.    | Pl.                 | White, blue, yellow         | 1/4                | 18                   | 24"-36"           | May-July        |
| Larkspur                  | A.P.  | S.Pl.               | Blue, white, pink           | 1/4                | 12                   | 3'-4'             | June-Aug.       |
| Lily-of-the-Valley        | P.    | Pl.                 | White                       | 1/4                | 8                    | 6"-8"             | June-Aug.       |
| Lobelia                   | A.    | S.Pl.               | Scarlet, red, yellow, white | 1/4                | 4                    | 4"-6"             | June-Sept.      |
| Love-Lies-Bleeding        | A.    | S.Pl.               | Blue, white                 | 1/4                | 10                   | 12"-24"           | June-Sept.      |
| Love-in-a-Mist            | A.    | S.                  | Blue, white, pink           | 1/4                | 6                    | 18"-24"           | June            |
| Lupine                    | A.P.  | S.Pl.               | White, rose                 | 1/4                | 10                   | 12"-24"           | June-Sept.      |
| Mallow                    | P.    | Pl.                 | Blue to white               | 1/4                | 8                    | 15"               | June-Sept.      |
| Marguerite Carnation      | P.    | Pl.                 | Lemon to orange             | 1/4                | 6                    | 10"-36"           | July-Oct.       |
| Marigold                  | A.    | S.Pl.               | White, yellow, red          | 1/4                | 12                   | 12"-18"           | July-Oct.       |
| Mignonette                | A.    | S.Pl.               | White, blue                 | 1/4                | 8                    | 3'-4'             | July-Aug.       |
| Monkshood (Aconitum)      | P.    | Pl.                 | White, blue                 | 1/4                | 6                    | 15'-25'           | Aug.-Sept.      |
| Moonflower                | A.    | S.Pl.               | Various                     | 1/4                | 10                   | 15'-20'           | July-Sept.      |
| Morning Glory             | A.    | S.                  | Various                     | 1/4                | 10                   | 6'-10'            | July-Oct.       |
| Nasturtium (Tall)         | A.    | S.                  | Red, white                  | 1/4                | 8                    | 24"-36"           | July-Aug.       |
| Nicotiana                 | A.    | S.Pl.               | Bright red                  | 1/4                | 12                   | 3'-4'             | June            |
| Oriental Poppy            | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 12                   | 6"                | May-Oct.        |
| Pansy                     | A.    | Pl.                 | White, pink, blue, wine     | 1/4                | 48                   | 2'-4'             | May-June        |
| Peony                     | P.    | Pl.                 | Various, brilliant          | 1/4                | 8                    | 12"-24"           | July-Oct.       |
| Petunia                   | A.    | S.Pl.               | Various, white to red       | 1/4                | 18                   | 12"-36"           | July-Oct.       |
| Phlox Drummondii          | A.    | S.Pl.               | White to rose               | 1/4                | 6                    | 10"-12"           | Aug.-Sept.      |
| Phlox (Garden)            | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 6                    | 12"-18"           | June-Aug.       |
| Pink (Dianthus)           | A.P.  | S.Pl.               | Various, brilliant          | 1/4                | 4                    | 4"-8"             | July-Oct.       |
| Poppy                     | A.    | S.                  | Yellow, pink, blue          | 1/4                | 6                    | 4"-8"             | May-June        |
| Portulaca                 | A.    | S.                  | Various                     | 1/4                | 12                   | 12"-24"           | Aug.-Oct.       |
| Primrose (English)        | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 8                    | 12"-24"           | June-Sept.      |
| Pyrethrum                 | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 8                    | 15"-30"           | June-Sept.      |
| Salpiglossis              | A.    | S.Pl.               | Scarlet                     | 1/4                | 6                    | 18"-36"           | Aug.-Oct.       |
| Scabiosa                  | A.    | S.Pl.               | Yellow to lilac             | 1/4                | 10                   | 24"               | July-Aug.       |
| Scarlet Sage (Salvia)     | A.    | Pl.                 | White to rose               | 1/4                | 6                    | 12"-18"           | June-Aug.       |
| Schizanthus               | A.    | S.Pl.               | White, red, yellow          | 1/4                | 8                    | 12"-24"           | July-Sept.      |
| Silene (Catchfly)         | A.    | S.Pl.               | Small flowers, lilac        | 1/4                | 6                    | 6"-12"            | July-Sept.      |
| Snapdragon                | A.    | S.                  | White                       | 1/4                | 8                    | 24"               | July-Oct.       |
| Scented Stock (Matthiola) | A.    | S.                  | Various                     | 1/4                | 6                    | 12"-24"           | June-Aug.       |
| Stevia (Piqueria)         | A.    | S.Pl.               | White, lilac                | 1/4                | 5                    | 6"-12"            | May-Oct.        |
| Stock (Ten Weeks')        | A.    | S.Pl.               | Various                     | 1/4                | 8                    | 3'-6"             | June-Oct.       |
| Sweet Alyssum             | A.    | S.Pl.               | Rose, lavender              | 1/4                | 10                   | 24"-30"           | July-Sept.      |
| Sweet Pea                 | A.    | S.                  | Red, white, pink            | 1/4                | 10                   | 15"-20"           | July-Aug.       |
| Sweet Sultan              | A.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 8                    | 6"-9"             | July-Sept.      |
| Sweet William             | B.P.  | Pl.                 | Purple                      | 1/4                | 6                    | 24"               | August          |
| Verbena                   | A.    | Pl.                 | Violet                      | 1/4                | 6                    | 3"-6"             | April-May       |
| Veronica (Speedwell)      | P.    | Pl.                 | Yellow, brown               | 1/4                | 8                    | 12"-30"           | July-Sept.      |
| Violet                    | P.    | Pl.                 | Various                     | 1/4                | 10                   | 12"-24"           | June-Oct.       |
| Wallflower                | A.P.  | S.Pl.               |                             |                    |                      |                   |                 |
| Zinnia                    | A.    | S.Pl.               |                             |                    |                      |                   |                 |

A.—Annual or treated as an annual. B.—Biennial. P.—Perennial. S.—Sow seeds where plants are to bloom. Pl.—Use plants started in hotbeds, cold-frames or greenhouses, or purchased.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)

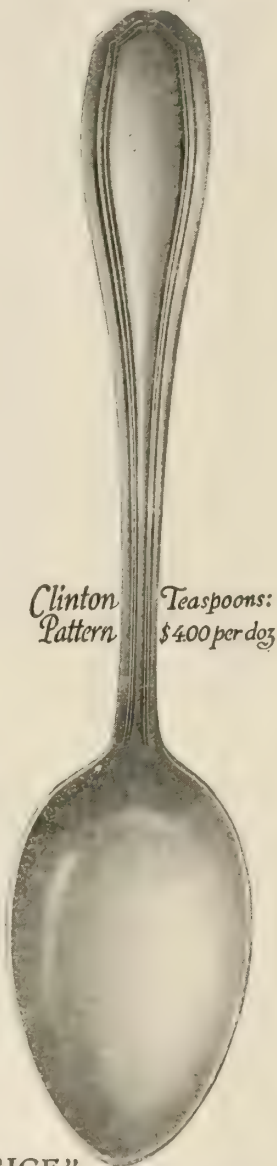




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## The Mendelssohn Choir

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

The History of a Canadian  
Musical Organization  
Internationally Famous



CONDUCTOR OF  
THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR  
Dr. H. A. Fricker, former Conductor of  
the Leeds Choir, who is holding high  
the Mendelssohn traditions for choral  
achievement.

WHEREVER a man may fare in the musical circles of the English-speaking world, so soon as it is learned that he comes from Toronto, the response comes quickly, "Oh, that is the home of the Mendelssohn Choir!" Much of the prestige that the leading English-speaking city of Canada enjoys in the greater centres of the United States, is based on its fame. It is now regarded by musical critics everywhere as the premier singing society of this continent, and the gradual disbandment of other notable choral institutions makes it now one of the oldest choruses in America, though in its re-organized form it dates from the dawn of the present century. Its great prestige seems to be responsible for its immunity from decadence which has overtaken many of the most successful and artistic choral organizations.

The man who founded it and created that prestige is still in middle age, though he laid down the conductor's baton in 1917. He is Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt, the managing director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and a Canadian by birth. His name is so thoroughly entwined with the history of the Mendelssohn Choir, that an account of his early career, is important. He was born in 1861, in Elmira, Waterloo County, one of the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements of Western Ontario. His father, however, was a native of Baden, who fled to Canada in 1848, after participating



THE MAKER OF  
THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR

Dr. A. S. Vogt, of Toronto, who was  
director of the Mendelssohn Choir from  
its organization until February, 1917.

in a rising which was put down with a bloody hand by Prussia. Dr. Vogt was one of a large family, and, when he as a lad, developed musical aspirations was compelled to earn the money for his education. From the age of twelve until seventeen he was organist of the Lutheran Church at Elmira, and later, from seventeen to twenty, of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, Ontario. Finally he was able to continue his studies at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, and at the famous Conservatory of Music, at Leipzig, Germany, where he excelled in piano, organ, theory and composition. His first real choral experience began in 1888, when he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
CONDUCTOR OF

Dr. Leopold Stokowski, Conductor of  
the orchestra which has been associated  
with the Mendelssohn Choir in recent  
years.



## A Man-at-Arms Comes Home

By J. E. MIDDLETON

(Dedicated respectfully to Mr. Bliss Carman.)

The well-known Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, has made a brave fight for health and strength during the last three years, and his many admirers will be glad to know that his struggle has been successful. Mr. Carman paid a visit to Toronto during the past winter and, at a little gathering in his honor, Mr. J. E. Middleton read the following greeting:



ANNERS flowing, rippling in the sunny wind—  
The three Saints' crosses glowing, cheery and  
kind—

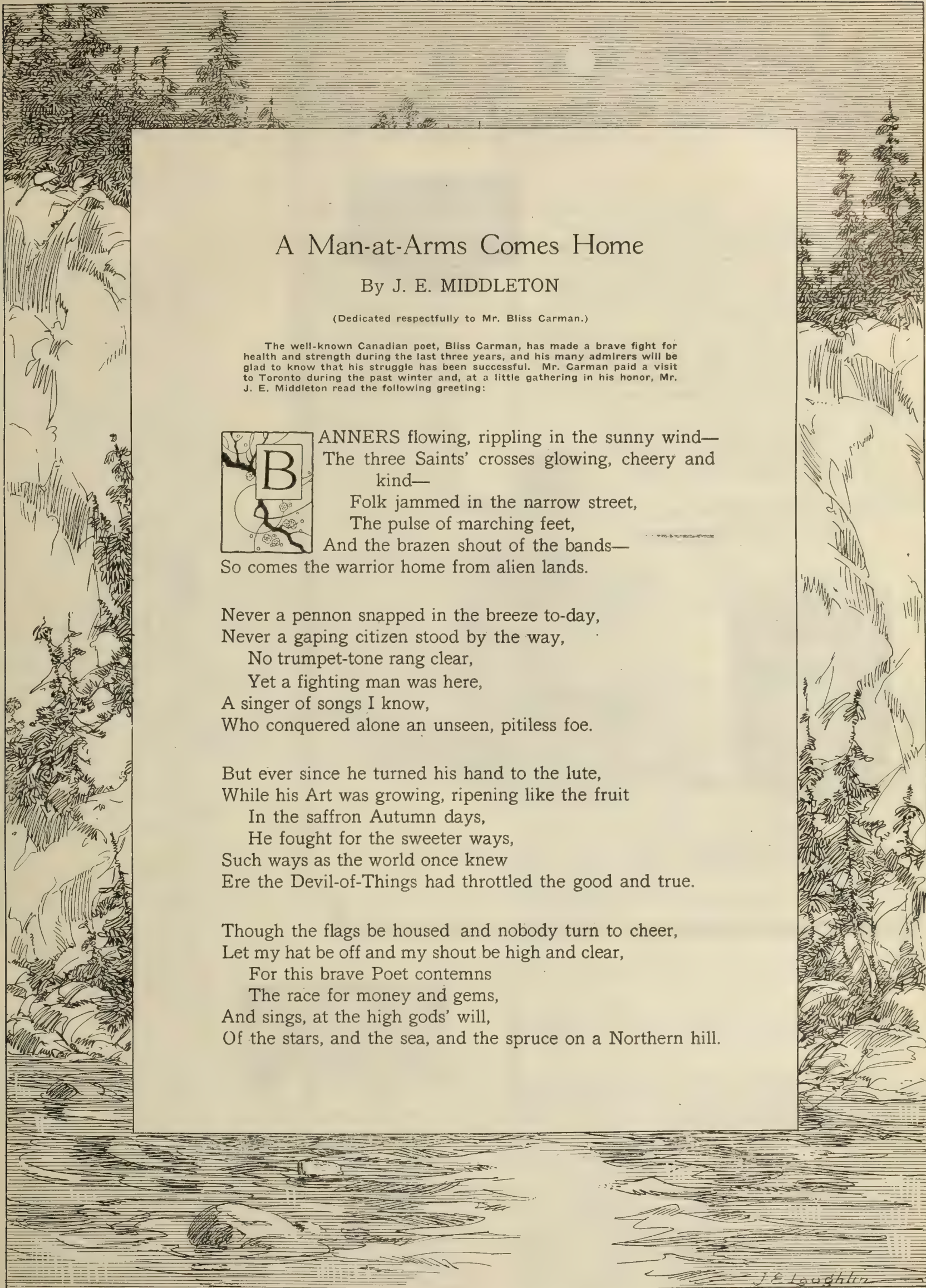
Folk jammed in the narrow street,  
The pulse of marching feet,  
And the brazen shout of the bands—

So comes the warrior home from alien lands.

Never a pennon snapped in the breeze to-day,  
Never a gaping citizen stood by the way,  
No trumpet-tone rang clear,  
Yet a fighting man was here,  
A singer of songs I know,  
Who conquered alone an unseen, pitiless foe.

But ever since he turned his hand to the lute,  
While his Art was growing, ripening like the fruit  
In the saffron Autumn days,  
He fought for the sweeter ways,  
Such ways as the world once knew  
Ere the Devil-of-Things had throttled the good and true.

Though the flags be housed and nobody turn to cheer,  
Let my hat be off and my shout be high and clear,  
For this brave Poet contemns  
The race for money and gems,  
And sings, at the high gods' will,  
Of the stars, and the sea, and the spruce on a Northern hill.





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## The Cookery Pages

Our cookery pages are always worth while, and this month you should find "Nut Novelties" and a variety of sauces very much to your taste. There is no use in denying humanity's interest in things to eat—for "civilized man cannot live without cooks." Since "what shall we eat?" plays such a large part in life and makes so much for either happiness or discomfort, it is the wise course to become familiar with the culinary column as well as to enjoy the pleasant pages of fiction.



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## The Mendelssohn Choir

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

was appointed organist and choir-master of Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto. At that time he became associated in a pedagogical way with the late Dr. Torrington, who had earned the title of "The father of good music in Toronto," by his long service as Conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In the early nineties, however, the latter organization fell on evil days, Toronto was without a choral society of real importance, and in 1894, Dr. Vogt seized the opportunity to carry out ideas he had formed as a student. His belief was that if choral music was to be revived, it must be by giving the public something better than in the past. His aim was to create a singing society whose tonal quality and expression should approximate to that of a fine orchestra. In a first class orchestra there is no jarring tone; every performer must be a trained musician, and by this means exquisite finish and shading are obtainable. Such excellence had not been thought possible in connection with any choral organization in Canada; rough spots had been taken for granted and many deficiencies covered up by instrumental support.

The only way in which a chorus of finer perfection could be developed was through the medium of capella or unaccompanied singing. The phrase comes from the old custom of chapel singing, where the choristers were obliged to render their notes truly from sight, without the aid of organ or orchestral music which was confined to the Cathedral proper. Capella singing is only tolerable when all the voices are true and sweet; but it admits of much finer effects in shading than ordinary forms of choral music and is the only effective means of affording a chorus a severe disciplinary training in sight reading and tonal production. Earlier musicians who had made such attempts in Toronto, had given up in despair the task of making their choristers do the requisite hard-work involved. Nevertheless, Dr. Vogt, undiscouraged by the failures of others, made the attempt and with the co-operation of a few staunch enthusiasts, the Mendelssohn Choir was formed, and managed to attract to its numbers many singers with good voices and the necessary preliminary training. Its first concert in 1894 won the approbation of the public, and for three seasons thereafter it confined itself to concerts of unaccompanied music. Then in 1897, to the surprise of everyone, Dr. Vogt suddenly decided to disband it. The choir was supposed to have met with the fate of its predecessors, but in reality the conductor intended to remake it on a nobler scale, and to give it a constitution that would insure its permanent excellence. He had discerned that the main cause of the failure of most choral societies was the decline in quality of the voices. Without some process of elimination the same old choristers went on singing year after year, getting a little staler season by season, until public indifference made it impossible to continue.

CAREFULLY perfecting his plans. Dr. Vogt remained quiescent for three years, but in 1900, came back with a new Mendelssohn Choir, constituted on lines entirely different from anything that had ever been heard of before on this continent. That is to say, it disbanded under its constitution at the end of each musical season; and all its members must submit to a new voice and reading test in the following autumn. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)





# The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

The Home of Happy Scenes

By BERTHA E. GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GUINEVERE PARTRIDGE

THE great wheel of the wind was still. Aewol, the Djinn, sat motionless beside it, and watched the wind that he had just sped upon its way. A clear, high-singing North wind rushed on its outward course and soon was lost beyond the rim of the sky.

A faint humming sound broke the silence, as the soft voice of distant waters, and a welcoming light kindled in Aewol's eyes. It was the voice of a home-coming wind, one that neither loitered on its way nor raced in heedlessness nor anger. So there was a smile in Aewol's eyes when the wind broke into view from the Southwest and came gladly, eagerly, to its master. Then, as he wound it slowly, evenly, upon the wheel, he read its

"What does old Peter know about the cold, when he stays indoors by the fire all day and smokes his pipe? Why, I just know he's never seen a rabbit ever since the first snow came on the ground last fall."

BUT little Beth still kept a serious face, and she shook her head slowly as she said:

"You know, Stewart, father owns all the country nearby, far as you can see, and there must be so many little folks like rabbits whose homes near here are not as warm and cosy as our own."

The morning was not half over but dull clouds covered the sky, and the children knew better than to wander far from the safety that lay with-



A sharp nose was poked anxiously around the corner of the snow house.

pictured story, its tale of wandering in the Home of Happy Days.

The snow lay deep in a white waste to North and East and West. To the Southward, a curving line showed the course of an ice-bound river, with here and there small groves of trees close to its banks. It was late winter in Alberta, and frost was king.

Half sheltered by one of the larger groves of trees, the buildings of a homestead clustered. The low log-house, with the smoke curling from its chimney, formed the centre of a group of larger buildings for horses and cattle. Large haystacks rose like gigantic bee hives, each with its own snow-cap, and over and around all lay the white drift.

"And old Peter said even the biggest rabbits would get their toes frosted if it stayed so cold much longer."

It was little Beth, rosy cheeked and black eyed, dressed snugly as an Eskimo, but in wool instead of furs. She stood close by the river-bank, near a snowladen, stunted oak.

A larger figure stood beside her, her brother Stewart, a little older, and, as he believed, of course, ever so much wiser.

in the fences. But within this boundary there lay their playground and thither they had come this morning to find that someone had been there before them.

There were little, smudgy marks upon the snow that to these outdoor children told as plainly as could be who their visitor had been. More than one rabbit had been there before them, and knowing the little furry people, the children waited for them to come back.

They were warmly clad; so Stewart scooped up a snow-house without a roof, and in it he and Beth sat, snugly waiting.

A sharp nose was poked cautiously around the corner of the snow-house and a pair of sharp eyes, and a pair of sharp ears, followed. These belonged to the fox who never did an unwise thing, and he sat down by the doorway of the snow-house, and grinned knowingly.

This was the first of their visitors, and, while Beth wondered if the fox's toes were cold, Stewart told her of the fox's home far down the river where the trees made a small forest. And the fox listened, and knew that the secret of his den was safe with the children.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)



**Aunt Belle's  
Comfort Letters**

*Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.*

## Baby's Perfume

Dear Edith:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one tal-

cum that I know is safe and that is the kind I use.

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin. It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which, after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby.

Lovingly,  
BELLE.



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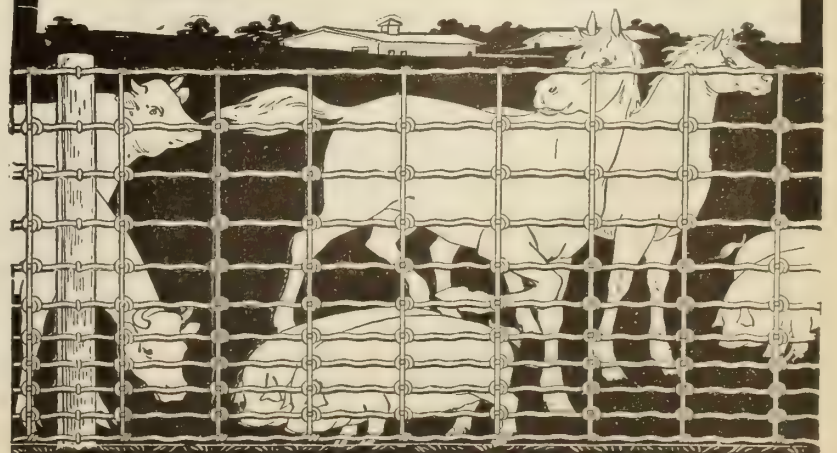


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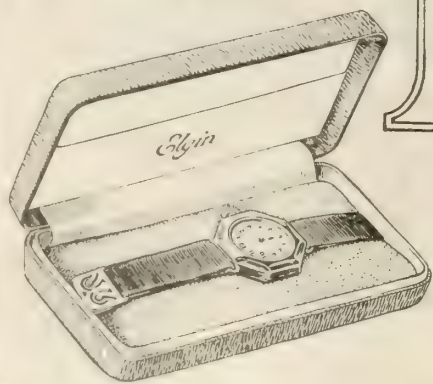
# Milestones



**T**WENTY years ago, as she lay in her cradle, a rose-petal atom of humanity, your thoughts sped in fancy to this day, and then you laughed as you touched the soft cheek.

To-day, as she sits in Convocation Hall with other white-frosted graduates, half hidden behind their barrier of roses, again your fancy plays tricks. You see an eager, curly-headed little daughter, three, four, six, eight years old, every year full of discoveries for her and endearing memories for you.

An odd sense of loneliness possesses you, for there seems a new dignity and remoteness about her in the scholastic cap and gown. Then, across the mist of faces, she catches your eye. Her cheeks dimple into smiles. And you, fond old father, actually flush with pleasure, as, raising her wrist to her lips, she wafts you a happy kiss from the face of the beautiful little Elgin Watch you placed there an hour ago, as your best gift for her great day.



## Elgin

Faithful Guardian of Time

GIFTS THAT LAST

## May Fiction

"Bloom of May," an exquisitely dainty story by L. M. Montgomery; "The House of Shadows," by Virna Sheard, and "To Him That Hath," by Sara Galbraith Mosher, will be striking features of our May issue.

## The Mendelssohn Choir

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

door is thus opened to new and gifted applicants for membership, and the choristers who show a decline retire. It may seem a harsh process, but it is the method of Nature, in her dealings with vegetation, and, as in Nature, it insures permanent existence. The date of the incorporation of the re-organized Mendelssohn Choir under letters patent was September 19th, 1900, and its first concert took place on February 16th, 1901.

It soon became apparent that Dr. Vogt had plans of wider scope than the presentation of the short though difficult forms of unaccompanied music. While these forms are all important in bringing choristers to that perfection of orchestral expression at which he aimed, choral works of the grander or festival order call for orchestra and soloists as well. It was the aim of the conductor to present to the Canadian public the very highest achievements in the realm of musical composition. In 1902 the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir first assumed that Festival character which has ever since characterized them, through co-operation with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, then conducted by the celebrated composer, Victor Herbert.

Such plans could not have been implemented without the support of an able business organization. This Dr. Vogt had seen to during the period of suspended activity alluded to, and the success of the organization has been in a measure due to the fact that from a business standpoint it has probably been the best-managed singing society in the world. It has been both courageous and far-seeing; has rendered a great service to the cause of music in Toronto, in other respects than the development of choral music. Through the Mendelssohn Choir the public was enabled to hear great orchestral works adequately presented. Before the choir's expansive policy was embarked on, orchestral concerts were few and far between, and though occasionally famous conductors visited Toronto, it was with fractional forces of forty or fifty men. The practice of bringing the symphony orchestras in their full strength was inaugurated by the Mendelssohn Choir, and through it public taste became sufficiently developed to render such expensive policies profitable. The charge sometimes made in other cities, that the domination of the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto's musical affairs, has led to a disproportionate concentration on choral music, is entirely ill-founded.

The orchestral co-operation begun with Victor Herbert and the Pittsburgh Orchestra was continued when two years later, Dr. Emil Paur, a German conductor of the highest rank, succeeded Victor Herbert. Paur was a man of enormous experience on both sides of the ocean; and it was in association with him that Dr. Vogt began those visits to American cities which in a short while brought international fame. The first experiment of the kind was made at Buffalo on February 23rd, 1905. The writer was present in the audience on that occasion, and on all sides it was admitted that such superb tonal volume and such beauty in finely shaded and planissimo passages was unprecedented in that city.

The climax of the choir's earlier achievements up to that time was reached, a year or two later, when it was decided to present Beethoven's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)





## The Mendelssohn Choir

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

Choral Symphony. Three movements of it are purely orchestral, but in the final one, Beethoven felt that instruments alone were insufficient to express the emotions he wished to convey; and made a radical departure from precedent by adding a choral setting of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy." When he had completed it, a musician to whom he submitted the score advised him to amend it on the ground that no choristers could be found who would be equal to the task of singing it. Beethoven's reply was to the effect that he was willing to wait until God created the necessary voices. Dr. Paur, who had conducted the work in Germany, had been extremely anxious to do so in America, but until he came into association with the Mendelssohn Choir, had been unable to find a chorus equal to the task. Those who listened for the first time, to this rarely-heard work will never forget the night in February of 1906, when the full splendor of the achievement dawned on them. Such of Dr. Vogt's friends as were acquainted with the history of the Choral Symphony had been dubious as to whether he could train his choristers to the pitch of excellence that was demanded. Afterward Dr. Paur, who conducted, admitted that there was no choir in Europe who could have sung it so well.

THE Buffalo concerts, which had become an annual event, led to a proposal to take the Choir to New York for two concerts in Carnegie Hall. The fact that the organization could sing the Choral Symphony, which was almost as great a novelty there as in Toronto, was in itself an inducement. This work was the feature of the series, but the Choir was also able to show its unique excellence in the amazingly difficult chapel music of the early composers, Palestrina and Orlando Lasso. Most of the famous critics of America were present and they wrote of its achievements in superlatives. The Pittsburgh Orchestra having fallen into a period of decline, a working arrangement was made with a larger and finer organization, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, now known as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock and in point of excellence and tradition, one of the great orchestras of the world. This combination proved extremely happy, and in conjunction, the two institutions made a large number of American appearances. In 1909, Chicago was visited and its plaudits equalled those of New York. In 1910, Cleveland was added to the Choir's field. In 1912 it paid its second visit to New York, and if possible, received a warmer welcome than before, and in the same week journeyed to Boston. The Boston visit had been regarded with some trepidation, for, throughout the nineteenth century, Boston had been regarded as the musical centre of America, in all save opera, and boasted the oldest singing body on the continent. But as in New York and Chicago, superlatives were the rule.

Among the innumerable institutions affected by the war, the Mendelssohn Choir was not spared. After the Boston success of 1912, the Choir suspended activities for one year, during the absence of Dr. Vogt on a musical pilgrimage to Europe. There he found that the fame of his organization had preceded him, and all arrangements were completed for a tour of the "Mendelssohns" during the autumn of 1914, covering the leading musical centres of Great Britain, France, Germany and Belgium. The bullet at Sarajevo in June of that year destroyed that project. When the tour was projected it was felt that it would be the greatest advertisement that Canada had ever received abroad; but it was destined that the advertisement should take another form,—the valor and sacrifice of Canada's sons on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

Restricted as it was by war conditions, and by the difficulty of obtaining orchestral co-operation, the Mendelssohn Choir, nevertheless, succeeded in carrying on. Dr. Vogt, during four successive seasons, conducted without remuneration on condition that his fee should be devoted to patriotic purposes. On February 6th, 1917, the Choir had completed its twentieth season of actual performance, and had sung its seventy-eighth concert under Dr. Vogt's baton. The pressure of his duties as directing head of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the strain on a system never very robust, had made it imperative that he retire; but he did not do so until the permanence of the organization under a gifted successor had been secured. While Dr. Vogt had been building up fame in America, another conductor, Dr. Herbert A. Fricker, had been winning similar laurels in Great Britain and France as conductor of the Leeds Choir. By a stroke of good fortune, it was possible to offer sufficient inducements to Dr. Fricker to bring him to Toronto. The armistice of November, 1918, also rendered it possible to bring great orchestras to Canada once more without incurring passport difficulties and the co-operation of the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, a Polish-Irishman of British training, and perhaps the finest of the younger generation of conductors, was secured. The coming April concerts will be the third series in which this combination will have been heard, and last year, it was made evident that the Mendelssohn Choir had emerged from its trials in all its pre-war splendor.

A catalogue of the works it has rendered in the course of its existence would occupy almost as much space as this article. Suffice it to say that there is nothing beyond its range; it has won honor in the "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven, the Brahms' "Requiem," the Verdi "Manzoni Requiem," and other immortal compositions of the most supreme difficulty, and countless composers past and present, possess in its interpretations the ideal expression of their conceptions.

# How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by ALONZO KIMBALL



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The R.L.W. Co.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

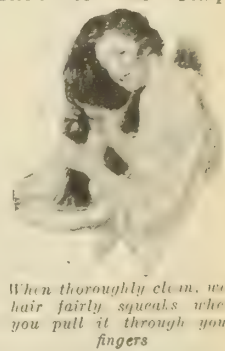


The proper rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeals when you pull it through your fingers.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly

### Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

### Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

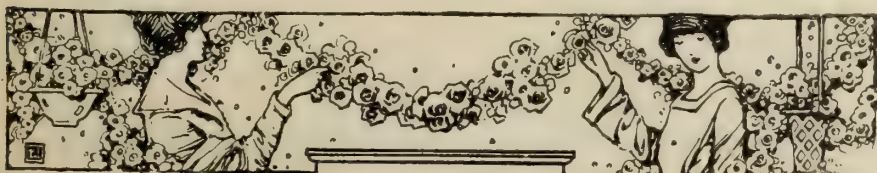
shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for the children — Fine for men.

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**MULSIFIED**  
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## The Smiles of Health



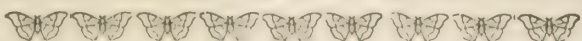
Smiles and happy laughter come easily to healthy, well nourished children. Build up their little bodies to withstand the rigors of fall and winter weather by serving them delicious porridge made from



The Empire's Breakfast

## Our Journal Juniors' Club

EVER so many of our young readers are taking an interest in the department so ably conducted by Mrs. Green. We are sure that any Canadian boy or girl who writes to it will be given a welcome in that corner which has so much to interest the Juniors.



## The Wind Wheel of the Djinn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

He moved off, unnoticed, to make way for a long-bodied creature, with rich, dark fur, that came up from the river on short, strong legs. This was the otter, and he was even wiser than the fox, for he listened to the children talking before he showed his stubby nose.

WHEN Stewart saw him, he laughed, for there were icicles on the otter's long whiskers. Then Stewart told Beth of the otter's home, and how he lived in summer and winter.

Then came the rabbits: some were shy, a few were saucy, and all were playful. This was not the first time they had met the children, for, in the summertime, Stewart and Beth knew every rabbit's doorway. The children had a glimpse of most of the outdoor folk who stay awake in the winter-time, and Stewart wondered how, when winter was so long and cold, they still found food; and little Beth was sure their toes were cold.

The frost was keen, and the loose snow swept like sand across the open spaces.

"And all the rabbits, and the otter, and the fox, are our very own. Aren't they, Stewart? Their homes are all on our place," said Beth.

"Perhaps that's why they look so happy," said Stewart, "it's their home, just the same as it is ours."

The dull clouds gave way to bright sunshine and to clear sky, and the children rose from the shelter of their snow-house. A change came to the day, the light snow no longer spun in dancing whirls, and the frosty air seemed to lose its sharpness.

Through the bare branches of the oaks, through the snow-laden spruce and pine, a South-west wind was whispering. The air grew softer, even the sunshine seemed brighter, and all the time the South-west wind was singing softly:

Jack Frost, in world of winter cold,  
Was playing king;  
Had thrown his robe of snowy fold  
O'er everything.

Came the soft wind: "Chinook!  
Chinook!"

Was all it said;  
But, at the word, no backward look,  
Jack Frost had fled.

Stewart's eyes widened as he listened.

"It is the Chinook," he said, "it is the wind that drives away the snow, the wind that, even in the coldest winter days, comes to promise spring and tells us of the summer coming."

There was a joyous barking, and two rough-coated dogs came from the house to join the children as they walked homeward. The snow was gone from the roof of the log-house, and the eaves were dripping.

FATHER hailed them and waved a hand as he went out toward the stable to the horses. Their mother stood in the doorway with a welcome smile and a glance to see if their feet were wet. Inside the big kitchen, in his chair sat old Peter, smoking his pipe.

Little Beth ran to him, exclaiming: "The rabbits' toes won't be cold, Peter, for it has come."

"And what may it be that comes to warm rabbits' toes?" asked old Peter, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Why, it is the Chinook, Peter, and the snow is melting, and it is so warm I think the flowers could come up if they wanted to," replied Beth.

Poor old Peter, it was his lot to have to stay close to the fireside through the cold days. He was no longer able to face the winter winds and winter cold. At the mention of the Chinook, and the coming of warm weather, the old man brightened, and laughed aloud as Stewart, for a moment or two, opened the door and let in a flood of sunshine and snow-sweet air. And the children laughed, too, to see old Peter glad, for he was as dear in their hearts as he held them in his.

With Beth seated upon his chair-arm, and Stewart on the round mat at his feet, old Peter spoke to them of the summer-bringing South-West wind.

"It is a breeze that is born in summer lands, and cradled in summer seas; it is smiled upon by a summer sun, and watched by the stars of summer nights. But it must leave this ever-pleasant home at times, for it has a task, a loving task, to do."

"From the South-West it blows across the sea to the great mountains that lie not so far in from our western ocean."

"The wind has brought to Canada the gathered rain-clouds of a thousand miles to feed the rivers that flow westward down the mountain side. But the wind does not stay. Over the peaks and ridges, through the deep passes it makes its way to the East side of the mountain-chain, across the land that once was held by that great tribe of Indian race, Chinook."

"But still the wind stays not. It comes to us, to our Alberta, bringing its summer warmth, breaking the chain of winter, bound too closely, and promising a summer harvest-time."

"So, little Beth, the wind, Chinook, has saved your little rabbits' toes, perhaps, and told them, too, that there is a springtime coming for them. Its message comes to us each time we feel its breath, and there is a gladness in our hearts; so all the land to which the Chinook comes is, all the year, the home of happy hearts, through happy days."

## Flowers for Various Places and Purposes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

### Fine for Fragrance.

|               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Heliotrope    | Stevia            |
| Mignonette    | Stock (Ten Weeks) |
| Moonflower    | Sweet Alyssum     |
| Nicotiana     | Sweet Sultan      |
| Scented Stock | Wallflower        |

### Annual Climbers.

|                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| Canary-bird Vine | Hyacinth Bean |
| Cardinal Climber | Moonflower    |
| Cobaea Scandens  | Morning Glory |
| Gourds           | Nasturtium    |
| Hop Vine         | Sweet Pea     |

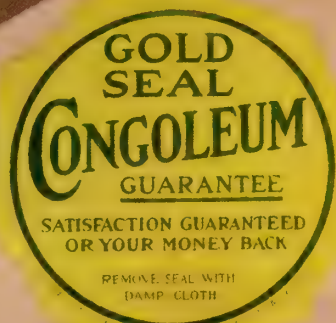
### For a Temporary Hedge.

Kochia (Mock or Summer Cypress).

AS already stated, this grouping is merely suggestive. While a knowledge of the fine art of gardening is necessary, it is more acquaintance with the actual practice of gardening that prevents one making mistakes in these things.

"If now we ask when and where we need the Fine Art of Gardening, must not the answer be, whenever and wherever we touch the surface of the ground and the plants it bears with the wish to produce an organized result that shall please the eye?"—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.





MADE IN CANADA  
**GOLD SEAL**  
**CONGOLEUM**  
**ART-RUGS**

*Welcome  
to the new home—*

You will find Congoleum Rugs ideal for your new home. They banish for all time the old-fashioned task of cleaning and sweeping, with its germ-laden air. While just as attractive in appearance as woven rugs, they are made with a firm, waterproof surface which does not absorb dust or dirt. A few seconds with a damp mop will keep them clean and sanitary. Besides, they never curl or "kick up" at the edges and corners. Thus no dirt collects underneath.

Among low-priced rugs, *Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs* are by far the most beautiful, satisfactory and popular.

**For Every Room in the House**

They are made in a wide variety of very beautiful patterns, appropriate for every room in the home. The designs are the work of the foremost artists of the world, who have given them the master touch that wins admiration everywhere.

*Popular Sizes—Popular Prices*

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 9 x 3 feet.. \$ 5.50  | 9 x 7½ feet.. \$13.90 |
| 9 x 4½ feet.. 8.25    | 9 x 9 feet.. 16.45    |
| 9 x 6 feet.. 11.30    | 9 x 10½ feet.. 19.20  |
| 9 x 12 feet.. \$22.00 |                       |

*Prices to points in the West such as Winnipeg, L. A., Reno, Vancouver, etc., are slightly higher, to cover extra freight. All prices are subject to change without notice.*

Before buying any floor-covering for your home this season, be sure to investigate *Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs*.

**The Gold Seal Speaks for Itself**

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" is a big advantage when you buy a rug these days. *Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs* are guaranteed dollar for dollar to be sanitary, waterproof, extremely durable, and to give absolute satisfaction in any room in your home.

While you're considering the rug question, you will find our new free booklet, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," showing the patterns in full color, very helpful.

**CONGOLEUM COMPANY  
OF CANADA, LIMITED**

*Factory and Offices:*  
1270 St. Patrick Street  
Montreal, Quebec

*One of the  
many beautiful Gold-  
Seal designs. The 9 x  
6' size retails at  
\$11.30.*





THE "REVERE"  
Design 1962—in Twin Pair

© 1921, Simmons Limited

## For Your Own Bedrooms

### SIMMONS METAL BEDS

*Built for Sleep*—Your choice of exquisite Period Designs, beautifully enameled in decorative colorings and hardwood effects, Twin Beds, Crib and Day Beds.

\* \* \*

### SIMMONS BOX SPRINGS

*Built for Sleep*—Made of the finest oil-tempered, double cone Spiral Springs. Conform to every contour, and hold the spine level in every sleeping position.

\* \* \*

### SIMMONS MATTRESSES

*Built for Sleep*—Filled with great layers of white felt, scientifically built up layer by layer. Fine heavy ticking. Roll edges.

*Canada has no Pure Bedding Laws—but Simmons Limited has!*

## Should the great hotels have a monopoly of comfortable beds

PEOPLE often speak of the comfort of the Metropolitan Hotels as something impossible at home.

Yet your own table brings you every day food prepared just as you like it.

And just so soon as you make *sleeping quality* your first point in selecting a bed, you can have the same luxurious beds as the Hotels have—Simmons Metal Beds and Springs, *Built for Sleep*.

From the Hotels you may get a hint, too, how beautifully Simmons Beds furnish a room.

You will want to discard your old wooden beds, your rattling metal beds, putting Simmons Beds—*Built for Sleep*—in every bedroom. Then you, your children and your guests will finally get the *sound, relaxing sleep* Nature intended.

In every room shared by two persons,

*Twin Beds*, by all means! One sleeper does not disturb the other, or communicate colds or other infections.

THE "REVERE"  
Design 1962—in Twin Pair

A Simmons creation of rare simplicity. Charming rectangular pattern, carried out in rich effect.—Simmons new Square Steel Tubing; seamless, smooth, beautifully enameled in the accepted decorative colors.—Simmons patented pressed steel *noiseless Corner Locks*. Specially pleasing in *Twin Pair*.

If your dealer does not show you Simmons Beds, Springs and Mattresses, you need only *write to us*. We will see that they are shown to you.

\* \* \*

*Free Booklets on Sleep!*—Write us for "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say about Separate Beds and Sound Sleep," and "Yours for a Perfect Night's Rest."

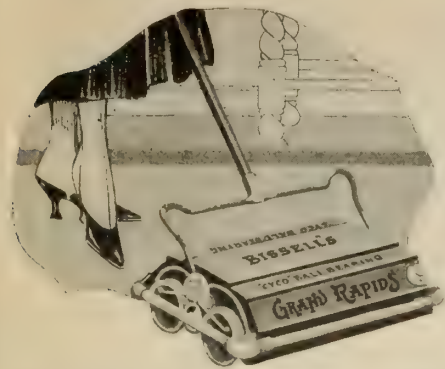
SIMMONS LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

# SIMMONS BEDS

*Built for Sleep*





**Don't move dirt with brooms**

Remove it with a  
**BISSELL'S**  
Carpet Sweeper

Daily sweeping becomes a quick, easy, pleasant task, causing no commotion or discomfort. No dust cloud to menace health and settle on curtains and furniture. No stooping, no back-breaking, nerve-racking drudgery. Run a Bissell about with one hand. It's done. Only a Bissell has the famous smooth-running "Cyclo" Ball Bearings. A Bissell lasts for ten years and more, and soon pays for itself in the cost of brooms.

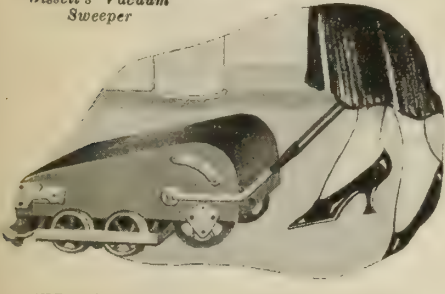
Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper, too, has more suction than any other non-electric, even more than some electrics, at a quarter their cost.

See Bissell's at any store. Or send for price list and booklet—"Sweeping Facts and Fallacies."

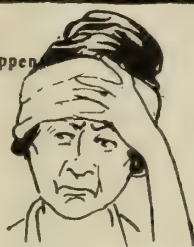
**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**  
OF CANADA, Limited

Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory), and  
240 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bissell's Vacuum  
Sweeper



Did this  
ever happen  
to you?



**Mentholatum**

Is a wonderful relief  
also for Burns, Scalds,  
Chapped Skin, Etc.

MADE IN CANADA



**KEATING'S KILLS**  
Bugs, Fleas,  
Flies, Roaches  
and All Insects



## Some Popular Sauces

By MARY M. NEIL

**S**AUCE making is one of the most interesting branches of cookery. Almost all dishes are greatly improved by a well-made sauce, while with others the sauce is the very making of it.

When a sauce has to stand some time before being used, stand the saucepan containing it in a larger one with hot water, and cover the sauce with a lid to prevent a skin forming. With very thick sauces one tablespoonful of water or milk, may be run over the top.

**White Sauce.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a clean saucepan, add four tablespoonfuls of flour or cornstarch, and mix it with a wooden spoon until perfectly smooth. Cook for a few minutes over the fire but take care that it does not brown, then draw the pan to one side, add one and one-half cupfuls of milk or water, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, and return to the fire, stir constantly until boiling and cook for eight minutes longer.

If desired, two tablespoonfuls of cream and one teaspoonful of lemon juice may be added just before using.

To make a sweet sauce, omit the seasonings and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract, or a little powdered nutmeg, mace or ginger.

**Brown Sauce.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan over the fire, add one carrot sliced, one onion sliced, one bunch of pot herbs, and fry until well browned, then stir in four tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until well browned also, then add one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and a few drops of Kitchen Bouquet or browning, and pour in two cupfuls of brown stock or water, and stir and cook for ten minutes, rub through a sieve, reheat and it is ready for use.

**Egg Sauce.**—If this sauce is to be served with boiled fish the foundation sauce should be made with some of the liquid in which the fish has been cooked, otherwise use white stock or milk. Make one cupful of white sauce quite hot, add to it a squeeze of lemon juice and seasonings to taste. Chop up two hard cooked eggs, add them, and make all thoroughly hot. Then remove the pan from the fire and stir in just before serving two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Sometimes the yolks of the eggs are rubbed through a sieve and the whites of the eggs cut in fine shreds or chopped, and this makes a better looking sauce, although it is a little more trouble to make. Some of the sieved yolk of egg may be used for decorating whatever the sauce is poured over.

**Bread Sauce.**—Put two cupfuls of milk into a double boiler, add one-half cupful of bread crumbs, and cook for fifty minutes, then add one onion stuck with four cloves, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook until the onion is tender, then remove the onion and rub the sauce through a sieve. Reheat and serve hot with roast fowl or roast game.

**Cheese Sauce.**—Make one cupful of good white sauce quite hot in a small saucepan, mix in three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese gradually without allowing it to boil, add two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into small pieces, or three tablespoonfuls of cream just before serving.

**Melted Butter Sauce.**—Put four tablespoonfuls of sweet butter into a saucepan and stir it over a slow fire until melted. It should not lose its creamy appearance. Add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt, pepper and paprika to taste, and pour into a hot sauce-boat. More or less lemon juice may be used according to individual taste.

Serve with some vegetables such as asparagus, etc., also with boiled fish.

**Chocolate Sauce.**—Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate with one-half cupful of hot water, then add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Moisten four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold water or milk, add this to the chocolate, and stir until the sauce thickens. Remove from the fire and add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

**Another Method.**—Into the upper pan of a double boiler put one-fourth cupful of maple sugar, one yolk of egg, one cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of butter and two squares of grated chocolate or cocoa. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the spoon is coated, but do not allow the mixture to boil. Remove from the fire and add one-half teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extracts.

**Orange Sauce.**—Put one cupful of white stock or water into a saucepan, add four tablespoonfuls of chopped celery, one bay leaf and the grated rind of two oranges. Bring to the boil, simmer for twenty minutes, then strain. Return to the saucepan and add the strained juice of the oranges, bring to the boil again, then draw the saucepan to the side of the fire and add the yolks of two eggs mixed with two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream. Make thoroughly hot, but do not boil again, and stir in one teaspoonful of butter just before serving. This sauce is excellent served with roast poultry or roast game.

**Nut Sauce, Savory.**—A mixture of nuts may be used for this, such as almonds, peanuts and walnuts. Blanch them and chop or put them through a food chopper. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan and brown the nuts in this, then pound them to a paste in a bowl, moistening them with a little stock or water. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in another saucepan, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, when blended add one cupful of stock or water, or milk, add salt, pepper and paprika to taste, the nut paste, and simmer all together for five minutes. Then just before serving remove the pan from the fire and stir in the yolk of one egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls of cream.

**Tartare Sauce.**—Put one cupful of thick mayonnaise dressing into a bowl, add one tablespoonful of white sauce, one-half tablespoonful of chopped gherkins, one teaspoonful each of chopped capers, olives, parsley and tarragon, and a pinch of sugar, mix these well in and place in the refrigerator until required.

One tablespoonful of thick cream can be used in place of the white sauce.

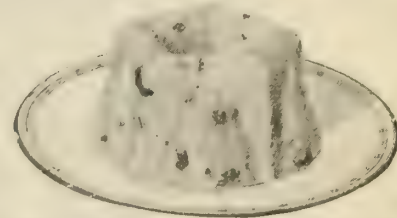
**Foamy Sauce.**—Beat four tablespoonfuls of sweet butter until creamy, add one-fourth cupful of sugar and beat again, then add the beaten white of one egg and beat again, then add one-half cupful of boiling water and four tablespoonfuls of fruit juice, then stand the bowl over a pan of hot water, and beat until frothy. Serve at once.

## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### Most Delicious Dishes from Just Plain Rice

**H**OW many of us appreciate the possibilities of rice—one of the most wholesome foods that grows? I have found so many exquisite dishes can be made of rice and meat or fish, or rice and fruit, that it seems to me it should have a much more frequent place in our daily fare.

Here, for instance, are two very simple but very delightful dishes in which rice is given an entirely new charm with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.



#### RICE PEACH CHARLOTTE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup canned peaches, apricots or pineapple pressed through sieve  
1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cup boiling water  
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
Whites of 2 eggs 4 cupfuls of cooked rice  
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add the sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or other fruit juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat together thoroughly. Line the sides of a buttered mold with the rice, pressing it in tightly. Pour the gelatine mixture slowly into the centre. When firm, turn on platter and serve with cream, whipped or plain, or a marshmallow or peach sauce.

Left-over coffee, combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, makes delicious Coffee Jelly, Coffee Spanish Cream or Mocha Sponge, recipes for which are found in my booklets.

#### SALMON RICE LOAF

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
3/4 cupful cold water 1 can of salmon  
1 teaspoonful salt 1 cupful cooked rice  
1/2 teaspoonful pepper 3/4 cupful milk  
1 tablespoonful melted butter  
Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by adding the hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner. (Any other fish or meat may be used in place of salmon.)

Knox Sparkling Gelatine, being transparent, colorless and unflavored, may be used with all foods, fish and meat, as well as fruit and vegetables.

#### MY RECIPE BOOKS—FREE

If you would like other new ideas for serving rice, fresh fruits or meats, send for my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," which contain many helpful suggestions. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

**KNOX GELATINE**

DEPT. G, 180 St. Paul St. W., MONTREAL.



"Wherever  
a recipe  
calls for  
Gelatine—  
It means  
KNOX"



This package  
contains an  
envelope of pure  
Lemon Flavor  
for the convenience of  
the busy housewife



# The Health Drink for you who think

Personal efficiency solves itself into keeping one's body and brain as near as possible to the 100% standard, but in these strenuous days fresh air and exercise are very often out of the question. For this reason, the early morning glass of water sparkling with a dash of Eno is absolutely essential to safeguard the health of every worker, in every sphere of activity.

## ENO'S FRUIT SALT

If everyone knew the merits of ENO—this Health Drink would be found in every home, office, and factory throughout Canada—for there is nothing to equal ENO as a regulator of health. Ask your druggist for a bottle and test ENO to your own satisfaction.

Prepared only by

**J. C. ENO LIMITED "Fruit Salt" Works**  
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Agents for North America:

**HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED**  
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### Distinctive Styles

The Edict of Dame Fashion is that the simple styles will be superseded by the elaborate high head-dresses. Some of them require an extra Hair-piece. You may obtain by mail from Dorenwends, the correct and perfect Hair-piece that will add distinction and charm to your appearance.

Have you received our Booklet giving full information about Hair-goods and Toilet Requisites?

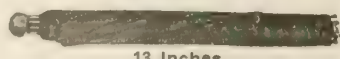
**Dorenwends**  
Limited

105 Yonge Street, - Toronto.

## Clothing Insurance

Protect yourself against April Showers for only

**\$7.50**

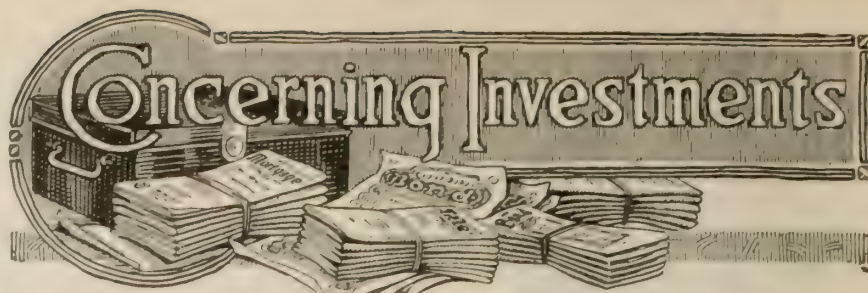


13 Inches

A Canadian Pocket Umbrella is a full-sized umbrella when open. Light, compact and efficient, it has all the advantages of an ordinary umbrella without its bulk. Can be carried in the club-bag or valise when travelling, or in the overcoat pocket.

If your dealer can't supply you, write to—

**The Canadian Pocket Umbrella Co. Limited**  
7 Jarvis St. Toronto



By NORMAN HARRIS

Vancouver Island, B.C.

Editor Concerning Investments:

I should like to secure information on the Natural Gas, Light, Heat & Power Co., Ltd., Incorporated under the laws of the Province of Quebec. Capital, \$500,000, divided into 500,000 shares of \$1 each. Directors: T. H. Kite Powell, Esq., Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., President; Horace Davis, Esq., Advertising Manager, Montreal; Vice-President, I. M. Richard, N.P., St. Ours, P. Q.; Sec-Treasurer, D. McDonald, Esq., Montreal; Director, S. I. Dion, Esq., merchant, Montreal; Solicitors, Messrs. LaFlamme, Mitchell, Chenevert & Gallagher, Montreal.

Shares in this company were sold by the Union Securities, Ltd. of Yorkshire Building, 136 St. James St., Montreal, in the year 1915. Very favorable reports were issued from experts and engineers, as to the holdings of the company in the St. Hyacinthe County, some 30 miles from Montreal, which was stated to be an immense natural gas and oil field, but apparently nothing was ever done in the matter.

No reply was received to letters forwarded to Union Trust Company, and also to the firm of solicitors you name. This in itself is an indication that those who had to do with the selling of the stock in the first place are not any too anxious to disclose whatever may be the real position of affairs at the present time. We were, under the circumstances, obliged to make still another application to secure details. These are not very plentiful nor very satisfying. It appears that some work may have been done on the properties in St. Barnabie, Quebec, in 1916, but nothing has been done since. I am informed that the control of the company is now in Boston. The company ran into a good many troubles, and I think the directors themselves lost considerable money in one way and another over this deal. The books and accounts of the company were, at least up to 1919, in possession of Crown Trust Company, Montreal, and I will address that firm in an effort to secure a report showing how the company now stands.

\* \* \*

Gorrie, Ont.

Editor Concerning Investments:

I have been very much interested in your writings about investments, and know from personal experience that what you say is correct as regards brokers picturing vividly the large returns you may have by investing.

About a year ago, I bought some shares in Kirkland Lake Gold, selling at 70 then, but now down to 40, from H. B. Wills & Co. I was told to not delay buying as this stock would be up to one dollar soon, but it never went a point higher. Do you think this stock will soon advance or pay a dividend, or would it be advisable to sell it now? Do you think Hollinger would be a safe investment?

Last November, these brokers wrote advising me to invest in Mining Corporation, telling me that on one-third margin I would make 75 per cent. profit, but I did not invest and in a short time this stock fell from 1.65 to 1.00, having passed its dividend. I think you are doing a great deal of good by warning people to pay attention to these brokers, who have only their own interests at heart. E. M. S.

As a general thing, results secured by women who dabble in speculative issues, are not satisfactory. There is perhaps no valid reason why a woman

cannot use a small surplus, left over after her main funds have gone into investment issues, for speculative purposes, but if so she should make very close inquiries as to what she buys, and whom she deals with. As to Kirkland Lake, it is an open question whether you should hold or sell. The prospect for gold producers looks somewhat promising, and possibly you might find a better market in the spring for your stock than there is at present.

\* \* \*

Hornpayne, Ont.

Editor Concerning Investments:

Would you give me what information you can about the L. R. Steel Service Corporation, Ltd. Offices are in the Royal Bank Building, Toronto. Several people here, including ourselves, have bought stock in same, and have since heard that they are a very poor firm, so I would like to know if it is true, as we have not made our full payment yet. W. A.

I assume that you have been offered stock in the L. R. Steel Co., Incorporated. This company, with its Delaware charter, owns stock in L. R. Steel Company, Limited (of Canada), but at the same time there has been no stock of the latter company for sale. Perhaps as time goes on, and if L. R. Steel does not make the glittering success of his enterprise as calculated, the company may sell stock in L. R. Steel, Limited, in order to get some cash into the treasury. Personally, I can see no attraction whatever in the Steel stock, nor in any stock which has the name L. R. Steel attached to it. I do not consider that the brief and limited experience which L. R. Steel had with ten and fifteen cent stores in the United States, at all entitles him to enter Canada, and start out to promote a large and ambitious venture in the way he has been doing. Who is it that is financing the expensive advertising which the Steel Companies are giving themselves? The shareholders, of course. The new sites, on the best corners of the cities of the West, which are being selected and bought for the L. R. Steel Company, or else leased for them at a large rental, are costing the company a lot of money. It is said that, in the first place, it cost the L. R. Steel Company 17½ per cent. to get its stock sold, but I do not believe that the Steel stock is being sold on any such margin. I would not be at all surprised if the fact were found to be that the expense of selling the shares, and the publicity, and the banquets, and the flowers, etc., would run to twenty-five per cent. of the money that came in. However, that is only a surmise. But as the company is young, and has not really made any earnings, it cannot be said with what success the company will operate. The methods employed, however, do not inspire confidence—I would not buy the stock.

### Information Coupon

April, 1921.

If a subscriber will fill in this coupon, and send along with the enquiry, the best service at our command will be ensured.

Name .....

Address .....



# The Journal Puzzle for April

By TOM WOOD

The letters which spell the names of the little pictures in the top half of this puzzle may all be found in the name of a well-known river in the eastern part of Canada. The lower half holds nine little pictures, comprised of letters which spell the name of a large river in the north-western part of Canada. The names of the rivers have the same initial letter and have the same number of letters in them. Can you find them out?



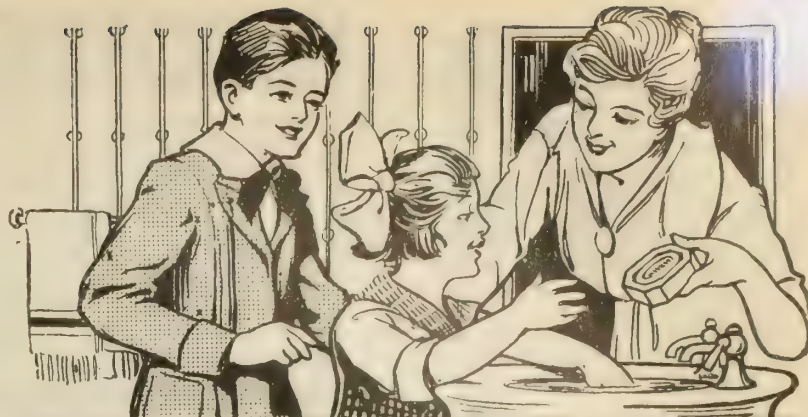
Two prizes will be given—first, two dollars, and second, one dollar—for the best solution, judged according to neatness and accuracy. All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by April 20th to be included.

## Solutions to February Puzzle

Fuchsia, Elm, Beetle, Roost, Utah, Anchovy, Raccoons, Yacht. The final letters form the word "amethyst," February's jewel.

No. 9 is February because she is shortest of all and carries Valentines. First prize, H. V. Rowe, 26 Francis Blk., Fort William, Ont.; second prize, Sadie Loughery, Sussex, N.B.

Address Puzzle Department, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



## In the happy circle of Health

Children should all be members of that happy circle, where all are knit together by the joyous ties of health. There is health and protection for all in the daily use of

# LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Children are always eager for their morning wash with Lifebuoy. They love the health odour—they glow with health after it's use. At night wee folk may be tired but they go to bed, refreshed and happy after a Lifebuoy bath.

*The carbolic odour in Lifebuoy is the sign of its splendid protective qualities—quickly vanishing after use.*



More than soap, yet  
Lifebuoy costs no  
more.

LEVER BROTHERS  
LIMITED,  
TORONTO - ONT.



## DISAPPEARING PROPELLER BOATS

unlike other boats are propelled from centre and have a protecting skeg which automatically raises the propeller when passing over a rock, reef, sandbar, or other obstruction, thus permitting their use in shallow or unknown waters.

Can be pulled up on shore the same as a rowboat.

### The Centre Drive

gives from two to three miles per hour more speed than is possible with rear-driven boats of the same size, eliminates vibration and also stabilizes in the same manner as a centre-board in sailboats.

### Simple to Operate

Safe and roomy. The ideal family boat for your summer home. Fishermen can troll at a speed of 2½ miles per hour and instantly increase to 9½ miles per hour by simply lowering the propeller. Equipped with the Silent "Dis-Pro" Marine Motor which cannot be heard thirty yards away.

### Dis-Pro Self-Starter

The self-starter is not standard equipment, but we advise that all Disappearing Propeller Boats should be equipped with this device. Ask for particulars. Standardized models and large production makes the prices right. Used by thousands of Canadians and seven different government departments.

**Handsome Catalog on request**  
Write to-day for free copy of "Vacation Days" and handsomely illustrated catalog showing boat and engines in natural colors.

### Fully Guaranteed

**Disappearing Propeller Boat Company, Limited**

92 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.  
U.S.A., 725 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

## Black Stockings are always smart and fashionable.

THE favourite, most becoming and effective stockings for the slim ankle and shapely leg are Black Cotton or Thread Stockings dyed with the deep, dense, permanent brilliancy of

# Hawley's Hygienic Black

## British Dye

FOR COTTON AND THREAD STOCKINGS AND SOCKS.

Hawley-Dyed Stockings and Socks are made in two distinct finishes—"Cashmere" finish and "Silk" finish—and every pair bears the Hawley mark, which guarantees the dye to be stainless, perspiration-proof and absolutely fast.

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this mark  
when  
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**HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC DYE**  
WARRANTED  
STAINLESS & ACID PROOF

Enquiries from the Trade invited

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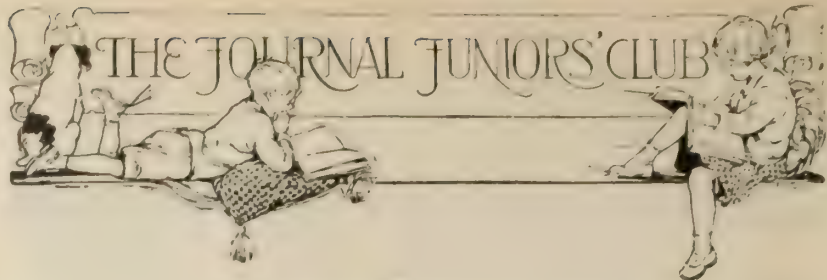
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Please specify (without obligation on my part, how I can immediately  
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CONDUCTED BY BERTHA E. GREEN

**M**Y Dear Club Members:  
I like to remember, and to look forward to, the smiles of April far more than to its showers. That you do, too, is shown in your letters and your stories sent to me for this month.

A Canadian Club, a young folks' club, it is good to see the helpful interest, and feel the spirit of cheeriness. Ours is a "get-acquainted-club," too, for, although our homes dot all Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we seek to know each other as well as if we were schoolmates, or that we each lived "just next door."

Our first "Spring Flowers," was sent to us by Ruth Dingwall. Truly, wild flowers are best, Ruth, for the gathering of them takes us where all is freshest and most beautiful.

Jack Holmes sends us a story that pictures the first flowers of spring as they come peeping out almost before winter has left us. They are our earliest visitors, and, because of that, more welcome than many gayer blossoms that come later.

Helen M. Grant takes us right to the woods where we can see the wild flowers together: It is a story of pleasant things in pleasant places, and we find, as she tells us, that "The coming of the spring flowers, is one of Nature's many joys."

It is a delightful legend you told us of, Betty Pidcock. Fairies, flowers, and springtime go together—don't they? I will look forward to receiving more stories from you, Betty.

"The First Flowers of Spring," sent by John Sowden, is good. You

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GENTLEMEN:—Please send me full particulars of your course in Show Card Writing. This does not obligate me in any way.

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PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH

"An Old Tree," taken by J. Fraser Morris, Canmore, Alta. On the top of the tree is the nest of an osprey, or fish hawk, and, if you look carefully, you will see the bird himself alighting on the nest with a stick in his mouth.

I enjoyed your letter, Marion K. Cameron, and am glad you enjoy our club page, and that you have decided to join us.

Your story tells us of "The First Flowers of Spring," and you tell us, too: "Every spring the children at our school gather wild flowers, and send them to the Sick Children's Hospital, where they help to bring joy to the sick boys and girls—after all, what would this world be without flowers?"

might have made it just a little longer though, John. Your story is brightly told, and you have the correct idea of construction. Do let me hear from you again soon.

Arthur Cullum's "The Flowers of Spring," is a prize-winner, and we congratulate you, Arthur. The story is splendidly told.

"The Coming of the Summer Birds," was sent to us by Lucy Ireland. This is not so much the coming of the birds

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)

### CONTESTS FOR APRIL

- 1—Boys and girls, 12 to 16 years. Not more than 500 words; subject, "Birds' Nests."
- 2—Boys and girls, 8 to 12 years. Not more than 300 words; subject, "My Plans for Summer Holidays."
- 3—Camera Contest; subject, "A Scene by a Roadside."

### RULES

Name, age and address must be written on each entry.

Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of photographs and stories which you wish returned. Prize photo we cannot guarantee to return.

Snapshots sent in for camera contests must have been taken by contributors themselves.

Closing date, the 20th of April.

Those who have taken three prizes in the various contests will not be eligible for further competition.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.





## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

themselves as of their songs. It tells how each voices the joy of the spring-time, brings news of coming showers, and heralds each new dawn. It is bright and joyous, and has been a pleasure to read.

Your letter, "Kitty" Dawes, I read with pleasure, and am so glad you liked your prize. I love to get your letters. Your story, too, of "The Coming of the Summer Birds," holds much of interest, and, as you say, "once again our trees are filled with the songs which delight our ears as well as our hearts."

You have given us some splendid description in your story, Grace Swayze. There are too few of us who know much of the life and habits of our feathered friends.

I enjoyed your story, Adelaide Lockhart, and I can quite understand how hard it must have been to stay inside when the birds were singing, and all Nature was in so joyous a mood.

Your essay on the summer birds, Velma Zwick, is a most interesting one. You introduce each early arrival, and even tell us what he has for his dinner. A most important thing to know, too, for our welcome to the birds depends much on what grain and fruit they take in payment for their summer songs.

Elsie Lebreton has written of our early birds, beginning with our friend the Robin. She has given us much information, not only about the birds themselves, but about their nests, in a most interesting way, and came very near being the prize-winner. Write me again soon, Elsie. Won't you?

You tell us of "The Coming of the Summer Birds," Harry Lane; but, your story was too short. I am sure you could tell us much more if you took a little more time, for what you have sent is very good. I am sure you love the Robin and the Blue Bird, and all that their song means to us. I will look for your story this month. Be sure and send it.

"The Coming of the Summer Birds" is told us by Stella Silverstein. I think you must like the little birds best, Stella. Your description of the home life of some of the feathered people is as interesting as it is true.

Jessie Swayze sends us a story of our summer birds, and how each one should be a welcome visitor because it does so much more good than harm. Your description is accurate, and your story is well arranged. I shall look forward to the reading of your next essay.

"The Coming of the Summer Birds," by Harrison Murphy, is a prize-winner. Your story is especially good, and I know the Club will enjoy it. Congratulations from us all, Harrison. And your letter, that you sent with your story, was a real boy's letter, and I did enjoy it. Won't you send me another?

A pretty view of "An Old Tree," of an orchard with the ox-eye daisies in bloom, comes from Lillian Coulter. It makes one wish for summer flower-gathering days.

An exceptionally fine tree-study is one shown in the "snap" sent in by Russell Aikens. It is certainly a well chosen subject for photographic work. It is a splendid bend in the road. Why did you not send it in last month? I should like to see more of your "snapshots," and have you continue as an active member of our Club.

Alice M. Partridge has sent us a snapshot, a quaint study of trees and a smiling little girl. Is it you, Alice? Let me know. Won't you?

I enjoyed your letter, J. Fraser Morris, and the "snap," too, which is the prize-winner. Let me hear from you again.

I think that this has been perhaps the friendliest month that we have had. Our club page is our meeting-place, and your stories and your letters show the interest you feel in making and keeping our club "a club of friends."

Your sincere friend,  
BERTHA E. GREEN.

### List of New Members.

The members of the Journal Juniors' Club and myself welcome as members, the following:

- Lucy Ireland, age 15, Bolton, Ont.
- Harry Lane, age 12, 1345 Cannon St. E., Hamilton, Ont.
- Adelaide Lockhart, New London, Prince Edward Island.
- Betty Pidcock, age 9, Qu'Appelle, Sask.
- John Sowden, age 10, Box 293, Brantford, Ont.
- Helen M. Grant, age 12, R. R. No. 1, Blenheim, Ont.
- Jack Holmes, 92 Windsor Ave., London, Ont.
- Marion K. Cameron, age 11, R. R. No. 2, Alton, Ont.
- Ruth Dingwall, age 9 years, Hopeville, Ont.
- J. Fraser Morris, age 14 years, Canmore, Alberta.
- Arthur Cullum, age 11 years, Box 534, Paris, Ont.
- Harrison Murphy, age 15, P. O. Box 395, Arnprior, Ont.
- Russell Aikens, Grimsby East, Ont.
- Alice M. Partridge, age 14, R. R. No. 1, Penticton, B. C.
- Lillian Coulter, age 14, R. R. No. 1, Creemore, Ont.

### Prize List for February.

1. Story about "The Coming of the Summer Birds," awarded to Harrison Murphy, Arnprior, Ont.
2. Story about "The First Flowers of Spring," awarded to Arthur Cullum, 11 years, Paris, Ont.
3. Camera Contest; subject, "An Old Tree." Awarded to J. Fraser Morris, age 14 years, Canmore, Alberta.

### THE COMING OF SUMMER BIRDS. (Prize Story.)

DURING the latter part of March, and the earlier part of April, when our old stand-by, the sun, has begun to soften the features of cold winter, we begin to see our summer song-birds.

Perhaps the most welcome of all our pretty visitors, and also one with which we are all familiar, is that little red-breasted friend, the robin. He is one of the first to arrive, and often is here when the snow is on the ground. In fact, I remember seeing a pair on the seventeenth of March, one year, carolling as happily as they would in summer. As the spring blends into summer, we are surrounded by a host of our little friends, who seem never to have a care in the world, or if they do, disguise it so well that we never hear about it.

Soon if we take the liberty to peep into a robin's nest we will find three or four oval-shaped eggs, sky-blue in color. We cannot examine them closely, however, for the mother bird is imploring us in the bird language, not to touch them. After a few weeks we notice that the mother is bringing grubs to the nest, and from it we hear impatient little squawks. After an anxious period, while the little birds are growing their feathers, the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)



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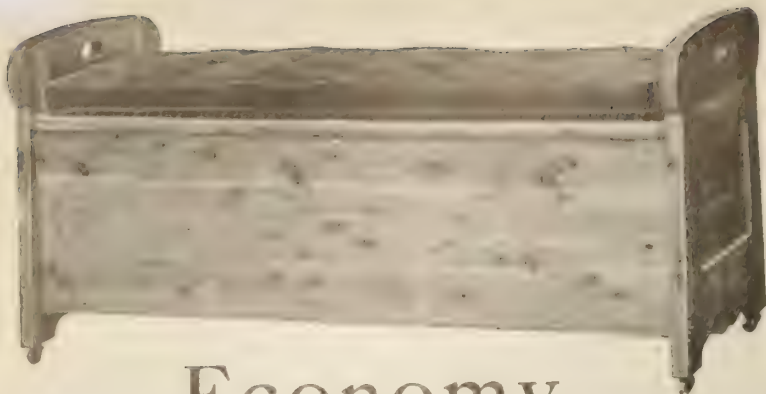
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## Through the Looking Glass

by  
VAIN JANE



ONE of those questions that is always "vexed," and upon which there never seems to be general agreement, to wit, at what age a woman reaches the greatest perfection of her beauty, seems to have been settled once and for all by a society of women in Tarbes, that lovely old town in the south of France, which calls itself by the romantic name of "The Charm Club." The Charm Club, we are told, has a very large membership composed of women both in society and business; it never holds a meeting and its members are not known to one another. It is held together, however, by the literature which it produces, and this literature, dealing, of course, with the secret of attaining loveliness, is under promise of the members, forbidden to the eyes of men! Thrilling, isn't it? And you will probably ask how this condition can be enforced. "The information is kept from the general male public," explains Countess de Tavernay, who is head of the Club, "by an interesting method. We publish a series of booklets which are sent to our members.

"Part 1 must be returned before Part 2 can be received; Part 8 before receiving Part 9, and so on. Each recipient must make a solemn statement that no male eyes have read it, or explain the circumstances in case of failure. In the latter case advice will be given for the future. Money is no object. It is for the French family!"

One of the great contentions of The Charm Club, as we have suggested, is that woman must live to two score years or more before she attains the triumph of her flowering. One of the proofs advanced is that the intuition of the very young man in this matter is unerring—the youth of seventeen, with senses fresh and keen, begins with his *grande passion* for some woman of forty. It is traditional from Candide to Henry Esmond. On the other hand, the greatest enemy of the woman of forty, is the man of forty, who sees in her the shadow of his own degeneracy, forgets that the wear and tear of the past ten years have not been hers, and turns to the girl of twenty-three, that he may not be reminded of his graceless ageing. According to Countess de Tavernay, it is at this age of perfection that husbands and wives too often turn their backs on one another.

When asked, are women the age they look, the Countess denied it.

"No, the woman of forty is positively loveliest. Painters of voluptuous subjects, have always been reproached for 'doing chic' because they partially age their models. Exactly! To attain the perfection of sensual beauty, such painters enlarge rotundities, exaggerate curves and arrive at an unearthly charm by giving the nymph of seventeen a whole set of outlines which she ought not to have for ten or fifteen years yet. What is this but glorifying the woman of forty? The empty face of seventeen is added to flatter the man of forty, who generally buys the picture!"

It is a most interesting and consoling theory, consoling if we happen ourselves to be forty, and consoling if we are not yet forty, but some day expect to be. According to this original specialist in loveliness, the age of forty may be anything we care to make it—"the terrible forties," if panic seizes us, the "ridiculous forties" if we are not careful, but the "splendid forties" if we care to make

them so! If any of you, dear ladies of the Looking Glass, should stumble upon the secret of The Charm Club, I hope you will be generous and divulge it to us all.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

**GERTRUDE.**—Your manner of addressing me is quite "proper" and the one I like best, Miss Gertrude, so you and I have made a good start. Though you have only received one copy of the Home Journal up to the present time, I hope you will continue to find plenty to interest you and assure you we will always be "at home" any time you care to call at The Looking Glass. I am sending you the name of the cream that you request and also the formula for a lotion which should correct the condition you describe.

**MAGANETAWAN.**—"Flu" has been responsible for the wrecking of the appearance of so many people that I have a special dread of it and am only thankful that it seems to have run its course. You are fortunate that two wrinkles are the only evidence of its having attacked you, my friend from Maganetawan, and they, after all, should not be difficult to erase. Correct massage and a tissue food should accomplish this. Certainly at twenty-eight your flesh should not show signs of flabbiness. I wonder if you take sufficient exercise? There is nothing like walking to make the flesh firm—long, brisk walks at a five-mile-an-hour pace should show very early results.

**MARGARET.**—If I followed my inclination, Miss Margaret, I would scold you for a silly child! The idea of cutting off the sides of your pretty hair to get an effect that could have been obtained by a manner of hairdressing. There is only one thing for you to do now, since your cut hair will never grow, so long as you are curling and back-combing it, and that is to buy little switches of hair to pin on the sides. A hair-dresser was showing them to me just the other day and I was astonished to hear that a great many people wore them. Of course, I don't admire them—in fact I never admire what is known as "false" hair—but they will give your own hair an opportunity to grow that it will never otherwise have. I think any reliable hair dealer should be able to supply you with these, but make sure you match your own dark locks so that they will not obviously appear to be "store made."

**NOEL.**—Yours is a charming name; were you a Christmas baby, and did Santa Claus bring you instead of the stork? I am sorry you have chilblains, poor child—I remember how I used to suffer with them in winters past, when bobsleighing, skating and out-of-doors fun were my principal interests, and the hours spent in the school-room, greatly repented periods of penance. You doubtless know they are caused by lowered vitality, or severe cold and too quick heating of chilled feet. When the foot begins to itch, which is the first sign, it should be massaged gently with olive oil or any grease that you have on hand. Don't put the feet into hot water, put them into cold water which may be gradually warmed. Be sure that the feet are perfectly dried after bathing. Wear woolen stockings, not such a trial these days when they are considered correct for smart wear. If the chilblains should amount to frost bite, paint them with equal parts of camphor and belladonna liniment.



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## First, the Cuticle Remover.

Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base, pushing back the cuticle gently. Rinse the fingers. The dead cuticle will simply wipe off.



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This is to remove the stains that will persist, and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.



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A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing by giving them a light coat of the Liquid Polish.



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It is all so quick, so easy, so pleasant—right up to the final polish! Really, Cutex has made manicuring a rest and relaxation instead of a vexation and a burden!

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# The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51.)

mother soon will be seen with some new little robins on the lawn, either picking up grubs, or having a hard tussle with an obstinate worm who refuses to leave his home.

How many of you have seen the pretty little humming bird, as he flits from blossom to blossom of some lilac bush? He is one of our prettiest as well as one of our most brilliant colored birds. With his green, scarlet, yellow, and blue coat, his delicate bill and his transparent wings, he is indeed a very pretty sight. I have seen several of these little birds and every one seemed more beautiful than the last one.

One of my most intimate bird friends was a tiny house-wren who had made his home at our house. Every year the little chap put in an appearance with his shy little mate, and the two of them singing to each other on a summer's evening, were indeed a pretty sight. They have an exceptionally sweet little song, and many a time have I listened to the two as they sang their morning song over and over again, just from pure delight of being alive.

The eggs of the house-wren are very tiny, being about the size of a bean, dull white in color and speckled with brown.

There are many other birds which are here in summer, but these I have tried to describe, I find the most interesting, and when they have gone in the fall, I greatly miss my pretty little friends and look forward as eagerly to their arrival in the spring as I would to that of a greatly loved friend.

HARRISON MURPHY,  
Arnprior, Ont.

Age 15 years.

## THE FLOWERS OF SPRING. (Prize Story.)

SPRING, spring, spring! how can anyone awake on a lovely morning with the sun flooding one's room, listening to the robins merrily chirping and the sparrows twittering their spring anthem and not know that spring is coming?

The sky is blue and cloudless, while the sun's steady rays melt the last speck of snow. The sap is running, and all the trees are putting forth their dainty green buds. Even the river seems to know that spring is on her way, for it leaps and gurgles on the way to the lake.

The garden, which but a short month ago seemed dead, is now full of life. The birds are singing, the buds are bursting, but, best of all, the snowdrop is poking her white-capped head above the ground. This sweet flower is the first to arrive. It is very pretty, with its white bell-shaped head, and long, waxy, green leaves, while its perfume is as nice as anyone could wish for.

In some warm and sunny spot, long green shoots announce that the crocus and daffodil will not be long.

A few weeks later, one really must snatch a few hours from the daily routine, and take a walk through the woods, to find if the woodland flowers are also doing their part to herald the coming of spring. If you walk along the woodland trails one is almost sure to come upon lovely purple violets nestled beneath the sheltering banks. A few weeks later a wilder violet will make its appearance. These are a paler blue than the garden violets, and they have no perfume.

There are several varieties of these flowers to be found, and prominent among these is the Dog-Tooth. These

are very pretty, being very large, and of a bell-shape; the leaves are very much like lily-of-the-valley, only they are spotted. They come in yellow, white, or mauve shades, much like their smaller sisters.

I think of all the wild flowers I like the Trillium is the prettiest. Its pure white color and lily-like appearance make one think of Easter lilies. They are sometimes found with a deep rose coloring, but I like the pure white best.

We mustn't forget the Hepatica with its queer leaves and furry stems. This flower is very dainty in its gown of mauve or white. It is followed by the anemone, bloodroot and Love Apple.

One could almost write forever on the many kinds of flowers, and though I have written nearly three pages, I have mentioned very few garden flowers. Wild ones appeal to me the most of any.

Still one cannot help mentioning the lovely lily-of-the-valley, or the tulips, and hyacinths, and many others. But I will have to end my discussion as the summer blooms will soon be arriving; methinks that even now I can catch the perfume of roses.

ARTHUR CULLUM,  
Box 534, Paris, Ont.

Age 11 years.

## WHITECAP, THE FISHERMAN.

By Bertha E. Green.

THE man who paddles the canoe for me said that he knew all about it, and, what was more would show me. That is how it happened. We were on our way to Bar Pond, where I was to see wood ducks. It is a trip of several miles from the foot of the long inlet to the channel that leads into the Long Slough, from where there is a portage to Bar Pond. It was early in the year for canoeing, but a season to see much of interest in the haunts of the feathered folk.

An opportunity to visit the home of the handsomest of the ducks was one not to be missed, even at the cost of a possible wetting.

We skirted the shore, often with the water so shallow that the canoe poked a nose way through the reed-beds. We passed from point to point that marked the small bays, and turning inshore, entered the mouth of a narrow cut, or channel. The channel broadened several times into almost big-enough-to-turn-around-in lakes, closely bordered by wild rice. We were now in the duck meadows, the wild rice-beds that stretched far ahead of us to the border of the distant, shadowy pine forest.

The channel opened into a long lagoon, the water shallowing towards the far end over a bottom of clear, yellow sand. From here we had planned to start the rather short walk to Bar Pond, where I was to see the promised Wood Ducks.

Some distance down the lagoon we debarked and put on long rubber boots, in preparation for a wet tramp. The man who paddles the canoe now drew my attention to the shallows at the far end of the lagoon. A sunlit morning, almost without wind, left these little inland waters in mirror smoothness, but in the shallows there were ripples on the surface, and an occasional splash that sent out widening circles.

"Golden Carp," said the canoe-man. The sandy shallows of the lagoon were a spawning-ground for carp. We could see them moving here and there, nudging each other from favored

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

spots, with the water only deep enough to cover their backs. A flip of a tail often broke the surface, and sometimes a big fellow would leap clear, his scale armour of green and gold-bronze flashing in the sunlight.

I had forgotten all about the Wood Ducks, when the man who paddles the canoe called to me in a whisper:

"Hunch down and watch."

I "hunched," and, directed by a pointing finger, saw the reason for the whisper and the "hunch."

"Whitecap, the Fisherman," whispered the canoe-man.

About a hundred feet above the water, a large bird was circling, eagle-like wings spread five or six feet from tip to tip. The wings were dark, the back also of brown, with a white breast, and a white-topped head, which doubtless led the canoe-man to call the bird Whitecap.

A black splash covered each eye, running back into the dark feathers of the neck, and a strong, hooked bill placed him for me. It was an Osprey, a Fish Hawk, and this was his hunting-ground.

He circled slowly, keeping an ever-watchful eye on the waters below him. Suddenly he stopped flying forward, and remained for a moment, his broad wings beating up and down. In a second or two, the wings closed like a knife, and the hawk plunged recklessly downward. His strong legs were stretched below him with powerful claws extended. In this manner he struck the water, but, quick as he had been, the carp he had planned for had moved to safety.

The Osprey rose quickly, at the same time uttering a harsh, piercing whistle. Whitecap was hungry, angry, and impatient. He was, however, also experienced and wise. A few strokes of his strong wings carried him again to a height of some thirty yards or more, where he continued his circling watch.

Again he checked his flight; there was a second's hovering, a drop, and a splash. The beating of wide-fanned wings, and Whitecap rose again, a large carp grasped in his talons.

We watched the Fisherman as he winged a somewhat labored flight almost over our heads.

"Gone to find a dead tree to use as a breakfast-room," said the man who paddles the canoe, "likely the one at the mouth of the Cut."

"Let us go and see," I suggested eagerly.

"He would hear us before we got there," said the canoe-man, "he doesn't approve of visitors at meal times."

"Besides," he added, "Whitecap has no table manners worth speaking of. You have seen him where he looks his best—hunting. Come on and see the Wood Ducks."

So we started our "squishy" tramp to Bar Pond, and above the wild rice I saw the crimson flash of my first red-winged blackbird of the year.

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Cambridge had the Principal of the school address the Institute, subject, "Relation of Institute to the school." School Improvement is a topic of live interest.

Carleton is studying "The Dawn of a New Patriotism," a book on Citizenship, its privileges and responsibilities.

Deerfield and Pleasant Valley Institute is sewing for a needy family in the vicinity. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



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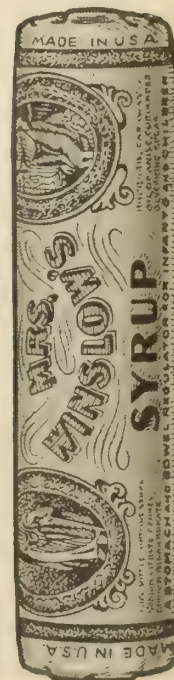
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## The Official Guardian Act of Alberta

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

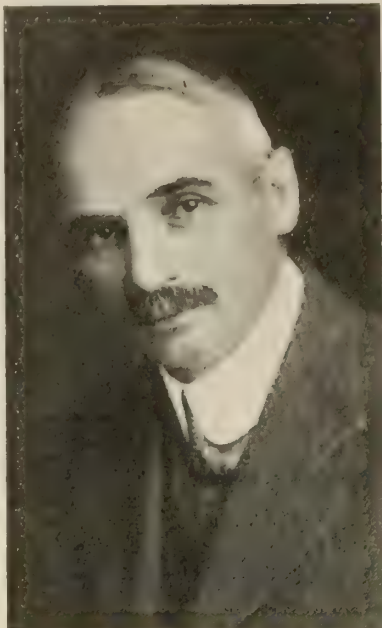
THIS is an age when on every hand we are told "The children are the greatest asset of the State." This is not a glibly oft-repeated high-sounding phrase, for more and more the State is accepting the responsibility for its "Greatest Asset."

We have in this rapidly-revolutionizing country free education; we have a tremendous movement to conserve child life through governmental public health departments; we have the direct effort of the State to preserve the home by "Mothers' Pensions"; we have homes for orphans and neglected children and in Alberta, which is famed already because it is in the vanguard of progressive legislation, we have the three-year-old "Official Guardian Act," an act whereby in the absence of any near relative willing and competent to act, an officer of the Government known as Official Guardian, may act as guardian of children whose parents have died, and also as Administrator of estates of missing person or persons serving a term of imprisonment of not less than three years.

Other provinces have laws governing the property rights of infants (infants meaning children under twenty-one years of age) but there is no province that has the extended jurisdiction over infants as to their personal welfare as in Alberta, where the Official Guardian not only administers the estates but acts in an advisory capacity in everything that pertains to the education, the health, etc., of these wards of the State.

This Act was introduced in April, 1917, by the Hon. C. R. Mitchell. He explained that the necessity for such a bill arose from the fact that in many cases where parents had died, leaving their estates to be administered by strangers, the assets of such estates had been dissipated through fraud, improvidence or lack of business judgment, with the result that there was nothing left for the children who should have been provided for during their minority and receive a substantial amount on becoming of age. Many instances of this kind were cited and it was stated that especially amongst the foreign population, estates in many cases were never administered, the assets being taken in charge by some surviving relatives and the children formed out to look after themselves as best they could.

The Act provided for the establishment of the office of Official Guardian, to be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, such Official Guardian to be a barrister or solicitor of not less than five years standing. He was given power to act as guardian of infants; to act



MR. A. G. BROWNING  
Deputy Attorney-General of Alberta  
(Official Guardian).

as guardian of any infant made a ward of the court and generally do such other acts as an official guardian might be authorized to do by the rules of the court, by order of a judge or by order of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. He was empowered also to act as custodian of the property of missing persons, also persons who were serving a term of imprisonment for a period of three years or more.

The Act was amended at a later session to provide that in every case where application was made for probate of will, or Letters of Administration, in which any infant was interested,

particulars of such application, should be sent to the Official Guardian, so that he may, if the interests of the estate demand it, be represented on such application. All papers in connection with such applications are personally perused by the Official Guardian, and wherever the interests of the infants affected, appear to warrant his investigation, the provisions of the Act are taken advantage of. The additional cost to the estate is very slight, and the Judges generally have expressed the opinion that the operation of the Act has in many instances resulted in great benefit to all concerned.

After passing the Act, the Deputy Attorney-General, Mr. A. G. Browning, was appointed Official Guardian. While there is no direct connection between the office of Official Guardian and that of the department of the Attorney-General, the work of the office is being carried on under the general instructions of the Attorney-General without any additional staff, entirely within the department and without any additional cost to the province.

Generally speaking, the operations of the Act have exceeded all expectations and were found to be very beneficial both in the way of assisting the executors and administrators in their work of managing estates and also protecting infants.

THERE were at the end of June one hundred and twenty-six children of whose estates the Official Guardian was in charge. In many cases these are in the care of their mothers; in some cases they are placed in church schools; one is being trained as a nurse; seventy are in private homes in the Province; others with relatives, and in all cases these are from time to time visited by the inspectors of the Neglected Children's Department, whose advice and co-operation has been very much appreciated and been of great help.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)

## COOKERY COLUMN

### Cocoa Float

2 cups milk  
2 eggs salt  
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa  
2 tablespoons cornstarch  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

**Method:**—Scald milk, mix cornstarch, cocoa, salt and cinnamon. Add scalded milk slowly. Cook in a double boiler 20 minutes or until thick and there is no taste of raw starch, stirring constantly. Add egg yolks beaten slightly, and cook till egg thickens; flavor; cool. Beat egg whites until stiff and firm, add 4 table-spoonfuls of icing sugar gradually, beating all the time; flavor. Turn cocoa mixture into a glass, and drop by table-spoons the egg white mixture on top.

G112



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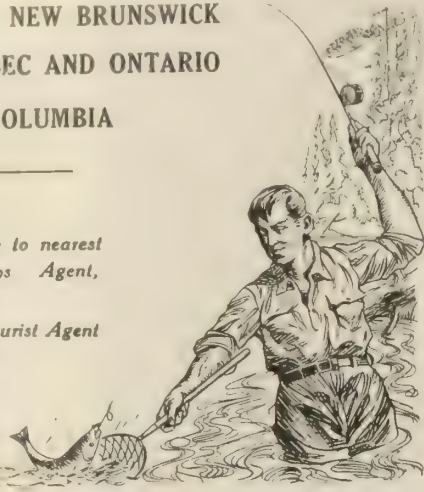
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## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

**East Leicester**—"Making over Garments" and combining material and colors, were two timely subjects at the January meeting. Roll Call—How to make our Institutes a success—and Community singing, added to the meeting.

**Falmouth**—School Sanitation is a subject of study. The Children's Aid Society have also awakened the interest of the Institute.

**Great Village** is enjoying Community singing.

**Habitant** plans for starting a small circulating library have been made.

**Indian Point** is interested in their school. The members find the Rural Science Bulletin interesting and helpful.

**Lawrencetown** remembers those who are shut in by sending them pots of primroses. They are also interested in School Improvement.

**Lunenburg**—Public Health and Child Welfare are subjects of interest. This Institute has a charitable committee which does excellent work.

**Mahone**—Public Health and Boy Scout work are subjects of greatest interest to this Institute at present.

**Martock and Windsor Forks**—Always interested in their schools, have recently sent a contribution to the European Famine Fund.

**New Germany** has profited by a most valuable talk on First Aid given by a local doctor.

**Oxford** is interested in Canadian authors. A committee has been appointed to visit sick members.

**Port Maitland**—Community work and school improvements are their activities.

**Port Williams** is interested in current events. A contribution has been made to the European Famine Fund.

**West Gore**—Public Health is a subject of interest. "Health Habits" was an interesting topic at a recent meeting.

**Williamston** has a sewing club to sew for needy in the neighborhood.

**West Brook and Halfway River**—Music was an attractive subject at their January meeting. The life and work of different musicians was discussed. They are also interested in co-operating with the public health nurse in their county.

### A THRIVING INSTITUTE.

**WOODSTOCK**, New Brunswick, has an Institute which is doing excellent work. The president is Mrs. Charles Comben. Recently this Institute sent an order of over thirty dollars to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the order including brooms and aprons. The members are planning to furnish a room in the Nurses' Home and money raised at social evenings will be used for that purpose. The March entertainment was a lecture on a very interesting subject by Judge Carleton, not only to Institute members but the public in general.

### WOMEN'S INSTITUTES AND RURAL EDUCATION.

THE laws of Quebec are such that women are not given a very active part in the making of laws pertaining to our schools, says Mrs. Armitage. Nevertheless, rural education, better schools and "back to the land" policy are outstanding lines of activity with the Women's Institutes of the province. The attitude of this organization is not that of destructive criticism, but to see where the Women's Institutes can lend their energies and co-operate to the end that every child in Canada shall have a fair chance to

secure an education under conditions which make for the best mental, normal and physical development.

Provision should be made for education along practical lines such as agriculture, domestic science, manual training, etc., and every school board should be induced to take advantage of government aid in this respect. The school curriculum should be adapted to the needs of boys and girls who wish to apply their knowledge to the ordinary activities of the home, the farm, the shop and the business world.

The following article is taken from the "Journal of Agriculture," England, and shows that Women's Institutes in the Motherland (of which Her Majesty Queen Mary is a member) are working along similar lines:

"The improvement of the social and intellectual life of the village is essential for the maintenance of a vigorous rural population. Unless country life provides more avenues than are open at present for the employment of leisure-time, it is certain that the drift to the towns, which was so noticeable in the past, will continue. In order to prevent this exodus to the towns the great need of the village is the improvement of the social life of the countryside. The rural problem is essentially a problem of re-creating the rural community, of developing new social traditions and a new culture. What is needed is to establish in the village a living nucleus of communal activity which will serve as a centre for the satisfaction of the social and intellectual needs of the people. Such a nucleus is the village Institute. The Institute should be the headquarters of organized local activities; pig clubs and bee clubs, and agricultural and horticultural societies of one sort and another, adult schools, and classes arranged by voluntary organizations, Women's Institutes, schools for mothers, chess clubs, and so forth, should be encouraged to use the Institutes; and one or more rooms, as may be necessary, should be provided for the purposes of their meetings. The Institute should contain a hall large enough for dances, cinema shows, concerts, plays, public lectures and exhibitions. At the Institute there should be a public library and local museum. If arrangements can be made for games and sports, so much the better. The Institute, in a word, should be a centre of educational, social and recreational activity."

### NATIONAL NOTES.

Applications for the Federal pin may be made at any time to Miss Eliza Campbell, the national treasurer R.F.D. No. 6, Fredericton, N.B. Every member of the Women's Institutes in Canada is entitled to wear this pin. Each demonstrator or lecturer who goes out should carry a supply with her. The badges are a reproduction of the coat of arms of Canada. They have been greatly admired and experts have pronounced them the most beautiful and characteristic of their kind in Canada.

Miss Della Saunders, who has been superintendent in Prince Edward Island, has taken the place of Miss May Chute, the superintendent in Quebec, who has retired from that office. Miss Saunders began her work in Quebec, January 1st.

The Women's Institutes are helping very materially in Alberta, in the work of putting on short courses for the wives of the soldier settlers. These have been arranged to last ten days in the centres of Red Deer, Lethbridge, Peace River, Grande Prairie, Calgary and Edmonton. In Edmonton

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)





## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

and Peace River the W. I. has taken full responsibility of providing billets for 250 in the first place and fifty in the latter. In Red Deer and Calgary, the W. I. is working through central committees. Short courses in cooking and canning are being provided from the central office.

A letter has come from Miss Ruth Beale, of the Australian Department of Hy. W. Peabody and Co., New York, enquiring about Women's Institutes. She states that she is very much interested in the condition of farmers' wives in Australia, and has been turning over in her mind a means whereby the betterment of these conditions could be accomplished. Miss Beale is crossing Canada and will gather information on her way through.

It was decided to have a handicrafts exhibition at the coming National biennial convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, which will be held in Edmonton, at the University of Alberta, on June 20th to 28th, followed by that of the Alberta Women's Institutes and Girls' Clubs, which will be held from June 27th to July 2nd.

The report of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, for 1919, has just been published and it is a very creditable book for it is not only handsomely bound but contains some one hundred and forty-one pages of valuable reading matter on the work of the Ontario Women's and Girls' Institutes. During that year there were three Ontario conventions, Eastern, Western and central, while in 1921, in all probability, there will be six, which shows how splendidly the Ontario W. I. has grown. Reports of addresses by national W. I. workers, such as Mrs. William Todd, Orillia, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, the national president, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., Miss Ethel Chapman, Miss Emily Guest and Mr. George Putnam have been reproduced verbatim and are well worth keeping.

Members of the Federated Women's Institutes, the Dominion over, will be proud and pleased to know that the books of their national president, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, "Janey Canuck," are in such demand that "Open Trails," and "Janey Canuck in the West" are being brought out in the Wayfarers' Library in editions of 30,000. Mrs. Murphy has the distinction of being the only Canadian author, whose books are placed in this library which contains only books of recognized literary merit.

The F.W.I. Board of Directors endorsed the Dominion Chautauqua, believing it to be an educative and forward movement worthy of every support.

Mrs. William Todd, Orillia, President of the Ontario Women's Institutes, and Vice President of the National Federation, has been appointed to represent the rural women of Canada on the Advisory Committee of the Dominion Council of Health.

The Alberta Women's Institute stood solidly behind the Prohibition Referendum in that province, when the question at issue was the inter-provincial shipment of intoxicating liquors. They provided speakers, canvassed for votes and the registering of voters and helped furnish local committees with funds.

Prince Edward Island Women's Institutes were welcomed into the Dominion Federation at the Board of Directors' meeting, held in Montreal recently. Mrs. Della Saunders, the Superintendent, and Mrs. John McGuigan of Hope River, being the representatives of that province.

Mrs. Alfred Watt has compiled a manual on "Practices and Principles of the Women's Institute," which has been approved by the National Federation.

Short courses in Household Science have been held in the French speaking districts of New Brunswick, these courses consisting of daily classes in cookery, sewing and nursing. All classes were well attended and a keen interest shown in the work. Following the short courses, the Department of Agriculture sent out a nurse who is visiting the individual Institutes of the Western half of the Province, doing follow-up work in Child Welfare. A Household Science demonstrator is visiting also the individual Institutes of the Eastern half of the Province, teaching food values, proper methods of cooking and preservation of vegetables.

Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., who was instrumental in introducing Women's Institutes in England, with such success that they now number over sixteen hundred, has been appointed Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Women's Institutes of British Columbia.

At the first biennial convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, held in Toronto last year, an alliance was culminated with the Women's Institutes of Great Britain. Word has been received from the Bristol National Federation, that they look favorably on an International Federation.

Institute members all are proud of their motto "For Home and Country." This originated in the mind of the National Convenor of Agriculture, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, of Huntingdon, Quebec.

Miss Emily Guest, National Corresponding Secretary, resigned her position and will take the Convenorship of the Committee on National Events. The new secretary, whose appointment was left in the hands of a committee, will be chosen from Edmonton, Alta., where the president resides.

Quebec Women's Institutes, although chiefly rural women, and summer being the busy season, report that their work has been kept up well. Miss Chute, superintendent of Women's Institutes from Macdonald College, spent several days in Stanstead County the latter part of August, where she organized new Institutes at Ayer's Cliff and Hatley and visited the branches already operating in that county. Miss Chute has the sympathetic touch which endears her to all with whom she comes in contact. Her helpful addresses and personal intercourse are sure to stimulate those working "for Home and Country."

### HELPING GIRL GUIDES.

FROM Mrs. H. G. Whitman, captain, comes this account of how the Emerson Women's Institute (Manitoba), helped in the Girl Guide Movement.

The Girl Guides of Emerson, Manitoba, organized into a company of about thirty, under the leadership of a captain and lieutenant, responsible to the Women's Institutes for the company.

Girl Guide training includes Homecraft, Physical Development, Woodcraft, and Discipline. To instruct in all these branches, which meant learning them also, seemed too difficult for two people possessing only the training of Public School teachers and handicapped by school work in one instance and housework in the other. We desired, therefore, to enlist the services of the Women's Institute

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)

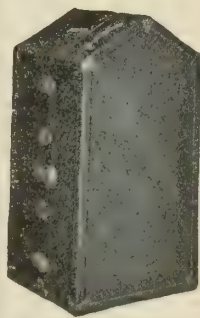
## ROYAL YEAST CAKES

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## Beautiful Actress Attributes Her Wonderful Success to Her Famous Complexion

Tells How You Also May Have One



New York—When Miss Dorothy Dalton, the beautiful actress who was selected for the leading role in that mammoth New York production, "Aphrodite," was questioned as to the secret of her phenomenal success, she unhesitatingly said, "My complexion." When asked further details she explained: "Every one of my friends always raved about the texture and coloring of my skin, and I have no doubt but that my first engagement was made possible through the reputation I had acquired for a beautiful complexion. Managers are like ordinary mortals, they admire a beautiful skin as much as anyone, and in selecting their casts they naturally prefer those whose complexions are attractive. I think the best asset any girl or woman can have is a beautiful skin and complexion. It is easy to have this if one will spend only a little time in taking care of the skin. A girl may have irregular features, but if she possesses a beautiful complexion she will attract attention anywhere. I am always glad to tell any girl or woman just how she may possess a skin like mine. Here is the recipe: Night and morning cleanse the skin first with warm water, then apply a good cold cream (Liska cold cream I have found to be the best) after massaging it into the skin take off the superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Then before going out during the day or evening I apply Derwillo, a simple toilet preparation which can be purchased at the toilet

counter of any up-to-date drug or department store. I find it excellent for my complexion as it protects my skin in all kinds of weather. That's why I prefer it to all other toilet preparations and am never without it. Now that short sleeves are in vogue you will want beautiful hands and arms. There is nothing like Derwillo for this purpose. Many of my professional friends to whom I have recommended Derwillo use it in preference to all other face powders or beautifiers." Just try it once before going to the theatre, dances, parties or an afternoon call and note the favorable comments of your friends. It takes the place of face powder and stays on until you wash it off. Perspiration does not affect it nor will it rub off on clothing; it also prevents the nose and face from shining. It's wonderful for a dark, sallow, rough skin, blackheads, coarse pores, oily skin, freckles, tan and for the instant beauty it imparts. Over 500,000 girls and women are using it. It's absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. Just try it once and you will need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing "just as good," "better," or "just like it." Insist on Derwillo, then you will not be disappointed.

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Tambllyn Drug Stores, Toronto, will fill orders by mail.

## The Family Physician

Come to the consulting room and read what the Family Physician has to say about Health and the Home. The best of advice from one of Canada's most eminent women physicians is at our readers' service.



## The Official Guardian Act of Alberta

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

The Official Guardian had on hand on May 31st last, the sum of over \$111,000.00, over \$300,000.00 having passed through his hands from the time the Act came into force. Of this \$111,000.00, the greater part is invested in Provincial Savings Certificates, \$13,000.00 is in the new Provincial Gold Bond

dition is acting as trustee in one hundred and fifty estates. In all, the files of the Department number twenty-five hundred and the monthly payments on account of infant beneficiaries average over \$600.00.

In addition to the cash on hand for investment, the Official Guardian has



### ASSETS OF ALBERTA

Bella, Jessie, Jamie and George have been kept together through the good offices of the "Act."

Loan; \$13,000.00 in hospital debentures; a further amount in Victory Loan Bonds and another amount in school debentures, the accounts being audited at least monthly by the Provincial Auditor.

As yet the interest available for the amount on hand is not sufficient for payment of maintenance and other charges, consequently the greater part is invested in Provincial Savings Certificates, which can be realized on without delay.

The Official Guardian is acting as administrator (including soldiers' estates) in over two hundred estates and in ad-

under his control, for infants or adult beneficiaries, real estate of the approximate value of \$150,000.00, and so far as possible, where the assets are of sufficient value to warrant, payments necessary to conserve the estate by way of taxes or otherwise are paid out of the general funds, until such time as sale can be effected.

### Administering Soldiers' Estates.

NO province in Canada has provided for the administering of soldiers' estates in the way Alberta has done through the Official Guardian Act. Over one hundred estates of soldiers, who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61.)





## The Official Guardian Act of Alberta

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60.)

have died leaving infant children, or who have been unmarried men leaving beneficiaries in Canada or in the Old Country have been administered by the Official Guardian. In the cases of estates of soldiers of a value under \$5,000.00, not only have all the fees of the Surrogate Court office been remitted but the work of preparation of application done by the Alberta Returned Soldiers' Commission has been done without charge, the result being that the beneficiaries of the deceased soldier have received the full amount of the estate without any deduction whatsoever.

The office of the Official Guardian has also been taken advantage of by the Military Pension Board at Ottawa, and by the U. S. Pension authorities and pension to which children are entitled are paid direct to the Official Guardian and by him invested for the infants concerned.

A number of infants, the children of soldiers, are at present maintained at school or in suitable homes, and the pensions to which they are entitled paid out for their benefit, without any deduction.

In the case particularly of one soldier, who died leaving a widow who only survived him a few months, the Official Guardian was able to arrange so that the eldest daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, was enabled to keep the family together in a small home and the results have been most satisfactory.

In another estate, in which a deceased soldier made a will, leaving all his property to his mother and brother, without in any way providing for his child, his idea having, doubtless been that the mother and brother would take care of the child after his death, it was found that the child's interests were not likely to be provided for and the Official Guardian was able to co-operate with the Great War Veterans' Association in compelling the mother and brother to enter into an agreement, by which the boy would be assigned a third interest in the estate.

In the case of another estate, where a transfer purporting to be executed by deceased had been registered to the prejudice of the infants as a result of the investigation of the Official Guardian, it was found that such transfer was a forgery, and without cost to the estate, property was restored to its original state, and will be disposed of under the direction of the department.

In other cases, especially of soldiers' estates, where there was an amount due the Dominion Government on pre-emption land, the amount required has been advanced and the land secured to the estate.

Many beneficiaries in England, especially mothers of deceased soldiers, have expressed their gratification, particularly to the Returned Soldiers' Commission for the prompt accomplishment of the work of the estates branch of the Alberta Returned Soldiers' Commission, which has done all the preliminary work in connection with the winding up of estates as well as of the application for administration; and also to the department of the Official Guardian for the prompt manner in which the estates have been wound up and the proceeds remitted.

### Benefits of the Act.

THERE have been many benefits derived from this Act. Children of soldiers who have been killed overseas

have been helped. Children of parents who have died and who have left no one to care for them, have been looked after and their estates have been managed with as little expense as possible.

The judges of the different courts have shown their appreciation of the establishment of this office and have made frequent use of it by directing that notices of proceedings before them, in which infants were affected should be served upon the Official Guardian; also that monies to which infants were entitled, be paid to the Official Guardian and dispensed by him for the benefit of the infants, as to his discretion might seem proper.

The members of the legal profession have not resented the fact that they have to some extent been deprived of fees but have shown an active interest in the work of the department and assisted greatly by advice and helpful suggestions.

In some cases administrators who did not feel competent to manage the affairs of the estate in which they were acting, have applied to the Official Guardian for advice and frequently transferred to him with the consent of the Court the monies in their hands, in order that same might be invested by him.

While the Official Guardian has no power to interfere, except on application to the Court, where the executors have been appointed by will, executors of estates in which infants are interested have in some cases applied to the Official Guardian for advice, either as to investment of funds at their disposal or otherwise, as to the management of the estate and where the will has been of a doubtful meaning and it has become necessary to apply to the court for its construction, the judges have caused the Official Guardian to be notified so that he might have an opportunity to be heard.

In several cases, where infants have attained nearly the age of twenty-one years, they have been awarded money by the courts, or under agreement by which their claims were fixed, and the amount so fixed has been paid to the Official Guardian. In one case in particular a young girl, seventeen years of age was in this way able to obtain a business education and enabled to maintain herself.

In Southern Alberta a man, who was a sheep rancher on a large scale, died and was followed soon afterwards by his wife. The estate was taken charge of by the Official Guardian, and the sheep and wool sold to advantage, showing a balance of about \$25,000.00. Had the man been living to-day, owing to the mortality amongst his sheep during the last year, the drop in the price of wool, etc., he would have probably found himself in debt whereas his children are now being well cared for. This result is largely accidental—except that the Official Guardian gave the best advice possible.

In the case of one estate the Official Guardian is acting for five infants, the father and mother being alive, but unable to provide for the education of the children, two of whom are attending the University and one in the higher grades of the public school. The estate consists of some valuable farm property, unimproved, that cannot be sold conveniently at the present time. The Official Guardian makes a monthly advance out of his funds to the mother and father sufficient to allow the children to continue their education.



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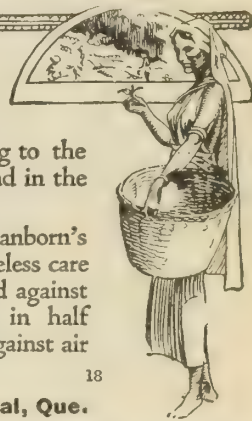
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Most Canadians are familiar with the writings of that brilliant Irishman, known as G. A. Birmingham, who is a clergyman in private life and is really Canon Hannay of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a writer on such serious matters as "The Wisdom of the Desert". As a novelist, he is one of the most sprightly and entertaining writers of fiction, and thousands of readers have laughed at his "Spanish Gold" and "General John Regan,"—not to mention "The Lost Tribes". The next serial in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will be "Sybil's Adventure", a story of endless and amusing complications when a young visitor to Ireland attempts to interfere with the Household of the Kerrigans.

## Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.)

members, selecting each lady to do the work which experience had proven she could do best. As a result, ladies came to the Women's Institute rooms and demonstrated their best and simplest cookery. Others with musical ability, taught physical games, and our girls delighted more than one audience with their folk-dancing. Another member, a trained nurse, taught the girls first aid work, and surely no one witnessing our April Display, ever saw more expert bandaging done, and surely never by children only eleven years old.

The outdoor part of the training fell into the capable hands of a Y.W.C.A. worker, spending this year at her home near here. And now I write the best part of my report for we have persuaded Miss McKay to take over our Girl Guide work. As she has varied her C.G.T. work with Social Settlement work in Minneapolis, and possesses a charming personality, our success for 1921 is assured. Miss McKay has chosen four young ladies to work with her, each with especial talent for at least one branch of the work.

Although the Girl Guides must not accept charity, they are not at all averse to the many conveniences and encouraging advantages made possible through their connection with the Emerson Women's Institute.

### FROM SOUTH GRENVILLE.

THE South Grenville District has only four branches at present, but some good work has been done in the past year.

Maynard, the oldest branch, has 57 members, also a junior branch that meets with them and is a great help in preparing the programmes. They have used the printed programmes for two years and find them a great help.

They have accomplished a good work in improving their cemetery and keeping it cared for. Their greatest achievement this year has been the erecting of a beautiful monument to the memory of the twenty-one brave boys who left that neighborhood and made the supreme sacrifice in the late war. On the day it was unveiled the members were able to say it was all paid for and \$100.00 of a balance in hand to beautify the plot. This meant raising \$1,630 in less than five months.

They are now looking forward and planning for a Community Hall, which is badly needed along with their home work. They remembered the Sick Children's Hospital with a substantial donation. This shows what a great work can be accomplished when all work together.

Algonquin comes next in activity for the year. Their receipts for the year were \$191.78, which was expended in helping the returned soldiers and various other expenses. They held a short course in Domestic Science and Home Nursing, which was very successful. Their great objective was placing a rest room in Brockville, which has been very successfully accomplished. Four rooms have been furnished, consisting of two sitting rooms, a kitchenette and lavatory. These are very nicely located and are heated and lighted. They have a matron in charge. They are financed by selling tickets to the different families who use them, and as a number of travellers are sent there by the railways, a small charge is made for the use of the rooms. The Algonquin Branch may well be proud of their year's work.

South Augusta has only been organized since March, but has thirty-

four members and made the substantial donation of fifty dollars towards the rest room in Brockville. They are planning to improve their cemetery next year.

Spencerville has not been very active in the past year, but the members are planning to take up some work next winter. They donated \$75.00 to the Armenian and other relief work, also kept up their usual home relief work and sent boxes of cooking and candy to the returned soldiers in hospital at Christmas.

Although our branches are few in number, there has been some good work done.

Manotick is a very active, energetic branch of 38 members covering six school sections. A committee was appointed in each school section to visit the home school and see in what way it could be improved and made more homelike for the children. One enthusiastic group held a social, clearing \$63.40. A meeting was then called of committees, trustees and teachers. The teacher made the needs of the school known, the trustees added \$100.00 to the amount raised by the women and ten new seats, a teacher's desk, a drinking fountain and a set of books were added to the school equipment.

Kars is one of our most flourishing branches. Officers are very energetic and show much initiative. The hot school lunch is being installed, and it is expected to have it in working order by the first of next month.

Leitrim, a new branch, might still be expected to be in the recipe stage but is reaching out after community interests and showing signs of vigorous growth. A library has been started; papers have been given and discussions held as to ways of improving the school, which will no doubt result in steps being taken in this direction.

Stittsville, another of our oldest branches and very progressive, put drinking fountains in four schools, where there had previously been only uncovered water pails.

### VARIOUS REPORTS.

Carp, a very live branch, formed a Choral Club of 60 members, purchased a piano, and engaged a musical director from Ottawa to train them. The result was of great educational value, and from a social standpoint proved a boon to the young people of the community.

North Gower, our oldest branch, is increasing in interest and vigor with advancing years. A large amount of money was raised during the year, and the activities of the Institute are being extended. Interest in the Public Library has been on the wane in this village, and it was becoming difficult to finance it. The Institute considered it a very worthy cause and last year donated \$105.00.

Bowesville is an enthusiastic little branch of 23 members, whose efforts are directed chiefly towards assisting the school. Eighteen prizes were given in a school garden competition.

Antrim holds the banner for number of meetings held and papers given during the year, the total being 14 meetings and 14 papers and addresses. Considerable originality is shown in the preparation of the programme.

In Glen Ogilvie, one of our youngest branches, books have been donated to the school library, and efforts are being made to have the girls take part in the work of the Institute.

Galeta is a progressive branch:—a concrete walk has been put in in the village and an electric light installed.





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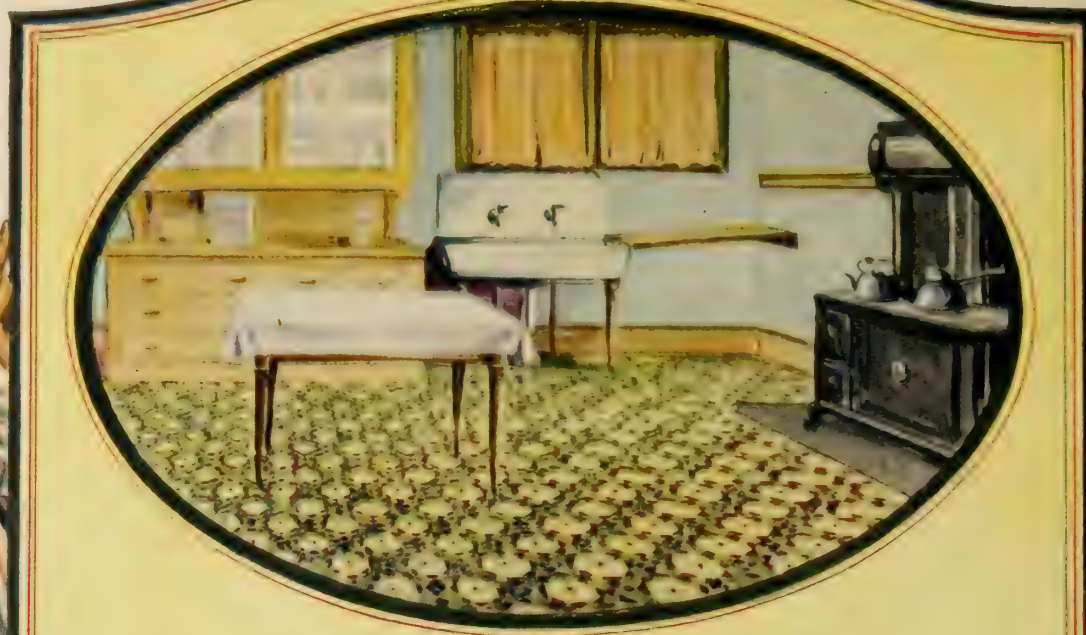
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## The Bad Penny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

at Chong, and his supporters, and with fear that Ruffles' fate was now sealed.

It was Aunt Mary who spoke first. "Tom," she said impressively, "Ruffles must go. He is a rough, cowardly dog."

Unmanly tears sprang to Tom's eyes.

"He's not a coward, Aunt Mary," burst from him, resentfully. "He's—he's much better behaved than Chong."

Here everybody began to talk at once.

Eleanor said, "If Ruffles has really hurt him, I can never forgive him, Tom. George will be as upset as I am."

Judy, of course, had a great deal to say, and Aunt Mary expressed herself more fully. Father said little, and Tom somehow had a suspicion that he could look for a little sympathy in that quarter.

THE atmosphere was strained all evening. Chong, who was shaken, but unhurt, remained curled up in Eleanor's lap while she entertained George in some distant corner. Immediately after dinner Ruffles padded disconsolately up to Tom's room, and lay down with a sigh outside the door to wait for Tom to come up to bed. Tom joined him before long, and Ruffles went in with him and lay in his accustomed place on the rug beside the bed. Here, he received forgiveness from his master, and a great many things were uttered into his tousled ear, which if he could have understood them all, would have been unwise encouragement for future behaviour. At last, Tom turned off the light, and climbed into bed. He left the door ajar, for it was Spring again, almost summer, and the night was somewhat oppressive—the forerunner of hot summer nights. The light from the hall shone in obliquely upon the grey-brown form of Ruffles, lost in troubled sleep, close to him whom he loved best.

In the morning the family assembled at breakfast to find Tom glum and unhappy looking.

"Whatever is the matter?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"Ruffles has gone," mumbled Tom, miserably. "And it's all Chong's fault."

"That will do, Thomas," said Aunt Mary, reprovingly. "He will probably return before luncheon, and you will have had your sulks for nothing."

"But," Tom put in, "you said he was to go."

Just then Aunt Mary caught her brother's eye across the table.

"Well, well," said she, "I may have spoken a little hastily. But, of course, for Eleanor's sake, if it happens again he will have to go."

"I should think so," Judy said, staring accusingly at her brother.

"Aw, Judy, this isn't your fight," he exclaimed, exasperated. "Anyway, he's gone, and I don't suppose he'll ever be here to do it again, so you needn't worry, Eleanor."

He paid no attention to Chong, who was trying to attract his attention, with his feet on the edge of the chair, and Eleanor said soothingly,

"Never mind, Tommie, I'm truly sorry Ruffles has gone, but you'll see—he'll turn up again like a bad penny."

"He isn't a bad penny," snapped Tom, ungraciously. And the remark was so absurd that everybody laughed.

After breakfast, Tom walked part of the way to school with his father, and the sympathy Tom had already suspected was forthcoming.

"Tell you what," said the grown-up boy, "I'll help you hunt around for Ruffles. He can't be far away. And when we've found him we won't say anything to Aunt Mary, but you can take him back to that farmer out in Chester County, where I got him, and ask him to keep him for you till times are better at home."

The plan appealed to Tom, but the first question was to find Ruffles. Day followed day for a week, and Ruffles had not come home, neither had he been seen around town by any of The Family. As Tom's depression increased, the spirits of Chong rose since his ferocious enemy had been removed.

"I wonder," said Aunt Mary, one day, "why Ruffles went off so suddenly."

Tom looked at her hopelessly.

"Why, of course, because he heard you say you were going to send him."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Aunt Mary, with emphasis.

But it was not nonsense, for Ruffles knew better than to trust his own honor any longer where that little Chinese dog was concerned. So he had removed himself from temptation for the sake of his young master.

One evening Tom looked cheerful for the first time in many days. After dinner he immediately sought an interview with his father, at a distance from Aunt Mary.

"I've found him, father," he began joyfully. "A little girl a few blocks from here who knows him, put me on his track, and I found him this afternoon."

"Good," said the grown-up boy, rubbing his hands together in satisfaction. "Where is he now?"

Tom lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"Don't tell," he begged. "Downstairs in the coal-bin."

His father laughed aloud. This was the signal for Aunt Mary to appear.

"Well," she said, "You two appear to be very merry. I'm glad if you have cheered up Tom."

Her brother patted her arm, and said,

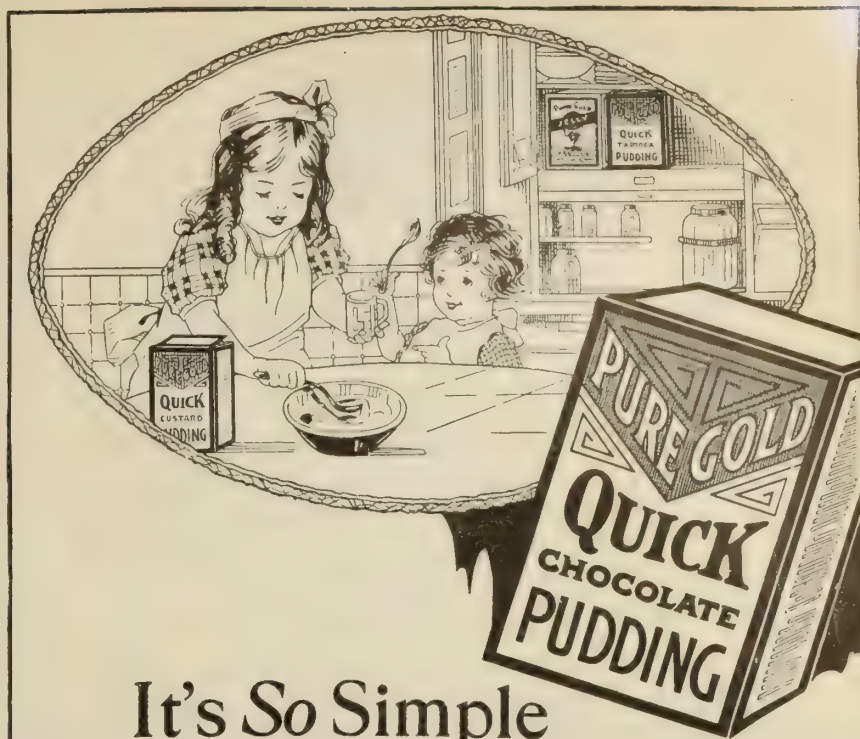
"Go and make yourself comfortable for the evening, Mary, I am taking Tom out in the car on a little business, and it may take me some time to arrange it."

Aunt Mary wanted to wait and see them off, but they assured her vehemently that she was much too tired after her busy day to stand around like that, so she sat down with a book, and did not know that the car, when it left, contained a third passenger—a happy, four-footed one, with his shaggy coat harsh with coal-dust added to the dirt collected in a week's wandering. And when, having gone up early to bed, she heard the car return, she did not guess that it had travelled a number of miles, out into the country, and back again, with the third passenger left behind.

Very soon after the summer holidays began, and with them, a rising complaint from Aunt Mary.

"You must speak to Tom," she said to his father. "I counted on his being able to be useful in his summer vacation, gardening and so on. Instead of which, he's off on hikes all the time, as if every day were Saturday. He doesn't go with any other boys, and he hasn't even the excuse of that dog to take him, now."

Tom was spoken to quietly, when none of the womenfolk were around, and the suggestion was made that he should, in order to avoid suspicion, and also to be of some use at home, limit his all day visits to Ruffles on his



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69.)





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THERE is a restlessness which belongs to the spring-time that is as disturbing as it is exhilarating. Then it is that the woods and the hills begin to call to us and man turns his thoughts towards fishing and camping—while woman finds a strenuous joy in house-cleaning and having the living-room redecorated. The small boy finds school a daily burden and his sister suddenly develops an interest in "where we are going for the summer." There are all kinds of small adventures in these days for those who cannot think of a continent-wide journey and who have no prospect of sailing the Seven Seas.

It is rather curious to find that there is no word in the English language for the woman who has a gypsyish love for adventure and who enjoys the life of out-of-doors. True, there is the word, "adventuress," but that is not the feminine for "adventurer" and has a sordid significance which makes it of unpleasant association.

"There are no women who really enjoy the life of wandering and adventure," said a man in arrogant fashion. The speaker's opinion was not without weight for he is essentially of the wanderer tribe and is seldom in his old Canadian home for more than a month of the year.

"I don't agree with you," said his Cousin Mary. "There are women who have a real longing, every once in a while, to 'go-go-go' away from here."

"Oh, you know that Kipling poem?" said the Wanderer with an irritating air of condescension.

"I know Kipling very much better than you do," said Cousin Mary with a certain acidity. "The truth is, Frank, that you know very little about women. You think you do, because silly little debutantes in fluffy ruffles—scanty ones at that—say 'how fascinating,' when they hear that you have spent years in Japan and India—not to mention Egypt. Of course those girls would be horrified by real hardships and would take no sincere interest in other countries and their people. But even debutantes grow up and develop into responsible women."

"And it's no business of a responsible woman to travel about. She should stay home and look after the meals and the health of the kiddies. I tell you that the woman who really enjoys hunting big game or camping out, except in a very amateurish way, is not to be found."

"In all your adventurous life," asked Cousin Mary, "have you not met with one woman who enjoyed travel out of the beaten path—adventure for its own sake—and who was quite willing to put up with roughing it?"

"Well—perhaps there was one—she was English by birth and had been all over the world and seemed to enjoy every mile of the journey. She and her husband were living in British Columbia, which they thought the best corner of the Earth. He and I left for the war together and she ran the ranch while he was away. But I don't know how much her fondness for the life was a reflection of her husband's adventurous spirit. There isn't a woman who has the temperament of a Selous or a Roosevelt."

"How about the pioneer women on this continent?" asked Cousin Mary.

"They came as wives or would-be wives," said the Wanderer complacently. "Capturing and holding a man is really woman's Great Adventure."

"You're—you're simply idiotic," said Cousin Mary. "There's no ad-

venture in that. It's only deadly dull domesticity. You must have been reading that horrid George Bernard Shaw's 'Man and Superman.'"

"I haven't been reading—I've been observing," said the Wanderer placidly. "It's just as well for the world, of course, that woman should prefer a home with Persian rugs and the latest thing in vacuum cleaners to wandering about the world, climbing mountains, or exploring caves. What I object to is a woman who pretends to like a life of tramping and roughing it, when you know all the time that she would hate anything but the modern conveniences and bridge parties and all the rest of it."

"There is more of the pioneer spirit, even in our city-dwellers than you think," persisted the obstinate Cousin Mary. "Man has not, by any means, a monopoly of the adventurous spirit. Look at the women in the summer-time! They are swimming, running launches and helping to put up the tent or take the canoe over the portage. You know perfectly well that we enjoy that life for its own wild sake. Perhaps we don't care for shooting deer—but that is because we are naturally more humane than men are."

"But you have no objection to eating the ducks we kill or wearing the feathers of slaughtered birds," returned the Wanderer.

"Really, it sounds as if you two were quarrelling," said the voice of an elderly matron who is Aunt Alice to the Wanderer and to his would-be-wandering cousin. "What is it all about?"

"Frank says that there are no women who love adventure or travel for its own sake—that a woman's only pursuit is that of a husband."

"All men say that," was the unruffled reply of Aunt Alice. "Personally, I don't care for adventure. I like to read about it; but, as for life itself, I should prefer it to be as smooth and untroubled as a mill-pond. I'd like to live in the same house all my life, know the same people and be buried in a country churchyard. Strangers disturb me very much;—and why Frank wants to go to the ends of the Earth for nothing but a few curios and some trophies, I can't understand."

"There wouldn't be any white Canadians if our forefathers hadn't decided to leave home," said Frank decidedly. "It's the rolling stone that has built the British Empire."

"Perhaps it has," admitted Aunt Alice; "but rolling stones are uncomfortable things. I like a quiet life and a settled one."

"That's the proper sentiment for a woman," said her nephew approvingly. "Woman is a domestic animal and should remain near the fireside—or the latest thing in a kitchen range."

"And who is going to provide the kitchen range, if woman is not to go outside the house, and man is to spend his time wandering in the remote places of the Earth? If woman is to lead a life of unvaried domesticity, man will have to remain in civilized centres and provide the food and the furniture."

"That is just what the poor men do, if they are caught young. I'd rather have an uncertain habitation and escape the electric light bills and all the rest."

"You are not truly patriotic, Frank," said Aunt Alice, with gentle disapproval. "It's curious how a man will fight for his country and then spend most of his time leaving it. I suppose that, like the rest of these wanderers, you'll settle down some day in a village, marry a nice girl and pay taxes forever after."





## Giving the Child a Chance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

That I was speaking the truth, outwardly calm, inwardly resentful of his implication. At the conclusion of still another test, during which he looked bewildered, he apologized for doubting my word, saying he knew now I had spoken the truth. He entered into a long, technical explanation, which I did not understand, but I gathered that mine was an unusual case. Certain muscles of the eyes had become atrophied from improper focusing. He was going to prescribe glasses to be worn constantly, and they would have to be changed frequently as they were to educate my eyes. He said, whimsically, that he was going to send my eyes to school, and that it would be impossible for me to use glasses which would give me normal sight as they would be too heavy for me to wear.

This was several years ago, and my eyes are still going to school. I suppose only the blind can understand my desire to see things by feeling them. I still want to look through the tips of my fingers!

If I had worn glasses when they were first prescribed for me I would not only have been saved much discomfort and worry, but I would not have faced life with a handicap, which is not the only one I work under, for want of proper attention when I was young.

The carrying-out of the advice given as a result of medical inspection in schools cannot be too strongly advocated. There can rarely be full spiritual, moral, and mental development unless these things are established on a sound physical basis, and there are few children, no matter what their handicaps at birth may be, who cannot be helped to sound physical health.

This neglect of children's welfare is not confined to the poor who cannot afford the things essential to the proper physical equipment of their children. It is found in all ranks of life. The poor are usually quick to take advantage of any free treatment provided.

Sometimes parents are reluctant to have a child's physical shortcomings corrected, such as the removal of adenoids or tonsils, because of the temporary suffering a child must endure. If they will analyze their feelings they will very often find that it is their own suffering, through the child's, which is the real cause of their reluctance. If doctors and nurses acted on this principle the sufferings of the world would be intensified beyond calculation.

## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

He finally gained the top of the rise; and let himself down in the grass, distant some thirty feet from them. A flash of lightning—or even the lighting of a lantern would have revealed him clearly.

"It's his life or mine," in Mabyn's blustering whine were the first words he distinctly heard.

"He could kill you to-day, and he let you go," Rina quietly returned.

"That's a lie!" blustered Mabyn. "How do you know?" he added inconsequentially.

"He tak' your knife from you. I saw it in his belt," said Rina. "And he let you go."

"He say to me he not 'urt you, if you keep away from there," Rina went on.

"Keep away!" Mabyn fumed. "This is my place! I'll go where I choose on it! He's trespassing on my land!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)

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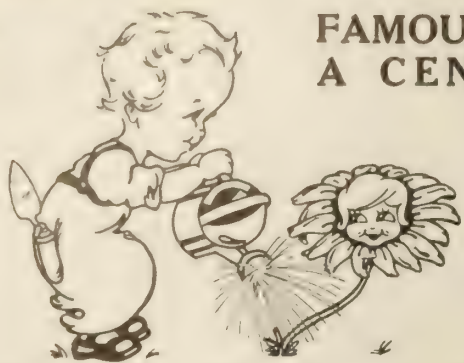
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.)

I've a right to drive him off! I've a right to kill him if he doesn't go!"

"He will hear you!" said Rina warningly.

"Let him hear me!" said the man—nevertheless he lowered his voice. "They're a quarter-mile off," he added.

"Listen!" said Rina.

Over the lake, from an immeasurable distance, came throbbing the imbecile laughter of a loon.

"Loon, him three miles off," said Rina significantly.

Thereafter, Mabyn spoke in a whisper; a wheedling note crept into his voice. "That was a good scheme of yours, going to the camp to set the girl's arm," he said. "Now we can find out all they do!"

"I not go to find out," said Rina sadly. "I go for I sorry I 'urt her. I shoot her jus' lak a breed I am!"

Mabyn paid no attention to this. "Keep your eyes open when you're in their camp every day," he urged. "See how much food they have; find out where he keeps the shells for his gun. If you could only steal the gun!"

"He carry it always on his back," said Rina. "He never put it down."

"I know, he's on his guard now," said Mabyn. "But if you act friendly all the time, he'll forget. We've got plenty of time; do nothing for a few days. I'll keep away from there, too. He'll think it's all right. Then"—Mabyn's whisper was pure venom—"sneak up behind him and knock him on the head with an axe! Choose a moment when the girl is asleep or delirious. We will throw his body in the lake. No one will ever know how it happened!"

There was a pause.

"Will you do it?" said Mabyn eagerly.

Rina remained silent.

Mabyn cursed her under his breath. "I believe this smooth-faced young whelp has cast an eye on you too," he snarled. "You're false to me!"

A low cry was forced from Rina's lips; she made a rapid move; and Garth understood that she had thrown herself at the man's feet. "'Erbe't, you know you don't speak true," she whispered painfully. "You my 'os-ban! All men I hate, but you!"

"Then do what I tell you," snarled Mabyn.

"'Erbe't!" she pleaded rapidly and urgently. "Let them go! What have they got to do with us? To-morrow I go to him. I tell him how to mak' her well. The man will give me a horse and things. An' you and I will ride to the Rice River people. They are my people. They will give me a gun. We will be so ver' happy, and not think of this man and this woman any more!"

"You can go, and be damned to you!" said Mabyn sullenly. "I stay on my own place!"

Garth understood then, that she drew very close to the man, lavish in the expression of her sad love and timid caresses, in a desperate effort to move him. He could not hear it all; but his cheeks burned to be the intruder on such an exposure of a woman's soul—a white soul, he thought, whatever the color of her skin.

Mabyn was utterly insensible to it all. In the end he became impatient, and flung her away from him with an oath. She fell to the ground with a soft thud; and for a while there was no other sound, but the dreadful, low catch of her breath, as she sought to strangle her sobs.

"'Erbe't, if you no love me I die," she breathed.

"Did me of this man, and I'll love you fast enough!" said Mabyn eagerly. His breath came thick and stertorous. "Ah! Let me once grind my heel in the smooth, sneering face of him! and you shall do what you like with me!" Rage robbed him of speech; he made mere brutish sounds in his throat.

By and by he managed to control himself; and his voice resumed its crafty, wheedling tone. "Only do what I tell you, my Rina, and you shall know what it is to be loved by a white man. I shall have no thought all day, but for you! Up to now you have done all the loving; I will repay it twice over! You shall be loved as no red woman was ever loved before!"

"'Erbe't! 'Erbe't! Don't mak' me do it!" she whispered terror-stricken.

Garth could stand no more. Springing to his feet, he strode forward, grasping the barrel of his rifle to use it for a club. Shooting was too merciful for such a creature.

"You damned scoundrel!" he cried.

Mabyn fell back against the wall with a gasping cry of fright. Quick as Garth was, Rina was quicker. Before he could reach the man, she scrambled over the ground, and clutched him by the knees.

"Let him be!" she screamed. "I kill you!"

Garth struggled vainly to free himself. Finally bending over and seizing her shoulders, he thrust her away. But the blow he again aimed at Mabyn never descended; for with incredible swiftness Rina gained her feet, and darted down hill.

"I kill her!" she shrieked.

A sickening fear gripped Garth's heart, instantly obliterating all thought of Mabyn. He dashed after Rina, nerved to a desperate fleetness. She knew the ground better than he; and hampered, moreover, by the weight of his gun, he despaired of overtaking the moccasined savage. But at the watercourse the strange creature stopped dead; and waited for him to come up.

"Go back to your white woman!" she cried stormily. "If you 'urt him, I pull her bandages off, and beat her arm till she die of pain!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

MABYN MAROONED.

WHEN Natalie awoke, it was a gray and haggard Garth she saw through the raised flaps of her tent. His arms, folded on his knees, bore up his chin; and he stared before him, still pursuing the narrow round of his troublous thoughts. He was the gainer for his excursion, by valuable information—but he was no nearer the solution of it all.

Natalie partly raised herself on her good arm. "My poor Garth!" she said softly. "How very tired you are!"

His weary eyes lighted up. "I'm all right," he cried. "And how are you?" "Splendid!" she said, matching his tone—while her face was drawn with pain. "Come in," she added softly.

He sat a little diffidently on the ground beside her; Natalie's room—though its walls were of canvas, was a sacred place to him when she was in it. "Look at me!" she commanded.

He turned his grave, smiling eyes down on her. In spite of difficulties, dangers and weariness, he had to smile when he looked at her; he loved her so! His eyes were full of it.

Natalie's eyes fell; her hand crept into his. "You may tell me to-day," she whispered.

He understood. "Oh, my Natalie!" he murmured deeply. "I love you! It breaks my heart to see you suffer!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)





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**Considering the Cur-  
tain and Such Stuff  
As It Is Made Of**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

The question of plain or figured over-draperies is a most important one to decide and should be determined mainly by the type of paper used in decorating the walls. Where a plain paper has been used, figured draperies are permissible and prevent a monotony of coloring. On the other hand, highly decorative wall-paper calls for plainness of hangings. I know of nothing more disturbing to one's peace of mind than a repetition of pattern in both draperies and wall-paper, and I have seen examples of this that left me a small opinion of the artistic sensitiveness of those who had chosen the decorations and proposed to live surrounded by them.

We have said nothing so far of one of the most excellent plain materials that the ingenuity of the modern manufacturer of textiles has provided for overhangings, and that is the material known as "sun-fast." As one may judge by its name, it will not fade in the sun but retains indefinitely its coloring. It is to be obtained in many delicate colors and shades and is of a semi-transparency that gives a most desirable glow of color to the room.

It is interesting to note the effects that are obtainable from various treatments of a window. For instance, if we wish to make the ceiling of a room appear higher the curtains should be hung from the very top of the trim and should fall the full length to the floor. On the other hand, an over-high ceiling may be largely corrected by hanging the window curtains low on the trim and the full width of it, having them fall only to the bottom of the sill. A deep valance or lambrequin will also assist the desired effect. As a matter of fact, in all informal rooms such as the living-rooms or bed-rooms, the short curtain is more attractive, whereas in drawing or dining-rooms more dignity is given by curtains which are hung the full length and just escape the floor.

Casement windows allow of several interesting treatments and may be made a delightful and picturesque feature of the room. Either double or single sash curtains may be used, and these give no trouble when the window is opened. In addition the window may be draped with side curtains and a shirred or box-pleated valance used. The side curtains, while hung on the outside of the trim, should be wide enough to come together when the shades of evening fall and the lamps are lighted and the room is aglow with light from within. The valance should be hung on a separate pole so that it may not interfere with the drawing of the side draperies.

Speaking of the valance reminds us of its importance in the scheme of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73.)

**The Bad Penny**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)

farm, to, say two days a week. Tom was unhappy, but accepted the decision as a wise one.

Late in July, he approached his father on the subject.

"I just hate it," he said, "Ruffles is happy enough out there, I suppose, because they're good to him. But he goes wild when he sees me, and they have to chain him up when I leave so he won't follow me. And they have to hang on to him most of the time so he won't go away. I'd hate them to lose him."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77.)



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**If you leave that film on teeth**

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It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways does not remove it all. So most people have suffered from some film attack, and tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Pepsin is also included. To millions of people in Europe and America it has brought a new era in teeth-cleaning.

**This ten-day test will tell**

A ten-day test is being sent to anyone who asks. Get it and see what it means to you.

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## Of Worn and Weary Women

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In boxes 25 cents and  
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.)

She caught up his hand, and pressed it to her cheek. "I am cured!" she whispered with a lift in her voice.

"There is something I want you to do for me," she said presently.

"Anything in the world!" he cried.

"No!" she said. "This is only a little thing — but you mustn't laugh!"

He immediately smiled.

"I want to feel, for a moment, that I have helped you too," she whispered. "Put your head down on my good shoulder."

He flung himself down beside her, and laid his head where she bid. Her breath was warm on his cheek. He slipped his over-heavy-burden, and glided into Paradise for awhile.

"My brave, brave Garth," she whispered in his ear. "All my heart is yours! I thought about this last night — every time I woke. I thought we might steal one such moment. I thought, what if something happened to you, or to me, and we had never known it!"

She tried to tempt him to sleep a while, but Garth, fearful of tiring her, and with his responsibilities pressing on him, drew himself away. He arose, better refreshed, he vowed, than by all the nights of sleep he had ever had in his life.

As he rose, their lips met, once and briefly.

Garth's first task after breakfast was to clear the growth of willows that obstructed their access to the lake. The little island was framed squarely in the centre of the opening made by his axe; and off to the left, across an estuary formed at the mouth of the water-course, Maby's shack stood on top of its cut-bank in plain view.

At sight of the convenient island, Garth was struck by an idea. He examined it attentively. It lay something less than a quarter of a mile off shore; and a triangle might have been drawn between his camp, the island and Maby's shack, of which the three sides would have been at about equal length. The island was about three acres in extent; and completely ringed about with willow bushes. In the centre, two or three cottonwood trees elevated their heads above the willows.

Later, he asked Natalie casually: "Could Maby swim, when you knew him, do you remember?"

"He could not," she said instantly. "In fact he had a childish horror of the water."

Garth turned his head to hide his satisfaction; and his plan began to take shape.

While the sun was yet low, Rina, true to her promise came to attend upon Natalie. There was no change in her manner; her unreadable eyes expressed no consciousness of the events of the night before. She questioned Natalie in her best professional way. It was not yet necessary to disturb the dressings on the arm; but she volunteered to do Natalie's hair; and what other offices would contribute to her comfort. Garth, convinced now that he had as sure a hold on her as she on him, unhesitatingly allowed her to enter the tent alone. But he kept within ear-shot.

He necessarily overheard part of their talk. Natalie, it seemed, had a method of her own with Rina. Obliterating the fact that she had received her injury at the breed's hands, she was unaffectedly grateful for all that was done for her; and what was more subtle — or kinder — she treated Rina as her equal, as one who understood in herself the thoughts and the instincts of a lady. Garth, with the clue he possessed to the unhappy heart of the girl, could not tell which he ought to commend the more, Natalie's mother-wit, or her generosity.

Rina apparently sought to steel her breast against the other's overtures. For the most part she maintained a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71.)



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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

hardy silence; and when she did speak, it was in sullen monosyllables.

Issuing out of the tent, she surprised Garth by asking, as one who demands a right, to take old Cy. She needed an herb for Natalie, she said, that could only be procured on the shore of a slough five miles away. Garth was prompt with his permission. There was a possibility that it was merely a pretext to deprive them of the horse; but his heart leaped at the chance of getting Rina out of the way for an hour. It was all he needed to complete his plan; and it had seemed an insuperable bar. If she turned the horse out, he would come back anyway; for Cy was the town-bred horse, always waiting anxiously about camp for his vanished stable; and Garth had further trained him to stick to the outfit, with judicious presents of salt and tobacco.

Rina, disdaining a saddle, scrambled on his back, and rode off. Garth waited, not without anxiety, to see what direction she would take. She presently reappeared, mounting the rise of the shack. Pausing briefly at the door, apparently to speak within, she continued her way up the slope behind; and, gaining the prairie, disappeared over the brow.

GARTH instantly put himself in motion. He had his compunctions in thus moving against Rina while she was absent on an errand for Natalie; but he consoled himself with the thought that Rina, with all she could do, had still a heavy score to pay off. He told Natalie what he was about to do; and at her earnest pleading carried her out of the tent, and propped her partly upright at the edge of the lake where she would be able to see him. Then, looking to his gun, he set off a second time for the shack.

From the circumstance of Rina's pausing at the door, he was well assured that Mabyn was within. He had marked that the door stood open. On his way, he paused to examine the ancient dugout lying at the mouth of the watercourse; and found it in a sufficiently seaworthy condition to answer his purpose. A paddle lay in the bottom.

Garth ascended the grassy slope swiftly and noiselessly; and making a detour around the window, presented himself suddenly at the door. Mabyn was revealed to him sprawling on his blankets in the corner, plucking at his face, and scowling at the rafters, he, too, no doubt, plotting and scheming. When the armed shadow fell across the floor of his shack, he started to his elbow; his eyes widened, his flesh blanched and a visible trembling seized his limbs.

"What do you want?" he contrived to stammer.

Strong disgust seized Garth again; so dispicable an adversary shamed his own manhood. He shifted his gun significantly.

"Get up!" he said.

Mabyn dragged himself to his hands and knees. It was some moments before he could control himself sufficiently to stand upright.

"What are you going to do with me?" he kept muttering.

Garth stepped backward. "Come outside!" he commanded.

Mabyn obeyed, making a circuit of the walls for support.

"Face about!" ordered Garth; "and walk to the mouth of the creek!"

Mabyn became even paler. His skin was like white paper on which ashes have been rubbed, leaving streaks and patches of gray. "Would you shoot me in the back?" he said shrilly. "An unarmed man! I will not turn my back!"

"Then walk backward!" said Garth, with his laconic start of laughter.

Mabyn went like a crab down the rise, with his head over his shoulder, a ludicrous and deplorable figure. He was unable to drag his eyes from the gun, consequently he stumbled and lurched over every obstacle. Once he fell flat; and a sharp scream of fright was forced from him. Garth sickened at the sight, while he laughed. He had to give him a minute in which to recover himself.

Mabyn, scarcely coherent, ceaselessly begged for mercy. "Do not kill me!" he whimpered. "I can't die! Oh, God! Not like this! I never had a chance! You kill Natalie if you kill me—the breed will fix her!—and my mother! You'll have three murders on your soul! I can't die yet!"

"Get up!" commanded Garth.

Reaching the edge of the water, he ordered him into the dugout.

Mabyn fell on his knees on the stones. "Not in the water! Not in the water!" he shrieked. "Kill me here!"

"No one is going to kill you," said Garth with scornful patience.

Mabyn darted a furtive look of hope and suspicion in Garth's face. He got up.

"What are you going to do with me?" he muttered.

"Put you on the island," said Garth coolly.

"I'll starve," he whined.

"Food will be brought you regularly, as long as you obey orders," said Garth.

Mabyn, his extreme terror subsiding, showed an inclination to temporize. "Let me get a few things," he begged. His eyes wandered to the hill over which Rina had disappeared.

Garth was anxious on the same score. He fingered the trigger of his gun. "In with you!" he said.

Mabyn jumped to obey.

Garth, sitting in the bow with his weapon in his arms, faced Mabyn; and forced him to wield the paddle. Mabyn, seeing that he did mean to put him on the island, realized there had been no occasion for his brutish terror; but instead of feeling any shame for the self-betrayal, he characteristically added it to his score against Garth.

Garth, wary of the furtive gleam in the man's eye, sprang to his feet the instant they touched the island, and leaped out, careful not to turn his back. He forced Mabyn to retire a dozen paces, while he took the place he vacated in the stern; and then he ordered him to push off.

At the prospect of being left alone, Mabyn's flesh failed him again. He clung to the bow of the canoe, and gabbled anew for mercy. Garth, wearying of it all, suddenly sent a shot over his head. His weapon, silent and smokeless, had an effect of horrible deadliness. Mabyn, with a moan of fear, pushed the canoe off, and sank back on the grass of the islet.

Exchanging his gun for the paddle, Garth hastened back to the mouth of the creek, pausing only to wave his hat reassuringly at Natalie, whom he could see reclining on her grassy couch. An essential part of his plan was yet to be effected; and he knew not how soon Rina might return. Hastily ransacking the cabin, he gathered together all their meagre rations; flour, sugar, beans, tea and pork; and he likewise commandeered everything that might be turned to use for a weapon, an axe, a chisel, and all knives. Three trips up and down the hill conveyed it to the dugout. Re-embarking, he had no sooner brought it all to his own camp than Natalie's sharp eyes discovered Rina returning on the distant hill.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)



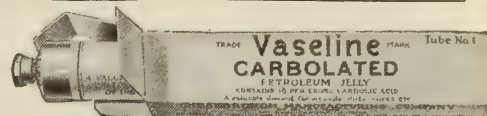
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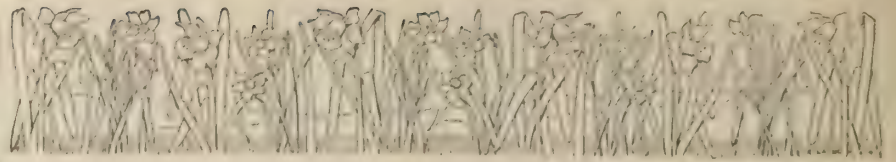
shabby and needs a new coat of paint. That night, looking through this magazine you read this ad, and discover that we publish a book called "The Happy Happening," filled with help hints on painting and varnishing. And, knowing that it's just the book you have long wanted, you tuck ten cents in stamps in an envelope, and send for it.

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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71.)

Garth carried Natalie into the tent again; and nerved himself to await the inevitable scene. Meanwhile he could see Rina alight at the door, search the cabin hastily, and dart about outside, like a distracted ant returning to find her dwelling rifled. She followed the tracks down to the water's edge, dragging the horse after her. Seeking over the water, she soon discovered the dug-out lying at Garth's camp; whereupon she clambered on the horse again. Presently she came crashing through the bush.

This was a vastly different kind of antagonist, that slipped from the horse and faced him with blazing eyes. Rina regarded the weapon in his hands with as little respect as if it had been a pop-gun. But there was nothing baffling about her now, she was just the furious woman common to any shade of skin.

"Where is he?" she cried—and without waiting for any answer, emptied the hissing ewer of her wrath over Garth's head. Her careful English was drowned in a flood of guttural Cree—she fished it up only to curse him.

Garth received the impact in silence, for at first she was in no condition to take in the answers she demanded. He suddenly realized, as a man thinks of an interesting circumstance that does not concern him at all, how beautiful she was and the thought gave him greater patience.

Rina, bethinking herself at last that her Cree was wasted on him, went back to English. "You wait!" she cried threateningly. "Bam-bye, her bone, him grow together, and she all the time cry of pain! Then you want me bad, and I not come! She will have fever and die!" She passionately threw down the leaves she had brought and ground them under her heel.

"Mabyn is unhurt!" Garth repeated patiently more than once. "I put him on the island."

At last it seemed to reach her. "What for you do that?" she demanded.

"He is always trying to kill me," he said. "I have only put him where he can do no harm!"

"I tak' him off!" she cried defiantly. "I mak' a raft! You can't stop me!"

"I have seized all the food," said Garth quietly. "You will get none for him unless he stays where he is."

Rina's anger stilled and concentrated. "You devil!" she hissed.

Garth turned away. "When you are yourself," he said coolly, "I will talk to you plainly and honestly about us all."

"I not talk with you!" she stormed. "You tell lies to me! I not come again—till some time you sleep—then I come and kill you!"

He faced her with a sudden imperiousness she could not ignore. "Then the way is made open for Mabyn to come to her!" he cried. "Where will you be then?—thrown on the ground, as you were yesterday!"

The shot told. Her arms dropped, she visibly paled. The white man's blood in Rina's cheeks betrayed her at the moments when most she desired to secrete her heart. She lowered her head to hide her stricken eyes from him. Suddenly she turned and fled through the trees.

Garth was beginning to believe that Rina after all was not so different from her white sisters; if so, he thought she would come back. Natalie, who had overheard all that passed, said so too. Garth wished to carry Natalie out of the tent, that she might help him work with the girl; but Natalie, with better wisdom, said no, that Rina would be more tractable if she were out of sight.

Meanwhile he set to work with an air of unconcern he was far from feeling

—there were a hundred ways this plan of his might miscarry, and only one way it could succeed! He tied old Cy to his stake again; and carefully gathered up what remained of the herbs Rina had cast on the ground. He unloaded the seized supplies and made a temporary cache under a piece of sail-cloth.

By and by, while he was so engaged, he became aware that Rina was hovering about among the trees. He went on with his task, carefully avoiding any notice of her. She approached by devious stages, like a child drawn against its will. When it became impossible longer to conceal herself, she came into the open with her old, wistful, sullen, inscrutable face.

"What you want say to me?" she asked at last, feigning supreme indifference.

"Sit down," he said.

She dropped obediently on the grass; and averted her head. She did not squat like the other red people but reclined, supporting herself on one hand, much as Natalie might have done.

Garth lit his pipe, considering what simple, figurative form of words would best appeal to her understanding.

"I do not wish Mabyn harm," he began mildly. "He is nothing to me. My heart knows only one wish—to make her well, and to take her back safely to her friends outside. To accomplish that, I will let nothing stop me!"

He paused to let it sink in. Rina gave no sign of having even heard.

"That is your wish, too," he continued. "You want her away from here. She and I are nothing to you. You were happy before we came!"

"Mabyn is mad because she will not have him!" Garth went on. "He is always crazy for what he cannot have."

She turned her head again with the look that said so plainly, "How did you know that?"

"When we get her away, he will soon forget. All will be as it was before!"

"Do I not speak true words?" Garth challenged.

She evaded the question. "If you go out, you send the police after him," she muttered.

He saw Mabyn's hand here. "I will not," he said quickly. "I give you my word on that!"

"There's my hand on it," said Garth, offering it.

Rina gravely laid her own in it, and let him wag it up and down. This form of binding an agreement she knew.

Still she had not committed herself to anything and Garth paused, determined to make her speak before he went on.

She favored him at last with a walled glance purely savage. "Let 'Erbe't go off the island," she said indifferently. Clearly she asked it more with the idea to see what he would say, than with any hope of his agreeing.

"I will not do that," said Garth firmly. "Night and day he would be plotting to kill me. Night and day he would be driving you on to do it for him. You would try to do it. You cannot say no to him! And if you did bring me down—" (Garth sunk his voice—"all, all would be lost!—Mabyn and you and Natalie and I!")

Her eyes sought his with a poignant glance and she paled again. He felt he had made an impression.

"I will treat him kindly," he said, seeking to follow up his advantage. "You shall go to the shack now for everything that he needs and we will take it to him."

"Can I spik with him?" asked Rina in a low tone.

Garth rejoiced—it was the first token of submission. "For five minutes by my watch," he said.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)



## Charm that has a Single Source

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## Considering the Curtain and Such Stuff As It Is Made Of

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.)

furnishing the window. Hung as it is between the two side curtains, it becomes the connecting border which completes the frame to the picture seen beyond. Without it the side draperies become simply two straight and unattractive lines of color and are monotonous where there are more windows than one. The valance may be made in several different ways. Where more luxurious materials, such as velvets, are used, the fitted or shaped valance is more correct, and this may be plain or edged with a metal galloon to add a note of richness. When a lighter material is employed the valance may be box-pleated, shirred or made with a French heading. If box-pleated, the pleats should be as wide as the intervening space. As for trimming both valance and curtain, many pretty and effective edgings of cotton, silk and gilt are to be found in the shops and these often add very materially to the character of the draperies.

So much for the town house. We come to the curtaining of the windows of the country house with just a little different point of view—a feeling that here we may relax some of the formality and give way to our natural desire for gaiety of color and boldness of design. Daring patterns, blending most amazing colors, do not seem incongruous amid the natural colors of the country, and gaily hung windows are but in harmony with the general landscape that surrounds the country home. Washable materials are most desirable, for these may be carefully laundered and as carefully folded away in readiness for use in the coming season. Freshness is the note required in curtaining the country home. White dotted muslins for the upper rooms, linens and cretonnes below—and color as it appeals to us.

Since without using color plates, it is impossible to reproduce plain materials with any degree of success, we have been obliged to confine our illustrations to materials showing design, and have chosen several which are representative of the better patterns at present in vogue. The art of ornamenting woven fabrics or textiles is of very ancient origin and is said to have been practised in China and India from time immemorial. In China, at any rate, from which country there has emanated so many priceless forms of decoration, the art was known long centuries before any kind of printing had come into existence in Europe, and therefore engraved wood-blocks had to be used for the purpose. History tells us that India was the source of Europe's knowledge of the art of block-printing and that the practice spread by land westward through Persia, Asia Minor and the Levant, and was taken up in Europe in the Seventeenth Century. At the same time France became familiar with the process and brought the knowledge back by sea from her colonies on the East Coast of India, together with samples of fabrics printed in "India" blue and various "resist" colors.

England was late in discovering the art and it was not until 1676 that a French refugee opened small textile printing works on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond. Even then, the new industry did not flourish and it was not until nearly ninety years later that a real establishment was founded by Messrs. Clayton, of Bamber Bridge, near Preston, and the foundation was thus laid for what has become one of the most important industries in the world.



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These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

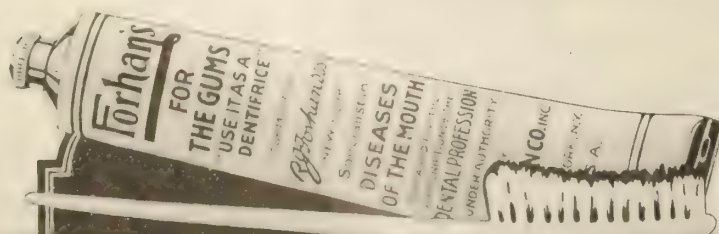
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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**FOR THE GUMS**  
Checks Pyorrhea

## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72.)

### CHAPTER XIX GRYLLS REDIVIVUS.

ON the next day but one Natalie's condition took a sharp turn for the worse and for many days thereafter, Garth put every other thought out of his head. She fell into a high fever and suffered incessantly and cruelly. At this call, Rina showed forth in colors wholly admirable; day or night she seldom left her patient's side she was never at a loss what to do and Garth comforted himself with the thought that Natalie could scarcely have had better care anywhere.

During these busy days Rina appeared to forget her own heartache in a measure and never once on the occasion of their daily trip to the island (Garth forcing her to accompany him) did she again express a wish to speak to Mabyn. At their approach Mabyn always retreated and they were accustomed to set his rations down on the shore and immediately go back.

But Garth could not trust the breed unreservedly, and unceasing vigilance was his portion. He had little enough sleep before, and now he strove to do without it altogether. For three days and three nights he did not close his eyes. On the fourth day, warned by his tortured, wavering brain that it must be either sleep or madness, he took his fate in his hands and lay down on top of the cache, with his gun beside him.

He was unconscious for nearly twelve hours. When he awoke it was to find Rina's eyes fixed upon him strangely. He sprang up, and she turned away her head. He could not read that expression—still he had lain there at her mercy and she had spared him. Neither had she liberated Mabyn from the island, and Garth could see him moving about. He began to hope that his arguments had real weight with the breed and little by little, under pressure of his great need, he began to trust her.

But when the dread promontory was weathered at last, and Natalie, a wraith of her blooming self, awoke in her right senses, Rina changed again, resuming her old sullen, moody self; and all his work was undone. It was clear the unfortunate girl was dragged ceaselessly back and forth between her new-fledged soul and the old savage impulses of her blood. She learned to love the irresistible Natalie whom she had snatched back from death—but she likewise hated her; hated her blindly because Mabyn loved her and inconsistently, but naturally, too, hated her because she despised Mabyn. The same with Garth; over and over she unconsciously showed she trusted him; but her blood still rebelled because he was Mabyn's enemy; and he would sometimes find her eyes fixed on him in a quickly veiled expression of savage, implacable hatred.

On the first day of his imprisonment, Garth, under threat of withholding supplies, had forced Mabyn to cut down the willows fringing the hither side of the island; and his movements about his fire and tepee were in plain view of those on shore. Concealed from him by a tree, Rina would often sit by the hour, watching him wistfully. "God knows what course her harried brain pursues!" Garth, observing her, thought—"If she thinks at all!" One thing was sure: under the strain of continued separation, her resistance to Mabyn's evil suggestions was gradually breaking down.

It was their second red-letter day, when the last sod was dropped into place on the roof, and Garth carried Natalie inside. Strictly considered, the

house was not very much to brag about; perhaps; for it slanted this way and that like the first pothooks in a child's copybook; but Garth, fired by Natalie's enthusiastic praises, could not have been prouder if he had completed the Taj Mahal.

One end had been partitioned off for Natalie's room; and in finishing this part Garth had spent all his pains. The floor was made of small logs, filled and plastered with clay, which he had hardened by building fires upon it; and had then strewn rushes over the whole. There was a rough bunk in one corner, with a low table by its side—the latest thing in rustics, the maker explained. There was a tiny window high up on the side overlooking the lake; it had no glass, but a stout shutter swinging on wooden pins, and which fastened with a strong wooden bar. But the crowning feature of the room, constructed with infinite pains after countless failures, was the fireplace in the corner. Garth deprecated it; it wasn't much of a fireplace; only a sort of little arched doorway of baked clay, so narrow the logs had to stand upright in it, making cooking very difficult—but when Natalie saw the flames curling up the chimney in the most natural way possible, she set up a feeble crow of delight.

The balance of the interior was to serve for Garth's room and storeroom combined. It had a very small door, also on the lake side but he could not afford a window beside; and he also saved himself the trouble of flooring it. The door was constructed in the same manner as the shutter, of matched poles strongly braced behind, and further strengthened with rawhide lashings.

Natalie had Garth hang a spare blanket over the doorway between the two rooms; and she produced a shawl to serve for a table cloth. After supper, when they locked themselves in and heaped up the fire, Natalie propped up on her couch, and Garth sitting on a stool, smoking by especial request—it was as snug as Heaven, Natalie said. The nights had been growing dreadfully keen of late; and poor Natalie wrapped in all the blankets they possessed had nevertheless more than once lain awake with the cold. But now, within thick walls—what matter if they were out of the perpendicular?—and under a tight roof, with the flames leaping briskly up the chimney, no king in his palace ever experienced such a sense of opulent and all-sufficing luxury as Garth and Natalie the first night in their miserable shack.

This was the fourteenth day after Natalie's accident. Every day after the first week had shown a slight improvement in her condition; and every day had therefore lessened the hold Rina had over them; until now Garth felt, should it be necessary, he could bring the patient safely back to health unaided. Rina knew this too; and became daily more morose and sullen in her demeanor. To separate her longer from Mabyn would be, Garth felt, simply to promote an explosion. Besides, sufficiently housed now, well armed, and with the food safely stored, he felt strong enough to be merciful. On the night they moved into the shack he pointed out the canoe to Rina, telling her that henceforth she was free to use it as she would. He would go to the island no more, he added; but Rina might come every day for rations for both—as long as Mabyn remained where he was.

He hoped by this to incite the energetic Rina into planning Mabyn's escape from the island. They could catch a couple of horses and ride to their friends at the distant Settlement, or where they would. He felt he could trust

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78.)



# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS



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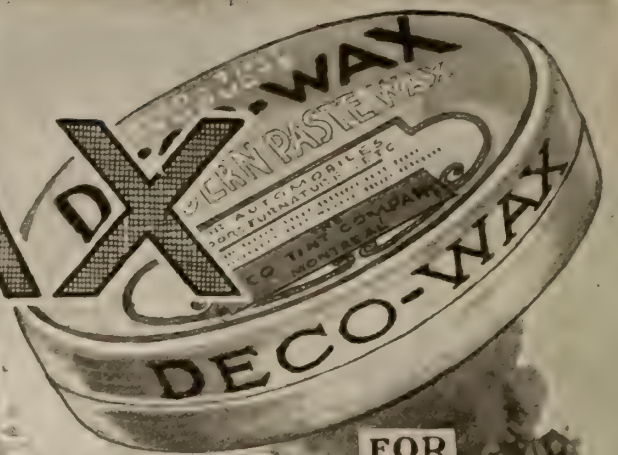
*Deco-Wax and the other Deco-Tint Products listed here are sold under the blue label by hardware dealers and druggists everywhere*

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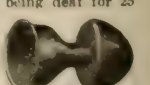
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25

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They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story.

how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address: Pat. Nov. 3, '06.

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7 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.







## The Bad Penny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.)

"He'd find his way to you," consoled his father. "Just wait."

So Tom waited, and in August Aunt Mary decided to take her nieces and nephew off to the sea for a month; her brother could not leave his work to go with them. Tom loved the sea but he loved Ruffles better, so he elected to stay home with his father. A discussion followed, in which Tom had to explain to his Aunt that the reason he wished to stay behind was that his father would be lonely all by himself.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Mary, "It's never bothered you before."

But when the head of The Family said, "Let him stay, Mary, if he wants to," the subject was closed, and they departed without him. Chong, to the relief of the two stay-at-homes, went too, and—his place was without delay filled by Ruffles, who immediately showed his joy at being home and at the absence of Aunt Mary, by skating all over the house on the rugs, and barking gleefully in the big voice which was such a contrast to Chong's. The cook, who was bound to secrecy by her employer, welcomed Ruffles with open arms. So, throughout August, as far as Tom and his dog were concerned, Aunt Mary, and the three sisters were on the list of things that never will be missed.

WITH the arrival of September, the old order returned. Ruffles was hurried back to the farm just before the arrival of Aunt Mary and the girls, sunburned and enthusiastic, from the seashore. Chong had survived also, without falling into the sea or any fatal mishap. They were hardly home when Eleanor and George announced their intention of being married in October.

Aunt Mary became visibly agitated. "Good gracious!" she sighed, "what a scramble to get everything ready at such short notice. It turns me faint to think of it."

But the insistence of the prospective bride and groom carried the day, and The Family bestirred itself accordingly. Housecleaning, cook's holiday, everything had to be postponed till after the important event. Aunt Mary was too rushed and preoccupied to care that now that school had opened again, Tom still disappeared every Saturday in the same mysterious way. As for Ruffles, he never entered her head; and Chong seemed to have developed the distressing habit of getting in her way continually during these hurried days, and she lost her temper on his account more than once.

One day, not long before the wedding, Eleanor said, "I've half a mind to leave Chong for you after I'm married, Aunt Mary. He seems to love you better than he does me. He's grown most attached to you."

"Indeed he has," agreed that harassed lady remembering the time she had narrowly avoided stepping on him in her hurried going to and fro. "But

my dear, he is your dog, and it wouldn't be fair to George,—since Chong was his gift to you, for you not to take him with you."

Tom, who was present at the moment, agreed with his aunt most heartily.

Finally, after a last few days of upheaval and strain, the like of which Tom could not remember, the wedding-day dawned, clear, golden and crisp, a glorious October day. Aunt Mary was observed to look quite weepy on several occasions during the morning; and Eleanor's father looked anything but joyful when she was not present, for she and George were going off to a very distant city to make their start in life, and it was a wrench.

Thus it came about that Chong was to depart with them, as he was to share in the new home. He had been washed and brushed till his yellow hair was like softest silk, and Judy had attached a huge white bow to his minute collar.

Let us touch lightly on the wedding itself, though the bride could have borne looking upon a long time; the throng of friends, the reception at the house, the great white cake, the speeches and laughter and tears, the catching of the bride's bouquet by the elated Judy, and Chong, who in his excitement caused Aunt Mary to spill some champagne down the skirt of her brand new dress. Let us hasten to the last moments before the departure of the bride and groom, when Tom, feeling quite sad, having just been upstairs to kiss his sister good-bye, was waiting out on the sidewalk, clutching a handful of confetti and wondering why brothers had to go to weddings anyway.

The sound of laughter and shuffling feet arose from the house, and Eleanor had appeared at the far end of the awning, hurrying laughing through a shower of confetti, when Tom's eye caught sight, through a knot of curious spectators on the sidewalk, of a familiar figure trotting up the street in his direction. He peered in front of him, to make sure, and then with a joyful whoop of "Ruffles!" uttered the peculiar whistle which his dog knew.

There followed a tapping of claws on the side-walk, and Ruffles burst through the little crowd, and leapt joyfully upon his master, just as Eleanor reached the motor, where her husband and Chong had already arrived. Ruffles was unkempt, and from his collar dangled a piece of rope, giving evidence of having been chewed through. He had fulfilled what Tom's father had said of him, and had trusted his instinct to show him the road to his master.

Eleanor stopped suddenly, in spite of her hurry to be off, and giving her brother one last impulsive kiss, she patted Ruffles' disreputable head, and cried,

"I told you he'd turn up like a bad penny."



"Oh, Jack,  
I'm so glad you thought of it!"

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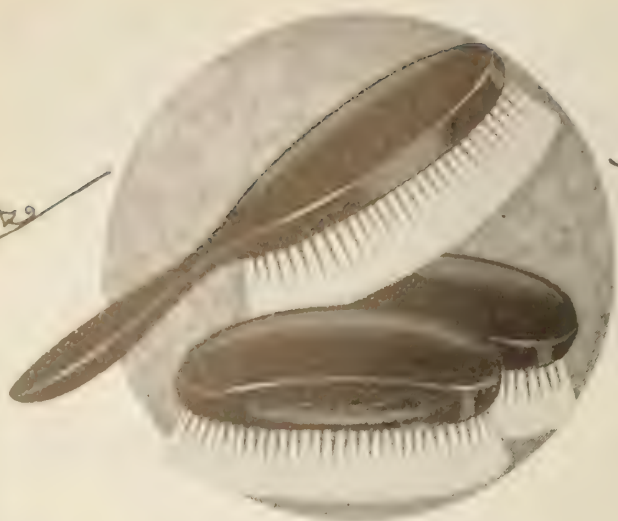
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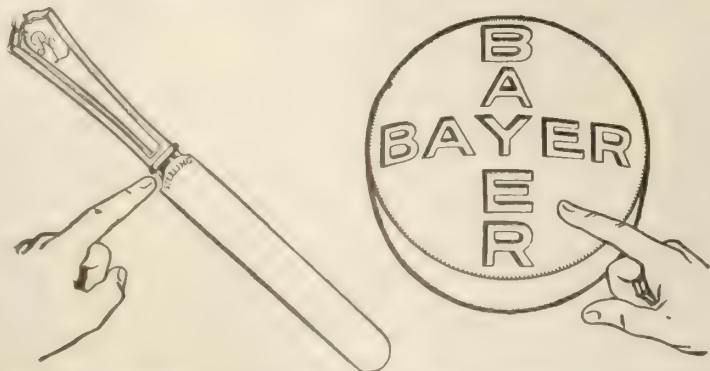
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## Two On the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74.)

Rina. If she ever got Mabyn among her own people, to keep him from coming back. Thus he would at the same stroke be rid of them, and conserve his rapidly diminishing stores. It was no great matter if they drove off all the horses, for he still had old Cy under his eye for Natalie to ride; and their own journey back would have to be undertaken at a walking pace, anyway. He had learned enough of Rina's mixed character to be sure that this would have a greater chance of coming about if he let her think of it for herself, so he said nothing to her.

He was disappointed. Mabyn, too timid to undertake so long a journey without ample supplies, or perhaps too obstinate to go, they remained on the island; and Rina came every day for food. If she was grateful for being allowed to join Mabyn she did not show it. Every trace of her better nature rapidly disappeared, and she seemed wholly the sullen savage. Bad treatment was the explanation they thought; and they pitied her.

GARTH waited five days more. Natalie was by that time moving around freely; and they had begun to count the days to their ardently desired retreat from that unhappy valley. The question of food became more and more pressing—their journey would have to be spread over many slow stages; and he finally decided to drive Mabyn and Rina away.

So the next time Rina came, he told her he would give her two days' rations for two persons the following day; and after that they need expect no more. In the meantime, he said, she was free to go up on the prairie and catch the first two horses she met. He even offered her old Cy to round them up, secure in holding the dugout for a hostage. Rina betrayed not the least surprise, or any other feeling at his ultimatum, but coolly rode off as he bid her. She returned within an hour driving Emmy and Timmoosis, which she picketed below Mabyn's hut.

What passed between Rina and Mabyn when she returned to the island, the other two could only guess at. However, Garth, up at dawn next morning, saw them striking the tepee. They made two trips back and forth between the island and the mouth of the creek; and afterward, while Mabyn saddled and packed the horses, Rina paddled to Garth's camp to get the promised rations. They both awaited her on the bank.

Rina presented the mask-like face they had grown accustomed to, and maintained a dogged silence. The only sign of feeling she gave was a shadow-like pain drowned deep in her dark eyes. Natalie's own eyes filled at the sight of her stubbornness; in the days of her suffering she had grown very fond of her dark-skinned nurse; and it was she who had insisted throughout on the existence of Rina's better nature, and had never given up hope of reclaiming the worser part. And now it seemed, she must admit herself defeated.

Garth laid out the food he had allotted them; and packed it in a flour-bag convenient to carry. He also gave Rina an open letter he had written, setting forth their situation (without implicating Mabyn or Rina) and asking that food and an escort be sent. That it would ever fall into responsible hands was problematical; but it was a chance. He refrained from any suggestion that it should be concealed

from Mabyn, but Rina of her own accord thrust it in her dress; and he argued well from the act.

Rina turned to go without a word; but Natalie called her softly. In her hand she was holding a round silver locket, in which she had put a tiny picture of herself. She held it out to Rina with a wistful smile.

"For you," she murmured. "Keep it because I love you."

Rina looked at the little picture, struggling to maintain her parade of unconcern. But suddenly she snatched it out of Natalie's hand; and thrust it in her own bosom. Her face worked with the pain of those who weep with difficulty; her eyes filled and overflowed at last. With a wild, brusque abandon, she flung herself at Natalie's feet and pressed the hem of her dress to her trembling lips.

"You good! You good!" she sobbed. Then springing to her feet as abruptly as she had fallen, she flew away among the trees.

Half an hour later they heard the two horses passing the trail behind their camp; the same trail by which they had all first entered the valley; and the way to Spirit River Crossing.

At first they dared not believe they could really be free of their enemy so easily; and they continually found themselves listening for the sound of their return. Garth saddled Cy at last; and rode along the trail to the top of the bench. He saw Mabyn and Rina two specks in the distance; and still travelling south. When he returned with the news to Natalie, they allowed themselves to rejoice at last; and they were filled with a great peace.

"I can understand now why men are so crazy to be explorers and things," said Natalie. "They go away just for the tremendous fun of coming back to it all! Oh-h! Think of dances—and even despised tea-parties now! Think of theatres and restaurants and going to the races!"

"And wouldn't I like to take you straight through to New York, though!" sang Garth. "Oh! Broadway and the Avenue in September! Everything getting under way again! And Coney Island is still going! Picture Luna Park dropped down on the island out there!"

They laughed at the incongruous picture.

"Where would we dine the first night?" asked Natalie.

"Martin's," said Garth. "Fancy us in the balcony looking down on the giddy crowd; and the orchestra sawing off the sextet from 'Lucia' for dear life!"

"Lobster à la Newburg and a pêche Melba!" cried Natalie in an ecstasy.

"Not on your life!" said Garth. "Just like a girl's bill-of-fare. Something sensible for yours when you go out with me! How about a filet dernier cri?"

"Don't know it," said Natalie. "Besides, I refuse to be sensible in my imagination," she added.

Garth described the delicacy. "And a cheese sauce on top all browned, with strips of red pepper laid criss-cross; and it comes steaming hot under a little glass cover!"

Natalie groaned. "Oh, talk about something else!" she said faintly.

"What will you wear?" asked Garth with a grin.

Natalie drew a long breath and plunged forthwith into elaborate, excited descriptions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





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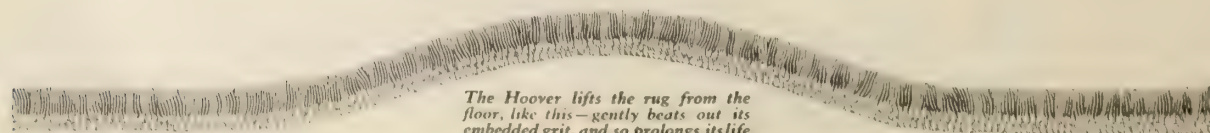
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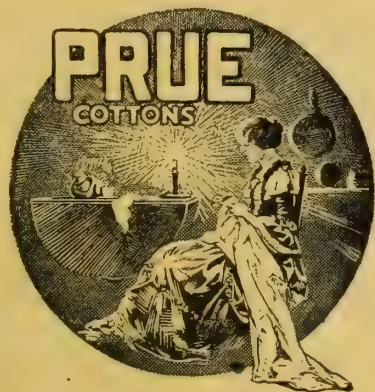
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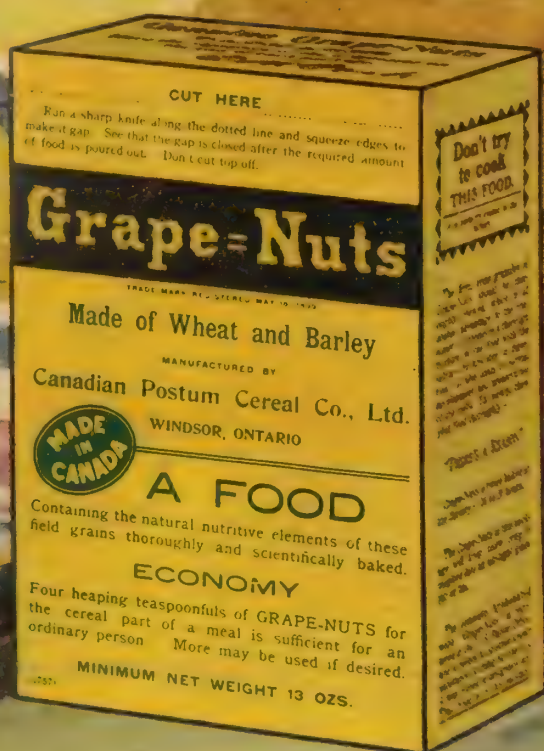
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